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THE GREAT BELT IN WINTER.

By CHARLES EDWARDS.

EVEN in summer the interposition of the Great Belt between the Dunes west of Zealand and their friends in Copenhagen must often seem a tiresome arrangement of nature. The passage is some eighteen or twenty miles. The water may be rough, of course. To us of Great Britain it would at any rate seem most annoying if all Britons north of Rugby had to submit to a sea-voyage of an hour and a half ere they could reach the metropolis. This Great Belt passage is bound to be taken in hand by the engineers as soon as the art of constructing bridges over very wide stretches of water has got fairly established.

In winter its trials are now and then very genuine. Not annually does it freeze solid, or even try to, in defiance of the mighty ice-boats which ply to and fro between Korsør on Zealand and Nyborg on Funen. More often than not, moreover, when it does try, it is defeated by the untiring energy of the skippers of the heavy little boats with engines strong almost out of all proportion to their size. History tells us how, in 1680, the Great Belt was frozen over. This is not a solitary instance. And among the most recent of such occurrences the event of the winter of 1892-93 well deserves mention. For a day or two all traffic was stopped completely. The old-fashioned way of bringing passengers and mails—including hundreds of tons of accumulated parcel-post matter—to the capital had to be taken up. Barges were laden and pushed across the terrible white expanse in the nippling air. Harder work can scarcely be imagined, or a more anxious trip for an ordinary passenger. For it must not be supposed that the Belt freezes into a surface like a London pavement. Quite otherwise, for the most part. Ere the final grip of frost closes the water-way, the passage has been churned by ice-boats. The currents, too, have drifted the fleet

from the Cattedgat and piled them one on another, or hung them edgewise, in which position they have frozen fast. The nature of the crossing under these conditions, and its slowness, may be imagined. The rest midway on the little islet of Sprogø is almost a necessity, and the lookout thence is about as arctic as anything within the circle from latitude sixty-six degrees north.

For my part, I was fortunate enough to cross the Belt in January 1893, just two days before the temporary suspension of steamboat passage occurred. There was a hint of what might be in the state of Esbjerg's harbour, as we steamed into it. The night was very cold and still. For the last hour of our journey we had been cutting through ice. There was a pallid moon among the clouds overhead, and now and then it gleamed upon us, and cast lustrous lines athwart the ice, and in the midst of which we cracked our way. It was dangerous to move about the deck, so slippery was it. And at Esbjerg's harbour, where new snow lay deep over old snow, we had to shout and adjure for long ere we could get the necessary help for fastening.

This was at ten o'clock. The temptation to go right on to Copenhagen that night was not at all strong; nor did it seem that such mad haste might be advisable. But at the crowded little inn the polyglot chatter soon told of the dilemma of the Belt. A winter like that of 1892-93 is Esbjerg's opportunity. With the Sound frozen and Frederikshavn up by the Skaw also ice-blocked, all Denmark's foreign trade gets concentrated on Esbjerg. The port is a new one, but its harbour-works are of a size that show how much reliance is placed upon it. Lying as it does on the west coast of Denmark, and within thirty hours' steam from Harwich, with a regular passenger service, Esbjerg must soon become better known to Englishmen than it is.

From the midst of the aroma of punch, saucages, and coffee, with the smell of tobacco-smoke—thick clouds of it—pungent over all, there was a great babble of tongues. The Danish Boniface civilly exerted himself to tell me the news in

my own language while I ate my supper. He had a room full of English coalers on the other side the passage! did I not hear them singing *The Sweet By-and-by*? They were all extremely busy in Esbjerg just then, unloading coal and lading other vessels with the sides of bacon and tubs of butter which England craves from Scandinavia. Some hundreds of tons of these latter goods had gone to us by a very circuitous route: from Denmark to Sweden, in fact, thence by that long railway journey to Trondhjem, whence they were carried to Hull easily enough. 'The frost had become a public enemy,' said my landlord, and he pointed to the paragraphs in the daily papers about it. The type could not have been much larger if an invasion by the Germans was being discussed, instead of the phenomenal lowness of the temperature. Amid the clicking of billiard balls and the fumes of many things, I began to see dimly that travelling in Scandinavia in winter might become a trial instead of a pleasure. However, I duly went under my blue feather bed for the night, bewailed the length of my legs, shivered whenever I woke, and was at seven o'clock roused in earnest by the girl who lights the stove and puts coffee and ryks by your bedside. There was a radiant sun in the heavens. Esbjerg's expanse of snow and ice, with the picturesque green hulls of certain ships stuck up in her inner harbour, and the blue sky over all, looked far enough. There were about twenty degrees of frost going. It seemed mighty cold work for the fishermen prodding with their long-handled tridents in the water of the harbour by holes cut in the ice.

The morning paper told how *one* passage of the Great Belt each way was all that had been accomplished the previous day. It told also of the rapid disorganisation of things in general, due to the frost. Clearly, delay was inadvisable; and so I took my ticket by the first train bound for the capital. The talk *en route* all centred on this one topic: should we get through? or was the passage of the evening before—a long and laborious business the last of the season before the breaking-up of the frost?

The Little Belt was reached and traversed without difficulty. This channel is but a mile or two across. The massive, lumbering iron ferry-boat had a comparatively easy task to keep it open. The cold here was intense: five degrees below zero, with a keen wind. During the quarter of an hour of our exposure on the ferry-boat's deck, eyelashes froze together, the icicles of one's moustache built on to one's beard, and the latter welded itself into the fur of one's overcoat. Still, in spite of the discomfort, the scene was a pretty one. Funen's winding white shores, with a fair amount of woodland just here, looked well, contrasted with the green and blue ice boulders which littered them, and the sun's fire-red glow in the west. But I never saw such

a sorry set of purple noses and half-iced mortals as we were when set ashore to stumble into our new train. Happily, this was warm as a toast, and our temperature soon ran up.

Then the darkness descended upon us. We crossed the island of Funen, hoping almost against hope that we should be in time for the evening's boat. But we were not. At Nyborg, on the Great Belt, a hundred disappointed travellers were received with shoulder-shrugs and even-eyes by the railway officials, and told to possess their souls in patience until the morrow. The cold had again become most searching. One felt the wind from the eighteen miles of ice of the Belt like so many slabs at the marrow.

I accounted myself fortunate in getting a bed at one of Nyborg's inns. Already the little ferry town was populous with travellers of all kinds: recent arrivals like ourselves; timid arrivals of a day or two back, whose courage was not equal to the thought of what might happen in attempting the passage, and who tarried, praying for a thaw; newspaper agents and others, making copy out of Denmark's predicament; and the largely increased staff of postal authorities. I had strolled in the dusk down to the harbour, and seen there a mountain of mail matter shovelled into a heap like so many oyster shells. It was not comforting to think of the inconvenience and worse which this dislocation of custom meant.

Every train made things more lively in Nyborg. By bedtime the little town was almost hysterical. The inn did royally: there was no moving-room in their parlours. The westward steamer had not come in. It was five or six hours out; the thermometer showed forty degrees of frost; and there was no telling what might not have happened. When I went to bed, they were quite uproarious in the parlour below my room. But in a smaller parlour on the other side of the corridor I had noticed a much-tarred gentleman, his wife, and children, whose silence and doleful air told of the strain their feelings were suffering. Even dominos seemed powerless to win smiles to their faces.

The following day broke also clear and cold and bright. At breakfast the news of the ice-boat's safe voyage in the night was discussed and applauded. It had not been a very nice voyage, from all accounts. Instead of an hour and a half, it had taken eight hours, and there had been spells of stillness in midway which must have tried the spirits of the more nervous travellers. Still, the feat had been accomplished; and from the frost-rimed window of the room we looked with approval at the stout little ship, smoking hard from its funnel, and preparing for the next passage. We were to take our adventure in that next passage.

Down at the wharf no one knew anything definitely about the time of this voyage. More trains and letters had come in from Hamburg and the south generally. One heard a good deal of forcible and impatient German in the mouths of travellers who were boarding, and leaving the steamer. They had not, like us, matriculated in the school of Nyborg's university. They were not yet philosophical enough to accept matters as they stood, and to eat, drink,

smoke, and take exercise in the meantime, as though these pastimes were the primary objects of their existence.

From the wharf, with its wintry lookout and bleak air, I strolled afresh into Nyborg. For Denmark it is quite an interesting little town, not nearly so new as its name might imply. Indeed, its townhall, set in a considerable public square, bears externally a sixteenth-century date, and an architectural style that stamps it as of the era of Christian IV. A Christian the Fifth style in Denmark is as emphatic as our own Queen Anne's style. It is tall & prim and homely; yet, with the crimson sun flash upon its red bricks, this Nyborg townhall was good for the eyes, after the infinite reach of white ice and snow of the Belt, and carried with it a suggestion of warmth that the weather lacked. Two or three of us seemed to find the townhall under this glow fully as cheering as the extremely hot and smoke clouded cab's in which travellers of half-a-dozen nationalities sat all day drinking portents and possibilities over 'schnapp' and punch.

As the day dawdled on from dawn to noon, and from noon toward sunset time, and no word yet of the steaming hour, it was good to go the Belt under the coast, here at early evening. I took my *kajak* and tried to catch some of its effects; but of course it was a hopeless attempt. I got numb'd fingers and back, and excited more attention among the already violently perturbed youth of the town than either for my case or motive.

West of the town is a slight eminence, wooded with a windmill on it. Considerably enough, the sun chose this admirable locality for its place of retirement from the clear heavens of our hemisphere. The mill was transfigured. Crimson ribbons of cloud radiated from its crest, and seemed to extend a core or two of consoling or minatory arms over the white, bound waterway. A thin vapour rose from the harbour where the steamer's wake still showed in comparatively light congelations. This also blushed for a few goodly moments. It was like hallowed incense from the iced earth to the pale-blue heavens of the zenith. The snow added to the beauty of our surroundings. It took the faint but gracious violet hue that a bright severe winter gives it. Nor must the translucent green of the ice-floes be forgotten. Add to these varied colours the strong dark red of the houses, the black of the hulls of many barques in port, quite resigned to their fate, and the weak blue of the sky at the back of the crimson, and it will be seen we had some compensation in our tedious dalliance at Jack Frost's heels.

But it was such very fleeting compensation! Hardly had we begun to enjoy it, when the steely glitter of the stars was overhead, and the increased rigour of moustaches and increased tingling of fingers and toes repulsed us of our dubious plight.

At five o'clock I took up my abode in the cabin of the steamer, in company with a few more sage spirits. At any rate, thus the boat could not well leave us behind. As steamers go, this ferry boat deserves praise. Like all inhabited places of the north during the winter

solstice, it was as scorchingly hot within as the outer air was cold. But it had a well-spread table in its saloon, and its seats of crimson velvet were broad and soft and sleep inducing. Its dome of white and gold yet further satisfied the eye. And the civility of stewards and officers, under trying conditions, was what one expects only in a land whose people are well disciplined in courtesy.

We were to start when the next mail from the south arrived. At length it came, late of course. With it came, pulling and blowing, another fifty or so individual studies in cables and cat-skin, seal-skin, astrakhan, and bear-skin. These simple folks knew nothing of the enigma that had grown old to us. They thought the official time table was to be trusted to the minute. It was thus a positive pleasure to us who had forfeited on delay, and been made best by it, to enlighten them with the gleam of our superior knowledge; and we found great enjoyment of a sardonic kind in the speculations which broke from them at the sequel.

At this conjuncture the night clouded and it began to snow. The snow was whirling thickly from the north when the engines gave their first hint of renewed effort. Supper was served as we moved. Rather more 'schnapp' than usual seemed offered at the meal. It was a time, I suppose, for heartiness even with Dutch courage.

The worst of the struggle was during the first hour and a half. For the ice had been the issue long in the balance. There was a short patch of line on the horizon, visible even through the falling snow. This was a small island only a mile or two out. For half an hour we could not get that morsel of land astern of us. Crunch as we might, and charge as best we could through the ice, the inevitable stoppage came in less than a minute. It was 'Full speed ahead' and 'Full speed astern' in quick succession, with occasional pauses of inactivity and official conference and consultations of the chart, which were not encouraging to us of the lady.

Eventually, the ships course was altered. The ice-floes of the previous passages had welded together in such obstinate masses that it seemed likely we might do better by changing the virgin ice. This, in fact, is what we did. For ten miles or more the powerful bows of the boat clove their way, slowly enough, where an army might have marched. It was a novel and fascinating method of locomotion, though it seemed to increase the odds against our ultimate success. To those of us who stayed on deck and accepted such bullets as the weather gave us, it was rare to mark the long cracks that yawned reluctantly in the ice, and to hear the discord of its groans as it acknowledged us its master.

The lights of Korsør on Zealand gradually came to gladden us. What if it was past midnight, and we still about thirty hours from Copenhagen? You would, to have heard them, have thought these Dams of the north as impulsive and excitable a people as the Neapolitans—so eager in congratulations were they! Nor was it quite without reason. Forty hours later, the Great Belt was closed—for a day or two. The ice was temporarily victorious.

A little experience of this kind makes its

record on the mind better than the best of geography books. Henceforth, the Great Belt will always be a very real part of the world to me.

AT MARKET VALUE.

By GEORGE ALLEN.

Author of *Five Moral Tales*, *Thou'st Bound*, *The Scullgeon*, &c.

CHAPTER VI. - A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

BUT the cup of Mrs Hessegrave's humiliation was not yet full. A moment's pause lost all and lo! the floodgates of an undesirable acquaintance were opened upon her.

It was charity that did it - pure feminine charity, not unmingled with a faint sense of how *noblesse oblige*, and what dignity demands from a potential Lady Bountiful. For the inevitable old man, with a ramshackled boat-hook in his wrinkled brown hand, and no teeth to boast of, who invariably moors your gondola to the shore while you alight from the prow, and holds his hat out afterwards for a few loose *soldi*, bowed low to the ground in his picturesque way, as Mrs Hessegrave passed him. Now, proper respect for her superior position always counted for much with Mrs Hessegrave. She paused for a moment at the top of the mouldering step in helpless search for an elusive pocket. But the wisdom and fore-sight of her London dressmaker had provided for this contingency well before-hand by concealing it so far back among the recesses of her gown that she tumbled in vain and found no *soldi*. In her difficulty, she turned with an appealing glance to Kathleen. 'Have you got any coppers, dear?' she inquired in her most mellifluous voice. And Kathleen forthwith proceeded in like manner to prosecute her search for them in the labyrinthine folds of her own deftly screened pocket.

On what small twists and turns of circumstance does our whole life hang! Kathleen's fate hinged entirely on that momentary delay, coupled with the equally accidental meeting at the door of the Academy. For while she paused and hunted, as the old man stood bowing and scraping by the water's edge, and considering to himself, with his obsequious smile, that after so long a search the *forestieri* couldn't decently produce in the end any smaller coin than half a *lira* - Rufus Mortimer, perceiving the cause of their indecision, stepped forward in the gondola with his own purse open. At the very same instant, too, Arnold Willoughby, half forgetful of his altered fortunes, and conscious only of the fact that the incident was discomposing at the second for a lady, pulled out loose his scanty stock of available cash, and selected from it the smallest silver coin he happened to possess, which chanced to be a piece of fifty *centesimi*. Then, while Mortimer was hunting among his gold to find a franc, Arnold handed the money hastily to the cringing old bystander. The man in the picturesque rags closed his wrinkled brown hand on it with a satisfied grin; and Mortimer tried to find another half-franc among the folds of his purse to repay

on the spot his sailor acquaintance. But Arnold answered with such a firm air of quiet dignity, 'No; thank you; allow me to settle it,' that Mortimer, after a moment of ineffectual remonstrance - 'But this is my gondola' was fain to hold his peace; and even Mrs Hessegrave was constrained to acquiesce in the old young man's whim with a murmured, 'Oh, thank you.' After that, she felt she could no longer be frigid till the next opportunity. Meanwhile, when Kathleen suggested in her gentlest and most enticing voice, 'Why don't you two step out and look at the Tintoretto's with us?' - Mrs Hessegrave recognised that there was nothing for it now but to smile and look pleased and pretend she really liked the strange young man's society.

So they went into the Scuola di San Rocco together. But Rufus Mortimer, haubly anxious that his friend should expend no more of his hard-earned cash on such unreasonably gallantries, took good care to go on a few paces ahead, and take tickets for the whole party before Mr Hessegrave and Kathleen, escorted by the unsuspecting Arnold, had turned the corner by the rearward red church of the Friari. The elder lady arrived at the marble-coated front of the Scuola not a little out of breath; for she was endowed with asthma, and she hated to walk even the few short steps from the gondola to the tiny piazza, which was one of the reasons, indeed, why Kathleen, most patient and dutiful and considerate of daughters, had chosen Venice rather than any other Italian town as the scene on which to specialise her artistic talent. For nowhere on earth is locomotion so cheap or easy as in the city of canals, where a gondola will convey you from end to end of the town, without noise or jolting, at the modest expense of eightpence sterling. Even Mr Hessegrave, however, could not resist after a while the contagious kindness of Arnold Willoughby's demure. 'Twas such a novelty to him to be in ladies' society nowadays, that he rose at once to the occasion, and developed at one bound from a confirmed misogynist into an accomplished courter. The fact of it was he had been taken by Kathleen's frank gratitude that day at the Academy; and he was really touched this afternoon by her evident recollection of him, and her anxiety to show him all the politeness in her power. Never before since he had practically ceased to be Earl of Axminster had any woman treated him with half so much consideration. Arnold Willoughby was almost tempted in his own heart to try whether or not he had hit here, by pure accident of fate, upon that rare soul which could accept him and love him for the true gold that was in him, and not for the guinea stamp of which he had purposely divested himself.

As they entered the great hall, Campagna's masterpiece, its walls richly dight with Tintoretto's frescoes, Arnold Willoughby drew back involuntarily at the first glance with a little start of astonishment. 'Dear me,' he cried, turning round in his surprise to Kathleen, and twisting his left hand in a lock of hair behind his ear - which was a trick he had whenever he was deeply interested - 'what amazing people these superb old Venetians were, after all! Why, one's never at the end of them! What a picture it gives one of their magnificence and their wealth, this

sumptuous council-house of one unimportant brotherhood?

'It is fine,' Mortimer interposed, with a little smile of superiority, as one who knew it well of old. 'It's a marvel of decoration. Then, I suppose, from what you say, this is, the first time you've been here?'

'Yes, the very first time,' Arnold admitted at once with that perfect frankness which was his most charming characteristic. 'Though I've lived here so long, there are in Venice a great many interiors I've never seen. Outside, I think, I know every nook and corner of the smallest side canals, and the remotest *calle*, about as well as anybody; for I'm given to meandering on foot round the town; and it's only on foot one can ever really get to know the whole of Venice. Perhaps you wouldn't believe it, but there isn't a single house on all the island that make up the town which can't be reached on one's own legs from every other by some circuit of bridges, without one's ever having to trust to a ferry boat or a gondola. But of course you must know the tortuous twist and turn to get round to some of them. So, outside at least, I know my Venice thoroughly. But inside, ah, there if you except St Mark and a few other churches with, of course, the Academy, I hardly know it at all. There are dozens of places you could take me to like this that I never stepped inside yet.'

Kathleen was just going to ask, 'Why?' when the answer came of itself to her. In order to gain admittance to most of these interiors, you have to pay a franc; and she remembered now, with a sudden burst of surprise, that a franc was a very appreciable sum indeed to their new acquaintance. So she altered her phrase to: 'Well, I'm very glad at least we met you to-day, and have had the pleasure of bringing you for the first time to San Marco.'

And it was a trial. Arnold couldn't deny that. He roamed round those great rooms in a fever of delight, and gazed with the fullness of a painter's eye at Tintoretto's masterpieces. The gorgeous brilliancy of Titian's *Annunciation*, the naturalistic reality of the *Adoration of the Magi*, the beautiful penitent *Magdalene* beside the fiery cloud-flakes of her twilight landscape—he gazed over them all with cultivated appreciation. Kathleen marvelled to herself how a mere common sailor could ever have imbibed such an enthralling love for the highest art, and still more how he could ever have learned to speak of its inner meaning in such well-chosen phrases. It fairly took her breath away when the young man in the jersey and blue woollen cap stood entranced before the fresco of the Pool of Bethesda, with its grand far-away landscape, and mused to himself aloud as it were: 'What a careless giant he was, to be sure, this Tintoretto! Why, he seems just to fling his paint-bag haphazard upon the wall, as if it cost him no more trouble to paint an *Ascension* than to sprawl his brush over the face of the plaster, and yet there comes out in the end a dream of soft colour, a poem in neutral tints, a triumphant poem of virile imagining.'

'Yes; they're beautiful,' Kathleen answered: 'exceedingly beautiful. And what you say of them is so true. They're dashed off with such

princeps ease. You put into words what one would like to say one's self, but doesn't know how to.'

And, indeed, even Mrs Heslegrave was forced to admit in her own mind that, in spite of his rough clothes and his weather-beaten face, the young man seemed to have ideas and language above his station. Not that Mrs Heslegrave thought any the better of him on that account. Why can't young men be content to remain in the rank in life in which circumstances and the law of the land have placed them? Of course there were Burn, and Shakespeare, and Keats, and so forth, not one of them born gentlemen, and Kathleen was always telling her how that famous Giotto (whose angular angel, she really couldn't with honesty pretend to admire) was at first nothing more than a mere Tuscan shepherd boy. But then, all these were geniuses; and if a man is a genius, of course that's quite another matter. Though, to be sure, in our own day, genius has no right to creep up in a common sailor. It does possess one's natural view of life, and leads to such unpleasant and awkward positions.

When they had looked at the Tintoretto through the whole history of the Testament, from the *Annunciation* down fair with the child like Madonna to the *Ascension* in the large hall on the upper landing, they turned to go out and resume their places in the attentive gondola. And here a new no-nonsense boy in wait for Mrs Heslegrave. 'This is a day of evil chances. For as she and I go, Mortimer took their seats in the stern in those greatly padded cushions which repored her and Kathleen to her immense surprise and no small internal annoyance, abruptly announced her intention of walking home over the bridge by herself, so as to pass the colonnade in the *Chiesa San Marco*. She wanted some ultimatum. So long as the picture she was going to paint in the corner of the *Guidice*. Of course, Arnold Wallowghby insisted on accompanying her, and so to complete that morning's mishaps, Mrs Heslegrave had the misery of seeing her daughter walk off, through a narrow and darkling Venetian street, accompanied on her way by that awful man, whom Mrs Heslegrave had been doing all she knew to shake off from the very first moment she had the ill luck to set eyes on him.

Not that Kathleen had the slightest intention of disloyal or irritating or annoying her mother. Nothing, indeed, could have been further from her innocent mind; it was merely that she didn't understand or suspect Mrs Heslegrave's objection to the frank young sailor. Too honest to doubt him, she missed the whole point of her mother's dark hints. So she walked home with Arnold, conscience free, without the faintest idea she was doing anything that could possibly displease Mrs Heslegrave. They walked on, side by side, through strange little lanes, bounded high on either hand by lofty old palaces, which raised their mellowed fronts and antique arched windows above one another's heads, in emulous striving towards the scanty sunshine. As for Arnold Wallowghby, he darted round the corners like one that knew them intimately. Kathleen had flattered her soul she could find her way tolerably well on foot through the best part of

Venice; but she soon discovered that Arnold Willoughby knew how to thread his path through that seeming labyrinth far more easily than she could do. Here and there he would cross some narrow high-pitched bridge over a petty canal, where market boats from the mainland stood delivering vegetables at gloomy portals that opened close down to the water's edge, or wooden men from the hulls, with heavily laden barges, handed fagots through grated windows, to bare-headed and yellow-haired Venetian housewives. Ragged shutters and iron balconies overhung the green water way. Then, again, he would skiff for a while some ill-scented Rio, where stink-bags of onions hung out in the sun from every second door, and cheap Madonnas in gilt and painted wood sat enshrined in plaster niches behind burning oil-lamps. On and on he led Kathleen by unknown side-streets, past wonderful little squares or flag-paved *campi*, each adorned with its ancient church and its slender bell-tower; over the colossal curve of the Rialto with its glittering shops on either side; and home by queer by-ways, where few feet else save of native Venetians ever ventured to penetrate. Now and again round the corners came the echoing cries, '*Stallo!*' '*Prato!*' and some romantic gondola with its covered trappings, like a floating black heron, would glide past like lightning. Well as Kathleen knew the town, it was still a revelation to her. She walked on, entranced, with a painter's eye, through that ever-varying, ever-moving, ever enchanting panorama.

And they talked as they went; the young sailor painter talked on and on, frankly, delightfully, charmingly. He talked of Kathleen and her art; of what she would work at this winter; of where he himself meant to pitch his camp; of the chances of their both choosing some neighbouring subject. Confidence begets confidence. He talked so much about Kathleen, and drew her on so about her aims and aspirations in art, that Kathleen in turn felt compelled for very shame to repay the compliment, and to ask him much about himself and his mode of working. Arnold Willoughby smiled and showed those exquisite teeth of his when she questioned him first. 'It's the one subject,' he answered, 'self, on which they say all men are fluent and none agreeable.' But he belied his own epigram, Kathleen thought, as he continued: for he talked about himself, and yet he talked delightfully. It was so novel to hear a man so discuss the question of his own place in life, as though it mattered little whether he remained a common sailor or rose to be reckoned a painter and a gentleman. He never even seemed to feel the immense gulf which in Kathleen's eyes separated the two callings. It appeared to be to him a mere matter of convenience which of the two he followed. He talked of them so calmly as alternative trades in the pursuit of which a man might, if he chose, earn an honest livelihood.

'But surely you feel the artist's desire to create beautiful things?' Kathleen cried at last. 'They're not quite on the same level with you—fine art and sail-boating!'

That curious re-trained curl was just visible for a second round the delicate corners of Arnold Willoughby's honest mouth. 'You compel me to speak of myself,' he said, 'when I would much

rather be speaking of somebody or something else; but if I must, I will tell you.'

'Do,' Kathleen said, drawing close, with more eagerness in her manner than Mrs Heselgrave would have considered entirely lady-like. 'It's so much more interesting.' And then, fensing she had perhaps gone a little too far, she blushed to her ear-tips.

Arnold noticed that dainty blush—it became her wonderfully and was confirmed by it in his good opinion of Kathleen's disinterestedness. Could this indeed be the one woman on earth to whom he could really give himself?—the one woman who could take a man for what he was in himself, not for what the outside world chose to call him? He was half inclined to think so. 'Well,' he continued with a reflective air, 'there's much to be said for art, and much also for the common sailor. I may be right, or I may be wrong; I don't want to force anybody else into swallowing my opinions wholesale; I'm far too uncertain about them myself for that; but as for as my own conduct goes, which is all I have to answer for, why, I must leave it upon them; I must act as seem most just and right to my own conscience. Now, I feel a sailor's life a more of undoubted usefulness to the community. He's employed in carrying commodities of universally acknowledged value from the places where they're produced to the places where they're needed. Nobody can deny that that's a useful function. The man who does that can justify his life and his livelihood to his fellow-men. No cavalier can ever accuse him of eating his bread unearned, an idle drone, at the table of the community. That's why I determined to be a common sailor. It was work I could do, work that suited me well; work I felt my conscience could wholly approve of.'

'I see,' Kathleen answered, very much taken aback. It had never even occurred to her that a man could so choose his calling in life on conscientious rather than on personal ground; could attach more importance to the utility and lawfulness of the trade he took up than to the money to be made at it. The earnest-looking sailor man in the rough woollen clothes was opening up to her new perspective of moral possibility.

'But didn't you long for art too?' she went on after a brief pause; 'you, who have so distinct a natural vocation, so keen a taste for form and colour?'

Arnold Willoughby looked hard at her. 'Yes,' he answered frankly, with a scrutinising glance. 'I did. I longed for it. But at first I kept the longing sternly down. I thought it was wrong of me even to wish to indulge it. I had put my hand to the plough, and I didn't like to look back again. Still, when my health began to give way, I saw things somewhat differently. I was as anxious as ever, then, to do some work in the world that should justify my existence, so to speak, to my fellow-creatures; anxious to feel I didn't sit, a mere idle mouth, at the banquet of humanity. But I began to perceive that man cannot live by bread alone; that the useful trades, though they are, after all, at bottom the noblest and most ennobling, do not fill up the sum of human existence; that we have need, too, of books, of poetry, of pictures, statues, music. So

I determined to give up my life, half-and-half, to either—to sail by summer, and paint by winter, if only I could earn enough by painting to live upon. For my first moral postulate is that every man ought to be ashamed of himself if he can't win wage enough by his own exertions to keep him going. That is, in fact, the one solid and practical test of his usefulness to his fellow creatures:—whether or not they are willing to pay him that he may keep at work for them. If he can't do that, then I hold without doubt he is a moral failure. And it's his duty to take himself sternly in hand till he fits himself at once for being the equal in this respect of the navy or the scavenger."

"But art drew you on?" Kathleen said, much wondering in her soul at this strange intrusion of conscience into such unfamiliar fields.

"Yes, art drew me on," Arnold Willoughby answered; "art though I had my doubts, I allowed it to draw me. I felt I was following my own inclination; but I felt, too, I was doing right to some extent; at only I could justify myself by painting pictures good enough to give pleasure to other; the test of their goodness being always saleability. The fact is, he can't deny every all the wants of my nature; and since we men are men, not sheep or monkeys, I hold we are justified in indulging in the mild pleasures higher and purer than in our civilised tastes, put as truly as the lower ones. So I determined, after all, to take to art too, and my intention—not, I hope, without conscientious justification. For I would never wish to do anything in life which might not pass the honest scrutiny of an impartial jury of moral inquirers. Well, here we are at the Piazza! Did you ever work on such a yet?"

"Nor I either," Kathleen exclaimed. "I'm sorry for it, Mr Willoughby—for this is all so interesting. But at any rate, you're coming with Mr Mortimer on Wednesday."

Arnold Willoughby's face flushed all aglow with pleasure. The monogamist in him was thoroughly overcome; nothing remained but the man passionately grateful to a beautiful woman for her unbiassed interest. He raised his hat, radiant. "Thank you so much," he answered simply, like the gentleman that he was. "You may be sure I won't forget it. How kind of you to ask me!"

For he knew it was the common sailor in rough clothes she had invited, not Albert Oulvie Redburn, seventh Earl of Arundel.

TRUSTS AND TRUSTEES.

AMONG the frequent legal changes which the increasing complexities of civilised existence necessarily from time to time force upon the consideration of our legislature, few have been more urgently required than those affecting the laws relating to Trusts and Trustees. Since 1859, trustees and executors have had various minor concessions granted them, principally consisting in the conferring upon them by Act of Parliament of the various safeguards which lawyers were in the habit of inserting in every properly drawn trust deed or will, so that trustees who

happened to become so by mere operation of law had the same amount of protection as their more expensively created brethren rejoiced in. It was not, however, until the Trustee Act of 1888, and the Trustee Investment Act of the following year, that a decided attempt was made by Parliament to increase the powers and lessen the liabilities of this long-suffering race, harassed on the one hand by their beneficiaries to increase their income; and on the other, sternly forbidden, by the judges of the High Court, to travel out of the exact instructions of their trust deed, on pain of replacing the lost fund, should such a contingency follow their defection from the right path. What family solicitor does not know the timid woman who comes to beg him to allow the trustees of her marriage settlement to advance her a portion of the capital fund in order to save her from ruin—gambling debts, most probably—and how she flashes from pleading to inactive when gently but firmly assured that nothing of the kind can be permitted? What will she not promise—what will she not sign in the way of indemnity, if only the trustees may let her have the money; and what will she not subsequently bring in the way of actions against those unhappy men, should they disregard the solicitor's advice and weakly listen to her entreaties?

Happily, the legislature, compassionating their helplessness, and reading the extent of the temptation, resolved in 1888 to extend a partial *oasis* over the effect of their kindness in this and similar matters. A case decided in 1883 (*Speight v. Gammell*, 12 L. J. Chanc. House of Lords 419) illustrates the extent to which even then it was lawful to enable trustees to do for what may be termed innocent mistakes. A trustee, in the execution of his duty, handed to his broker, in the usual course of business, a cheque for fifteen thousand pounds to complete the purchase of some stock for the trust fund. The broker absconded therewith; and it was sought to make the trustee replace the amount, on the ground that he ought to have taken special precautions in the matter. The judge before whom the case was first tried found that the trustee was liable for negligence, and must replace the stock or money; but the Court of Appeal and, subsequently, the House of Lords, reversed this decision, holding that the trustee had taken all ordinary care in the matter; and that, unless a certain amount of confidence were reposed by men in one another, business transactions would be impossible. The trustee was therefore saved from this heavy loss; but his private costs to his own lawyers for the three trials must have been considerable.

Another case, which shows how careful trustees should be in their investments, was decided in 1888 (*Whiteley v. McGregor*, 57 L. J. Chanc. [House of Lords] 300). Here trustees had power to invest on freeholds; and, under the advice of competent surveyors, advanced three thousand pounds on mortgage of freehold brickfields, and two thousand pounds on freehold cottages. To the lay mind, there appears to be nothing wrong about these investments; but the eye of the law is keener for a blot. The mortgagors failed, and the property deteriorated in value; and the trustees were called upon to replace the lost

amount. Here the Court of Appeal and House of Lords agreed with the ruling of the Vice-chancellor before whom the action was first tried, holding that, with regard to the brickfields—as it was the brick business and not the land itself which constituted the value of that part of the security—the investment was not strictly a freehold one, as demanded by the trust deed, and therefore the trustees must replace with interest the difference between the land value and that of the business; while, as to the cottages, the depreciation was a natural one, which could not have been guarded against; and the trust fund must bear that loss. No one can deny that this judgment was in absolute accordance with law and equity; but it was an expensive legal lesson for the trustees.

A month or two after this case was decided, the Trustee Act of 1888 was passed, wherein the decisions in that and the previously cited case received the authority of Parliament; as, however, this Act expired at the end of 1892, and is now superseded by the Trustee Act, 1893, which does not extend to Scotland, we need not further consider the provisions of the extinct statute. This new Act is intended to consolidate the laws relating to trustees and their investments. By it, trustees—in whom are included executors and administrators—have a very extended field upon which to place their trust funds; but let not the eager beneficiary hastily conclude that he can now force his trustee to obtain for him seven or eight per cent. security; all the authorised investments are sound and good ones, and good investments need never borrow at a high rate of interest; these increased powers only confer a wider range of safety, to avoid the necessity of what is generally known as placing too many eggs in one basket, and also for convenience in dividend-receiving. To append a list of all these authorised investments would be to occupy valuable space; but, as a specimen, we may instance—besides the usual Government funds—guaranteed and metropolitan stocks, certain railway and canal stocks in Great Britain and Ireland, divers Indian railway stocks, debenture, guaranteed or preference stock of municipal corporations, redeemable stocks, &c.; and where trustees have powers to invest on freeholds, they may, without committing a breach of trust, lay out their money—if they see fit so to do—upon leaseholds also, provided such leaseholds have at least two hundred years to run, and the rental does not exceed one shilling per annum.

Many people imagine still that a demise (or lease) for a hundred years will constitute a freehold; and cite the fact of building leases being so generally for ninety-nine years as an instance thereof. As a matter of fact, a demise for any number of years, say a thousand, from a certain day would by English law be only a leasehold interest; while a demise for a man's life is a freehold one; the distinction between freehold and leasehold here not consisting merely in the payment of a rent, but in the certainty of the date of termination of the granted term. Where this is known on the execution of the deed, as in a lease for a thousand years, the interest is only leasehold; where, however, the ending of the term is stated, but the actual day thereof is

unknown, as in the demise for a life, the estate is a freehold one, though rent be paid as in the other case. The ninety-nine years' term common in building leases may be accounted for by the fact that the stamp duty on a lease for a hundred years and over is exactly double that on one for ninety-nine years, and therefore it would not be worth while paying twice the amount thereof for one year more.

Where trustees have already power to invest on bonds, shares, and similar securities, they will find an extra list thereof submitted for their inspection by the new Act; but it is provided therein that all these increased investing powers are not to be exercised, nor are any acts to be done or omitted by trustees, where the same would be in contravention of the deed or will appointing them; so that it is open to any donor of a fund to contract himself out of the Act—a phrase we have heard a good deal of lately if he desires so to do.

As regards the liabilities of trustees in the execution of their trust, it is enacted that where they, on the advice of competent valuers, advance money on property—such advance not exceeding two-thirds of such valuation—they shall not be answerable for any subsequent fall in its value; and where they have advanced more than they should have done, the security shall be good for the proper amount; and instead of having the whole investment thrown on their hands, as in the old days, they will only be liable to replace the excess with interest.

The fearful pleader is also attended to, for the legislature, acknowledging the aforesaid temptation and weakness, has enacted that in cases where trustees commit a breach of trust at the instigation or request or with the written sanction of a beneficiary, the Court may order such beneficiary's income to be impounded towards making up the loss which the trust fund may thereby sustain. A case was decided on this provision—which is in the Act of 1888—not very long ago, no doubt to the grievous astonishment of the life-tenant.

A very useful power—namely, that of appointing solicitors to conclude purchases for them, or receive money payable to them by insurance offices—is now conferred upon trustees by section seventeen of the new Act. Before the Conveyancing Act of 1881 came into operation, it was customary, on the day for concluding a purchase, for vendors and purchasers to meet at the vendor's solicitor's offices and pay over the money and receive the deeds. This being occasionally found to be inconvenient, the parties were in the habit of giving written instructions to their own solicitors to receive the money or deeds respectively; and where the solicitors were known men, few objections were made to the adoption of this course. The legislature, however, thought it could simplify matters, and by section fifty-six of the 1881 Act declared that if the vendor's solicitor on completion day produced a duly executed deed having thereon or therein a proper receipt for the purchase money, that of itself should be sufficient authority for the purchaser's solicitor to pay over the amount to him. Matters accordingly proceeded in this way till June 1883, when the case of *re Bellamy* (52 L. J. Chanc. [App.] 870) burst like a shell in the midst of

all this guileless confidence. In this case the customary process had been followed; but the vendors were trustees, and the Court of Appeal held that according to the legal maxim, 'delegatus non potest delegare,' trustees could give no such implied authority, but must personally attend and receive the money; which they accordingly had to do until the 1888 Act placed them on the same footing as ordinary beings in this respect, the section being retained in the coming Act.

Trustees can also appoint a solicitor or banker to receive insurance moneys for them; but they must be careful not to leave the amount in such agent's hands longer than is absolutely necessary, or they will be liable to replace the amount if it should happen to be thereby lost; and they may, like the general public, plead the Statute of Limitations in bar of an old claim, unless the same has arisen from a fraudulent breach of trust.

As to the appointment of fresh trustees on death or retirement of any of the number, their powers of paying their trust fund into Court, and of obtaining the Court's opinion upon knotty points, and similar provisions, we need not touch thereon, as lawyers are invariably employed to attend to such matters; and this paper has been merely written to give those numerous persons who have accepted a fiduciary appointment a slight insight into the Act of Parliament whereby their future conduct must be guided if they desire to do their duty by their beneficiaries and avoid unecessary trouble and expense.

THE BURGOMASTER VAN TROON.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

By T. W. STICHEL.

CHAPTER I.

It was a dismal evening in early October, with a cold rain falling, and little errant gusts of wind blowing now from one point of the compass and now from another. The lamp-lighters had started on their rounds, and the main London thoroughfares were beginning to outline themselves in points of yellow flame. For the last day or two nearly every train had brought back holiday-makers by the hundred. Presently the huge pendulum of workaday London would be once more in full swing. Everything spoke of the death of summer.

In no wise out of keeping with the cheerless evening looked Edgar Fairclough, as, with gloomy brows, and hands buried deep in the pockets of his lounging jacket, he slowly paced the drawing-room of the pretty little flat occupied by himself and his wife in Pendragon Square, S.W. The lamp had not been lighted; the grate as yet was innocent of its first autumnal fire; the windows were blurred with raindrops. The dreariness outdoors was matched by the dreariness within.

But even had the time been the most brilliant of autumn evenings, and the scene one of those from which he had lately returned, Edgar Fairclough had 'that within' which might well furnish food for despondency of the deepest. He had just got back, several days before his holiday was at an end, from the south of France,

where he had left behind him, in the pocket-book of Captain Verschoyle, a little document in which he acknowledged his indebtedness to that gentleman in the sum of six hundred and fifty pounds. The scrap of paper in question represented the amount of his losses at the gaming tables, less his own ready money, which had been the first to be swept up by the croupier's rake. But for the cursed chance which had brought Verschoyle across his path, he should perforce have fled the scene of his temptation the moment his own pockets were empty; but, alas! he had not been strong-minded enough to refuse the Captain's pressing offer of a loan, coupled as it was with the comforting assurance that, if he only persevered long enough, his luck would be sure to turn. Well, he had persevered, the Captain cheerfully backing him up with one loan after another, till the sum-total reached the amount named; but the luck had never turned, or only spasmodically and just sufficiently to tempt him still further on the downward path.

Then, one evening, in the solitude of his bedroom, Fairclough had taken a solemn oath that he would go near the tables no more. The Captain had seen him off next morning by train, his last words being: 'I shan't be long after you, dear boy. I'll drop you a line as soon as I arrive in town, and you can look me up at the Corinthian.'

Fairclough had understood quite well what looking up the Captain at his club meant. On the very first occasion of their meeting the latter would look to him to redeem his IOU. Should he by any chance fail to do so, he knew that before he was a dozen hours older the story of his defection would have been whispered in a dozen ears. Verschoyle, as he was well aware, was one of those men who look for no quarter in the battle of life, and who are careful to give none when the advantage rests with them.

Edgar Fairclough was a Civil Service clerk on a salary of three hundred and fifty pounds a year, which income was supplemented to the extent of three hundred pounds more by Mr Titus Bengough, a retired merchant, and his uncle on his mother's side. He had been married four years, and this was the first time since that event that he had gone for his annual leave without taking his wife with him. Clara had gone down to Devonshire to help to nurse a sick sister, and he had been under the compulsion to take his holiday alone, with what result we have already seen, for there could be no doubt that, had his wife been with him, he would not have gone within miles of Monte Carlo.

His marriage had not, perhaps, been a very prudent one from a worldly point of view, for he came of a good stock on his father's side, and all his friends had said that he ought to have looked higher, which, put in other words, meant that he ought to have married somebody with a good deal more money than the one thousand pounds which was all that Clara Denison, the orphan daughter of a country rector, had brought for dowry. But they had loved each other, and that of itself had seemed an all-sufficient reason for uniting themselves in the bonds of matrimony, nor had they yet seen

cause to regret their temerity in so doing. Uncle Titus had stuck to them all through like the 'brick' his nephew avouched him to be, and his money it had been which had gone far towards furnishing the flat in Pendragon Square.

Clara's thousand pounds, when she married, had been left intact in the bank, where it had been accumulating at interest since her father's death. There had been a sort of tacit understanding between the young people that it should be reserved as something against a possible rainy day—as a provision against one or other of those unforeseen contingencies from which not even the most fortunate of us can claim to be exempt. But we know what often befalls the best-laid plans of mice and men. At the end of four years a balance of seventy pounds was all that remained to the credit of Mrs Fairclough, the fact being that from the first the young couple had lived considerably beyond their means, and, as a consequence, had been under the necessity of drawing on the nest egg from time to time in order to wipe off certain accumulations of outstanding debts. At length, however, they had begun to realise the folly of which they had been guilty, and only a few days before Fairclough set out on his holiday, he and his wife had sat in committee, and had then and there drawn up a scheme of retrenchment, which they had promised themselves, in all sincerity that they would begin to put into practice from the day of their return to Pendragon Square. Then Fairclough had started for his scamper on the Continent, and if his purse was light, his heart was no less so; and then that terrible thing had happened, the result of his own insensate folly, which had brought him home before his time, and now found him desperate and alone in the dull October dusk, with the demon of suicide lurking, a baleful shadow, in some inner chamber of his brain.

Had his debt to Captain Verschoyle been of any other nature than that which it was, he might, perhaps, have summoned up courage to go to his uncle, lay his case before him, and appeal to him for help; but that he should do so under present circumstances was wholly out of the question. A debt which was the result of almost any other kind of folly he might have been persuaded to condone, but a gambling debt never. The fact was that Fairclough's father had been an incorrigible spendthrift and gambler, and had died miserably. Ever since he could remember had this terrible example been held up to Edgar as a warning by his uncle, and it had been impressed upon him again and yet again that in order irrevocably to snap the tie between them, he had but to take the first step on that pleasant but fatal road which had led his father to destruction.

By-and-by the housemaid, who had been vainly waiting for her master to ring, ventured, of her own accord, to bring in a lighted lamp, and therewith Fairclough's cogitations for the time being came to an end. By that the bitter truth had forced itself on him that there was one way and one only of extrication from the *impasse* in which he had landed himself. He must break up the pretty home where he had

been so happy, sell his furniture to the highest bidder, and settle down with his wife in some cheap suburban lodgings. By those means, and the practice of rigid economy, he ought to be able in the course of a couple of years to clear off his debt to Verschoyle to the last shilling. But that would by no means stop the latter's tongue; indeed, he would have just cause for complaint at having to wait so long for the final settlement of a debt which had been contracted on the tacit understanding that it would be paid in full in the course of a few weeks at the most. Of course for Verschoyle to blurt out the truth about the affair, as he undoubtedly would, practically meant social extinction for Fairclough and his wife. Most of us have our own little world of friends and acquaintances, a circle, however restricted, in which socially we live and move and have our being, and to be ostracised from that circle, however low the value may be at which we rate its privileges, can never be other than a painful process.

He rose and crossed to the window, and peered out into the deepening gloom. He could see, by the unbroken reflection of the lamplight on the wet roadway, that the rain had ceased. He did not expect his wife home for a couple of days, and, lacking her presence, the place was intolerable. He would dress and go down to his club—as yet there was no fear of his coming across Verschoyle—and dine there. Not much longer would he be privileged to do so.

He proceeded leisurely with his dressing. He had reached that frame of mind when to have settled on a definite plan of action, and to have sternly forced ones self to confront the worst that can happen, comes as a positive relief to the state of mental torture one has had to go through before arriving at it. He was in the act of manipulating his white tie, when a certain fact flashed across his memory, which, till that instant, he had absolutely, but most unaccountably, forgotten. For a few seconds the colour faded from his face, and he sat down on the nearest chair to recover himself. While he had been worrying himself almost to the verge of suicide, there had lain all the time close to his hand the means which would enable him to meet Verschoyle with a smiling face and redeem his IOU. What an idiot he must have been not to have called to mind before that his wife's diamond necklace was locked up in the safe in the bedroom, as it had been from the day he and Clara set up housekeeping in Pendragon Square!

The necklace in question had been the gift of Clara's godfather, Major Stainforth, on her twenty-first birthday. There had been no stipulation attached to the present, but merely a request that the necklace should not be disposed of except under the pressure of necessity, it having originally belonged to the donor's mother, and so valued by him accordingly. To Clara such a request had all the force of a command; but her husband was inclined now and then to grumble a little at the uselessness of the gift. They were in a measure debarred from finding a customer for it, and adding the proceeds of its sale to their modest

banking account; while for a person in his wife's position to have decked herself out in an article which a countess might have been proud to wear, would have merely served to excite envy and provoke invidious comments among the circle of her acquaintance. Besides, although the stones which composed the necklace were of the first water, the setting was altogether roocco and out of date.

There, then, in its velvet-lined case in the small safe—built into the bedroom wall by a previous occupant of the flat—the necklace had reposed for the past four years, seldom looked at and rarely thought about. No one knew of its presence there except the two people concerned; consequently, they had no fears as to its safety.

What Fairclough now proposed to himself was, not to sell it in point of fact, it was not his to dispose of—but to pawn it for the exact sum in which he was indebted to Vetchoyle. He would tell Clara immediately on her return what he had done, and although the confession would be a painful one, and one which would inevitably lower him somewhat in her eyes—explain to her the dire compulsion under which he had acted. That she would shed some tears he did not doubt, but at the same time he felt assured that he could count on her forgiveness.

The mental reaction was so complete and overwhelming that presently he caught himself laughing aloud as freely as he might have done had he partaken of too much wine. Then it struck him that it might be as well to make himself absolutely sure of the presence of the necklace. There were two keys to the safe, of which his wife held one, and he the other. A minute later the necklace was in his hands, scintillating and flashing back a many-coloured radiance as he held it up in the lamplight. He gave a great sigh of satisfaction as he replaced it in the safe. That night the first time for many nights—Edgar Fairclough slept as soundly as a man who has not a care in the world.

The clocks were striking eleven next morning as he discharged the lantern which had brought him from Pendragon Square. After walking a little way farther along the Strand, he turned down one of those side streets leading to the Embankment, which at that hour of the day are comparatively deserted. Then presently, after a quick precautionary glance round, he dived into a narrow semi-dark passage, and pushing open at random the first door he came to, found himself in one of those mysterious boxes the like of which are to be met with at one class of establishment only.

It was not the first time he had been engaged on a like errand. More than once in his salad days he had 'outrun the constable,' and been driven to negotiate a temporary advance on some of his portable belongings; but all such transactions had been of trifling account in comparison with the one on which he was now engaged. He knew that it would have been useless for him to attempt to borrow the sum he was in need of from any of the ordinary class of pawnbrokers, and he had accordingly brought the necklace to one of the

well-known establishments of Messrs Lippmann, who may be termed the Roth-childs of their peculiar business.

Extracting the morocco jewel case from the breast-pocket of his coat, Fairclough pushed it across the counter to the gentlemanly-looking assistant on the other side. 'How much?' queried the latter in the blandest of tones as his fingers closed over the case.

'Six-fifty,' responded Fairclough in a voice which he scarcely recognised for his own.

The assistant opened the case, took out the necklace, and carried it away with him beyond the other's limited range of view. He was away so long that Fairclough began to fidget with impatience. At length he came back, and bending over the counter, said with a sort of mystery in his tone: 'Did I understand you to say, sir, that you required an advance of six hundred and fifty pounds on the necklace?'

'That is the sum I asked.'

'In that case, sir, you can hardly be aware that the stones which compose the necklace are nothing but paste.'

A VEGETABLE WITH A PEDIGREE

Of all the plants used for food, there is none which has been so long known, or has had, so to say, so distinguished a lineage as Asparagus. Its record, in fact, reaches back to almost the commencement of authentic history, as it is mentioned by the comic poet Cratinus, who died about 425 B.C., and was a contemporary of, though slightly older than, Aristophanes. Among the Romans also, the tasty vegetable was held in high esteem. Cato the Elder—not the gentleman who was of opinion that Plato reasoned well, but his great-grandfather, who insisted upon the destruction of Carthage, and who was born 234 B.C.—wrote a work, which is still extant, *De Re Rustica*, and in it he treats at length of the virtues and proper cultivation of a paragnus. Pliny also, in his *Natural History* (about 60 A.D.) has much to say on the subject. 'Of all the productions of your garden,' he feelingly observes, 'your chief care will be your asparagus;' and he devotes several chapters and parts of chapters to its many beneficent qualities and the best modes of raising it. He asserts that, even in his day, the soil about Ravenna was so favourable to its production, that three heads grown in that district had been known to weigh a Roman pound. As, however, this pound seems to have been equal to only about eleven of our ounces, it would apparently have required four of the stalks to reach a pound of our weight; but this result, considering the state of horticulture in those days, may be looked upon as wonderful enough, and has in point of fact only been equalled in our own times.

It is possible, however, that asparagus being essentially a southern plant, the original stock found in Italy was of a more vigorous growth than that of more northern climes. It occurs all round the shores of the Mediterranean, and branches off into four or five distinct species

besides the one ordinarily used for edible purposes. In Britain we have in a wild state only the latter, and even that is confined to a few favoured districts. With us, it is never found away from the sea-coast; and although, according to old botanical books, it extended in former times all along the Channel, and even up to the latitude of London, Cornwall and Devonshire seem to be now the only counties where it can be met with. Withering declares that in his day (1812) it grew not only at Harwich, but also at Gravesend, and even at Greenwich. It is needless to say that at present it would scarcely repay a botanist to look for wild asparagus at Greenwich, nor would Harwich or Gravesend be much more likely places. Probably the only remaining spots where it could now be discovered with any certainty would be about the Lizard and one or two other places in Cornwall. Opposite Kynans Cove, in the latter county, the so-called Asparagus Island is yet covered with it, and offers a pretty spectacle as the tall feathery stalks wave to and fro in the breeze.

In France and Germany, however, the plant is much more common; nor is it confined entirely to the coasts. Gillet says that it grows also in woods and sunny meadows; and with regard to Germany, Wagner gives as its habitat 'hedges, bushy places, and fertile mountain meadows.' In some parts of the Russian steppes it is said to grow so abundantly that the cattle eat it like grass; but it must be remembered that in all these countries more than one kind of asparagus is found—sometimes three or four different kinds—and it is quite possible that some of them may be occasionally mistaken for the veritable or edible article.

Of late years, the cultivation of asparagus has, especially in France, arrived at great perfection. In England, its headquarters are still, as they have been for years, about Mortlake, Richmond, and along the valley of the Thames, the alluvial soil of which—probably mixed with a good deal of sand—seems to suit the plant admirably. The English growers, however, can scarcely compete with the French as regards the size and flavour of the heads produced. In France, one of the chief centres of the trade is at Argenteuil, a village on the Seine, near Paris, and which formerly had a reputation for producing an extremely formidable wine, much dreaded by the *gourmets* and frequenters of the Parisian restaurants. This wine, it was alleged, was always served when entertainments extended to a late hour, no matter what special *cra* had been ordered. Large quantities of it are still produced; but some years ago the proprietors of the vineyards came upon the idea of increasing their revenues by planting asparagus between the vines. This succeeded so well, that at present large tracts of ground, exceeding altogether a thousand acres, are given up entirely to the cultivation of the vegetable, and the Paris

market draws the best, or at least the most highly esteemed, portion of its supplies from there. If the accounts given by some of the gentlemen engaged in this occupation are to be believed, the speculation must be extremely profitable, for it is said that the average returns of the thousand acres more or less exceed a million francs or forty thousand pounds. Some growers indeed estimate their 'takings' at even a higher figure. One firm gives the cost of planting, keeping in order, and all the expenses of labour, at about thirty pounds an acre, and the average annual value of the crop at something like one hundred and twenty pounds. Against this, however, as he says, he has to reckon the loss of his capital for some four years. An asparagus bed, newly laid, produces nothing whatever until the third year, and then only a very small amount, systematic cutting not being commenced before the fifth year after planting. It is estimated that after this age each stalk, or root, will give about ten heads every year, and that this yield will continue, under favourable conditions, for some twenty or five-and-twenty years.

Asparagus is raised from seed, which is generally sown in spring; and the plant thrives best in a rich, fresh, and sandy soil such as the sunny meadows in which it is found wild. In England it is usually planted in rows, at distances varying from one to two and a half feet apart, in beds that have been previously prepared by deep trenching and rich manuring.

Some kinds of French asparagus have within the present decade reached a perfectly abnormal size. We have seen that Pliny was much impressed by the fact that heads could be grown which could run four to the pound; and some five-and-twenty years ago, one of the growers at Mortlake announced with much jubilation that he had produced three which reached the same weight. At Argenteuil, we are told, it is by no means uncommon for each head of a certain kind to be half an inch in diameter, and to weigh a pound or even more. That, however, this 'giant' asparagus is greatly inferior in flavour to the old-fashioned and less bulky sort no amateur of asparagus will probably be disposed to deny. Of course the growers at Argenteuil maintain that this is quite a mistake, and that the pleasant taste of asparagus depends more on its freshness than on any difference of size. There can, however, be little doubt that that kind which is now only found in old gardens, and of which the stalk is green in colour and eatable down to the base, is much more palatable than that of which the edible portion is scarcely an inch long, and the remainder woody and fibrous. Probably the very best asparagus which can be eaten in the present day is that which is grown among the vines in South Germany, and this, almost without exception, belongs to the 'green' kind, and, in fact, is so called by the German gardeners in contradistinction to the white.

The march of civilisation has, no doubt improved most things; but, as regards asparagus,

'progress' seems to have consisted in producing a very large stick, which looks well in the shop windows, but which, beyond its size, has little else to recommend it.

A BIMETALLIC MYSTERY.

'WHAT did that nasty man say, father dear, when he called this afternoon? You have looked so serious ever since.'

'Nothing, sweetheart, at least, nothing of any consequence at this moment.' Which meant that, whatever it was, Mr Fielding, chief of the banking firm of Fielding, Fielding, & Scott, intended to communicate no particulars even to his eldest and favourite daughter. She was the head of his household; but she knew that her father never intruded business affairs into their domestic circle, and the reply satisfied her that the matter which caused him to wear such a pre-occupied expression during dinner was of a nature outside her ken.

'Don't be long, Harry,' she cried to her *brother*, an artillery officer presently spending a month's leave on a visit to the house. 'We have a lot to rehearse yet; and there are only four more days before we have to astonish the brilliant and distinguished audience which Eskmister always sends to amateur theatricals.'

Captain Colquhoun made a smiling reply, and turned to speak to his host when the door had closed on the ladies.

'You need not remain here, Harry,' said Mr Fielding. 'I am going to the library to look over some papers. When the girls have retired for the night, would you mind joining me there for a cigar and a chat? I want your advice in a question that I do not care to trust entirely to my own judgment.'

The request puzzled Colquhoun considerably. Evidently the conversation would not relate to himself, for his account at Cox's was all right, but he held Mr Fielding in wholesome dread. In his own words to his mother: 'My prospective father-in-law is a first-rate chap, a thorough gentleman, and he thinks the world of Gladys; indeed, who wouldn't? but he is a very stern man of business.'

When he entered the library, he found Mr Fielding immersed in a pile of documents. These were not to form the subject of discussion, however, as the banker folded them into packets, locked them in a safe, took down a box of cigars, and asked Colquhoun to help himself and sit near the fire. He drew his chair close, and at once plunged into the topic which had apparently disturbed him.

'You know Lester, my cashier? Well, his full name is Charles Jamieson Lester—Jamieson being his mother's maiden name. She was a sort of distant relative of ours. He is thirty-one years of age. His father died long ago; and when he was sixteen I took him into the bank, where he has steadily progressed to his present position, which is one, I need hardly say, of great responsibility and trust, especially as he is also a sort of deputy-manager, attending to all details, and leaving me free to deal with more important matters. He is a capital financier, and I have

always had implicit confidence in him. I pay him four hundred pounds a year; and he lives in good style, for a bachelor, in his own house, left him by his mother when she died four years since. He keeps a dogcart and horse, plays moderate whist at the club, and does not, I should imagine, get through the whole of his annual income. His private account at the bank stands, as well as I remember, at something over seven hundred pounds, which is as it should be.' Mr Fielding gave these details with the calm concentration of a prosecuting counsel. He was looking at his cigar smoke as he talked, but happening to notice Captain Colquhoun's amazed expression, he continued: 'All this is quite relevant to the affair at issue, as you will soon perceive.'

'Nearly six months ago I was invited to join the London Directorate of a very sound and paying gold-mining company at the Cape. I accepted; and some time afterwards, when up in town on its business, the Secretary said to me: "Your cashier, Asheton, must be very well off; he holds three thousand pounds of our stock." I laughed as I replied, "My cashier's name is not Asheton; he is called Lester; and is certainly not in a position to command so much capital." "But," said the Secretary, "I had occasion to get some money at your bank last week when in Eskmister, and I am quite sure I saw Asheton there."

'At that moment we were interrupted, and although I felt sure that the Secretary was mistaken, I gave private instructions that the next audit at the bank should be most thorough in every respect. As I anticipated, our books and balances were in perfect order. Our notes in circulation were checked in the usual careful manner, and our gold weighed and counted. We find that thirty thousand pounds is ample for our ordinary turnover; but, to be absolutely on the safe side, I keep a reserve of twenty thousand sovereigns, in ten boxes, in one portion of our strong-room, to which only myself and Lester have access. There was absolutely nothing wrong anywhere; nor is it, so far as my knowledge goes, scientifically possible for any discrepancy to exist without detection. To-day, however, the Secretary of the gold-mining company again chanced to be in this town. The mysterious Asheton purchased another thousand pounds of stock last month, showing himself to be a thoroughly well-informed speculator by so doing; and the Secretary, out of sheer curiosity, made it his business to call at the bank, where he again identified Lester as Asheton, and only refrained from addressing him by name lest a precipitate action should weaken my hands in discovering the source whence my cashier derives his funds.

'Now, this dilemma has the usual pair of horns. Lester, if he be Asheton, may have come by his money in some quite legitimate way unknown to me. In that case, I would never forgive myself for even indirectly suspecting his honesty. On the other hand, if he really is a scoundrel, and has robbed the bank in a marvellously ingenious manner—for it can be none other—the exposure and subsequent prosecution will be a serious blow to us as a bank. Both aspects of the affair are extremely awkward, and I must confess that I have never before been so

unable to decide upon a course of action and pursue it.'

'From what you have said, I take it that you are aware of no reason why Mr Lester should desire to defraud you or anybody else?'

'Not the slightest.'

'Well, I suppose there is no hurry for a day or two. He has some relatives in the same part of India as my battery was in before we came home, and he asked me to dine with him to-morrow evening in order to talk over Indian affairs. I do not care much about the man personally, and intended to have made some excuse; but now I shall accept. At any rate, I shall have an opportunity of learning a little concerning his tastes, and this may be some slight guide to us.'

When approaching Lester's house, Captain Colquhoun surveyed the fortress with soldier-like care. It stood by itself, at the end of a suburban road, and appeared to be a charming little residence. It was neat and effective in design, was not cramped for space, and the sharp outlines of the brick walls were artistically broken by a small clump of trees which stood near the gable end. The villa consisted of two lofty storeys, with attics over the main block, and the gable first-floor chamber terminated in a turreted roof. There was nothing whatever in the appearance of the place to call for comment.

Colquhoun was warmly welcomed by his host; and after dinner the conversation turned upon some important experiments which Captain Colquhoun had recently witnessed in Woolwich. They were intended to ascertain what amalgam of metals gave the highest degree of resistance to projectiles, combined with the minimum of weight. In discussing the topic, Lester showed unusual knowledge of dynamic principles. 'The great difficulty,' he said, 'that even scientists have to contend with is to disabuse the mind from inalienably associating certain properties with certain metals. By the introduction or destruction of an element, or a change of proportion of the component elements, you create an entirely fresh set of conditions. I should like very much to see the Report of the investigating Committee.'

'I am afraid that is impossible, as it is sure to be a confidential one.' Then Colquhoun received an inspiration. 'It is all very well to talk of positive open-mindedness in these researches, but the attribute of weight, for instance, cannot be created. You cannot make iron as heavy as gold, you know.'

Lester seemed to be about to reply, but checked himself, and at last said lightly: 'That may be so; but it is a matter I know very little about. I am fond of dabbling in chemistry, but have no time to devote to it except an occasional hour before bed.'

'Have you any sort of laboratory?' inquired Colquhoun.

'No.—By the way, let me show you some rare prints I picked up recently in town.'

Later in the evening, when the Captain had quitted the house, he stopped in the road to light a cigar. He did not greatly relish the notion of enjoying a man's hospitality for the purpose of finding out whether or not he was a scoundrel;

but he was labouring to avert a threatened scandal, which might seriously affect the fortunes of his affianced wife and her four sisters. This thought served to stifle any aversion he felt towards the work in hand, and, as the night was fine, he resolved to watch the proceedings of Mr Lester until that gentleman had retired to rest. Barely five minutes had elapsed before the lights in the dining-room were extinguished; and as the servants had gone to their rooms an hour before Colquhoun's departure, Lester had locked and bolted the house door himself. He obviously went straight to his bedroom, which was over what the soldier conjectured to be the drawing-room. In a very short space of time the light disappeared, and Colquhoun concluded that he had kept his vigil for nothing, when suddenly the turreted chamber in the gable was lit up.

For nearly a quarter of an hour the watcher gazed at the window, of which the venetian blinds were closed; and it seemed to him that at intervals the light in the room became momentarily brighter. This fairly gained such a hold upon him that he determined to get a closer view, and consequently he re-entered the grounds and examined the trees beside the gable. One of them, the nearest to the wall, was comparatively easy to climb, even by starlight; so he essayed the task, and without much difficulty found himself on a level with and about twelve feet from the window. Even from this favourable position he could not see an inch of the interior; but the periodic glowing effect was now most noticeable, and he thought he could distinguish a sound like heavy breathing, followed by an almost imperceptible thud. Could he but reach the window ledge, he might possibly discover some clink which commanded the interior, and, as a matter of fact, the topmost slide of the blind was not so oblique as the others; but he felt that it would be out of the question to get his eyes on a level with it without making such a noise as would probably attract the attention of the person inside. At all events, nothing more could be done that night; so the Captain climbed down again, and walked home, thinking as hard as he knew how.

After breakfast, he asked Mr Fielding to await further developments, as he had a scheme in his mind which might fail, but which would do no harm, and perchance contained the germ of the required information. Whilst assisting Gladys to train a vine in the greenhouse, he came upon the very article he needed—a light but strong garden's ladder, some fourteen feet in length, which, when laid in a horizontal position, bore his weight easily. This he hid amongst some laurels in the shrubbery; and subsequently purchased a coil of stout rope, and a small double circular mirror opening like a locket. At night he went to the Club, and on returning to the banker's house, he shouldered the ladder and marched off to Lester's abode. On the way, having to dodge a policeman, he felt curiously like a burglar in the act. Determined, however, to proceed with his task, he found, as he expected, the room in the gable occupied when he reached the villa. Attaching the rope to the top of the ladder, he rested this against the tree, and then rapidly gained his position of

the previous night. Fixing himself firmly on the forked branch, he carefully drew up the ladder until it rested in front of him, and then it was an easy matter to steady it by means of the rope and shove it forward until the futher end rested securely on the window-ledge. Tying the ladder with the spare piece of rope to the tree, he promptly crossed the bridge thus formed. The foothold afforded by the sill and ladder combined was ample; but, search as he would, he could not find a crevice in the blind which gave a wider view of the rooms than to the extent of a couple of feet of the floor, and this space was crowded with jars of chemicals. There were also some odd bits of machinery lying about, and a large bag, containing dross refuse as from a furnace.

The gunner being a man of resource, now brought his circular mirror into service. He opened it to an obtuse angle, and rested it against the upper framework of the window, opposite the highest panel of the blind, where a narrow beam of light stole out. It was some time before he could piece together the details of the series of small reflected pictures thus obtained, but at last they assumed a definite shape. Lester was moving about the centre of the room, attired in a rough blouse, a garment which probably accounted for his visit to the bedroom on the preceding night. On a table were two piles of sovereigns, perhaps five hundred in all, and a larger quantity of some other metal, with a pair of delicate, nicely-balanced scales, and some small implements. Near the table stood two machines, one a chemical retort, which Colquhoun knew to be of extremely high power; and the other an odd-looking press with elaborate multiplying cranks capable of producing tremendous weight energy.

No mechanical engineer ever worked with greater neatness and expedition than did Lester. He went through a distinct series of operations. In the first place he weighed some of the rough metal and tused it in the retort, afterwards moulding it into small thin discs, smooth and shiny. Then a number of sovereigns were also weighed out and tused at a lower temperature. The thin discs were immersed in this gold bath, cooled, and weighed until he was satisfied as to the exactness of each. The gold-coated discs having been reheated to a certain extent, were then placed one by one in what appeared to be a stamping-press, from which the disc came out bright and shining, and bearing the semblance of a sovereign. It was again placed in the scales, carefully examined, and, in all but one case, added to the other pile of gold on the table.

Nearly an hour elapsed before the observer outside could satisfactorily note all these details, and at the end of that time he felt so exhausted from the cold and the physical effort of maintaining his cramped position, with his right hand holding the mirror aloft and his head awkwardly twisted, that he was very glad to be astride the ladder again. He retired as cautiously as he had come, reached the banker's house unobserved, and wrote a full account of what he had seen before seeking his pillow.

In the morning, when Mr Fielding was placed in possession of the facts, his indignation was so

great that Colquhoun feared exposure must inevitably follow; but common-sense prevailed, and the banker was superbly bland when at ten o'clock he despatched Mr Lester on some necessary mission to a branch office in the neighbouring market town. By mid day an expert metallurgical chemist was in Eskminster, and had in his possession selected coins from each division of the bank's stock of gold. Next day his report arrived. All the samples from the current money were pure; so were the contents of seven boxes of the reserve fund; but in three of the boxes the whole of the coins were base. The only perceptible external difference between these coins and minted money was that they were larger, but in so slight a degree that it required most elaborate analytical tests to prove the divergence. Each sovereign, however, had yielded to the coiner an appreciable amount of gold, the percentage of gold thus extracted being replaced by a clever amalgam of the heavier metals.

Mr Fielding was at the outset determined to call in the officers of the law; but Captain Colquhoun opposed this course.

'If the public once feel suspicious that the gold obtained from your bank is spurious, he said, 'it will be almost impossible to regain their implicit confidence; and the results might be terribly serious to yourself and your family.' He did not add that an odd feeling of chivalry prevented him from sending to penal servitude a gentlemanly villain whose bread he had eaten, but this was the predominant feeling in the captain's mind. 'Besides,' he added, 'we may fairly estimate the amount stolen as being about the sum invested in the mining company; and if we tore him to transfer this sum to you, plus the expense of retreating the gold reminted, or sold, as a safer expedient, all will be well, and he must clear out of the country.'

Colquhoun went off to his amateur theatricals, where he performed with surprising vigour, fresh as he was from the scenes of a drama in real life.

Next morning, Lester was brought to the banker's library, and Colquhoun told him his story and its results. After the first shock of discovery, Lester remained cool, almost cynical.

'You unmitigated scoundrel!'— burst forth Mr Fielding.

'Steady, sir; no hard names. You are compounding a felony, you know. However, I have not the slightest desire to visit Portland, so I accept your terms. I have taken, stolen it you like, four thousand seven hundred pounds. My house is worth a thousand, and that stock is worth more than five thousand pounds. I will go up to London with you now, and transfer the stock, and the house will follow in due course, if need be. My current account in the bank will suffice to convey me to South Africa. I am ready when you are.'

Considerable time, trouble, and expense were requisite before Mr Fielding was assured that his bank paid only legal tender; and some curiosity was evoked among the employees by the frequent transfer of gold to and from the establishment. At the end he sent Captain

Colquhoun a two-hundred-pound hunter as the 'net profit of the speculation;' and the latter christened the animal 'Investigator,' explaining to inquisitive friends that he was acquired in order to find out the weak points of his brother-officers' cracks.

ITALIAN GRANITE.

ITALIAN marble has long been known in this country, and the trade carried on in its import has attained to considerable dimensions; whilst, curiously enough, the granite resources of Italy have for some reason been almost entirely overlooked, and Italian granite has remained to the present day almost entirely ignored in the United Kingdom. Under these circumstances, the attempts now being made to place Italian granite on the British markets, and to render it a commercial and economic success, call forth considerable interest, and have induced us to lay before our readers some succinct account of what may with justice almost be described as a new product in our industries, together with some brief notes of its mode of occurrence in Italy and the methods in which it is quarried and worked.

The most important seat of the granite industry in Italy is the group of quarries in the province of Novara, situated around Baveno and Alzo. Here not only is the quarrying of the granite carried on, but the turning, polishing, and general execution of all work in connection with the finished product is also performed. The granite of the district is of two distinct classes—red and white or gray granite. The former, according to a Report by Professor James Geikie—who has, after a careful megascopic and microscopic examination, pronounced an opinion on the rocks which form the subject of this article—is composed in nearly equal proportions of felspar and quartz, with a relatively small admixture of mica; whilst the latter has a similar structure and texture, but with the orthoclase or potash-felspar of a white instead of a red colour. Both varieties of granite have a medium grain, take a fine polish, and whilst admirably suited for ornamental purposes, are eminently serviceable in the arts owing to their durability and strength.

The principal quarries are situated on the western shore of Lago Maggiore, whose scenery is well known to all lovers of the picturesque. A feature of interest is the mode of working adopted, which consists in detaching enormous masses of granite by huge blasts. At the Monte Grassi quarry, in 1885, a charge of six tons of gunpowder was fired by electricity; whilst four months later, a similar blast, with eight and a half tons of the same explosive, was carried out. It was, however, in the autumn of 1886 that a monster blast was executed, when seventeen tons of blasting-powder and half a ton of Nobel dynamite were exploded simultaneously, displacing something like five hundred thousand cubic yards of granite; while some twenty or thirty blocks, ranging from one thousand to six thousand five hundred cubic yards each, were carried fully three hundred yards by the explosion. So much interest attached to these phenomenal blasts, that in the interests of science the

Italian Ministry of War deputed a Major of Engineers to be present and to fully report thereon.

The position of this quarry on a mountain side attaining an altitude of about two thousand feet is particularly advantageous, as the material descends by the action of gravity to the finishing and polishing works below, whence it passes to the harbour adjoining the works, and is shipped to its destination.

Another famous quarry in this district is the white quarry of Alzo, situated on the western shore of Lago d'Orta, a small lake some nine miles in a westerly direction from Lago Maggiore. This granite takes a high polish, is that employed in the construction of the docks at Spezia, as well as in the famous St Gothard Tunnel. A brief examination of old buildings in the district bears abundant testimony to the durability of the granite under consideration.

No better evidence of the power of Italian granite to resist the ravages of time can be adduced than by mentioning the famous palace on the 'Isola Bella,' which was erected in the sixteenth century by Cardinal Borromeo with granite from Monte Grassi. This spot forms a favourite resort of tourists in North Italy; and the material of the old palace, though exposed for over three centuries to the great extremes of heat and cold here found, exhibits no signs of weathering or decay.

A feature of interest in connection with the working of Italian granite is the cheap cost of production. Wages are low in Northern Italy, and the wants of the workers being few and the necessities of life cheap, both skilled and unskilled labour is readily obtainable at lesser rates than in other granite-producing countries.

Viewing the cheapness of labour, the unlimited stores of granite, and the easy methods of transport by means of water, there appears little doubt that Italian granite will ere long force its way to the front and by enabling all persons in this country to obtain supplies of an unequalled building material at low rates, will confer lasting benefits on architectural engineering and kindred industries, and through these on the public generally.

ENTHUSIASM.

"He who would move the world must stand apart,
Above it and beyond; must from him toss
All which that world doth give, accounted dross
Alone implacable summons—"Lo! thou art
To do this thing, none other"—noise of war,
Murmur of household clear it rings across—
And as he listens, suffering and loss
Are empty threats to this disdainful heart.

He gains his life who so his life doth lose;
Holds joy inviolate when most forsworn;
Wins far-off plaudits in men's present scorn;
Not theirs, not his, to say what path to choose
Through thorny deserts where his lone soul strays,
And bleeding tracks the future's broad highways.

MARY GEORGE HEDGAR.

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A RIDE TO LITTLE TIBET

DR LANSDALL must be reckoned among the most fortunate of travellers. Wherever he goes he seems to receive a welcome, and to be hospitably entertained, and he is generally permitted to go where others are forbidden. His recent ride across Asia, through Chinese Turkestan, and so by Little Tibet into British India, was one of the most interesting, both in modern travel, and it is doubtful if any one less of a *per uno quatuor* with the Russian authorities than Dr Lansdall is, could have achieved it, certainly not without considerably more difficulty, discomfort, and detention. In the two delightful volumes *China's Central Asia: a Ride to Little Tibet* (Sampson Low & Co.) recording the incidents of this memorable journey is to be found much bright description and out of the way information.

Of course everybody knows how Dr Lansdall has in past years traversed Siberia, has peered into Sibirian prisons—whence he saw through different spectacles from Mr George Kellman—and has at different times careered over most of Russian Central Asia. It was while on his last journey, in 1882, that he received from the Marquis Tseung, the great Chinese statesman and Minister, letters to some of the governors of the remote border States of China. He was not able to make use of these letters at the time; but they caused him to think over and subsequently to plan a third journey thither, which he began in February 1888. The general object in view was to spy out the land for missionary purposes—not to engage in missionary work himself, but to examine the country and study the peoples, to see if openings could be made for missions to follow.

He first went to St Petersburg, so as to get specially commended to Russian officials along the Trans-Caspian Railway and up to the Chinese frontier. He crossed the Caspian Sea, and, favoured and made comfortable by officials, went by the famous railway as far as it could then take him, namely, Tugai-Robot. This was

at that time the end of the line, eight hundred and twenty-eight miles from the Caspian. At Tugai Robot, therefore, where the railway journey ended, the ride began.

Here also—or rather at Tashkend—occurred one of the troubles of travellers in remote regions—the problem of money. Neither in London nor in St Petersburg had Dr Lansdall been able to obtain letters of credit on Chinese Turkestan, and at Tashkend he had to load himself with rouble notes. This money question is always a serious one for travellers beyond the range of banks and post-office orders, and Dr Lansdall's further monetary experiences may be here briefly referred to. Light baggage he found it cheaper to send by parcel post from St Petersburg to Kuldja in packages not exceeding a hundredweight each, than to carry with him. Extra baggage between London and St Petersburg alone costs eightpence per pound; but book packages—and he wanted many books for consultation, Bibles for distribution, &c.—could be sent all the way to Kuldja, a distance of four thousand six hundred miles, for fourpence per pound. At Jarkend he had to exchange his rouble notes for silver bullion in big lumps called "shoes," which were divided into half-shoes, quarter-shoes, &c., for small change. At Kuldja, a small steelyard had to be procured in order to weigh out the silver in Chinese currency. Payments of large sums were simple enough; but when it came to small purchases the business was bewildering in its complications. Change for ten liang, or about two pounds, being sought at one place, a donkey had to be sent to the bazaar to carry back the small money—no fewer than four thousand seven hundred and fifty small copper coins!

Dr Lansdall sums up the situation thus: "With English pounds were purchased roubles in London, St Petersburg, and Tiflis, at a different price in each. At Jarkend roubles were turned into lumps of silver, of value differing according to their standard of purity. This silver purchased "cash" at prices varying from four

hundred and seventy-five to three hundred and fifty to the ounce: after which, what mathematician would undertake to state exactly in £ s. d. the price of an article purchased? The problem is certainly an interesting one for students of the Silver question!

The journey through the Russian Asiatic territories was made pleasant by the courtesies of Russian officials, to whom Dr Lansdell was commended in advance by persons in authority. The rough places were not made quite so smooth for him in Chinese Central Asia, by which is meant the portion of the Celestial Empire lying outside the Great Wall. The portion traversed by Dr Lansdell may be roughly described as lying to the westward of the Great Gobi Desert—a sort of horseshoe depression, bounded on the north by the Tian-Shan Mountains: on the south by the Kuen-Lun; and on the west by the famous Pamirs ‘the Roof of Asia.’ This region has been known by various names, but is now preferably called Chinese Turkestan.

Jarkend is the last place in Russian territory at which our traveller tarried. Thence escorted by the Russian governor, he drove to the river Khorgos, which here forms the boundary between Russia and China. Here, as he expresses it, Dr Lansdell had to knock at the remote back door of the Celestial Empire, with considerable doubts, freely shared by British officials before he left home, whether he would be allowed to enter at all. But armed with one letter from the Pekin Government, and another from the Chinese Minister at Berlin, as well as with a Russian passport, he boldly approached the gateway, guarded by Chinese soldiers, which is built on the bridge that spans the Khorgos. What he had most to fear was the ignorance of the soldiery and inferior officials, of whose language he knew not a word. What happened?

‘I produced my Russian letters and asked the officer (of the last Russian outpost) to lend me a couple of Cossacks for an escort to Kuldja. A few minutes sufficed for their preparation, and with these I charged the *pai jana*, or gateway. What the Cossacks said or did I know not; but the great doors, with “warders,” or painted dragons, flew open, my tarantass rolled majestically through, without my being stopped, or, so far as I remember, asked for my passport, and in five minutes we were calmly driving through the fields of the Flowery Land and among the Celestials, quizzing their pig-tails, and feeling on excellent terms with ourselves and the world in general.’

Thus was the frontier crossed, and Kuldja—which a few years ago occupied so prominent a place in international politics—was reached next day. At Kuldja the travellers were really in China, although only, as far as mileage goes, midway between Moscow and Pekin. This is extra-mural China, which at one time probably extended to Bokhara, if not beyond—but that was long ago. Kuldja, which was occupied by the Russians in the ‘eighties,’ is now once more under Chinese rule, but the seat of government of the region has been transferred

to Sinting. At Kuldja, however, remains a considerable amount of civilisation. Sinting is larger and more thoroughly Chinese, surrounded by a high wall, with brick-built gates and fortifications. It has numerous streets and bazaars, and a population of five or six thousand.

At Sinting Dr Lansdell breakfasted with the Kah-i Chang, or political officer in charge of Russo Chinese affairs, and the incident will interest many. The repast began with yellow tea and fruit, served in an anteroom. Then the party were taken into an inner room and seated on the floor at a table a foot or so high. Saucers were then placed on this table, the number of nineteen, arranged in rows of three, four, five, four, three. After which more were brought and placed on the top of the others. ‘Some of the dishes were extremely nice, notably the little shreds of mutton, exceedingly seasoned, such as I learned ever after to call for with confidence at Chinese inns. On the other hand, the chicken was made uncatable, and the eggs on this occasion, I am bound to say, were inexplicably nasty. The taste for them as eaten in China had need to be acquired, no doubt, for I had been told at Vienna of the wonderful pains and expense at which Chinese gourmands preserve their eggs till they are black and putrid, and of which they are as proud, when many, many years old, as an English squire of his crusted port. . . . The rissoles of pork sausage were tasty, and so were the French beans, peas, the hearts of cabbage stalks cut in slices, and the Mandarin oranges preserved in syrup. We helped ourselves to these delicacies as we pleased; but our host every now and then with his chop-stick placed on the plate of one or other of his guests a choice morsel, which, mercifully, it was not a matter of unbending etiquette that one should eat. It was polite, of course, occasionally to return the compliment and help him to tit-bits with one’s knife and fork.’

From Kuldja the route taken was by the Pass of Chapchal and the Great Muzart Pass in the Tian-Shan Mountains, in order to reach Kashgar and Khotan and the road into Kashmir, if not into Great Tibet. The climb up the Chapchal Pass was very steep and very difficult, although easy compared with the work that was to follow—and the actual top is computed at nine thousand feet. Here, at the summit, which took us two hours from the camp to reach, was raised an “*obo*,” consisting of five heaps of stones with poles, whence might dangle and flutter tails of yaks or horses, and pieces of calico inscribed with Tibetan or Mongolian writing. In the country of the Burjats I have seen on similar spots sweetmeats and copper coins scattered about, but not so here; though on arriving at the place, my Chinese attendants all dismounted, each to add a few stones more to the heaps, and to make their obeisance in Chinese fashion; perhaps also to say a prayer, but of this I am not sure. It was not easy to get from them information on the subject, though they told me that these were graves of two celebrated lamas who lived thirty thousand years ago!’

The descent from this Pass on the south is less precipitous, and continues through a beautifully wooded defile, where picturesque camps of Kalauks were seen, with their flocks and herds, which here find abundant rich pasture.

One of the most memorable episodes in Dr Lansdell's journey was the crossing of the Tien-Shan Mountains—a range which is some fifteen hundred miles long, and is joined by

several smaller ranges running in different directions. This mass of mountains is computed to occupy an area of four hundred thousand square miles, or as much as the area of Europe and Spain together. The highest peak

of the Tien-Shan Mountains is more than half as high again as Mont Blanc; there are immense peaks overtopping by more or less the highest Alpine summits; and there are one or eight thousand glaciers of vast extent. Strangely enough, this huge snowed range gives birth to few rivers of importance, and to not one that reaches the ocean.

Through this wild and beautiful country the only travellers seem to be occasional bands of Kalauks and Karghans. These nomads drink a concoction called *ten*, which reaches them in the form of twig, coarse leaves, and dust, pressed into the shape of bricks or tiles, and which they boil with milk and flour, salt, millet, and a piece of fat. (See an article in No. 105 of this Journal describing the manufacture, &c., of *Black Tea*.)

Among the mountain experiences the most eventful is the crossing of the Ice Pass, where five glaciers meet. The crest of the Pass is saddle-shaped, some eleven or twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. The descent is very perilous down the ice-cliffs, and watching the transit of the horses, Dr Lansdell describes it as the 'most horribly dangerous' piece of progression he had ever witnessed, or will probably ever again witness. In this dreadful Pass it is said that sometimes as many as thirty horses perish in a month.

Down the Muzart Valley to Aksu, Dr Lansdell pursued a route practically unknown to Europeans, but over which space forbids us to follow him. From Aksu southward the course was easier, but scarcely of less interest, among the quaint and curious inhabitants of Chinese Turkestan. Kashgar was duly reached, and little known as this city is to English readers, it was practically the goal of the journey through the wilds.

Kashgar is a city covering some fifty acres of ground, and is enclosed within a wall said to be three miles long. On the inner sloping side of the wall is kept clear a narrow road, leading to various posts of observation, store-house, &c. The city, about four thousand and sixty feet above the sea, has none of the marble mosques and stately palaces usually associated with an Oriental city, and instead of sparkling fountains embedded in greenery, has a few square muddy pools for the accommodation of both bathers and water-carriers. The population, we are surprised to learn, is estimated by Dr Lansdell at forty thousand, which seems an excessive estimate. Kashgar is one of the two commercial centres of the trade of Chinese Turkestan, the other being Yarkand.

Yarkand, again, is one of the ancient cities of Tartary, and has many mosques and colleges. Although a trade-centre, Dr Lansdell was not impressed with the commercial activity of the place. At Yarkand our traveller diverged to the east, into the interesting kingdom of Khotan, but he could not carry out his plan of crossing into Tibet, and so reaching China proper. Like many a disappointed predecessor, he was not to be allowed to approach the sacred city of Lhasa.

At Khotan were famous jade mines, yielding several varieties of the much-prized mineral. The price of jade in Kuldja, we learn, ranged from one shilling to eight guineas per Russian pound! The most expensive kind is the pale transparent variety, used by the Chinese for carving into elaborate vases, the making of one of which will take a man a lifetime. According to Dr Lansdell, however, the glory of the Khotan mines has departed, and some gold-mines are now being worked.

But on the borders of India we must leave Dr Lansdell, referring the reader to his most interesting volumes for the rest of his wanderings.

AT MARKET VALUE.

CHAPTER VII. MAKING THEIR MINDS UP.

THAT winter through, in spite of Mrs Heslegrave, Kathleen saw a great deal of the interesting sailor who had taken to painting. Half by accident, half by design, they had chosen their pitches very close together. Both of them were painting on that quaint old quay, the *Fondamenta delle Zattere*, overlooking the broad inlet or Canal della Giudecca, where most of the sea-going craft of Venice lie at anchor, unloading. Kathleen's canvas was turned inland, towards the crumbling old church of San Trovaso, and the thick group of little bridges, curved high in the middle, that span the minor canals of that half-deserted quarter. She looked obliquely down two of those untrodden streets at once, so as to get a double glimpse of two sets of bridges at all possible angles, and afford herself a difficult lesson in the perspective of arches. Midway between the two rose the tapering campanile of the quaint old church, with the acacias by its side, that hang their drooping branches and feathery foliage into the stagnant water of the placid Rio. But Arnold Willoughby's easel was turned in the opposite direction, towards the seaward runlets and the open channel where the big ships lay moored; he loved better to paint the sea-going vessels he knew and understood so well;—the thick forest of masts; the russet brown sails of the market-boats from Mestre; the bright reds and greens of the *Chioggia* fisher-craft; the solemn gray of the barges that bring fresh water from Fusina. It was maritime Venice he could best reproduce; while Kathleen's lighter brush reflected rather the varying moods and tessellated floor of the narrow canals which are to the sea-girt city what

streets and alleys are to more solid towns of the mainland.

Thus painting side by side, they saw much of one another. Rufus Mortimer, who cherished a real liking for Kathleen, grew jealous at times of the penniless sailor-man. It seemed to him a pity, indeed, that Kathleen should get entangled with a fellow like that, who could never by any possibility be in a position to marry her. But then, Mortimer, being an American, had a profound faith at bottom in the persuasive worth of the almighty dollar; and though he was really a good fellow, with plenty of humanity and generous feeling, he didn't doubt that in the end, when it came to settling down, Kathleen would prefer the solid advantages of starting in life as a rich Philadelphia's wife to the sentimental idea of love in a cottage and a poor one at that with a destitute sailor who dabbled like an amateur in marine painting. However, being a prudent man, and knowing that proximity in these affairs is half the battle, Mortimer determined to pitch his own canvas in the same part of the town, and to paint a picture close by to Kathleen and Willoughby. This involved on his part no small departure from his usual practice; for Mortimer was by choice a confirmed figure-painter, who worked in a studio from the living model; but he managed to choose an outdoor subject combining figure with landscape, and dashed away vigorously at a background of brown warehouses and mouldering arches, with a laughing group of gay Venetian models picturesquely posed as a merry christening party by the big doors of San Tiora-o.

Money gives a man a pull; and Arnold Willoughby felt it when every morning Kathleen floated up to her work in Rufus Mortimer's private gondola, with Mr. He-legrave leaning back (in her capacity of chaperon) on those well-padded cushions, and the two handsome gondoliers waiting obsequious and attentive by the marble steps for their employer's orders. But it was just what he wanted. For he could see with his own eyes that Mortimer was paying very marked court to the pretty English girl-artist; and indeed Mortimer, after his country's wont, made no attempt to disguise that patent fact in any way. On the other hand, Arnold perceived that Kathleen seemed to pay quite as much attention to the penniless sailor as to the American millionaire. And that was exactly what Arnold Willoughby desired to find out. He could get any number of women to flutter eagerly and anxiously round Lord Axminster's chair; but he would never care to take any one of them all for better, for worse, unless she was ready to give up money and position and more eligible offers for the sake of Arnold Willoughby, the penniless sailor and struggling artist.

And indeed, in spite of his well-equipped gondola, Rufus Mortimer didn't somehow have things all his own way. If Kathleen came down luxuriously every morning in the *Cristoforo Colombo*, she oftenest returned to the Piazza on foot, by devious byways, with Arnold Willoughby. She liked those walks ever so much: Mr Willoughby was always such a delightful companion; and, sailor or no sailor, he had really picked up an astonishing amount of knowledge about Venetian history, antiquities,

and architecture. On one such day, towards early spring, as they walked together through the narrow lanes, overshadowed by mighty cornices, where one could touch the houses on either hand as one went, a pretty little Italian girl, about five years old, ran hastily out of a musty shop over whose door hung salt fish and long strings of garlic. She was singing to herself as she ran a queer old song in the Venetian dialect

'Vista che mi te insegna a navigar?'

Vate a far una barca o una batela.'

but when her glance fell on Arnold Willoughby, she looked up at him with a merry twinkle in her big brown eyes, and dropped him a little curtsey of the saucy Southern pattern. 'Buon giorno, signor,' she cried, in the liquid Venetian *putois*. And Arnold answered with a pleasant smile of friendly recognition, 'Buon giorno, piccola.'

'You know her?' Kathleen asked, half wondering to herself how her painter had made the acquaintance of the little golden-haired Venetian.

'Oh, dear yes,' the young man answered with a smile. 'That - Cecilia, that little one. She knows me very well.' He hesitated a moment; then on purpose, as it to try her, he went on very quietly: 'In point of fact, I lodge there.'

Kathleen was conscious of a distinct thrill of surprise, not unminged with something like horror or disgust. She had grown accustomed by this time to her companion's rough clothes and to his sailor-like demeanour, redeemed as it was in her eyes by his artistic feeling, and his courteous manners, which she always felt in her heart were those of a perfect gentleman. But it gave her a little start even now to find that the man who could talk so beautifully about Gentile Bellini and Vittore Carpaccio - the man who taught her to admire and understand for the first time the art of the very earliest Venetian painters the man who so loved the great Romanesque arcades of the *Rondaco dei Turchi*, and who gloated over the details of the mosaics in St. Mark's - could consent to live in a petty Italian shop, reeking with salt cod and overhanging the noisome bank of a side-canal more picturesque than sweet-smelling. She showed her consternation in her face; for Arnold, who was watching her close, went on with a slight shadow on his frank sunburnt forehead: 'Yes, I live in there. I thought you'd think the worse of me when you came to know it.'

Thus openly challenged, Kathleen turned round to him with her fearless eyes, and said perhaps a little more than she would ever have said had he not driven her to avow it. 'Mr Willoughby,' she answered, gazing straight into his honest face, 'it isn't a pretty place, and I wouldn't like to live in it myself, I confess; but I don't think the worse of you. I respect you so much, I really don't believe anything of that sort of any sort, perhaps - could ever make me think the worse of you. So there! I've told you.'

'Thank you,' Arnold answered, low. And then he was silent. Neither spoke for some

moments. Each was thinking: 'Have I said too much?' And Arnold Willoughby was also thinking very seriously in his own mind: 'Having gone so far, ought I not now to go farther?'

However, being a prudent man, he reflected to himself that if he could hardly pay his own way as yet by his art, he certainly could not pay somebody else's. So he held his tongue for the moment; and went home a little later, to his single room overlooking the side-canal, to ruminate at his leisure over this new face to his circumstances.

And Kathleen, too, went home—to think much about Arnold Willoughby. Both young people, in fact, spent the best part of that day in thinking of nothing else save one another; which was a tolerably good sign to the experienced observer that they were falling in love, whether they knew it or knew it not.

For when Kathleen got home, she shut herself up by herself in her own pretty room with the dainty wall paper, and leaned out of the window. It was a beautiful window, on the Grand Canal, quite close to the Piazza, and the Doges' Palace, and the Riva degli Schiavoni; and it looked across the inlet towards the Dogana di Mare, and the dome of Santa Maria, with the campanile of San Giorgio on its lonely mud island in the middle distance. Beyond lay a spacious field of tarnished gold, the hallow water of the lagoon in the full flood of sunshine. But Kathleen had no eyes that lovely afternoon for the creeping ship that glided in and out with stately motion through the tortuous channel which leads between islets of gray stone to the mouth of the Lido and the open sea. Great red huts sail-swerved and luffed unnoticed. All she could think of now was Arnold Willoughby, and his lodgings at the salt-fish shop. Her whole soul was deeply stirred by that strange disclosure.

She might have guessed it before; yet, now she knew it, it frightened her. Was it right of her, she asked herself over and over again, to let herself fall in love, as she felt she was doing, with a common sailor, who could live contentedly in a small Italian *monna*, whose dooms she herself would hardly consent to show her face inside? Was it lady like? was it womanly of her?

She had her genuine doubts. Few women would have felt otherwise. For to women the conventions count for more than to men; and the feelings of class are more deep-seated and more persistent, especially in all that pertains to love and marriage. A man can readily enough 'marry beneath him'; but to a woman it is a degradation to give herself away to what she thinks an inferior. An inferior? Even as she thought it, Kathleen Hessegrave's mind revolted with a rush against the base imputation. He was not her inferior; rather, if it came to that, be he sailor or gentleman, he was her superior in every way. The man who could paint, who could think, who could talk as he could, the man who cherished such high ideals of life, of conduct, of duty, was every one's equal and most people's superior. He was her own superior. In cold blood she said it. He could think and dare and attain to things she herself at her best could but blindly grope after.

In her diary that afternoon (for she had acquired the bad habit of keeping a diary) Kathleen wrote down all these things, as she was wont to write down her inmost thoughts; and she even ended with the direct avowal to herself, 'I love him! I love him! If he asks me, I will accept him.' She locked it up in her safest drawer, but she was not ashamed of it.

At the very same moment, however, Arnold Willoughby for his part was leaning out of his window in turn, in the wee top room of the house above the salt-fish shop in the tiny side-street, with his left hand twisted in the lock behind his ear, after that curious fashion of his, and was thinking of what else save Kathleen Hessegrave?

It was a pretty enough window in its way, too, that leaded lattice on the high fourth floor in the Calle del Paradiso; and, as often happens in Venetian side-streets, when you mount high enough in the skyward-clambering house, it commanded a far more beautiful and extensive view than any stranger could imagine as he looked up from without at the narrow clink of blue between the tall rows of opposite stonework. For it gave upon a side canal full of life and bustle; and it looked out just beyond upon a quaint round tower with a Romanesque staircase winding spirally outside it, and disclosing glimpses in the farther distance of spires and dome, and campanilli innumerable. But it wasn't of the staircase, or the crowded canal, or the long shallow barges laden with eggs and fruit, that Arnold Willoughby was just then thinking. His mind was wholly taken up with Kathleen Hessegrave and the new wide problems she had open before him.

He knew he was in love with her. He recognised he was in love with her. And what was more, from the way she had said those words, 'I respect you so much, I don't believe anything on earth could ever make me think the worse of you,' he felt pretty sure in his own mind she loved him in return, and had divined his love for her. Even his native modesty would not allow him to deceive himself on that score any longer. For he was a modest man, little given to fancying that women were 'gone on him,' as Mr Reginald Hessegrave was wont to phrase it in his peculiar dialect. Indeed, Arnold Willoughby had had ample cause for modesty in that direction; Lady Sark had taught him by bitter experience to know his proper place; and he had never forgotten that one sharp lesson. She was a simple clergyman's daughter near Oxford when first he met her; and he had fallen in love at once with her beauty, her innocence, her seeming simplicity. She rose quickly to an earl. He believed in her with all the depth and sincerity of his honest nature. There was nobody like Blanche, he thought; nobody so true, so simple-minded, so sweet, so trustworthy. A single London season made all the difference. Blanche Middleton found herself the belle of the year; and being introduced to the great world, through Lord Axminster's friends, as his affianced bride, made the best of her opportunities by throwing over one of the poorest earls in England, in favour of one of the richest and most worthless marquises. From that moment, the man who had once been Albert Ogilvie Redburn, Earl of

Axminster, was never likely to overestimate the immediate effect produced by his mere personality on the heart of any woman.

Nevertheless, Arnold Willoughby was not disinclined to believe that Kathleen Hessegrave really and truly loved him. Because one woman had gone straight from his arms to another man's bosom, that did not prove that all women were incapable of loving. He believed Kathleen liked him very much, not only for his own sake, but also in spite of prejudices, deeply ingrained prejudices, natural enough under the circumstances, and which almost every good woman (as good women go) would have shared to the full with her. And he began to wonder now whether, having gone so far, it was not his duty to go a step further and ask her to marry him. A man has no right to lead a woman's heart up to a certain point of expectation, and then to draw back without giving her at least the chance of accepting him.

But how could he ask her? That was now the question. He certainly wasn't going to turn his back upon his own deliberate determination, and to claim once more the title and estates of the earldom of Axminster. Having put his hand to the plough, as he so often said to himself, for very shame of his manhood he must never look back again. One way alone shone clear before him. Every labourer in England could earn enough by his own exertions to support at need a wife and family. Arnold Willoughby would have felt himself a disgraceful failure if he could not succeed in doing what the merest breaker of stones on the road could do. He made up his mind at once. He must manage to earn such a living for himself as would enable him without shame to ask Kathleen whether or not she liked him well enough to share it with him in future.

From that day forth, then, this aim was ever present in Arnold Willoughby's mind. He would succeed in his art, for the sake of asking the one woman on earth he could love to marry him. And oftener and oftener as he paced the streets of Venice, he twisted his finger round the lock by his ear with that curious gesture which was always in his case the surest sign of profound preoccupation.

THE SKILL OF SAVAGES.

THERE are few terms more difficult to define than that of 'savage.' Originally applied to people living in woods (Latin *silva*, a wood), it came to be associated with cannibalism and a total absence of any form of culture. As the knowledge of primitive people increased, however, it was seen that these generalisations were unsound; and it is now customary to apply the term loosely to any people to whom the ordinary arts of civilisation are unknown. Thus it is that authorities on savagery seem much more at home in telling us what the state does not imply than what it does; there seems to be hardly a single positive characteristic which applies to all savages alike. As a matter of fact, though savages of course represent the lowest stage of human culture, it is truly instructive to note the high degree of excellence they attain in such primitive arts as

they employ. Let us glance at these arts in the order of their importance.

With man, as with other animals, the first question is how to sustain life, and it is in answering this that the ingenuity of the uncivilised man is most conspicuous. Accustomed to lifelong observation of the habits of wild animals, and living under conditions eminently favourable to the quickening of all the bodily senses, he attains a degree of skill in the chase far in advance of that of his more cultured descendant. Take, for instance, the people inhabiting the interior of Brazil. All travellers agree that the Botocudo hunter knows every sign of bird or beast. The remains of berries and pods show him what creature has passed by a certain spot, and approximately how long since; he will infallibly distinguish the track of an armadillo from that of a snake or tortoise, and follow it to its burrow. He is a skilful imitator of the cries of birds and beasts, and by this means will bring them within reach of his poisoned arrow. Creeping noiselessly through the underwood, he will go long distances through the trackless forest, finding his way back by the position of the sun, and twigs which he has bent back for way-marks.

In the pursuit of game the savage is a master of the art of deception. Deer-stalking among the Dogrib Indians is managed by a skilful counterfeiting of the animal. Two hunters walk together, the man behind with bent body, the one in front carrying a stag's head. The legs of the men serve very well for the fore and hind legs of the animal. In this way the hunters get almost in the midst of a herd of deer before these are aware of danger. The ostrich is hunted in a similar way by the Bushmen of South Africa; and the Eskimos sometimes come to close quarters with seals by dressing themselves in sealskins and dextrously mimicking the style of swimming and 'flopping' so characteristic of the animal. The Indians of the Central Plains (North America) get amongst a herd of bison by covering their bodies with the skin of the prairie-wolf; whilst, by the Hottentots, the buffalo has himself been trained to hunt, being guided by a string attached to his horn, the hunter meanwhile crouching behind him. In Australia the natives bring the wallaby or young kangaroo within the range of the spear by suspending a small bird's skin and feathers from the end of a long rod and imitating the bird's cry. The artfulness of the Australian is also shown by his method of taking waterfowl. The coast-people are usually excellent swimmers, and they will get amongst a flock of ducks by swimming long distances under water and breathing through a reed; or they will merely cover the head with weed and swim, without causing a ripple, until they are within reach of the birds, which they quietly pull under one by one without giving alarm to the rest of the flock. This latter is perhaps the simplest form of duck-hunting, and seems to have been noticed in other parts of the world.

In the use of arms and implements, the uncivilised man shows equal skill. Amongst the North American Indians the bow and arrow attained its highest development, and it is said on excellent authority that such is the force employed, the arrow may be sent right through a horse, or even a buffalo. The Australian will

frequently kill a pigeon with his spear at a distance of thirty paces; and on the Murray it is a favourite feat to dive into the river spear in hand and come up with a fish upon it. The Hottentot, again, seldom fails to kill a hare with his rakum stick at thirty or forty yards; and the Bechuannas and Zulus bring down birds on the wing with a throw of their round-headed club or 'knobkerry.' In Brazil, in addition to the bow and arrow, the natives even the children everywhere use the 'gravatama,' or blowpipe, with great dexterity. This may be said to be the characteristic weapon of the South American tropics. It consists of a perfectly straight palm-stem, in which a small arrow is placed and forcibly expelled by the breath. The tubes vary in length from a few inches to twelve feet, and internally are carefully cleaned and polished. The arrows are made to fit the bore by a slight binding of fine cotton round the lower extremity, and the points are made extremely sharp and tipped with *cicut* poison. From the facts that the blowpipe is absolutely silent, that, owing to the care bestowed on its manufacture, it is exceedingly accurate, and that the slightest puncture by the poisoned arrow generally proves fatal, the weapon is formidable; and it is used with great effect against small animals and birds, and occasionally in war.

Another curious weapon, the bolas, is found in only two parts of the globe, Greenland and Patagonia. The South American form is merely a cord of some yards in length with a heavy stone attached to either end. The hunter whirls one stone several times above his head, and throws it with great force at his victim, round whose body the cord becomes tightly wound. The Patagonians are said to use the weapon effectively at a distance of eighty yards whilst going at full speed on horseback. In the use of the bolas also, the Indians of the Pampas are hardly inferior to the most skilful of Mexican head-men, no animal of less speed than a horse having the slightest chance against them.

Most savages are excellent fishermen, and some practise arts which are unknown to civilisation. The Fuegians, for instance, who are amongst the very lowest specimens of mankind, have succeeded in training their dogs to dive and, acting in concert, to drive the fish into long nets, held by hand. A favourite method with the people of the Amazon and Orinoco and in Tahiti is to inebriate the fish by dropping into the water certain leaves and fruit which possess narcotic properties: the fish soon appear in a stupefied condition on the surface, and are removed by hand.

As to manufactures, we find that in the supply of their limited wants uncultured men do not fail to make the most of such materials as they have. The Australians and Society Islanders make baskets of a hundred patterns, of reeds, bark, and grass; the Hottentots, from similar materials, vessels to contain milk; the Fijians the best of nets from the creepers of sunnet. The Eskimos, Hottentots, and North American Indians all sew very neatly, though an awl and sinews have to take the place of needle and thread. The Tahitian fishing lines, made of the bark of the crowa, a kind of nettle, have been described as the best in the world. The tribes

of the Amazon show great ingenuity and some taste in their peculiar feather-work, an art in which they are greatly aided by the possession of numerous small birds of bright plumage. But one of the most remarkable articles of manufacture connected with savage life is that of a kind of cloth made by the Tahitians, a people of special interest to sociologists, as affording the nearest approach to a purely indigenous civilisation that is known. This cloth is made from the bark of the paper mulberry or bread-fruit tree. The bark is peeled off longitudinally, laid in layers, and beaten into a pulp with a flat wooden instrument; in this manner it may be made as fine as muslin. The cloth may be washed and wrung out, and may be readily repaired by pasting on a patch with a gluten obtained from the root of the pea, the joining being imperceptible. The material is light and pleasant to the touch, being even softer than our English broadcloth.

The skill of savages on and in the water is well known. In the art of swimming perhaps the most remarkable feat is that of catching fish under water either by hand or with the aid of a net. We have many trustworthy accounts of this being performed by the Patagonians, Brazilians, South Sea Islanders, Andamaners, and New Zealanders. The Californian Indians also strike fish under water, and as already mentioned, the Australians of the Murray spear them. As a sailor, the dexterity of our savage is probably largely owing to his peculiar fearlessness; and it is doubtless true that less of life is little regarded; all the same, however, his proficiency is noteworthy. Of this kind, the Eskimo 'kayak' is an admirable craft, the canoe of the civilised man being little more than a reproduction of it in different materials. It is built of skins stretched on a framework of whalebone or wood, and is usually about eighteen or twenty feet in length. It is completely covered in, with the exception of a small hole in the middle just large enough for a man's body. Thus seated in his canoe, paddle in hand, the Eskimo, if he can keep clear of drift ice or timber, is at home in the roughest of seas. Under ordinary circumstances, the kayak cannot take water, and if overturned, may be instantly righted by a stroke of the paddle; indeed, such is the dexterity attained, that the turning of semicircles, sideways, is quite a common feat.

It is in the islands of the Pacific, however, that we find the greatest development of skill in navigation. The Polynesians are essentially a nation of sailors; and in the art of canoe-building the natives of Fiji and the Society Islands are unequalled. Some of their canoes are one hundred feet long, and hold fifty men. The bottom of the canoe usually consists of a single plank; the sides are neatly dovetailed, and the joints closed by the gum of the bread-fruit tree, or laced with sunnet or cocoa nut fibre. When it is remembered that until recently the builders were entirely without metal implements, the remarkable character of the work will be realised. The canoes are invariably narrow; and to overcome the liability to capsize, these people have invented an elaborate system of outriggers, by means of which, also, the craft is enabled to carry a large sail. The outrigger—which is commonly formed of a beam of some light and strong wood

such as the hibiscus—is connected with the canoe by a platform, along which the navigator can walk, and thus balance his frail vessel. In these outrigger canoes the natives of the oceanic islands embark on long voyages, and have frequently been met with hundreds of miles from any land. At one time, all the Polynesians had large fleets of war canoes, Captain Cook having estimated the number possessed by the Society Islands alone at seventeen hundred, manned by sixty-eight thousand men; but with the advent of European civilisation and the cessation of war, the art of canoe-building has declined.

Of all the arts, that of acting is probably the first to suggest itself to the mind of man; hence the child imitates long before he invents, and the uncivilised man mimics long before he thinks. The way in which savages copy the manners, &c., of civilised folk has been a subject of frequent amusement to travellers, and sometimes indicates a degree of skill little suspected. Thus, the Fuegians, according to Darwin, could repeat with perfect correctness each word in any sentence addressed to them, and remember such words for some time; and the Australians could imitate the gait of a man so accurately that he would be at once recognised. Similar talent is also possessed by the Eskimos, who, having some sense of humour as well, have much quiet fun at the expense of Europeans by mimicking them. This faculty of imitation is of great service to the primitive man as an aid to intercourse with his fellows, and has given rise to a gesture-language not unlike that employed by deaf-mutes. In this art the greatest excellence has been attained by the North American Indians, whose numerous tribes use as many different languages or dialects. It is asserted that an animated conversation can be carried on without the aid of a single spoken word; and even among people speaking the same tongue, conversation in the dark is always avoided when possible. Thus it is that throughout North America the natives have little difficulty in making themselves at once understood. For instance, 'to see' is expressed by darting the finger from the eyes; 'to come,' by beckoning towards one's self; 'to eat,' by moving the jaws; 'to fear,' by putting the hand to the ribs and showing how the heart flutters. 'Mounting a horse' is represented by making a pair of legs of the first two fingers of one hand and straddling them over the finger of the other hand; 'a stag,' by putting the thumb to the head and spreading out the fingers; 'fire,' by imitating the flames with the fingers; 'I,' 'thou,' 'he,' by simply pointing to the persons in question; and so forth. In this way all the incidents of a day's adventure in the chase or in war are both rapidly and vividly portrayed. Indeed, the only difficulty which the sign-language cannot overcome is the expression of purely abstract ideas; but amongst uncivilised people such ideas are comparatively few and ill defined.

Closely allied to gesture-language is the art of picture-writing, which is seen in its rudest form also among the Redskins. Each tribe has its totem or tribe-sign—as a crow, snake, wolf—whilst the chiefs also take their names from the material world, as Big-elm, Storm cloud, Image-stone. In writing, the tribe or chief is repre-

sented by a drawing of the object from which the name is taken; ordinary warriors by strokes or rude outlines; and other things by fairly accurate sketches. The writing is often found on trees from which the bark has been peeled, wood-coal mixed with bear's grease taking the place of ink. In this way warning is given of the movements of a hostile force, information as to the whereabouts of friends, prospects of game, &c. The writing is also commonly used on the gravestones of chiefs to record deeds in battle; and Sir John Lubbock, in his 'Origin of Civilisation,' gives a specimen of a petition from a number of tribes to the United States Government for permission to fish in certain lakes, a prayer which seems to be clearly enough expressed.

In the art of drawing proper, the savage mind has not advanced far, and it is doubtful whether the spirit shown in some few prehistoric sketches on bone is equalled by any modern people in a similar stage of culture. The Eskimos, however, are fond of drawing, and have sometimes given our travellers maps which have turned out to be substantially correct. Many of the bone implements of these people are ornamented with fairly well executed sketches representing incidents of the chase or remarkable occurrences. Some of the state chiefs of the South Sea Island chiefs also show fair skill in carving, considering the primitive character of the implements employed; but as a broad rule it may be taken that what we understand by the fine arts do not appear until the civilised stage is reached.

Civilisation is now spreading so rapidly over almost every part of the globe, that in a short time the perfectly unsophisticated savage, unaffected by contact with the higher races, will be as extinct as the mammoth or woolly rhinoceros. While we yet have him with us, therefore, we should be careful to preserve all trustworthy accounts of his mode of life, arts, and ideas, for it is mainly from such materials that we have to form our picture of primeval man.

THE BURGOMASTER VAN TROON.

CHAPTER II.

So dumfounded was Fairclough, that for a few moments he could do nothing but stare at the assistant like a man whose faculties have been suddenly paralysed. 'Paste?' at length he gasped. 'It is impossible wholly impossible.'

'No, sare; it is not impossible—it is a fact,' said an elderly keen-eyed man who came up at that moment, holding the necklace between his thumb and finger. 'These stones are simple *articles de Paris*—nothing more, sare, I give you my word.'

'But—but,' stammered Fairclough, 'I had this very necklace valued by Fretin of Bond Street only four years ago, when he offered to buy it of me for twelve hundred pounds.'

The elder man's shoulders went nearly up to his ears. 'Then all I can say, sare, is that Monsieur Fretin must have been out of his mind when he made you any such offer. Perhaps, sare, you will be still further surprised when I tell you that the setting of your neck-

lace is as much an imitation as the stones themselves. It looks very pretty, but it is not gold.

With that he replaced the necklace in its case and pushed it back across the counter. As a man in a dream, Fairclough put it in his pocket, and as a man still in a dream, he made his way back to Pendragon Square.

Two hours later he telegraphed to his wife to return at once. By this time her sister was so far recovered that she could be left without danger.

He met Clara at the terminus; but scarcely were their greetings over before Mrs. Fairclough, laying a hand on her husband's arm, said in a tone of alarm: 'There's something the matter, Ted. I can read it in your face. You have had some bad news, perhaps, or else—' She topped abruptly, a sort of questioning terror in her eyes.

'She is afraid that I have found out about the necklace,' he said to himself. 'Then about. "Whatever my news is, I suppose it will keep till we get home." He spoke coolly, and not more than a dozen words passed between them till they reached Pendragon Square.

Since the discovery at the pawnbroker's, Fairclough had been in one held in the grip of a hideous nightmare. As regarded his difficulty with Verchyle, he was in precisely the same position as before; but, as it that were not burden enough for a man to bear, there was now superadded this intolerable mystery of his wife's necklace, which, the more he strove to unravel it, the darker became the possibilities which were thereby conjured up in his mind. A hundred times his heart had grown faint within him when he thought of what he might be rated to listen to when he and his wife met.

'It is about your necklace that I want to speak to you,' he began, having waited till she had taken off her outdoor things and rejoined him in the drawing-room.

'Ah!' she exclaimed with a little gasp. 'As soon as I set eyes on you my heart told me what it was you had to say to me. You have discovered—' She caught her breath and pressed her hand to her side. Her lips had turned blue. Fairclough half rose from his chair, but restrained himself.

'I have discovered,' he said, 'that your so-called diamond necklace is a sham and an imposition, that its stones are paste, and that even its setting is not the gold it professes to be. But what I have not discovered is the process by which the necklace, for which, four years ago, I was offered twelve hundred pounds, has, in the interim, been transformed into the worthless thing now locked up in the safe.'

'I, and I alone, am to blame,' exclaimed the young wife as she cast herself on her knees at her husband's feet. 'I did it to save my brother.'

'To save Frank! What had he done that necessitated his being saved by any one?'

The story Mrs. Fairclough thereupon told may be summarised in a few sentences.

Frank Donison was a clerk of several years standing in a London bank. Some rash speculations on the Stock Exchange had resulted in saddling him with losses amounting in the

aggregate to between four and five hundred pounds, which he had no means whatever of meeting. It was a state of affairs which, had it come to the ears of his employers, would have involved his instant dismissal. In this predicament he had appealed to his sister to allow him to raise a sufficient sum on her necklace to cover his losses. It was an appeal she found it impossible to resist, and the necklace was handed over to him.

'It was your own to do as you liked with,' said Fairclough, when his wife had reached this point of her confession. 'But I still fail to understand why, when the genuine article was gone, it was thought requisite to put a sham one in its place.'

'Have you forgotten, dear, that my godfather in his last letter said that he should be in London some time in October, and would not fail to look us up?'

'I certainly had forgotten. So, you had the sham necklace made in order to deceive the dear old boy?'

'You did not let me finish,' said Clara with a shade of reproach in her voice. 'It was Frank who had the sham necklace made without saying a word to me about it; and although he persuaded me to put it in the empty case and lock it up, and assured me my godfather would never detect the difference, I should never have attempted to pass it off on him as the real article. I had, in fact, long ago made up my mind to tell him everything, should he ask, as he most likely would, to see the necklace.'

'You did not, however, think it worth while to take your husband into your confidence.'

'It is the first secret I have ever kept from you, and you will never know how many unhappy hours it has cost me. Many and many a time I was tempted to tell you, but at the last moment my heart always failed me. You have always set your face so sternly against gambling of every kind, I have so often heard you denounce it in the strongest possible terms, that I was afraid you would never forgive Frank for what he had done, and that you might even go so far as to forbid him the house, and insist upon my never speaking to him again.'

Edgar Fairclough got up suddenly and crossed to the window. He had his own confession still to make, and what a shameful one it was! He who with the recollection of his father's fate burnt ineffaceably into his memory

had, following his uncle's example, times and again, inveighed against gambling as against a juggling fiend whose one aim was the ruin of his victims, had himself fallen at the first touch of the tempter's finger. How the thought made him loathe himself! Frank Donison's act of folly looked almost blameless by the side of his. And he must confess everything to his wife; there was no getting out of that. Never could he be again in her eyes the *praiseworthy* she had hitherto believed him to be. He had lost caste. The idol of gold had betrayed its feet of clay.

Fairclough got through his confession somehow. There are episodes in the lives of most of us which we do not willingly dwell upon afterwards, even in the privacy of our own

thoughts, and of such was this with him. He spared himself in nothing, seeming, indeed, to take a sort of cynical pleasure in deepening the shadows of the picture more than was absolutely needful, and wound up by saying that the only course left them was to sell up their home and go into some cheap lodging, where they would be unknown to every one.

Clara had uttered no word while he was speaking; but when it became apparent that he had nothing more to say, she rose, and, crossing to where he stood by the window, put her arms about his neck and drew his face down to hers. 'Let us thank Heaven, dearest, that it is no worse. It is only that our means will be straitened for a while, and that we shall have to give up a lot of things to which we have been used, but which we can really very well do without. Oh, there are many ways in which it might have been very much worse!'

Fairclough felt strangely comforted. His wife's optimism was infectious. He drew fresh courage from her fearless, straightforward way of confronting the future. He by no means underrated what they would have to go through; he recognised to the full the sharp trial that was before them, and that for his wife leaving himself out of question—there were slings and arrows in store of which as yet she knew nothing; but for all that, he was now able to look at the future with a steady eye, and to feel that he could meet Captain Verschoyle with some degree of confidence.

In the course of next day, which was Saturday, Fairclough arranged with an expert in such matters for an early appraisal of his goods and chattels. He and Clara spent a sad Sunday together. It would be their last in the only home they had known since their marriage. Part of the day was passed in selecting and setting aside sundry articles—wedding presents and other things—which they felt it would be a desecration to allow to come under the auctioneer's hammer.

Early on Monday they set out to hunt for apartments. They had already cut out a number of likely advertisements from different newspapers. Six o'clock saw them back at home, tired out and, so far, unsuccessful in their quest. Any one whose fate it has been to go house or apartment hunting in London will not fail to accord them a medal of sympathy.

Dinner passed off sadly enough. Clara had a headache, and neither she nor her husband was in a mood for conversation. The meal was at an end, and the servant had come in to clear away the things, when, without any preliminary notice, the dining-room door was flung wide, and in marched a tall, gaunt, elderly woman, with a long sallow face and gray hair, and with something that was almost military in her gait and bearing. She was dressed plainly, but in excellent taste, and with no attempt to make herself look younger than her years. No one could take her for anything but a gentlewoman.

Clara sprang to her feet with a little cry.

'Aunt Sarah, by all that's wonderful!' exclaimed Fairclough. 'Clara has been longing all day to see you, and now you are here. A clear case of mental magnetism,' he added as he advanced and shook Miss Wimbush cordially by

the hand. Clara's arms were already round her aunt's neck.

'Well, my children, and how are you both?' queried the spinster as she glanced keenly from one to the other. 'You do not look over-cheerful, neither of you, I must say.' Then, after a stare round the room, the walls of which had been denuded of their etchings and the overmantel of its china, she added quickly: 'And, pray, what's the meaning of this "most admired disorder"?' Don't tell me that you are about to flit.'

'That's just what we are about to do, Aunt Sarah,' replied Fairclough.

'We have been out all day, trying to find a place to suit us, and we are both of us dead beat,' whimpered Clara.

'Then I must say that you are a pair of nincompoops,' rejoined the spinster with some asperity. 'But some folk never know when they are well off.'

'And some folk cannot always help themselves,' retorted Fairclough, a little grimly.

'Eh! What's that? Cannot?—' Then, as for the second time she keenly scanned the faces of the young couple, she added: 'Evidently there's more here than meets the eye. Come and sit beside me, my dear, and tell me all about it—for that you have something to tell me I feel sure.'

'Yes, tell your aunt everything—it is the best thing you can do,' said Fairclough, and with that he left the two ladies to themselves.

Clara having seated herself on the sofa by her aunt, incontinently burst into tears. Her nerves were overwrought, and physically she was tired out.

Miss Wimbush, beneath whose somewhat repellent exterior beat one of the warmest of hearts, soothed her niece and made much of her; and before long the latter was sufficiently composed to tell her tale.

And yet it was by no means an easy one to tell. Two people, both dear to her, were each grievously to blame.

It was no use trying to explain away the fact that her brother's difficulty had been brought about by reckless speculation on the Stock Exchange; nor did Clara attempt it. Aunt Sarah merely groaned and held up her hands at the recital, as one who, although shocked, was not greatly surprised at the news. Truth to tell, Frank Denison had never been much of a favourite with his aunt. When, however, it came to her husband's case, Clara contrived to soften so far the particulars as to lead her aunt to infer that Fairclough was far more sinned against than sinning. She frankly told her, however, that the gaming-table had been at the bottom of all the trouble. He had been lured and beguiled into it by a man much richer than himself—one to whom all scruples of morality were unknown. Weak and too easily led away, he might have been, but not otherwise blameworthy. In any case, the lesson was one which there was no danger of his forgetting, and in so far it might prove beneficial to him.

Clara then went on to tell her aunt how

her husband and she had decided upon selling their furniture, going into cheap lodgings, and living with the strictest economy till the sum due to Captain Verschoyle had been paid to the uttermost farthing.

Miss Wimbush sat in silence for some time after Clara had brought her narrative to an end. Then she said: "It will be a great come-down for you, my poor dear, and you will feel it far more than you have any notion of at present. And your husband too but one can't feel any pity for him; indeed, if he alone were the sufferer, I for one should say, 'Serve him right.'"

Clara winced, but did not speak. What her aunt would have said had she known the full extent of Edgar's delinquency, Clara durst not even surmise.

"Gladly would I help you," resumed the spinster, "were it in my power to do so; but, as you are aware, year ago I sank every shilling of my capital in an annuity, all of which I, somehow or other, manage to get through, so that I have really next to nothing put away."

Clara knew that the whole of her aunt's income was by no means spent on herself, but that a quarter of it at the very least was given away in charity.

At this juncture Edgar re-entered the room, and as he did so, Mrs. Wimbush rose to go. "Clara has told me everything," she said. "You have been a very weak and foolish boy, to say the least of it; but it is to be hoped the lesson won't be thrown away on you. However, I am not going to scold you—that would do no good whatever. What I say to you is, Don't take another step in this business till you see me again. She ended with three emphatic nods, as if to lend emphasis to her words. "I shall look in upon you in the course of to-morrow."

Edgar accompanied her down the lift, and saw her safely deposited in a cab.

"What can aunt possibly mean, dear, by asking us to do nothing till she sees us again?" burst out Clara the moment he returned. "She told me herself that she has only her annuity to live on, which I knew before, and that she has nothing saved up."

If there be such a thing as comic annoyance, Fairclough's face was a study of it at that moment. "You know how your aunt sometimes drops into the way of thinking aloud," he said. "Well, from a word or two I chanced to overhear when we were in the lift, I rather fancy it is her intention to dispose of the 'Burgomaster.'"

"Oh, I hope not," exclaimed Clara. "It would almost break her heart to have to part with it."

Fairclough gave vent to a bitter laugh. "It is of course awfully good of her to think she can get us out of our difficulty in the way she proposes; but the moment she endeavours to get rid of the 'Burgomaster,' she will find that, instead of the fifteen hundred guineas she so persistently avers it to be worth, it will hardly fetch more than as many shillings. What did Piljoy, the great art critic, say about it? That most assuredly it was not the genuine lost Rubens, but an indifferent copy by a quite modern hand, and that for his part,

he would not give it wall-space. It will be a terrible disappointment for your aunt, who certainly is a little bit 'off' as far as the 'Burgomaster' is concerned. While, as for us, little one, we shall neither be better nor worse off than we are now."

GREAT CORK FORESTS.

When experts in the science of forestry discourse upon Cork Forests, they generally confine this significant nomenclature to the cork forests of Spain and Portugal, which are reckoned the largest and finest cork-producing forests in the world. The scattered groups of cork trees growing throughout the northern coasts of Africa rank next in priority to those of Southern Europe; but they do not appear, even in the aggregate, to deserve the appellation conferred upon some of the groups of the latter Continent.

The Americans, many years ago, took active steps to propagate extensive cork plantations for themselves; and by way of experiment, a large quantity of Portuguese acorns were transmitted in the year 1859 and planted in selected parts of their country; and the result eleven years after, proved satisfactory so far as the growth was concerned. Some of the trees attained to a height of thirteen feet, and the stem to a diameter of eleven inches, including the bark, which attained a thickness of one inch. This evidently rapid growth would infer that the American zone was all that could be desired for the favourable rearing of cork trees. But, strange to say, this was not the case; although the growth of the tree had been exceptionally strong, the quality of its salient product turned out to be of an inferior character. The cork generally improves with the age of the tree; in this instance, however, even after years of maturity, the cork harvested did not improve to any great extent, and, indeed, is still of a second rate quality.

Before the present supplies from the home-growth in America, the primitive material used for bottle stoppers consisted of the roots of liquorice, which were cut and formed to the shape of corks. The spongy substance of another tree, called 'Spondias Intea,' which abounds throughout the marshy regions of South America, and there called 'Mombia,' was also used in the same way. The roots of liquorice are still often used in North America for the making of bottle stoppers; as also another product called 'Myssa,' which contains some of the component elements akin to cork.

In Spain and Portugal, where the cork-tree, or 'Quercus Suber,' is indigenous, it usually grows in densely packed groups, and attains to a height varying from thirty-five to sixty feet; and the trunk to a diameter of thirty to thirty-six inches. This species of the evergreen oak is often heavily caparisoned with wide-spreading branches, clothed

with ovate oblong evergreen leaves, downy underneath, and the edges slightly serrated. Annually, between April and May, it produces a flower of a yellowish colour, succeeded by the acorns, which are oval nuts, fixed by their base into rough, closely fitting permanent cups. They ripen in the autumn, and serve as an article of food, resembling chestnuts in taste.

In order that the reader may form an idea of the vast extent of the cork forests of Southern Europe, and general magnitude of the cork industry, we propose doing this to some extent by illustrating the present state of the cork industry in Spain and Portugal. In the first place, we may add that the cork forests of Spain cover an area of 320,000 square acres, producing the finest cork in the world. These forests exist in groups, and cover wide belts of territory, those in the region of Catalonia and part of Barcelona being considered the first in importance. The second area in extent has within its confines several groups in the south, which converge into a gigantic belt of territory, occupying the entire district lying to the south of the Guadiana, and part of Extremadura, between the Tagus and the Guadiana rivers. In the latter region the forests are extremely dense; but the quality of cork harvested is inferior to that produced in the districts of Catalonia, where the cork is of a firmer and more compact texture. Although the cork forests of Extremadura and Andalusia yield cork of a much quicker growth, and possessing some excellent qualities, its consistency is less rigid, and on this account it does not enjoy the high reputation in the open market which the cork of Catalonia does.

In grouping the chief cork forests in the province of Gerona, we include a great area of territory, stretching northward towards the Pyrenees to the valley of the Muga and Ter, and southward to the boundary of the province. The whole of this area consists of ancient schist formation. In those parts of the Spanish cork forests where the trees approach the seaboard, the cork suffers from a fungous growth which renders it useless for the production of corks. It is exported to this and other countries, and often used for rustic-work, such as the adornment of ferneries and other horticultural adjuncts.

The cork or bottle-stopper trade is still the chief cork-consuming factor; but this branch of the industry is not free from encroachments of rivalry, which so often check a monopoly of this kind. In this trade several new inventions are introduced to the public with the object of facilitating the trouble sometimes experienced in drawing the cork bottle-stopper. Some of these new stoppers certainly possess this advantage over the cork-stopper. The specific qualities, however, of the cork-stopper are too unique in themselves ever to admit of their being totally annihilated. Imperviousness to air and water is a rare quality which cork possesses over any other known material; besides, they convey no disagreeable taste or flavour to the liquid they retain. These, coupled with such other qualities as compres-

sibility and elasticity, are virtues which it would be difficult to find in any substance outside the range of cork.

The application of cork as a bottle-stopper for liquid vessels is said to be of great antiquity; the earliest record extant of its use in Europe is that mentioned by Horace, who asserts that the Romans had cork as stoppers for their wine amphore. Certain of the uses of cork were known to the ancient Greeks and Egyptians; but whether they used cork for stopping the mouths of their liquid vessels history does not say. It was not, however, until the year 1760 that the Spaniards first commenced to work their cork-woods with some degree of regularity for the making of 'corks.'

Although, perhaps, corks were more or less in use from the time glass bottles were first invented, which Beckmann asserts to have been in the fifteenth century, yet it was not until two and a half centuries later that the Spaniards began to prepare cork for bottle stoppers, which they did in a forest situated at the north-east of the Figueras, on the Muga. The cork industry has since gradually risen to be one of the first magnitude, its chief centre in Spain being in Catalonia, where, at the present, a population of 8228 persons are employed, who in the course of each year turn out about 188,000 hundredweight of cork grown in the province; 111,000 hundredweight of cork grown in other provinces of Spain; besides 47,000 hundredweight of cork exported from Algeria. The revenue from the cork industry of Spain amount to £1,073,880 per annum.

Considering the number of newly invented stoppers now in use, it would be reasonable to anticipate a *pro rata* decrease in the consumption of cork. On comparing the past with the latest trade returns of Spain and Portugal, no perceptible change appears to have taken place in this respect. Probably we can account for it in this way, by taking into consideration the increasing progress in some branches of science, and the large draughts made upon cork to supply the demand from this source, which may more than counterbalance any falling-off in the supply to the principal branch of the cork industry.

The methods in vogue in barking and harvesting the cork in Spain and Portugal are pretty much the same. The barking operation is effected when the tree has acquired sufficient strength to withstand the rough handling it receives during this operation, which takes place when it has attained the fifteenth year of its growth. After the first stripping, the tree is left in this juvenescent state to regenerate, subsequent strippings being effected at intervals of not less than three years; and under this process the tree will continue to thrive and bear for upwards of a hundred and fifty years. If the bark is not removed artificially, it will on maturity split and disengage itself; this is caused by the fresh growth of bark forming underneath.

The cork of the first barking is termed *Corko hornu hornico*, or virgin cork; the cork of the second stripping is called *Pelua*, or secondary cork. The work of removing the bark from the tree is performed in summer by men, who are paid at the rate of two shillings and sixpence a day. The instruments used for the work are

an axe, a lever, and a hand-saw for the cutting of transversal incisions.

The first process through which the bark passes after stripping is that of boiling. This is sometimes done in the wood, but more frequently in the cork factory, in large, specially constructed cauldrons, in which the bark is left to boil for upwards of an hour. This seething process increases the thickness and elasticity of the cork; and at the same time the tannin and other feculent substances generally existing in the bark are desiccated.

The various uses of cork in this country are pretty generally known, and do not require recapitulating; but some of its applications where it is indigenous are not perhaps so universally known: it may therefore be interesting to mention some of them. In Spain, beehives, kitchen pails, and other culinary utensils, are made of cork, including pillows. In Italy, images and crosses are carved out of it, and footpaths are paved with it. In Turkey, it forms cabins for the cork cutters, and coffins for the dead. In Morocco, it appears in the form of drinking-vessels, plates, tubs, and water conduits. In Algeria, shoes, armour, and boats, and various articles of furniture, consume their share. Cups made of cork have been recommended for the use of hotte persons. One familiar article in which a great deal of cork is used in our own country is the cork jacket, an adjunct to the outfit of the miner which cannot be dispensed with. This life-protecting apparatus, although no doubt a vast improvement on the criminal, cannot be classed among modern inventions. For Plutarch, in his *Life of Camillus*, mentions that the messenger sent by that general to his fellow citizens, when besieged in the Capitol, used a cork jacket in swimming across the Tiber, the Gauls being in possession of the bridge. The Portuguese use cork for structural purposes, such as roofing houses and lining wells, as well as in articles of domestic use.

With regard to the cork forests of Portugal, our data are unfortunately too meagre to enable us to estimate what exact proportion of the 31,000 square miles of country occupied by Portugal is devoted to the cultivation of cork. The reason assigned for the non-existence of this statistical detail by the Government is, that the cork forests of the country are in the hands of private individuals, the State forests being very few in Portugal. In the absence of a Government Statistical Report as to the area covered by cork forests, the only idea which can be formed of the magnitude of the Portuguese cork industry is that obtained from the trade returns of that country.

The total quantity of cork exported in the year 1890 is stated to be 453,650 hundredweight of cork in the rough, and 12,127 hundredweight of cork manufactured into articles of commerce. The geographical formation of Portugal is extremely favourable for the rearing of cork-trees; indeed, every evidence of this characteristic is well marked by the densely thick groups of cork trees to be seen in certain regions, especially in the valley of the Tagus and the Sierra de Portalegre, which are the chief cork-bearing centres of the country. The cork-tree virtually abounds in every part of Portugal, with the exception of

a section of territory at the extreme south and extreme north, where a calcareous strip of country exists, separating the cork-trees of the valley of the Tagus from those of the valley of the Douro.

A FRENCH TICHBORNE CASE

History repeats itself, and it is not the Tichborne Case only which proves that it is a 'wise woman that knows her own children': the following story, taken from the French *Cytheree* of the seventeenth century, teaches the same moral.

At Saumur, in Poitou, lived one Guy de Verré, Seigneur de Champigny, and his wife, Marie-Petit. They had two sons, Claude and Jacques. The elder, Claude, when a boy of fourteen years, was taken with a desire for army service, and in 1638 left home to enter a regiment, then serving in Normandy. For many years, nothing was heard of him, and during his absence his father, Guy de Verré, died, leaving his widow and one son. Years passed on, and his younger son Jacques was regarded as sole heir to the property, when in 1651, at a siege of Saumur, there happened to be present a regiment of soldiers, one of whose officers was accidentally seen by the widow, Madame de Champigny. She was at once struck by his likeness to her lost son. She felt instinctively drawn to him and his brother, her son Jacques, fully shared her feelings. Accordingly, she, of her own free will, sought an interview, and questioned him as to whether he was not her son. It was true that the regiment in which he was serving was not the one in which her son had enlisted; but what might not have happened in thirteen years? Again, it was true that Claude had a scar on his forehead, the mark of a blow accidentally received by him when a child; but might not this have passed away in so long a time? So she met the officer with effusive affection. The first day he failed to recognise her, and looked on those who claimed to be his mother and brother with simple astonishment. Then, apparently impressed by the importance of the situation, he begged for a night in which to recall his thoughts and recover from the suddenness of the shock. The next day he again visited Madame de Champigny, said that he had been too much taken aback on the previous day to collect his thoughts, and declared that now all had come back to him, and that he clearly recognised her as his mother, and Jacques as his brother.

The long time during which he had been thought to be lost was easily explained by the necessities of military service; the mother naturally rejoiced in the recovery of her boy; the brother unselfishly shared her joy, and returned, willingly enough, to the position of younger son. It was not to be expected that all the family should as easily receive Claude as his mother and brother had done; and one of his uncles, M. de Piedfleur, at once demurred to accepting his new nephew. The absence of direct proof, and especially of the scar, weighed heavily with him; but he was unable to prevent the new-comer from being received into the family circle.

However, military duty would not allow the

newly-found son to stay long with his mother, and he had to go on with his regiment to serve in Normandy. With him went Jacques, with two objects: to see service, and to learn to know his brother. What happened in Normandy is not very clear from the records, important though it is on the bearing of the story. This much appears, that in one of the towns of Normandy the two young men were quartered in the house of a M. de Dampic, and there the elder fell in love with the daughter, Madeleine. The father consented to their betrothal; and a marriage contract was signed, witnessed by Jacques, as brother of the bridegroom, and deposited with a notary. Apparently a valid marriage was effected; the banns were published, for the first time, and a dispensation procured for the second and third times of asking. On the other hand, the contract was privately and not publicly signed; and in it was inserted a somewhat unusual clause, in which the possibility of a separation was contemplated, and in that case the husband covenanted to pay a large sum to the bride as compensation.

Once more the call of military service comes in to separate man and wife as it had before separated mother and son. The regiment is called to active service in Belgium; the bride cannot be taken with her husband, and is left with her family, while the young men pass on to the wars.

The next act of the drama begins with the return of the sons to their mother at Saumur, and the resumption of the old family life. The mother wished to see her son settled in life, and proceeded to hand over to him and his brother their shares of the family property, saddled only with an annuity to herself, and suggested to Claude the propriety of his marrying and settling down as a Seigneur. But the young man naturally felt hampered by his marriage in Normandy. How much or how little he told Madame about this affair does not appear; Jacques, at any rate, must have known all about it. One day he showed Jacques a letter he had received from Normandy announcing his wife's death; and he put on the usual widower's mourning, and after the customary period considered himself free to take his mother's advice. He soon became affianced, with her consent, to a Poitevin lady, Anne Allard by name; and with every possible formality was married to her on the 16th of March 1653, two years after his reappearance. Mother and brother were present at the wedding, and both signed the marriage contract as witnesses.

For several years the family lived together in mutual confidence and peace. Two children were born; and no shadow of doubt seems to have entered the minds of any of the party that the lost son had been restored, when, like a bolt from the blue, in 1656 a soldier of the Guards appeared upon the scene. Accidental circumstances had brought him into the neighbourhood; there he had heard from common talk how the elder son of Madame de Champigny had been lost and found again, and how the partition of the family property had already been made. On hearing this, he thought it high time for him to come forward and declare that the *son-disant* Claude was an impostor, and he himself the real person. He, like his rival claimant, had been detained by the necessities of military service;

he had been taken a prisoner at the siege of Valenciennes, and had remained long in prison. Naturally, Madame regarded him as an impostor, who had been attracted by the notoriety brought about by her recognition of the first claimant. Both she and Jacques refused to have anything to say to him, and he was forced to call in the aid of the law. Application was made to the local court, and the 'Lieutenant Criminel' ordered that 'the mother, with her recognised claimant and his unrecognised rival, should all appear before him. In investigating the case for trial, the 'Procureur du Roi' heard how the uncle, M. de Piedfelon, had failed to recognise the first claimant as the true Claude. Accordingly, he ordered the new claimant to be presented to the uncle, with the astounding result that M. Piedfelon at once recognised him as his nephew, and especially called attention to his having on his forehead the exact scar which he had always declared that the true Claude would have whenever he was found.

The case came on for trial before the 'Lieutenant Criminel'; and so strong was the evidence produced that even the mother could no longer withstand it. Finally, the sentence of the court was, that the husband of Anne Allard was not Claude, but one Michel Feydy, *Seigneur de la Lévaderie*; and further, that the Guardsman was the son of Gay and Marie de Verré. So he received an award of all the goods which the first claimant—whom we may now call Michel Feydy—had unjustly appropriated. Feydy himself was convicted as an impostor, and on the 14th of March 1657 sentenced to death. This worthy had, however, for some time seen how things were trending, and thinking the state of affairs too hot to hold him, had disappeared once more, and this time for good. His wife was left with full powers to act in his absence, and she sought in a superior court to recover the money which, in accordance with the sentence, had been given to the Guardsman. Hence she entered an appeal, claiming that her husband's conviction be quashed, and twenty thousand livres paid to her as damages.

So far, then, we have simply an action on the part of Anne against the family of De Verré; but the case became speedily complicated by the unexpected arrival of Madeleine de Dampic. The whole story of her death and the letter had been concocted by the first claimant, with or without the connivance of Jacques; and while she was waiting her husband back from the wars, the news of the first trial revealed to her how badly she was being treated. Accordingly, she claimed to be received as a party in the suit, and demanded an annuity of five hundred livres a year! Here comes in the most comic incident of the whole proceedings: she further entered a claim, amounting to fifteen hundred livres, against Madame de Verré for the board and lodging of Jacques during his stay in Normandy for seven months. Certainly Jacques does not come out of it with clean hands, for he signed papers carelessly if not falsely, and also slipped off to Belgium without paying his bill.

Thus two women became rivals in a suit, both claiming to be the wife of a man who had already been sentenced to death and forfeiture of goods. Cases are not unknown in which a woman has been sufficiently devoted as to marry

a man under the very shadow of the gallows; but it would be difficult to find another case in which two women disputed for the hand of a man already condemned to be broken on the wheel. To make the confusion worse confounded, others joined issue and became parties. First, the records tell us that in February 1658, the two children of Anne were admitted parties with their mother; they claimed the succession to the property through their father, and the right to bear the arms of the house of De Verré. Then Jacques, finding that, by his disinterested compliance in bearing witness to anything in general, that was asked of him, he was placed in an awkward position, thought it time to have new tables and start afresh; so, having now become a decidedly on one side as he had been before on the other, he asked the court to grant him the reversion of both his signatures at the two wedding stating Michel Feydy to be his brother. Lastly, the uncle, with others of the family, claimed a right to cut in, in defence of the family rights.

It is easy to imagine the opportunities which this confusion of parties must have given to the lawyers; apparently, the case is finally tried as one between Anne Allard and her children as appellants on the one side, and Claude, his mother, his brother, his uncles, and his first wife on the other as respondents. Here arises a question of identity: which man is sued—the real Claude, alias the Guard-man, or the fugitive man who also claims the name? Apparently the former, as no counsel appears on behalf of the other. The poor old lady is in an awkward fix, opposed to the only one with whom she can have had much sympathy; for the Guard-man, even if he be proved to be her son, she cannot be supposed to care, seeing that he has dragged her from court to court; for the condemned man, who, she now sees, has played upon her feelings and deceived her, she certainly has no love left; but for the poor girl whom she has unintentionally injured by choosing as her daughter-in-law, and for her children, there may have been some glimmer of affection remaining.

The great trial came off at the Tournelle Criminelle with an array of counsel that would have done credit to the winding-up of a City company. First, the counsel for Anne: how noble, he argued, must be her action, seeing that to save her honour she claims to be the wife of a man condemned to death. It is easy to imagine the point which a French barrister might make of this, especially if the fair eyes of the lady were there to aid his eloquence. One argument seems remarkable: a case is quoted in which an illegitimate child was upheld as heir because the father and the legitimate brother signed the marriage contract, and thereby recognised him as legitimate; similarly, it is argued, somewhat illogically, that the action of the mother and the brother in this case has turned the wrong man into the right one. It is difficult to see how A can be made into B because C and D once said so, whereas now they unsay it.

Scarcely more weight would the arguments for Madame have had with a modern court: her advocate quoted the case somewhat obsolete, it must be admitted—of Abraham *versus* Abimelech, in which the royal defendant is acquitted on the ground that he was misled as to the facts by the

Patriarch. If Madame and Jacques had by their want of caution contributed to the loss of Anne's 'dot,' they could not plead another person's fraud to escape liability. The advocate for Madeleine had to establish the first marriage, and to get over the alleged informalities in the marriage contract, and especially the unusual clause awarding damages to the lady in case the union was not permanent. Naturally, the lawyer for the Guardsman pleaded that he was not liable in any way for damages to Anne or her children: he, at any rate, had neither married the one nor been the father of the other. After hearing speeches on behalf of the other parties, the Avocat-général summed up the whole evidence. His line was decidedly against the respondents as to the question of identity; but he recommended that Anne should receive back her dowry out of the property of Michel Feydy, to be paid before the fine on him was levied. Thus the mother would have got off scot-free, and, like most similar cases now, costs would have fallen on the estate. But the Court differed in some points from him; and the last we hear of the case is the decree of June 31, 1659, by which both the appeals of Anne and Madeleine are dismissed; the children of Anne and Michel are declared legitimate, and all the property of Michel Feydy awarded to her; and payment made to her in respect of all the liabilities she had incurred, from a belief that her husband was the real Claude, in preference to the true Claude or any other creditors. Jacques was set free from the consequences of his signatures; but Madame de Champigny was condemned to pay to her deserted daughter-in-law damages to the amount of two thousand livres.

Truly, a decision worthy of a French court! The lovely wife, soon to be a widow, the victim of most untoward circumstances, would appear to have swayed the court, just as, in another notable case, the arrival of Widow Barleth and her boy in court visibly affected even Mr Justice Sturges, and indirectly conduced to send Mr Pickwick to the Fleet.

WINTER SUNSHINE.

A RED sunset glows through the bare stems of the trees, and throws a dull crimson shade on the heaped-up leaves beneath. It touches the yellow of the bracken into gold and orange. The air has a sharp crispness in the open; but in the shelter of the woods is only pleasantly fresh. Down in the hollow, a thick white mist is rising, and slowly, bit by bit, the fields and hedgerows are obscured, till only the tops of the trees are visible, as if rising from a sea. A gray mantle shrouds the hills. The sun has sunk below the horizon, and night has folded the earth. At the keeper's lodge, the firelight gleams redly through the uncurtained windows. The flitting shadows of children can be seen on the walls and ceiling; laughing voices are heard as the outer door is opened, and a woman's dark figure is silhouetted a few moments in the ruddy light as she peers into the gathering darkness under the trees.

Though the days are of the shortest, there are pleasant hours nearly all through the winter: the mornings often clear and bright, with just enough frost to make a brisk walk enjoyable. The white crystals are on road and fence, and every

blade of grass glistens in the slanting sun. There is a sense of alertness about the man who is covering up the root-pits with straw. The water-courses have been dug out, gates rehung, hedges mended and trimmed, and banks made ship-shape for the winter. On the heath, the gorse is still in bloom, and the birds are busy amongst the shining berries of hip and haw. After mid-day, the atmosphere changes; clouds gather ominously in the north; a keen wind springs up, and sweeps suddenly through the leafless trees. But the early sunshine has brightened the day, and left its impress on the world.

In the town, the morning may be cold and raw, the atmosphere heavy with smoke, the roads greasy, the pavements slippery; people pass each other with a barely civil greeting; the time spent in shop and office seems long and dreary; business dull and unprofitable. But when, in the afternoon, the clouds suddenly lift and roll apart for an hour, how sad faces brighten, knitted brows clear, and work is lightened of half its weariness! What if the wind is keen and sharp? They have had the sunshine; and when night closes in, and men and women leave shop and office to spend their leisure hours by the cosy fireside, the stars shine clear and bright, 'unchanged in glory,' the advent bells ring out cheerily; and in the warm rooms young sunshine faces glow with happiness.

Go into the dim old woods some afternoon when the ground is hard, and a black frost has withered up every green thing; when the chill wind whistles fiercely through the long sweeps of undergrowth, and roars with hollow sounds in the tall forest trees; when the firs and pines moan weirdly in the gathering storm, the air thickens, and the woods grow dusky as the sharp pellets of icy sleet rattle down on the dead leaves. The naked twigs seem to shrink and shiver as the wrathful blast drives hissing through the darkened woods. But it does not last long; the heavy storm-cloud rolls away; faint gleams of blue sky are visible above the wood; stray shafts of light glimmer through the tree-tops; and on reaching the open valley, a stormy sunset brightens the distant hills, where rugged-edged clouds are sharply defined in the orange light of the north-west.

Winding Lane is perhaps a mile long. In the summer it is deliciously cool and shady, full of sweet scents and bird-voices; the high hedges tangled with roses and honeysuckle, the banks with violets and stitchwort. In the winter it is warm, and sheltered by the high banks and hedges from both wind and weather; mosses and lichens flourish in the damp corners and on old stumps. Here the hungry birds find a plentiful meal for many a long day, so abundant are the berries, the vivid crimson of hips and haws, and the shining black stores of dogwood and sloe, privet and ivy.

Mount the bank on the west side, and a stretch of snowy country is visible for miles, the black stems of the trees alone breaking the view. Over the other bank, the ground is wild and broken with unfused gravel pits, that, piled irregularly with snow, have the appearance of a miniature Switzerland. Farther along, in the hollow, are the brickfields. The warm smell from the kilns is distinctly noticeable, and the

huge fires look warm and comfortable in the fading daylight, the red gleams throwing lurid crimson light on the grotesque figures and weather-beaten faces of the men, as they pass to and fro tending the fires. It is not a bad employment for the cold weather; and their low-roofed, single-storeyed cottages look warm and cheerful, planted under the shelter of the worn-out clay-pits.

Winding Lane terminates at the mill bridge, and on the other side is the frozen mill-pond. Some young people are still skating in the dusky gloaming; a bright half-moon is rising behind the trees, and shines softly through the willows; the clear voices of the girls and laughing tones of the men mingle blithely together in the frosty air, and suddenly is trilled out the merry ditty:

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
For it is well nigh day;
And Harry our king is gone hunting,
To bring the deer to bay
To bring the deer to bay,
Tan-tara, tan tara, tan tara

From these charming pictures of winter sunshine, let us glance an instant to the Northern counties, where winter is sharper and more gloomy than in the South, where the disastrous stroke had rendered thousand households and destitute, and had also acted indirectly on the manufacturing towns of the South and Midlands, where silk and lace mills were working half time, factories and foundries perhaps less; and in like manner upon the railway employees. In these suffering districts there is no time for enjoyment, except in the exercise of self-denial and loving care and charity to the sick and suffering. Here men and women go up and down the dark streets and alleys, and help the wan, half-starved people as best they can, carrying blankets to the sick and old, meals and warm clothing to women and children, for under this widespread calamity the heart of the English people have grown very tender to the innocent sufferers, who bear so bravely the cold, want, and discomfort for so many weeks of enforced idleness; and at this season, may there be found many more willing to help with generous hands to bring into the bare, cold, and broken homes of the toiling colliers a little of that blessed sunshine that is embodied in 'Peace on earth good-will to men.'

A R O U N D E L

When first we met, I thought you fair
Beyond all I had looked on yet;
You came with such a winsome air
When first we met.
I shall not readily forget
Your glance, your smile, your voice so rare,
Your lustrous eyes of living jet.

But soon you stood revealed, and there
I saw a conquering coquette.
Ah, would that I had been aware
When first we met!

MORTIMER MASSIELL.

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A NEW LAND OF PROMISE.

At noon on Sunday, in July last, the barque 'Royal Tar' sailed from Sydney, New South Wales, carrying two hundred and thirty-nine passengers bound for Paraguay, in South America, there to establish a Socialistic colony on Communistic principles. In the history of the world, no movement of the same kind in its principal feature has been recorded. From countries with dense populations, co-operative bodies have gone forth in search of work, or of Utopias in which work would be unnecessary: in quite recent times the Kaweah Colony settled on the Pacific slope; Adams' American Colony pushed off to Palestine, the Credit Foncier Company moved to Mexico; the Patagonian Colony to the Chubut River; and the Gonzales Colony to Paraguay. But the emigrants from Australia were circumstanced as none of these were. The total population of their island continent is just over three millions; while the area of land at their disposal may be reckoned at a square mile per head. Queensland alone, which contributed the majority of the emigrants, contains 668,000 square miles—an area equal to the German Empire, France, Denmark, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and Belgium, all together. It contains, as has been computed, the area of three Austrian empires, or six kingdoms of Italy, or nearly four French republics. South Australia contains 914,730 square miles; and West Australia, 978,298; and both colonies combined possess fewer inhabitants than a tenth-rate city of Europe.

Why, with so much unoccupied land around them, did these people set forth for Paraguay? In the first place, the leaders of the expedition, determining to make the movement a success, selected a spot from which the difficulty of a return would be particularly great. They knew the capabilities of the thousands of square miles of Australian land which have never been put to industrial use; but they knew also

that if they settled on any part of Australian territory, they would from time to time be encroached upon by friends or tempted to revisit old scenes. Going to Paraguay amounted to burning their boats. In the second place, the land allotted to them in Paraguay was highly reported upon. It was described by their own advance agents as lying one hundred and ten miles east from Asuncion, near Villa Rica, and within fifteen miles of a railway. The Tibicuary River, which flows through it, is navigable for boats or rafts; and numbers of small streams run through the country. Besides, the terms granted by the Paraguayan Government were considered more favourable than any likely to be obtained in Australia. The authorities in Paraguay engaged to hand over to the colony one hundred leagues of country, free of all charges, with free railway conveyance of persons and goods from Asuncion to the nearest point to the proposed settlement.

If the exodus were to end with the July departures, the movement would be remarkable; but those who have gone are merely the pioneers of a still growing party. Provision is already made for the transfer by barque and steamer of fully five thousand persons. A brief sketch of the main features of a scheme which thus affects so many will therefore be interesting.

Three years ago, Australia was plunged into a labour strike such as, for extent and intensity, it had never before experienced. The strike extended from the steamers around the coast to the shearing sheds in the interior. Labour organisers put forth all their abilities, and the workers all their resources. The Governments of the various colonies just managed to keep the combatants within the law. The organisers were not the ordinary type of working-men; indeed, the fold of labour in Australia includes men of all orders of mind and degrees of education. The hap-hazard conditions of the land bring it about that barristers are miners, doctors-of-medicine store-keepers, and classical scholars

butchers and bakers. Clergymen are found shearing, and bank managers scratching for gold in abandoned gullies. A strike on a large scale in Australia produces, accordingly, a volume of intellectual force not usually in evidence at such junctures in other countries. In the strike referred to, the intellectual activity resulted in disaster. The strike leaders were obliged to recognise the fact; but the question remained, Would they submit? The journalists of the party—and most of the educated men were, one way or another, writers to the newspapers—began devising and publishing schemes whereby the bitter fate might be averted. Gradually an idea of quitting the field in a body shaped itself. Bit by bit it was perfected, and at last stood out boldly as a feasible project.

When the design reached this stage, a propaganda for its general adoption was begun. William Lane, an Englishman by birth, an American by education, and an Australian of several years' standing, who had edited a couple of democratic newspapers in Queensland, led the movement. Around him enthusiasts gathered. Hearers in all parts were inoculated with the idea of breaking away and founding a New Australia. The bush-workers were easily won. Difficulties were stated and frankly discussed. It was made clear that the colony was not to be established or maintained on any merely benevolent footing. Probabilities were estimated, and sixty pounds was fixed as the sum each volunteer should pay towards the cost of the venture. Volunteers might be worth one thousand pounds or more, and if so, all they possessed was demanded of them; but no one on any account whatever was eligible unless he bound himself to pay over sixty pounds before embarking. Volunteers were also obliged to supply proof of sound physical health and of upright moral character, and to satisfy the leaders that they never 'black-legged' in any Australian strike.

The preamble to the agreement signed by each member contains the creed of the community, and though rather diffuse, explains their motives and objects so fairly, that it may be quoted literally:

'Whereas, so long as one depends upon another for leave to work, and so long as the selfishness induced by the uncertainty of living prevents mankind from seeing that it is best for all to ensure one another against all possibility of social degradation, true liberty and happiness are impossible; and whereas the weakness, ignorance, and doubts of society at large are the great barrier in the way of the establishment of such true social order as will ensure every citizen security against want and opportunity to develop to the full the faculties evolving in humanity; Therefore it is desirable and imperative that by a community wherein all labour in common for the common good, actual proof shall be given that under conditions which render it impossible for one to tyrannise over another, and which declare the first duty of all to be the well-being of all, and the sole duty of all to be the well-being of each, men and women can live in comfort, happiness, and intelligence unknown in a society where none can be sure to-day that

they or their children will not starve to-morrow. With this end in view, an Association of workers is hereby instituted, and the accompanying basis for co-operative organisation and articles of Association agreed upon, the signatories intending and expecting to emigrate to another country, there to devote to the movement their possessions and their best endeavours.'

The basis for co-operative production here referred to is stated to be ownership by the community of all the means of production in exchange and distribution, the conduct by the community of all production in exchange and distribution, and the superintendence by the community of all labour-saving co-operations; it also determines the maintenance by the community of children under guardianship of parents, and maintenance by the community of all sanitary and educational establishments, the saving of all capital needed by the community, and the division of remaining wealth production among all adult members of the community equally, without regard to sex, age, office, or physical or mental capacity.

The community binds itself to obey in the first instance the laws of the State in which the colony shall be established, and to manage its own local affairs under a system determined by a ballot vote of all its adult members. It sets out with a director, elected by a two-thirds majority of a general ballot, and superintendents elected by a two-thirds majority of departmental ballot. All offices are to be vacated annually, and whenever occupants cease to retain the confidence of their constituents. Machinery for the settlement of disputes is provided, and even expulsion may be decreed by a five-sixths majority of all adult members. Religion will not be officially recognised by the community, but the individuality of every member in all matters where the individuality of others is not affected will be held inviolable. Without prejudice to the liquor question, members pledge themselves to totalism until the initial difficulties of settlement have passed and the constitution has been established.

Thus the colony of New Australia makes its beginning. The materials, physical and otherwise, with which it starts give it advantages over similar undertakings. The men of the first batch average five feet nine inches in height and eleven stone in weight. Almost every trade and profession is represented among them. There are farmers, agricultural labourers, engineers, carpenters, smiths, plumbers, medical men, journalists, and schoolmasters. Fortunately or unfortunately, there is not one lawyer, and a clause in the constitution declares the ineligibility of any members of that body.

The character of their Paraguayan home matches, as far as is at present known, the experiences the emigrants were educated into on Australian soil. Timber there is abundant and of good quality. The land is capable of producing rice, tobacco, coffee, sugar-cane, cotton, sweet potatoes, and maize. Fruits are easy of cultivation. Oranges, lemons, citrons, bananas, guavas, pine-apples, and all the other products of the old Australia may be made to abound. Cattle may be raised, and sheep-breed-

ing carried on, and every hand may find congenial work. The difficulties to be encountered will, of course, be numerous at the first. They will troop in upon the little band from all quarters and in all shapes. Prophecies of evil may verify themselves, and sunny hopes fade. The real may shame the ideal. The die is cast, however. New Australia has taken its own life in its hands, and will prove 'what the future holds in it.'

AT MARKET VALUE.

CHAPTER VIII.—PROGRESS, SOMEWHAT.

IN London, meanwhile, Mr Reginald Hessegrave, to use his own expressive phrase, was 'going it.' And few young gentlemen with an equally exigent income, knew how to 'go it' at the same impetuous pace as Mr Reginald Hessegrave. That very same evening, indeed, as he walked down the Strand arm in arm with his chum, Charlie Owen—the only other fellow in the office who fulfilled to the letter Mr Reginald's exalted ideal of 'what a gentleman ought to be'—he stopped for a moment opposite the blushing window of a well-known sporting paper to observe the list of winners in the first race of the season. Mr Reginald, as is the wont of his kind, had backed the favourite. He drew a long breath of disappointment as he scanned the telegram of results. 'Amber Witch wins in a canter,' he murmured with marked disgust to his sympathetic companion. 'A rank outsider!'

'Pipped again?' Charlie Owen inquired in the peculiar dialect at which they were both experts.

And Reginald Hessegrave answered: 'Pipped again! For a tenner!' with manly resignation. He was sustained under this misfortune, indeed, by the consoling reflection that the 'tenner' he had risked on Yorkshire Lass would come in the end out of Kathleen's pocket. It's a thing to be ashamed of, for a gentleman, of course, to have a sister who is obliged to dabble in pence for a livelihood; but, from the practical point of view, it has its advantages also. And Reggie found it a distinct advantage during the racing season that he was able to draw upon Kathleen's earnings for unlimited loans, which were never repaid, it is true, but which were described as such in order to save undue wear and tear to Mr Reginald's delicate feelings. It doesn't 'look well' to ask your sister point-blank for a present of a ten-pound note; but a loan to that amount, from time to time, to meet a pressing temporary emergency, is a form of advance that never grates for a moment upon the most refined susceptibilities.

'That's a nuisance!' Charlie Owen responded, with a sympathetic wry face; 'for I suppose you counted upon it.'

Now, this was exactly what Mr Reginald had done, after the fashion of the City clerk who fancies himself a judge of horse-flesh; but he wasn't going to acknowledge it.

'It never does to count upon anything in the

glorious uncertainty of racing,' he answered with a bounce, swallowing his disappointment in that resigned spirit which is born of a confident belief that your sister, after all, will have in the end to make good the deficit. 'Though, to be sure, I *was* in need of it; for I've asked Florrie Clarke and her mother to run round to the Gaiety for an hour with me this evening; and I can tell you it comes heavy on a fellow, and no mistake, to settle for the grub for Florrie's mother! She is a dab at lobster salad!'

'Then you're taking them to supper afterwards?' Charlie inquired with admiration. One young fool invariably admires another for his courage and nobility in spending the money he hasn't got, to somebody else's final discomfort and detriment.

Reginald nodded a careless assent. 'To Romano's,' he answered, with justifiable pride in the background of his tone. 'When I do the thing at all, I like to do it properly; and Florrie's the sort of gal, don't you know, who's accustomed to see things done in the very best style; so I mean to go it.'

'What a fellow you are!' Charlie Owen exclaimed with heart-felt admiration. 'After a knock-down blow like this, that would dishearten most chappies.'

Mr Reginald smiled a deprecatory smile of modest self-approval. 'Well, I flatter myself I *am* a bit of a philosopher,' he admitted with candour, like one who glides lightly over his own acknowledged merits. 'Why don't you come too? There'd be room in my box for you.'

'Does it run to a box, then?' Charlie Owen asked, open-eyed.

And Reggie answered, with an expansive wave of his neatly-gloved hand: 'Do you suppose I'd ask Florrie and her mother to go in the pit? I imagine I know how to do the thing like a gentleman.'

'Well, of course, if you've got a box,' Charlie assented with alacrity, 'one more or less doesn't count. But still—there's the supper!'

Mr Reginald dismissed the cordial suggestion with another dainty wave of his well-gloved lit. 'When a gentleman asks another gentleman to sup with him, he observed with sententious dignity, 'it isn't usual for his guests to make inquiries beforehand as to the cost of the entertainment.' After which noble rebuke, Charlie Owen felt it would be positive bad manners not to accept with effusion; and was lost in wonder, delight, and awe—as Reggie intended he should be—at the magnanimity of a chappie who, after a loss like that, could immediately launch out into fresh extravagance by inviting a friend to a quite unnecessary and expensive banquet. What a splendid creature the fast young man really is, after all! and how nobly he dispenses unlimited hospitality to all and sundry on his relations' money!

So that evening at eight saw Mr Reginald Hessegrave in full evening dress and a neat hired brougham, stopping at the door of the Gaiety Theatre to deposit Mrs Clarke and her daughter Florrie. The party, to be sure, was nothing if not correct; for Mamma was there to ensure the utmost proprieties; and Miss Florrie herself, who was a well-conducted young lady, had no idea of doing anything more decided than accepting

a box for nothing as affection's gift from the devoted Reggie. Miss Florrie's Papa was an eminently respectable West-end money-lender; and Miss Florrie and her Mamma were practically used, in the way of business, partly as decoy ducks for unwary youth, and partly as a means of recovering at once, in presents and entertainments, a portion of the money advanced by Papa on those familiar philanthropic principles of 'note-of-hand at sight, without inquiry, and no security,' which so often rouse one's profound esteem and wonder in the advertisement columns of the daily papers. Unfortunately, however, it is found, for the most part, in this hard business world of ours, that philanthropy like this can only be made to pay or the somewhat exorbitant terms of sixty per cent., deducted beforehand. But Mr Reginald, as it happened, was far too small game for either Miss Florrie or her Papa to fly at; his friendship for the young lady was distinctly a platonic one. She and her Mamma used him merely as an amiable young fool who could fill in the odd evenings between more serious engagements, when Papa's best clients took her to the opera with Mamma, and presented her with a brooch or an amethyst bracelet out of the forty per cent. which alone remained to them from Papa's munificence. Not that Miss Florrie's conduct was ever anything but the pink of propriety; with a connection like Papa's, it was always on the cards that she might end (with good luck) by becoming My Lady, in lieu of accumulated interest on bills renewed; and was it likely that Miss Florrie was going to fling away a first-rate chance in life like that by ill-timed entanglements with a penniless clerk in a stockbroker's office? Miss Florrie thought not; she knew her market worth too well for such folly: she might flirt, but she perfectly understood where to stop flirtation; meanwhile, she found Mr Reginald Hessegrave an agreeable and harmless companion, and an excellent wedge of an unobtrusive sort for attacking the narrow opening into certain grades of society. 'It looks well' to be seen about with Mamma in the company of an excellently connected young man of no means at all; people can never accuse you, then, of unmitigated fortune-hunting.

Miss Florrie and her Mamma were most charming that evening. Mrs Hessegrave herself would have been forced to admit they were really most charming. The Mamma was as well dressed as could reasonably be expected—that is to say, not much more over-dressed than in the nature of things a money-lender's wife must be; and her diamonds, Charlie Owen remarked with delight, were greatly noted and commented upon by the feminine occupants of neighbouring boxes. As for Reginald Hessegrave, he felt the evening was what he would himself have described as 'a gigantic success.' 'It's all going off very well,' he observed with nervous pride to Charlie Owen as they paced the corridor, cigarette in mouth, during the interval between the acts.

And Charlie Owen, patting his back, made answer emphatically: 'Going off very well, man! Why, it's a thundering triumph! What a fellow you are, to be sure! Tces in the box and everything! Clinking! simply clinking! The eldest son of a Duke couldn't have done the thing

better. It's made a distinct impression upon the Clarks, I can tell you.'

'You think so?' Reggie asked, with a proud flush of satisfaction.

'Think so?' Charlie repeated once more. 'Why, I can see it with half a glance. Florrie's gone on you, that's where it is. Visibly to the naked eye, that girl's clean gone on you!'

Mr Reginald returned to the box feeling half an inch taller. He knew himself a lady-killer. And he noticed with pride that Miss Florrie and her Mamma were on terms of bowing acquaintance with a great many people in the stalls and dress circle; the very best people; gentlemen for the most part, it is true, but still, a sprinkling of ladies, including among them Mrs Algy Redburn, who ought by rights to be Lady Axminster. And though the ladies returned Miss Florrie's bows and smiles with a tinge of coldness, and seemed disinclined to catch the eagle eye of her Mamma—who was a stouthearted nation of a certain age and uncertain waist—it was an undeniable fact that those who did catch it were for the most part women of title and of social distinction, in the latest set, so that Mr Reginald felt himself in excellent society.

As they were leaving the theatre, while Mr Clarke and Florrie went off in search of their wraps from the ladies' cloak-room, Reggie drew Charlie Owen mysteriously aside for a moment. 'Look here, old fellow,' he said coaxingly, in a whispered undertone, button-holing his friend as he spoke: 'you're coming on to supper with us. Could you manage to lend me a couple of sovereigns for a day or two?'

Charlie Owen looked glum. He pursed his under lip. Like Bartholp's tailor, he liked not the security. 'What's it for?' he asked dubiously.

Reggie made a clean breast of it. 'Well, the brougham and things have run into a little more than I expected,' he answered with a forced smile; 'and of course we must open a bottle of champagne; and if Mrs Clarke wants a second—she's a fish at fizz, I know—it'd be awkward, don't you see, if I hadn't quite cash enough to pay the waiter.'

'It would so,' Charlie responded, screwing up a sympathetic but exceedingly doubtful face.

'Do you happen to have a couple of quid about you?' Reggie demanded once more, with an anxious air.

Charlie Owen melted. 'Well, I have,' he answered slowly. 'But mind you, I shall want them on Saturday without fail, to pay my landlady. She's a demon for her rent. Raises blazes if it runs on. Will insist on it weekly. Can you promise me faithfully to let me have the oof back by Saturday?'

Reggie drew a sigh of relief. 'Honour bright!' he answered, clutching hard at the straw. 'It's all square, I assure you. I've remittances coming.'

'Where from?' Charlie continued, not wishing to be hard, but still anxious for 'the collateral,' as Florrie's Papa would have put it.

'Oh, I've telegraphed to-day to my people at Venice,' Reggie responded airily. But 'my people' of course was a euphemism for 'my sister.'

'And got an answer?' Charlie insisted. He

didn't want to seem mean, but business is business, and he desired to know on what expectations precisely he was risking his money.

'Yes; here it is,' Reggie replied, drawing it out, somewhat sheepishly, from the recesses of his pocket. He didn't like to show it, of course; but he saw too well that on no other terms could he be spared the eternal disgrace of having to refuse Florrie Clarke's Mamma a second bottle of Veuve Clicquot, should she choose to demand it.

Charlie ran his eye over the telegram. It was short but satisfactory. 'Entirely disapprove. Am sending the money. This is the last time. Remember. —KATHLEEN.'

'She always says that,' Mr Reginald interposed in an apologetic undertone.

'Oh, dear yes; I know; it's a way they have,' Charlie responded with a tolerant smile, as one who was well acquainted with the strange fads of one's people. 'How much did you ask her for?'

'A fiver,' Mr Reginald responded.

Charlie Owen drew the coin with slow deliberation from his dress waistcoat pocket. 'Well, this is a debt of honour,' he said in a solemn voice, handing them over impressively. 'You'll pay me off, of course, before you waste any money on paying bills or landlords and such-like.'

Reggie slipped the two sovereigns into his trousers pocket with a sigh of relief. 'You are a brick, Charlie,' he exclaimed, turning away quite happy, and I spared, as is the manner of such young gentlemen in general, to spend the whole sum recklessly at a single bout on whatever first offered, now he was relieved for the moment from his temporary embarrassment. For it is the way of your Reggie's to treat a loan as so much cash in hand, dropped down from heaven, and to disburse it freely on the nearest recipient in light-hearted anticipation of the next emergency.

The supper was universally acknowledged to be the success of the evening. It often is, in fact, where the allowance of Veuve Clicquot is sufficiently unstinted. Mrs Clarke was most affable, not increasingly affable; and as to Miss Florrie, a pretty little round-faced *ingénue*, with a vast crop of crisp black hair, cut short and curled, she was delightful company. It was her *forte* in life to flirt; and she did it for the love of it. Reginald Hessegrave was a distinctly good looking young man, very well connected; and he really liked him. Not, of course, that she would ever for a moment have dreamed of throwing herself away for life on a man without the means to keep a carriage; but Miss Florrie was one of those modern young ladies who sternly dissociate their personal likes and dislikes from their matrimonial schemes; and as a person to sup with, to talk with, and to flirt with, she really liked Master Reggie—nay, more, she admired him. For he knew how to 'go it,' and ability for 'going it' was in Miss Florrie's eyes the prince of the virtues. It was the one that enabled a man, however poor in reality, to give her the greatest amount of what she lived for—amusement. So Florrie flooded Reggie with the light of her round black eyes till he was fairly intoxicated with her. She played her

crisp curls at him with considerable effect, and was charmed when he succumbed to them. 'Twas a pity he wasn't the heir to a hundred thousand pounds. If he had been, Miss Florrie thought, she might have got Papa to discount it offhand on post-obits, and have really settled down to a quiet life of balls and theatres in his agreeable society.

So much smitten was Reggie, indeed, that before the end of the evening, under the expansive influence of that excellent Veuve Clicquot, he remarked chaffingly to Florrie, at a moment when Mrs Clarke was deep in talk with Charlie Owen: 'I tell you what it is, Miss Clarke—or rather Florrie—I shall call you Florrie—some day, you and I will have to make a match of it!'

Miss Florrie did not resent this somewhat abrupt and inartistic method of broaching an important and usually serious subject. On the contrary, being an easy going soul, she accepted it as a natural compliment to her charms, and smiled at it good humouredly. But she answered none the less, with a toss of the crisp black curls: 'Well, if we're ever to do that, Mr Hessegrave, you must find the where-withal first; for I can tell you I want a carriage and a yacht and a house-boat. The man for my heart is the man with a house-boat. As soon as you're in a position to set up a house-boat, you may invite me to share it with you; and then'—she looked at him archly with a winking smile—'I may consider my answer.'

She was a taking little thing!—there was no denying it. 'Very bad style,' so the ladies in the stalls remarked to one another, as they scanned her through their opera-glasses; 'but awfully taking!' And Reginald Hessegrave found her so. From that moment forth, it became his favourite day-dream that he had made a large fortune at a single stroke (on the turf, of course), and married the owner of the crisp black curls. So deep-rooted did this ideal become to him, indeed, that he set to work at once to secure the large fortune. And how? By working hard day and night, and saving and investing! Oh, dear me, no! Such *bourgeois* methods are not for the likes of Mr Reginald Hessegrave, who prided himself upon being a perfect gentleman. By risking Kathleen's hard-earned money on the Derby favourite, and accepting 'tips' as to a 'dark horse' for the Leger!

BANK SAFES AND BURGLARS.

IN one of his sensational detective stories, M. Du Boisgobey, the French novelist, hatches an intricate plot which turns on an attempt to break into a banker's safe in Paris. One of the burglars was a lady, who, on touching a piece of the machinery securing the safe, caused it to operate and hold her in its vice-like grasp. Her comrade in crime cut off her hand rather than let her be caught in the act of robbery; and so the tale takes its name from the main point of interest, and is known as 'La Main Coupée' (The Severed Hand).

It is a long way off from the complex and powerful mechanism of the modern safes, which are constructed to defy alike burglars and fire,

to the times when man could not trust his fellow-man, but must needs hide his possessions for safety in secret places. There is no surer test of civilisation than the measure of pecuniary confidence which members of a community repose in one another. With half-civilised peoples like the Hindus gold is either buried or worked into ornament.

The Emperor of Annam has hit on a peculiar device for keeping the royal reserve secure against burglars, and even against himself. This is the plan of the uncivilised potentate: he causes his treasure to be placed in hollowed-out trunks of trees, which are thrown into a pool of water within his palace walls. In the water are kept a number of absolutely incorruptible guardians in the shape of crocodiles, which will eat alive any person who attempts to meddle with the submerged treasure. When it becomes indispensable to draw on this novel style of bank, the crocodiles have to be killed; but this can only be done with the Emperor's permission, and after the matter has been duly approved by the Minister of Finance.

In past days in Scotland, when the 'Old Bank,' as it was termed, was located in Gourlay's House, Old Bank Close, Edinburgh, precautions were evidently adopted to secure the safety of the cash in the bank's strong-chest. When the 'Old Bank' house was taken down in the first quarter of the century, it was found that all the shutters communicated by wire with a row of bells in an attic, which was assumed to be a plan put in practice long ago of sounding an alarm in the event of burglary. This bank had also a guard armed with flintlocks and bayonets as an outside protection.

The Bank of England is watched nightly by a guard of about fifty men from the Household troops, under the command of an officer, who usually march from Wellington or St George's Barracks. They patrol the spacious quadrangles of the bank, and do sentry-duty over allotted spaces till the morning, when they are relieved on the arrival of some members of the bank's staff. The officer in command is allowed dinner for himself and a friend, including the provision of a bottle of the bank's special old port. The men are also supplied with the needful refectation. Besides this military guard, two clerks remain on duty all night at the bank, as well as all day on Sunday, and these 'Watch Clerks' must not go to sleep. Their duty is to move about from building to building inspecting the various rooms, to see that all goes well. Several of the higher officials also sleep on the premises, ready to be summoned at a moment's notice.

The Bank of France is also guarded by soldiers, who do sentry-duty outside the bank, a watch being likewise kept within its precincts. A former practice of protecting this bank was to get masons to wall up the doors of the vaults in the cellar with hydraulic mortar so soon as the money was deposited each day in these receptacles. The water was then turned on, and kept running until the cellar was flooded. A burglar would thus be obliged to work in a diving-suit, and break down a cement wall before he could even begin to plunder the vaults. When the bank officers arrived each morning,

the water was drawn off, the masonry torn down, and the vaults opened.

The Bank of Germany, like most other German public buildings, has a military guard to protect it. In a very strongly fortified military fortress at Spandau is kept the great war-treasure of the Imperial Government, part of the French Indemnity, amounting to several million pounds.

In the United States there are thousands of banks, which are all on a much smaller scale than in Great Britain, as the banks in the States have no branches. The amount of bonds payable to 'bearer' is so considerable, that American financiers, as well as bankers, largely make use of safes for their custody. Among various plans devised to keep out the burglar, one is employed in America, where large strong-rooms or safe deposits are so arranged as to be filled with steam at a moment's notice in time of riots. This is a form of burglary which the Americans greatly fear; for when a lawless mob get the upper hand in a city, it takes very little to divert their energies to the pillage of a place where cash is kept. Another plan in use for preventing a burglar from entering a cash-safe is to arrange for a mal-odorous compound issuing out when the burglar attempts to tamper with the safe.

Many devices have been adopted for rendering safes burglar proof. The material used in their construction must be, as Mr Harry W. Chubb remarked in a recent lecture before the Society of Arts in London, 'sufficiently hard to resist drilling or other cutting instrument, and yet at the same time sufficiently tough so as not to become fractured under percussion or pressure.' Cast-iron safes and doors were formerly in vogue, but gave place to those made of rolled iron. Steel is now used, plates or slabs of that metal being made after the model of warships' armour—that is, with layers of high carbon welded and rolled in between layers of iron or steel.

The Americans appear to believe in rolled plates of varying degrees of hardness riveted or bolted together for their safe-doors. The round bolt is in almost universal use with them, these bolts being secured by two or more keyless combination locks, and by a chronometer lock, commonly called a 'timer.' Mr Chubb says that no American bank or other safes of any importance are without 'timers,' and he computes the number of those in use at no fewer than from fourteen to fifteen thousand. The combination lock bears a certain number; but if the 'timer' be wound up for the night, the burglar cannot force an entrance till the hour for which the 'timer' has been set arrives. Another kind of combination lock is one which has several movable steel buttons, upon which are engraved all the letters of the alphabet. To open the safe, one must, before inserting the key, replace the letter on the buttons in the exact order in which they stood when the safe-door was locked.

It may be asked what agencies burglars employ for breaking into safes. The older methods were by drilling, blowpipes, gunpowder, tunnelling, and such-like; but the more modern methods of these *chevaliers d'industrie* are

by the application, where possible, of nitro-glycerine and dynamite. The difficulty attending the use of the two last-named agents is the noise of the explosion they cause, so that they can only be resorted to in out-of-the-way places. In order to introduce nitro-glycerine through the door of a safe, the burglar used to press or wedge in the spindles of the locks or the bolt handles, so as to leave sufficient space for injecting the yellow fluid. Then piling books and office furniture in front of the door, they calmly awaited the blow-up. Science, however, has enabled safe-makers to dispense with spindle-holes, and to work the main bolts by the aid of powerful springs enclosed in a box mounted inside the safe door. The apparatus for throwing and bringing back the bolt is self-acting, and highly successful in its operation, so that the burglar cannot now carry on 'his felonious little game' of introducing nitro-glycerine into safes so protected.

If it be further asked, What of the burglars' ordinary tools and equipment?—we may reply in the words of Sir George Hayter Chubb, Chairman of the well-known Chubb & Sons Lock and Safe Company, who thus answers the question in his interesting contribution to burglar literature entitled 'Protection from Fire and Thieves': 'A professional burglar's tools comprise skeleton keys, silent matches, a dark lantern, a wax taper, a palette knife used for opening windows by pushing the fastening back; a small crowbar, generally made in two pieces to screw together, and with one end forked; a centre-bit, and a carpet bag. If the object of attack is a safe, then to these must be added chisels and steel wedges of different sizes, an "alderman," or large crowbar, a "Jack-in-the-box," some aquarortas, and sometimes gunpowder for blowing open locks. Besides providing himself with tools, the burglar will often wear a "reversible," or a coat which can be worn inside out, each side being a different colour, so that, if he happened to be noticed, he will turn his coat in some quiet corner, and become another man to all outward appearance.'

As a rule, burglars work in gangs when engaged in safe-breaking. First, the situation of the safe to be operated on is ascertained, then the nature of the safe itself, whether wholly lined with steel or iron, or with stone walls; then the character of the precautions adopted by the owners of the safe for its protection, such as sentries and electric alarm bells. When it has been arranged to proceed to active measures, the various duties are assigned to the respective 'crack-men,' one important role being that of watching the police guardian as he goes his rounds. Sometimes it is a work of months to get to close quarters, everything depending on the difficulties to be surmounted. Some years ago, it took about half a year before a gang of robbers succeeded in first winning the confidence of and then corrupting the office-keeper of a bank in New York. He possessed the outer keys which gave admission to the interior, and put the thieves within striking distance of the safe-door. The robbers thus admitted plied their burglarious instruments from a Saturday afternoon till Monday morning.

By far the most ingenious and daring class of burglaries is that which has been accomplished by means of tunnelling or mining. This operation implies long-continued and arduous toil, not to speak of danger, while the scientific qualities displayed are really admirable and worthy of a better use. There is a spice of romance about safe breaking by tunnelling, and we may therefore narrate one unsuccessful and two successful instances of this kind of robbery.

A few years ago a cashier in one of the National Banks of the United States, in New Mexico, was busy at work one evening in the office when his quick ear detected some curious sounds. They seemed to proceed from a subterranean region; and he was not long in concluding that robbers must be tunnelling from an adjoining building to the vault in the bank. Guards were immediately posted in and around the building. Those within observed the masonry of the bank to be giving way. Meantime, the robbers appeared to be hard at work, and quite unaware that they were being watched. At one in the morning, a Mexican volunteered to descend into the bank cellar so as to discover the actual situation. Scarcely had he gone a few paces down the stairs, when he met some one coming up. The Mexican fired without saving a word and shot the man dead. It was observed that he was one of the masons who had built the bank, and therefore was acquainted with its vulnerable points. The report of firearms alarmed his accomplices, for they fled, and escaped. The tunnel gave evidence of long and patient work on the part of the robbers. It was sixty feet in length, constructed on scientific principles, contained provisions, water, and a full outfit of mining tools, and must have been three months in making. The robbery appeared to be planned for the time of the month when the bank received large remittances of currency and coin.

An extraordinary and daring robbery was that which took place at the Central Bank of Western India, Hong-kong, in 1865, when the thieves succeeded in getting clear off with gold and specie to the extent of nearly fifty thousand pounds. The robbers must have been at work for some weeks before they entered the bank's treasury. Their principal labour was in constructing a tunnel of sixty feet from an adjacent drain to a spot exactly below the floor of the bank's treasury-vault. A perpendicular shaft of ten feet of sufficient diameter was then made, to permit of the passage of one man to reach the granite boulders on which the floor of the vault rested. These gave way through being undermined; and a flag being forced up, entrance to the vault was at once obtained. Two boxes were removed containing gold bars or ingots marked with the bank's stamp, as well as all the paper money, some bags of dollars, and a box of ten-cent pieces. No fewer than between twenty and thirty men were arrested on suspicion. One of them had six thousand dollars in his possession, and two bars of gold bearing the bank's mark. The robbery was effected between a Saturday and Sunday; and the first thing that roused suspicion was the fact of a little boy

trying to sell a bar of gold to a hawker in one of the bazaars in Hong-kong. A gentleman who was passing asked where he got the gold, and the boy replied that it had been found at a certain place. He gave the youth what he asked for it—namely, a dollar—and then informed the police.

Some years ago, an equally daring robbery took place at the late Cape of Good Hope Bank, Kimberley. One Sunday morning the manager of this bank opened his cash-safe to get a parcel of diamonds which were under his custody, when he found several loose bags of money lying about the safe floor. This rather puzzled him; but on looking around, he spied an opening in the wall of the safe, and came to the conclusion that a burglar had been at work. The police were applied to; and they found that the opening in the wall communicated with a large street drain in the vicinity. The total sum abstracted from the bank was about four thousand pounds; but on the drain being explored, about fifteen bags of silver, of the value of one hundred pounds each, were recovered.

Naturally interested in everything affecting not only the fabrication of bank-safes but also burglarious breaking into them, the Messrs. Chubb of London sent a representative to Kimberley to gather up any details of the robbery which would be of service to science in coping with crime. This gentleman reported that the strong-room in question was composed of masonry, and that it was considered one of the strongest in South Africa. The walls of the room were three feet thick; and to get to these walls the burglars had first to penetrate through an outer wall four feet thick, and through three foundation walls each two feet thick, all these walls being constructed of solid cement and brickwork. There was also about twenty feet of earth to tunnel through; and the hole could not be made in a direct line, but had to be constructed with various turns, so as to enable the burglars with miners' tools to get through the softest places. The large drain through which the burglars approached their task opened out into a street, so that the thieves were provided with a convenient outlet. It was believed that a large retriever dog helped in the robbery, as it was seen to run out of the culvert with something hanging round its neck; but after being followed for some distance, all trace of it was lost.

The conviction is forced on one that as wooden vessels have given place to iron or steel plated armour ships, so, in the construction of bank-safes, stone walls, however thick, must now yield to those of steel. No masonry, be it ever so good, is proof against undermining or assault, and true security consists in having a safe that will withstand all the attempts of the burglar from whatever quarter they arise. In a recent attack on a bank-safe in Paris, there were observed in front of the safe-door the sag-ends of numerous cigarettes, and the fragments of a feast, several empty wine bottles, chicken bones, &c., all testifying to the delicacy of the French burglar's palate and his love of good cheer. They also

evidenced that the burglars had been many hours engaged in their attempt, but had been foiled because the safe-door and safe-lock which they assailed was of good, solid, English make.

THE BURGOMASTER VAN TROON.

CHAPTER III.—CONCLUSION.

Miss Wimbush was a confirmed nonnal. Since her father's death, when she was quite a young woman, she had had no fixed home. Much of the Continent was as well known to her as her own country; but of late years her peregrinations had been mostly confined within the limits of the United Kingdom. She was acquainted with numbers of people, at all of whose houses she was a welcome guest. Her visits among her friends were varied by pleasant little intervals of Bohemianism on her own account, when, accompanied by Mitcham, her maid, who had long ago arrived at years of discretion, she would take up her quarters for a brief while at this hotel or the other boarding-house, and revel in the luxury of making fresh acquaintances, and in studying the whims and humours of the heterogeneous mob of strangers with whom at such times she was brought into temporary contact.

But wherever Miss Wimbush went, on all her travels both at home and abroad, she was accompanied by one article which was altogether outside the scope of an ordinary traveller's baggage. The article in question was a picture, presumably painted by none other than the great Peter Paul Rubens himself, seeing that it bore his monogram, with the date of 1620, in one corner of the canvas, and was said to be a portrait of the Burgomaster Van Troon. It was a well-ascertained fact that Peter Paul painted two portraits of the functionary in question, one of which was to be seen any day in a certain gallery at the Hague; while the other, which was said to be the superior of the two, had been lost sight of for the last seventy or eighty years; neither had any of the numerous Exhibitions of the last quarter of a century, consisting of pictures brought together from far and wide, sufficed to reveal its whereabouts. Consequently, could it be proved that the picture Miss Wimbush carried about with her was really the missing 'Burgomaster,' then did she possess a prize which she might well value and deem worthy of every possible care.

As we have learned, however, the verdict of Mr Piljoy, the eminent art critic, was wholly opposed to such a belief. Neither was he alone in his opinion, which had been backed up by other connoisseurs of repute who had been allowed as a great favour to examine the portrait. That it was a forgery and of a comparatively modern date, they were all pretty well agreed.

Meanwhile Miss Wimbush went serenely on her way, wholly indifferent to the opinions of Mr Piljoy and his confrères. The 'Burgomaster' was one of several pictures bequeathed her by her father. The others she had promptly disposed of; but the supposed Rubens she had made up her mind to keep. She knew that her father had had a very special admiration

for it, and had regarded it as the gem of his small but choice collection; and for his sake she determined never to part from it, unless some unforeseen necessity should one day compel her to do so.

Therefore was it that wherever Miss Wimbush went the picture went with her, it being Mitcham's special and particular duty to look after its safety *en route* from one stopping place to another. It was enclosed in a mahogany case, the key of which the spinster never let out of her own possession. As a matter of course, her singular infatuation for what was commonly reported to be a worthless daub caused her to be laughed at behind her back; and Edgar Fairclough was by no means singular in thinking that, however sane and clear-headed Aunt Sarah might be in all other matters, she was undoubtedly 'a little bit cracked' as far as the burgomaster's portrait was concerned.

On quitting Pendragon Square, after listening to her niece's tale of woe, Aunt Sarah was driven to the boarding-house where she was in the habit of taking up her quarters when in town. In the sitting-room, busy with her needle, she found Mitcham, whom long years of faithful service had almost elevated into the position of companion. Miss Wimbush sat down on the nearest chair, and, although the evening was a chilly one, fanned herself for some seconds without speaking. Then all at once she said, in a voice which was not without a touch of tragic pathos: 'Mitcham, the "Burgomaster" and I are going to part.'

If some one had fired off a pistol close by Mitcham's head, she could hardly have been more startled. She gave a half-jump off her chair and a great gasp. 'Law! ma'am, I hope not, I'm sure,' she said. 'Whatever can have happened to make you think of such a thing? I always felt sure he would keep us company for the rest of our mortal lives.'

'I cannot tell you what it is that has happened; it is not altogether my own affair. But there is no other way, none whatever.' Her voice broke a little as she finished speaking. Save for a sympathetic sigh, Mitcham remained silent. She was one of those invaluable people who know when to speak and when to hold their tongue.

Presently Miss Wimbush said: 'I am tired, and shall retire at once.'

'About supper, ma'am?' ventured Mitcham. It was her mistress's favourite meal.

'Pray, pray, don't talk to me about such things as supper,' quavered the poor lady. 'I feel as if I should never want to eat another as long as I live.'

If her mistress could have seen Mitcham three minutes later, she would have opened her eyes very wide indeed. A broad smile of satisfaction lighted up the waiting-woman's usually impassive features. 'So we shall get rid of you at last, shall we, you ugly, good-for-nothing old noosance,' she said aloud. 'And a precious good riddance, too, for I've had a sickener of you, and no mistake.'

It was close upon noon next day when a cab stopped at the door of Mr Henriques, a well-known picture-dealer. From it alighted

Miss Wimbush, to whom the precious 'Burgomaster' in its case was then handed by Mitcham. The dealer and the spinster were already known to each other. It was to Mr Henriques that the latter had sold the pictures bequeathed her by her father—that is to say, all save the so-called Rubens.

'Good-morning, Mr Henriques,' said Miss Wimbush as she marched into the fine-art emporium. 'It is some years since we met, but it is possible that you have not quite forgotten me.'

'I have by no means forgotten you, madam,' replied the dealer with a smile and a deferential bow. 'The reminiscences of our last interview were of too agreeable a kind to allow of my readily doing that.'

'Which means, I suppose, that you made a very agreeable profit out of your transaction with me.'

'Ah, ha?' laughed the dealer softly, with the air of a person who has just been told a good joke, and with that he drew forward a chair for his visitor. He was a little dried-up man, with a hook nose and very bright beady eyes, and with something about him that put people in mind of an ancient bird of prey.

'I have at length made up my mind to dispose of my precious Rubens,' went on the spinster—that is to say, of the portrait of the Burgomaster Van Troon by that great genius, with a view of which I favoured you on the occasion of our last meeting.'

The dealer rubbed his hands and bowed again. He was a man of many bows. 'Hem—I have not forgotten the work in question,' he remarked with a dry smile.

'I should think you have not, indeed,' said Miss Wimbush with decision. 'Well, here it is,' she added, as she proceeded to unlock the mahogany case. 'Now, examine it carefully, and then tell me how much that elastic article you call your conscience will allow you to offer me for it.' With that she planted the open case on an opposite chair, and sitting bolt upright, stared frowningly at the little dealer.

Apparently there was no need for Mr Henriques to examine it carefully; he had done that in days gone by. All he did now was to satisfy himself that it was the same picture he had seen before. Then he turned to his visitor.

'Really, madam, with all deference to you, you must permit me to say that this is not a class of article such as I am in the habit of dealing in. My patrons want originals, not copies. Still, in consideration of the fact that madam and I have done business on a prior occasion, I do not mind offering a ten-pound note for this this copy.' He spoke deferentially, but firmly.

'So, you dare to call it a copy, do you?' snapped Miss Wimbush.

The dealer bowed.—'And not a first-rate copy either, if madam will allow me to say so.'

'Well, Mr Henriques, you are right. It is a copy and a daub into the bargain; and so I made sure that nobody would think it worth stealing. Be good enough to lift it out of its case, and then take the canvas out of the frame. I have a special reason for asking this.'

Wondering somewhat, the dealer did as requested. 'Now,' said Miss Wimbush, 'although you may not be aware of it, you hold two canvases in your hands. If you will carefully separate the upper one from the lower, you will see what you will see.'

With deft fingers Mr Henriques proceeded to do as he was bidden. On the upper canvas being removed there was disclosed to view the undoubted original, of which that had been merely an inferior copy. And how immense was the difference between the two! Now for the first time one seemed to know what sort of man the Burgomaster Van Troon had really been. Such as Rubens had conceived him to be, there he was for all the world to become acquainted with. It was a face to dwell in one's memory for years (with its peaked beard, its furled gown, and its gold chain and badge of office); plain to the verge of ugliness, if one merely had regard to the features; stern and severely composed, and yet informed through and through with a spirit of high resolve and determined majesty. It may have been that the artist discerned in the face of his sitter a force of latent possibilities such as circumstances had never brought fully into play, but which yet were there, awaiting an hour which perchance might never strike, although the man himself might only be dimly aware of that which was clear to the intuition of genius.

Having placed the canvas on an easel, the dealer fell back a pace or two and drew a deep breath. He knew a masterpiece when he saw it, no man better, and for a little while he remained lost in admiration. 'Madam,' he said at length, 'we have here in verity the celebrated "Burgomaster" which has been lost to the world for so many years. I will not be so impertinent as to ask by what happy chance it came into your possession; it is enough to know that it is here. Am I to understand, madam, that it is your intention to honour me by placing this *chef-d'œuvre* in my hands with a view to finding a purchaser?'

What Mr Henriques was presently given to understand was, that Miss Wimbush had no immediate intention of disposing of the 'Burgomaster' out and out. What she wanted was an immediate advance of a thousand pounds on the security of the picture, with the proviso that should she not be in a position to repay the amount in full, with interest, by the end of a couple of years, the Rubens should in that case become the absolute property of the dealer.

After a little demur, Mr Henriques assented to the proposed terms. An agreement was thereupon drawn up, signed, and witnessed—to be stamped an hour later at Somerset House—and presently Miss Wimbush went her way, taking with her a cheque, made out to 'bearer, for one thousand pounds. Mitcham and the cab were in waiting, and from the dealer's they drove direct to the bank. The spinster's face was hidden in part by her veil, but the spasmodic twitching of her mouth did not pass unnoticed by the waiting-woman, nor the two large tears which, a few seconds later, dropped into her lap.

At the bank, Miss Wimbush changed her

cheque for notes, and was driven thence to Pendragon Square. Fairclough had left home an hour before. It would be a painful thing for Aunt Sarah to have to confess that the belief of years was irrevocably shattered, and that her cherished Rubens was condemned as an undoubted fraud, and he had no desire to be a witness of her humiliation. Besides, in his own more personal matters, he found room enough for bitter thoughts. That morning had brought him a note from Verschoyle asking him to dine with the Captain at his club on the morrow, which was equivalent to intimating that a settlement there and then between the two would be looked upon as a necessity. He was depressed and miserable. The morrow would see his home broken up; and the absolute need of coming to an understanding of some kind with Verschoyle a few hours later, weighed heavily upon him.

The street lamps had been lighted a full hour when he got back home, by which time Aunt Sarah had come and gone. Of the joyful surprise which awaited him we have no space here to tell. The sudden revulsion tried him as it had rarely been tried before. Miss Wimbush had left behind her not only money enough to enable him to settle with Captain Verschoyle, but enough to pry for the redemption of the necklace as well.

It was November before Major Stainforth put in an appearance at Pendragon Square; and when he did, it was to ask his god daughter to return him the diamond necklace and accept in lieu of it a bank-note for a thousand pounds. There had been a feud of many years' standing between himself and his sister, which had now been made up, and as a proof that it was so, he was desirous of presenting her with the necklace, which, as having at one time belonged to her mother, might almost be looked upon as hers by right.

The note had not been more than twenty-four hours in Clara's possession before the 'Burgomaster' was redeemed and carried in triumph to Pendragon Square, where for the future it found a home, Miss Wimbush, to the secret joy of Mitcham, having decided no longer to run the risk of losing, or being robbed of, so precious a possession in the course of her many journeyings to and fro.

IN SEARCH OF AN OLD CHURCH.

THE afternoon of our search for Naurowas Church was fine and warm: one half of the sky was a deep tranquil blue; the other half of pure fleecy white, in shape like an archangel's pinion. A church is not ordinarily an object to be easily overlooked in that part of Southern England where the downs slope fold after fold, like so many petrified waves, towards the Channel. There were no cliffs to shelter, no 'chines' to conceal it. On our right the view was unobstructed to the low chalk range on which Hardy's Monument is a landmark; on our left the country fell away to the Little Sea or Backwater, beyond which rose the famous Pebble Beach; while still farther off glittered the blue waters of the West

Bay. It was not until St Mildred's Chapel with its Beacon Tower began to be well defined against the western horizon, that one of the travellers ventured to express to the driver a doubt of the route he had chosen. But, as he expressed himself with all the confidence of untrammelled ignorance, the searchers relapsed into contented enjoyment of the sunny fields, hay-grows, and pastures, in some of which the steam plough was busy 'huzzin and mazin' them; while in others the haymakers were turning and tossing the late haycrop.

It was after exchanging salutations with a row of merry sunburnt children perched on a high gate, within which their elders were seated on the grass enjoying their 'four hours' rest and refreshment - it was immediately after this ovation that, descending a sharp hill and turning abruptly to our left, we entered quite unexpectedly, but not quite unannounced, into an unmistakable farmyard. Dogs barked, geese hissed, a flock of pigeons rose *en masse*, as the cab came perforce to a stand still, a five-barred gate in front of it, and no room to turn the vehicle in. Here the driver, a young fellow, with weak Champagne bottle shoulders, and a feeble flickering smile - confessed he was a stranger to these parts, but thought he had followed the direction in master had given him.

Presently, our embarrassment was relieved by a woman who appeared from an outhouse milk-pail in hand. It was like getting a view through a tunnel to catch a sight of her face in the depths of her sun-bonnet, until she shaded it up with her hand as she exclaimed: 'Narrow-seas Church! What did you do a-comin on her way for Narrow-seas Church? You do have left it miles thereway behind-like. She then opened the gate, and told the driver to drive 'um in, and turn un round-like! This being accomplished, she showered advice upon us, and our crest-fallen John, the latter part of which - 'You've only fask as you do goo; any fool ull tell ye - we acted upon religiously.

Men, women, and children were interrogated. The men mostly answered with a jerk of their shoulders and a gruff 'Down yender;' the women - Heaven bless them! - answered with a diffused politeness that generally made it necessary for them to hold on to the vehicle while they explained that there were two roads by which we might reach Narrow-seas Church; only, one possessed the drawback of being impassable for carriages. The children simply gaped wide and ran away, reminding us of a cock we once saw speeding off open-mouthed, after having dipped his beak into an egg full of mustard, artfully prepared to lure this Saturnian fowl of his trick of devouring his own offspring.

Having retraced our steps some considerable distance, we were directed to drive through a pair of iron gates set wide open, and with pillars of iron surmounted by the bent arm and clenched gauntlet that told of baronial ownership. A very short distance brought us to a row of stone-built, thatch-roofed cottages. Having descended to make inquiries for the still invisible church, we were encouraged to find that we had only to 'go forard.' Forward we accordingly went,

admiring the taste of some of the cottagers who, having scanty front gardens on which to expend their care, had planted hardy flowers on the bank on the opposite side of the road to their dwellings. After the row of cottages came a low wall topped by the green plumes and pink blossoms of the tamarisk. The wall was pierced by a locked iron gate, looking through which we at last perceived the object of our search. The herbage grew tall above the sill of the east-and-only-window; and ivy so shrouded the walls that very little masonry was visible.

Hearing a shuffling behind us, we turned, and found that an old man, in a sailor's blue serge suit, was hurrying after us, key in hand, as fast as a pair of list shippers, as large as young cradles, would permit. He had a forthright growth of silver bristles on his chin, powdered with helen-like patches of snuff; a pair of faded, watery, yet keen blue eyes; and ears that looked like nests, they were so overgrown with woolly hair. When he spoke, his voice was so hoarse and wheezy - he began and left off so abruptly - that it was as though some one capriciously 'played' him after the fashion of a barrel organ. Unlocking the iron gates, he shuffled through, and led the way round to the farther or west side, where was an arched door framed in chattering ivy. We could now perceive that the church alone was standing, the whole body of the church having vanished utterly. Pausing before opening the door, our guide pointed with his keys to a silvery streak scarcely a stone's cast away, which he told us, huskily, was the Backwater or Narrow-seas. Beyond rose the pebble terraces of the Limes Beach, one of the three examples of a natural breakwater which the world possesses. When a westerly gale is blowing, and the tide rushes with a swing round the cup-like West Bay, any unfortunate vessel that has got 'embayed' has little chance of escape. All the help the coast-guard can render is to plant a red flag, to indicate the least dangerous spot for her skipper to beach her, and to get the rocket apparatus ready.

Should the stormy waves toss the tormented pebbles hither and thither, the next tide leaves the terraces in nearly the same order as before the storm broke; yet these pebbles remain exactly graduated in size, lessening towards Sydport, as they did in the days when the smugglers landing their booty in darkness, could tell their whereabouts by the size of the stones, and could hide, and find, the 'ankers of hollands' by the same ineffaceable tokens. So much our guide told us, adding: 'There be none on ut now: wuss luck. Us used to git a drop o' summit short in thim days. Passun he do say as we's better w/out ut - us don't b'lieve ut.' He looked so aggrieved and aggressive as he said this, slapping the palm of his under hand with the keys he held in the other, that one of the travellers was moved to hope that at least he got his glass of beer now and then. If ever we saw outraged dignity depicted on a human face, it was when our guide, having sullenly fitted the key in the lock, turned it, and then himself round upon us, and said, threateningly: 'Look 'ee jere; us ain't got no fault to find w/ passun: o'ny un likes his larn tenus and his champagne, decan't un?' - and us ain't findin' no fault o' beer.

'ny ye don't git no for'arder wi' ut--ye don't git no for'arder.'

After this summary exposition, he condescended to open the door and allow us to enter the dismantled channel, dismantled of everything save some inscriptions on the floor, and some fine brasses on the walls. Looking through the arched doorway, our view was bounded by the tamarisk hedge and the beach beyond; and standing thus, we listened respectfully to the old man's tale of how sixty-eight years ago, when he was a boy of twelve, living in one of the cottages up the lane, they woke one morning— or, rather, were awakened by minute-guns from some vessel in distress in the bay; that they had heard the storm gathering in force all night, the waves in the West Bay thundering continuously against their rampart; how that the salt spray had so thickened on their lattices that they could not see through them, but that, going out into the lane to look for the vessel, they found their own lives in danger. Not only was the Backwater overflowing high-water mark, but the waves in the outer bay were showing angry crests above the top terrace of their protecting beach, while the spume was flying 'sky high.' Even as they looked, the first breach was made, and through came the waves like a pack of hungry wolves, lashed to madness by the howling blast that urged them on.

There was a stampede for the boats— flat-bottomed punts used by the men in crossing the Backwater; and in this way their lives and those of their families were saved. One after another the windows of the church were forced in, then the walls cracked, the roof heaved, and after a minute's conflict, the building yielded to its pitiless assailants, and, save the channel, not one stone was left upon another. We had noticed that not a stone marked the resting-places of the dead; these, too, had been overthrown, and for ever lost sight of beneath the rush of sand and debris that followed the final ebb of that disastrous tide.

Pointing to two grassy mounds, the old man concluded his narrative thus: 'Zee them two graves? They be of a man an's wife. Forty odd years them was married; and that marnin' as I'm a-tellin' o' you about, I seed he take she out o' a winder into a boat over yender, just a minnut afore the cottage went slap! Seed ut myself.—The vessel? d'you say? That wur the "R'yal Suvrin." The waves carr'd her slap on to the top o' the beach, and therer her stuck.—Many a one's bin grounded into matches agin our beach; but o'ny one, as I knows on, 'as bin carr'd to the top on ut and left therer.'

He paused so long that we prepared to take our departure; the sun had already taken his, and the shadows were turning on the beach to a deep purple. The old fellow had talked himself almost into geniality, to which we attributed his parting piece of advice, tinged though it was with a spice of professional jealousy: 'You kin goo and zee the Noo Church up yender, if you like; but 'tis all noo-like—open t' anybody; and no un to talk and tell 'ee nothin' about nothin.'

Accompanied by the cradles, their owner emitting an occasional gruff bar, or two to intimate he was still on duty, we returned up the lane. Our driver—his knocking knees matched

his weak shoulders—freely proffered to conduct us to the New Church, as he let down the steps of our vehicle. To his evident relief, as also to the evident gratification of our late guide, who lingered to hear the result, we declined further questing of churches, for that day at least. As we turned to give a last look, Narrowseas Church had again apparently sunk into the earth; but we could hear the lulling voice of its ancient enemy plashing rhythmically against the pebble terraces of its rampart.

DEAD LEAF GULLY.

By RICHARD HORSLEY.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—THE SQUIRE'S SILVER SERVICE.

'DEAR SERGEANT SPARKS, Come over and see me as soon as you can. Ben Drake, one of my stockmen, tells me he is positive that he recognised Flower in the town-ship yesterday; and if the latter is really in the neighbourhood, we may expect trouble before long.'

So ran a note which I received early one morning from Mr Ingram, and I lost no time in making preparations for my departure.

'Tom,' said I, hailing Foster, 'I am going over to see the Squire. There is a rumour that Flower is about again, and I must get all possible information.'

'Am I to come with you?' asked Foster.

'No; there is no necessity for that. I shall return early to-morrow morning, or to-night, if the information justifies it.'

Two or three hours later, I rode up to Toomburra, and after stabling my horse, joined the Squire in his gunroom, where he sat cleaning up his firearms.

'Why, you look as if you were preparing to give battle to a very host,' I said with a laugh as we greeted one another.

'Nothing like being in good order,' responded the Squire; 'though I hardly suppose Flower will come this way.—Still, there may be mischief brewing. It is wonderful how things get about.'

'What do you mean?' I asked. 'What has got about?'

'Well,' replied the Squire, 'as you know, my nephew has recently returned from India. He visited us here, and brought my wife as a present a very valuable silver tea and coffee service of heavy Indian workmanship, seven pieces in all, and worth, I should say, at least a couple of hundred pounds. It is not at all the sort of thing we can make any use of here, and I think of sending it over to the bank at Toogong, to be taken care of.'

'Ah! and you suppose that Flower may take a fancy to it as it is on the way.'

'No; for, as I have kept my intention to myself, he naturally can know nothing about it. But what I anticipate is that he may pay me a visit here.'

'You suppose, then, that he has got wind of your new possession?'

'Exactly. The day it arrived—rather more than a week ago—the service was laid out on

the dining-room table for general admiration, of which I can tell you it received plenty. Only ourselves were there; but suddenly I heard a noise at the window, and turning sharply round, discovered Coogee's ugly face expanded in a grin of delight.

'Coogee the aboriginal?'

'The same. Well, of course Coogee saw the silver; and nothing would satisfy him but to be allowed to come in and look at it. He handled each piece, and seemed lost in wonder at its beauty, constantly exclaiming, "Budgerie! murry budgerie!" [Good! very good!] I was extremely vexed at his inopportune appearance.'

'Do you suppose, then, Squire, that Coogee gave information to Flower?'

'Not directly. But you know how these fellows chatter. So when, yesterday, Drake confided to me his suspicions that Flower was about, I thought it high time to send for you.'

'You were quite right, Squire. Flower's greed and daring may impel him to "crack your crib," as he would call it, alone.'

'What do you propose to do, then?' asked the Squire.

'To take up my quarters here.'

'The Squire opened his mouth to speak; but I went on.

'I know that Flower may have spies about. Very likely he has; perhaps one of them has seen me come here. Very well, then; I propose that he shall see me go away again without loss of time. By the way, have you any new hands just now?'

'No,' said the Squire. 'Oh, yes, I forgot: there is one, a carpenter named Murphy, whom I engaged to do piecework. And, by Jove, it was the very day after Coogee saw the silver.'

'I thought as much. Where is this man working?'

'Close at hand, by the Warrigal's Pool. Do you think that he is in the game?'

'Yes; I do; but I mean to make sure. I want you to come out with me as far as the Pool, that I may have a good look at your new workman, and then I shall leave you.'

'But I thought you were going to stay,' said the Squire.

'You'd never do for a policeman, Squire. I laughed. 'However, leave everything to me. Just answer naturally when I speak to you, and don't be surprised at anything I may say.'

I fetched my horse from the stable, and rode to the Warrigal's Pool, the Squire walking beside me.

'There is our man,' said the Squire, pointing to a fellow who was seated on a log eating. I ran my eye swiftly over the man, who was of middle size and strongly built, with flaming red hair and beard; while his face, pock marked and freckled, was repulsively ugly. I did not recognise in him, however, one of Flower's gang.

'A new member,' I thought. 'He's no beauty, at all events.'

'So you are putting up a new hut, Squire?' I said, as we came within earshot of the man.

'Yes,' replied Mr Ingram in an easy tone;

'and Murphy here seems to be making a good job of it.'

'A new man, too, I see,' said I. - 'You don't belong round here, do you, Murphy?'

'What's that to you?' answered the man morosely. 'I ain't done nothing you can lay hold on, that you should be so partic'lar anxious about me.'

'Come, Murphy,' put in the Squire, 'don't take offence; the Sergeant meant none, I am sure.'

Murphy scowled, but gradually allowed his features to relax in a smile, which gave his face even a more sinister expression. 'Oh, I desay,' he returned; 'but peelers is curious folk, always pokin' their noses in where they're not wanted. However, I'm from the Melbourne side, if you must know.'

'Not at all; I did not wish to know particularly,' I said; and turning to the Squire, went on in a careless voice: 'So you won't let me take that stuff down to Sydney for you to-night?'

'What stuff?' it was on the tip of the Squire's tongue to say, when I stopped him by adding: 'It will be safer there than here.'

'Very likely,' assented the Squire, taking my hand; 'but it will be all right here, I have no doubt. Many thanks to you, all the same.'

'Are you really going to-night?'

'Yes,' I said, noting that Murphy was watching me hardly over the top of his pannikin, as he pretended to drink his tea. 'I have to see about a change of residence for one of my men. Oh! by the way, I nearly forgot. Have you heard about Flower?' At this Murphy started perceptibly.

'No,' said the Squire innocently. 'What about him?'

'I hear that he has crossed the border, and gone into Queensland to give the sugar-sifters a taste of his quality.'

'Really?' said the Squire. 'Well, I'm sure I hope they will manage to get hold of him before long, for he is a very dangerous pest.'

Murphy wished me good day quite civilly, as I again urged my horse into a walk; and when we were fairly out of hearing, I laughed outright. 'Bravo! Squire,' I said; 'you are getting on famously. You followed my lead quite naturally.'

'I am surprised to find myself so clever,' he said with an answering smile. 'What am I to do now?'

'Go home again, and make a wide leg to avoid Murphy.'

I did not go very far. In front of me was a thick belt of trees, and as soon as I was fairly in this, I dismounted, and after hanging up my horse, ran back to the border of the grove, whence I could command a distant view of the hut. The Squire was not in sight; but Murphy was still sitting on the log, from which he presently rose, gathered up his billy and pannikin, and went into the hut. In about ten minutes he came out again, and after a searching look all around, set off in the direction of the township.

'Ah! I was certain you were in it, my man,' I muttered, as I ran back to my horse. 'I think we shall have you now.'

'Well,' said Foster as I reined up at our quarters, 'what am I to do?'

'Mount and away to Dead Leaf Gully. Lead another horse for me along with you, and wait well out of sight till I join you. I start on the Sydney coach at six-thirty. By eight we shall be at the gully, where I shall leave the coach. It is only an hour's ride to Toomburra from there.'

Foster was soon off; and just before the coach started, I swung up beside the driver.

'Going on the down-track?' he asked cheerily.

'Yes, for a spell. Times are slack here just now; so I can get away.'

'Let 'em go, Bill,' said the driver, gathering up his reins.—'Hullo! who's that? Out of the road, dern yer, unless yer want ter be killed.' As he spoke, he flicked his whip at a man who was standing with his hand on the flank of the near wheeler. The long lash curled sharply round the man, and as he shrank back with a muttered curse, the light of the coach lamp fell upon his face, and I recognised Murphy.

'Come to see me off,' I thought gleefully. 'The plot thickens.'

To the driver's intense surprise, I got off the coach at Dead Leaf Gully, leaving him to surmise what he chose, as I knew his gossip with the passengers could do no harm. When the coach was fairly on its way again, a low whistle sounded in the scrub to my right. I answered it, and immediately afterwards I heard the tramp of horses' feet, and presently Foster came in sight.

I told him all I knew as we rode rapidly over the plains towards Toomburra; and when we reached the flat about half a mile below the house, I drew rein. 'We will off saddles here and walk up, Tom,' I said. 'That rascal Murphy may have returned, and be on the watch, for all we know. The Squire expects us, and we must get in without being seen by any one else.'

We took off the saddles, hobbled our horses, and walked quietly up the rise on the top of which the homestead of Toomburra was built. A light was burning low in the dining-room.

'Go round to the back, Tom,' I whispered, 'and wait till I let you in. Keep a sharp eye for Murphy or any one else who may be about.'

Creeping up to the veranda, I slid between the vine-covered posts, and softly hailed the Squire. 'Don't be alarmed,' I called gently. 'It is I, Sergeant Sparks. Get up presently, and put yourself between the light and me; I want to come in without being observed.'

Mr Ingram, who was reading, made no sign, but went quietly on with his book. In a moment or two, however, he rose, and taking his pipe from the mantel-piece, stood against the table, with his back to the lamp, which he thus obscured, as if looking out into the night. Seeing this, I at once dropped on all-fours, and crawled swiftly in through the French window, luckily left open on account of the heat.

'Stand as you are,' I muttered, as I crawled past him into a corner; 'and presently close the window, as though you were shutting up for the night.'

This the Squire did in the most natural way in the world. 'All fast, Sergeant,' he said in a low tone.—'But what are we to do now?'

'First of all, let in Foster, who is round at the back,' I answered, making for the passage.—'Hullo! what's that?' There was a sound of scuffling outside, a heavy fall, and then silence again. Rushing to the back door, I flung it open, and nearly fell over Foster, who was holding a man down on the ground.

'Who have you got there, Tom?' I asked, as I recovered my balance.

'Don't know,' said he. 'I found him sneaking round the door; and as he couldn't give an account of himself, I collared him. I threw him just as he was going to draw on me.'

'Quite right.—Bring him in, and let us have a look at him.'

Foster disarmed the man, and forcing him to his feet, pushed him before him into the dining-room.

'Murphy!' exclaimed the Squire in astonishment.

'Yes; I thought he would be somewhere about,' I said. 'But we are in luck's way to get hold of him like this.—You must have had a tiring day, Murphy,' I added sarcastically. 'Did you come up to the house to do a little carpentering at this late hour? Or have you done the job already?'

The Squire looked bewildered at this; but Murphy stood in sullen silence.

'Look here, my man,' I went on, changing my tone, 'the game is up for you, at all events; so you may as well tell all you know. Do this for me, and I'll do what I can for you later on. If you persist in keeping silence, you can take the consequences.'

Murphy opened his mouth as if about to speak, but hesitated.

'Come,' I urged; 'it is your best chance. You have tampered with the locks somewhere. Where is it?'

'He can't possibly have been in the house, Sergeant,' exclaimed the Squire, 'or I must have heard him.'

'He has been in the house, Mr Ingram, of that I am perfectly sure. He saw me safely away by the coach, as he thought, and then bolted back here to make his preparations. He must have had a horse hung up somewhere, or he couldn't have done it.'

At this Murphy broke out into a dolorous whine. 'I'll tell everything,' he said, 'if you'll only let me off.'

'I can't promise that,' I answered; 'but I'll try to make things as light as possible for you. It is all for your own sake, you know. We can find out everything just as well without you. Speak out now.'

'I seen the Captain,' said Murphy, after a moment's deliberation, 'about half an hour after you left by the coach. He give me my orders, and I rode over here bare-back on a colt I roped in on Fairley's paddock.'

'I told you so,' said I to the Squire.—'Well?'

'I'd larned the lay of the house since I been here,' went on Murphy, 'and I saw as one room warn't occupied. I let Flower know this; and as he thinks you're out of the way on

the Sydney road, he's going to crack the house to-night.'

'Were you to let him in?'

'No; I was to nobble the window.'

Foster left the room at a sign from me, and Murphy resumed.

'I had just finished the job, when I heard the master talking to some one; and guessin' somethin' was up, I made tracks through the window; and I'd a got clear off if I hadn't run against the trooper at the back,' he finished in an aggrieved voice, just as Foster returned.

'Well, Tom, what did you find?'

'The window-rope is cut, the sash lifted out, and the bolt screwed off the communicating door,' said Foster.

'A—Who sleeps in the next room, Squ?'

'My daughter,' answered the old gentleman, turning rather pale.

'Dinaph! It is as well we came.—Now, Murphy, is Flower coming over alone?'

'Yes. He had a squint at the house a couple of days ago, and he knows the lay of the window.'

'Where can we stow this fellow for the night, Mr Ingram?' I asked.

'He can stay here,' said the Squire: 'I will look after him.'

'Very good. You have your revolver. In he attempts to take in alarm, use it without hesitation.'

'I'll keep quiet,' protested Murphy; 'I don't want no holes let into my skin.'

'You will be quiet, at all events,' I answered, clapping a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.—'The lady in a chair, Tom.'

As Foster did so, I turned to the Squire again: 'How many servants sleep in the house?' I asked.

'None; their rooms are all outside, at the end of the covered-way.'

'So much the better. Now Miss Ingram is with her mother, I suppose?'

'Yes, in my wife's bedroom.'

'Good. The ladies can remain there. Do you go and see that the window is shut and barred; and tell Mrs Ingram and Miss Mary to go to bed and not trouble themselves at all.'

Mr Ingram went off, and I rapidly arranged a plan of action with Foster. 'You will station yourself by the open window in the spare room,' I told him, 'and I will watch on the veranda outside. When Flower comes, let him get fairly into the room, and don't touch him. I will follow hard on his heels, and we will go for him together.'

'But why don't you wait in the room as well?'

asked the Squire, who had joined us again. 'Because if he takes alarm and tries to bolt without getting in at all, I shall be there to intercept him.'

We left the room, and crossing the passage, passed through Miss Ingram's room, and entered the spare room, where we found the lower sash of the window removed and set against the wall. The window-ledge itself was about four feet from the ground, and I vaulted out with a parting word to Foster. 'Look to your revolver, Tom,' I said. 'And mind you let him well in.'

The veranda came to an end about ten feet from the window of the spare room, and I took up my post upon the former behind the last pillar, the thick creepers growing round which would have completely concealed me even in broad daylight. It was now about eleven o'clock, and everything was very still. Not a sound was heard in the house, not a rustle in the deep woods beyond. A clock in the house chimed midnight. Still dead silence. One o'clock, and no sign of Flower. It was dreary work waiting there in the darkness, and I began to long for action. Foster, I knew, must be fretting his heart out. Two o'clock.—Ah! what was that? Faintly borne on the still air, my strained ears could catch the sound of a horse shaking himself with saddle and bridle away down on the flat.

'Our man is at hand,' I thought. 'He has hung up his horse below there. He can't be very far away now.'

Ten minutes more or so of silence, and then I heard a slight rustling among the shrubs in front of the house, and sounds of stealthy feet, treading cautiously. I peered out from behind my pillar; but it was too dark to see more than a few feet away. Nearer and nearer came the footfalls. Minutes passed so slowly that they seemed like hours, and at length the strange visitor appeared, moving slowly forward, making for the west window. At last he reached it, and stood still. Were his suspicions aroused? I wondered. I held my breath, and gripping my revolver, prepared to spring, when suddenly a beam of light glowed in the darkness under the window, and the next instant the robber flashed the broad blaze of a dark-lantern into and all around the room. As instantly two reports rang out in rapid succession, and as I sprang with a bound from my hiding-place, I heard a bullet sing away over the garden, and a loud cry from Foster: 'I'm hit.'

Flower heard me coming, and turned to meet me. So short was the distance between us that our revolvers crashed together in the air, exploding harmlessly as they met. For a moment each seized and held the other's wrist as in a vice, and then, as if by tacit agreement, our revolvers were dropped to the ground, and we locked in a deadly grapple. It was no child's play. Both of us were strong and lithe and active, and we reeled and swayed hither and thither, with not a sound between us but the quick gasping breaths that broke from each in the dreadful effort to gain the vantage. But the struggle was as short as it was violent. Flower was the heavier man, and with a fierce trouble at my heart, I felt myself borne backwards to the ground, my antagonist's knee upon my chest, and his strong fingers gripping my throat and compressing my windpipe, so that to call for aid was now impossible. His dark, bearded face was close to mine, and his hot breath stifled me as he panted forth a string of furious oaths.

'Curse you!' he said. 'You've spoiled my game again, as you've done this many a time before. But it's my turn now, and I'll leave my mark on you before I go.'

The breath was nearly squeezed out of my

body; but 'half-unconscious as I was, I dimly saw a long bladed knife raised above me, and then some one leaped from the window, fell, raised himself again—crack! crack! one shot after the other, the knife clattered harmlessly to the ground. The grip on my throat relaxed, and shaking himself free, the bushranger bounded through the shrubbery before I could collect my scattered senses.

'Help!' roared Foster, for it was he who had come to my rescue so opportunely. 'Help!' he cried again, sending another shot in the direction Flower had taken; and then he reeled to and fro like a drunken man, and just as I staggered to my feet and Mr Ingram came rushing out, fell prone upon the ground.

But now the whole establishment was roused; lights flashed hither and thither, women-servants screamed at the top of their voices, and the men flocked from their quarters to learn the cause of the unusual disturbance. I knelt down by Foster and turned him over, when he opened his eyes and looked up at me.

'Safe, Sergeant?' he said faintly. 'That's right! Got a bullet in me somewhere. Couldn't get out sooner. But I hit him—I'm sure I hit!'—and he swooned again.

'Look to him, Squire,' I cried; 'and you, Drake, come with me. Flower is wounded, I know, and we may catch him yet. The horses are down on the flat. Come along!' And I raced through the garden, followed by the stockman. But before I reached the boundary fence I pulled up short, for a deep groan fell upon my ear.

'He is here somewhere,' I shouted.—'Bring along a light, Squire.'

The Squire and the men came running up with lanterns; and a few paces farther on we found Flower, shot unto death.

'Water!' he moaned as we bent over him. He was evidently at his last gasp; but one of the men hastened back to the house for some water. Long before he could return, however, a strong convulsion shook the bushranger's frame. He opened his eyes, and their last conscious look fell on me. 'The odd trick to you this time, Sergeant,' he said, and never spoke again.

CATERPILLARS IN PROCESSION.

THE extensive pine forest which covers the dunes of South-western France, stretching from the 'Bassin d'Arcachon' on the north for many miles southwards towards Biarritz, is the home of a curious Caterpillar ('*Bombyx Pythio-campa*'), of the same family as the silkworm. These insects possess a few interesting characteristics. They pass the winter in nests at the pine-tree top—very snug nests, woven around a bunch of pine needles, and large enough to accommodate a family of from fifty to two hundred.

Spring having arrived, each community leaves its winter home and prepares to set out into an unknown world. On leaving the nest, they form a procession in single file, each caterpillar in immediate communication with the one pre-

ceding and the one following it. In this manner they descend the tall pine and reach *terra firma*. From this habit they acquire the local name of 'Chenille Processionnaire,' or processional caterpillar. Their principal object now is to bury themselves in the sand; and to achieve this, some distance has often to be traversed before a spot suitable for the purpose can be found. Especially is this so when the pine-trees happen to be situated in the streets or gardens of Arcachon; and in such a case an interesting and rather amusing sight may be seen, when a procession consisting of some hundreds of the insects, and perhaps fifteen or sixteen yards in length, winds its way slowly along the road.

Let us detach two or three from the middle of the line thus dividing it into two parties—and watch the result. The last of the foremost portion, feeling the loss of his neighbour, immediately stops, and this action is communicated all along the line until the vanguard is at a stand-still. Meanwhile, the leader of the rear portion redoubles his speed, and in a short time has caught up to the foremost party, and the touch being communicated, the whole procession resumes the march with as little delay as possible. When a suitable place has been found, the party forms into a group, and by a gentle wriggling motion, digs a hole in the soft sand in which the cinyasis state is attained.

Care must be taken not to touch these caterpillars with the hand, as the hairs create a stinging rash on the skin. So poisonous, indeed, are they, that sensitive skins feel the rash during the spring, although unconscious of any direct contact with the insect.

In appearance, these caterpillars are of a dark brown or neutral colour with orange-coloured spots, and about an inch and a half in length. They are much disliked by the inhabitants of the towns and villages which they infest, who lose few opportunities of destroying them in large numbers.

AT LAST.

THE woods are sore, and the winds are grieving;
Under a sky that is angry and red,
The sea, like a tortured heart, is heaving;
Summer, and with it my dreaming, is fled.

All the roses lie crushed and broken,
Like the fair hopes that I cherished so;
Time it is our farewells were spoken;
Fate has decreed it, and I must go.

What! Are those tears through your lashes stealing?
What is 't your faltering lips would frame?
Can it be you before me low kneeling,
Brokenly, tremblingly breathing my name?

Oh, my beloved! say, say I'm not dreaming.
Let the winds rave and the wild waters glide;
Eyes full of love-light in mine are beaming;
Summer returns even more to abide.

M. HILDERWICK BROWN.

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CHILDREN AND FRIENDS:

THE warning, 'You will have much pleasure with your children whilst they are young; but beware of the *revanche*,' is a wise and a timely one. It contains a truth, which few parents of young children have adequately conceived of, and of which they, by necessity, can have had no experience. Looking backward on their own career, they may very possibly be sensible of a secret pang of remorse, because they have repaid their parents' devotion—which now they can for the first time duly estimate—with something very like ingratitude. The thought is a disagreeable one: it is humiliating to their self-esteem to have to acknowledge that it was so; it is still more galling to their self-love to imagine that the future holds in store for them the same measure they once so carelessly, so cheerfully meted out to others. 'But,' argues the fond parent, with unwonted humility, 'I was not so amiable, so good-hearted, as are my children; it is quite impossible that they should ever be other than what they are to-day—loving and obedient. Have I not denied myself hourly for them ever since they were born? Do I not give them all they ask for? yea, even anticipate their wishes—cater for them providently, give up my old friends' comfort, as well as my own, to indulge them and their young companions? They will, they must, love me as I love them, now and always.'

Now, perhaps—but always? At any rate, if they retain the feeling, the manifestations of it are concealed. All exhibition of the love, which to the young seems to *keep them young*, must carefully be avoided. Shall I never be a man? thinks the youth whose moustache is just sprouting, as he manages discreetly to evade the maternal salute. Now is the time to beware of the *revanche*: when the tie shows tension—when son or daughter manifests a desire for independent action; for amusements in which the parent cannot share; for friends he can hardly approve; for absences which he betrays an obvious re-

luctance to render an account of—hours spent the parent knows not how, or with whom. Now may he know that the hour is at hand, the *revanche* is nigh even at the door.

How shall he meet it? If he upbraid, will his words, eloquent with the bitterness of wounded feeling, fan the flickering flame of love into a steady glow again? Or, rather, is there not cause to fear that they will kindle a corresponding feeling of injustice?

'What does my father want? I have been a good son to him all my life' (nineteen years! but, true, they are *his* all of life), 'and now he would pin me always to his side. It is monstrous!'

Thus too often commences the little rift within the lute which is to make the music of life mute to the poor, bereaved, aggrieved parent. A change has begun—sometimes months of uneasy contentions, silent jars, and obscure opposition will elapse before a compromise is effected, before the parent realises the independent manhood of his son, before he concedes his right to independent action. Or it may take place more summarily. This is more especially the case with a daughter. From babyhood she has been the pride and joy of her father's heart, his chosen sweet companion in later years. She leaves her home on a visit, as unsuspecting of the coming change as he himself. She returns; and a subtle veil has fallen between them. She is as good, as sweet, as dear as ever; but there is a locked chamber in her mind into which he may not enter. The eager interest she was wont to manifest in all his affairs is not dead, only languishing. She is shy, remote, dreamy, and—most unusual thing with her—self-absorbed. There follows an explanation, perhaps, and a new development. She is 'engaged'; and though her father may have nothing tangible to advance against 'that man!' he almost hates him for daring to rob him of a treasure so dear that his eyes smart with unaccustomed brine as he contemplates his loss. It is over; and she has passed out of his life, unconscious of, or only half suspecting, the

depth of the wound she has inflicted. With such a new absorbing interest in life, amid new scenes, she will, nevertheless, now and again, as the twilight falls, give a sigh to 'poor father.' Possibly, she will sit down and write him so loving a letter as shall tear open the wound he was fain to fancy healing. This is not so bad an ending: they are still father and child; and when she brings home her first-born, he will, as he dandles his grandchild on his knee, probably cease to regret the past, and acquiesce in the future.

There may be—there are—many worse endings than this, and it must be owned that it lies more with the parents than the children to effect an improvement. To take time by the forelock in changing the nature of the relationship is a difficult task even for a skillful and willing senior. And nothing short of changing the nature of the relationship will answer, if the parent be desirous not only of avoiding heart-burnings and rebellion open or secret, but of securing in their place loyalty and love. It is nature that is inaugurating the change. To note the turning-point of time, when the child is fit to be treated as man or woman, when they are ripe to be consulted—to be advised with as friends, rather than to be directed and controlled from the parental pedestal this is the crucial test where a wise insight, a self-effacing foresight, will manifest itself. If we see a son or daughter snatching at the authority the parent tenaciously retains, or reluctantly concedes, then we know that that parent has missed marking the hour that tolled the knell of his departing sovereignty. And years may then be required to readjust the sense of injustice on the one side, of rebellion on the other, or it may even never be readjusted in this life.

Gradually, and almost imperceptibly, to evolve the friend from the child—to let him see how you have worked, do work, and will work for him—to invite his co-operation in the aims and objects of your own life, not by giving him premature authority over old servants—not by putting him, all unripe for it, into a position of power, but by obtaining his intelligent assent to your undertakings, or by manifesting a like interest in his affairs. It is imperative, because natural, that the change must come; yet so gradual and so subtle are time's workings, that our children are growing up, ourselves growing old, our authority on the wane, before we consent—too often to acknowledge either the one or the other. It may be that in our self-satisfaction we have overlooked the yearnings for emancipation working beneath our eyes; that we are only roused to the uneasy consciousness that things are not as they were, when it is already too late to alter the drift of circumstances. Then to abdicate as gracefully as we can is all that remains for us, not bitterly, and with stinging, long-remembered words of contumely, to fling our sceptre from us, but softly to step aside from our throne, give one parting glance to the childhood we have loved so well; and then courteously take by the hand and welcome this well-known stranger-guest, who is henceforward our most honoured inmate, but our 'child' no longer.

So dear, so sweet, has been the relationship, that we may be pardoned if we find it hard to

show it to the door ourselves, and bid God speed it, and then extend a welcoming hand to the new-comer. Yet it is but a passing trial; he, the new-comer, forgetful of the past, though probably silent about it, feels keenly his new-born freedom, and rejoices in the dignity of his manhood. Let the wise parent allow him to wear it ungalled by any sneers at the gloss of his new raiment; let no notice be taken of the, perhaps, exaggerated gravity with which he bears himself; let, we say, the kindly parent turn a deaf ear, a blind eye, to all those symptoms of an untried actor on the stage of life; and, depend upon it, the novice will not only quickly lose his awkwardness, but will always retain a grateful sense of the help that prompted his inexperience, covered his mistakes, and supported his uneasy self-tormenting doubts with the soothing aspect of quiet respect.

To sneer at youth aping the ways of his elders—to ridicule his pompous simplicity, is as easy as it is fatal—fatal, that is, if we wish to change the child into the friend. Every year, alas! takes from us something of our virile vigour; sooner or later, we must exchange the proud position of protector for the humbler one of the protected; yet, let us pause ere we grieve that our beloved ones are a-coming in their turn with pride the position which fate and nature alike are conspiring to force upon them. We should joy to see our sons publicly high in honour and in place; let us not grudge them privately the fulfilment of an honourable duty, the remembrance of which will be to them a lasting source of happiness long after we have ceased to thank them for its due performance.

To make of a beloved child a tender friend is one of the highest aims which a man can put before himself as a part of the great art of life.

AT MARKET VALUE.

CHAPTER IX.—BY THE RUC. ADRIATIC.

APRIL in Venice, young ladies aver, is 'just too lovely for anything.' And Rufus Mortimer utilised one of its just too lovely days for his long-deferred project of a picnic to the Lido.

Do you know the Lido? 'Tis that long natural bulwark, 'the bank of sand which breaks the flow of Adria towards Venice,' as Shelley calls it; it stretches for miles and miles in a narrow belt along the mouth of the lagoons; on one side lies the ocean, and on one the shallow pool of millbanks and canals. This is the only place near Venice, indeed, where a horse can find foothold; and on that account, as well as for the sake of the surf-bathing, it is a favourite resort of Venetians and visitors in spring and summer. The side towards the lagoon rises high and dry, in a sort of native breakwater, like the lofty Chesil Beach that similarly cuts off the English Channel from the shallow expanse of the Fleet in Dorsetshire; its opposite front descends in a gentle slope to the level of the Adriatic, and receives on its wrinkled face the thunderous billows of that uncertain main, Horace's 'turbulent Adria.'

Hither, then, Rufus Mortimer brought his guests and friends one bright April morning, when the treacherous sea was sleeping calmly like a child, and no breath of wind from the Dalmatian hills disturbed the tranquil rest of its glassy boom.

They crossed over partly in Mortimer's own private gondola, partly in a hired *barca*—a hen-coop, as Arnold Willoughby irreverently called it—from the steps of the Molo. As they passed out of the harbour, the view behind them rose even lovelier than usual. That is the way to see Venice; its front door is the sea; it breaks upon one full face as one looks at it from the Lido. We who arrive at it nowadays by the long and tedious railway embankment over the shallow lagoon hardly realise that we are entering the city of the Doges by its back door. We come first upon the slums, the parliers, the ghetto. But the visitor who approaches the Bridge of the Adriatic for the first time by sea from Trieste or Alexandria sees it as its makers and adorners intended he should see it. As he draws nigh shore, the great buildings by the water's edge rise one after another before his enchanted eye. He sees Fortuna on her golden ball above the Doges di Mare; he sees the Doges' Palace with its arcade and its loggia; he sees the clustered cupolas and spires of St Mark's; he sees the quaint volutes and swelling dome of Santa Maria della Salute. Then, as he nears the Molo, the vast panorama of beauty opens upon him at once in all its detail: the Bridge of Signs, the famed Lion Column, St Mark's on his crocodile, St Mark on his airy pinnacle, the Piazzetta, the Piazza, the Campanile, the Clock Tower. He lands by the marble steps, and finds himself face to face with the gorgeous pile of Sanseverino's library, the facade of the great church, the porphyry statues, the gold and alabaster, the blaze of mosaics, the lavish waste of sculpture. With a whirling head, he walks on through it all, amazed, conscious of nothing else save a phantasmagoria of glory, and thanking Heaven in his heart that at last he has seen Venice.

This was the view upon which the occupants of Rufus Mortimer's gondola looked back with delighted eyes that April morning. But this was not all. Behind and above it all, the snow-capped chain of the Tyrolean Alps and the hills of Cadore rose fairy-like in a semicircle. Their pencilled hollows showed purple; their peaks gleamed like crystal in the morning sun. Cloudless and clear, every glen and crag pinked out by the searching rays, they stood silhouetted in pure white against the solid blue sky of Italy. In front of them, St Mark's and the Campanile were outlined in dark hues. 'Twas a sight to rejoice a painter's eyes. Arnold Willoughby and Kathleen Hessegrave sat entranced as they looked at it.

Nothing rouses the emotional side of a man's nature more vividly than to gaze at beautiful

things with a beautiful woman. Arnold Willoughby sat by Kathleen's side and drank it all in delighted. He half made up his mind to ask her that very day whether, if he ever could succeed in his profession, she would be willing to link her life with a poor marine painter's.

He didn't mean to make her Lady Axminster. That was far from his mind. He would not have cared for those 'whose mean ambition aims at palaces and titled names,' as George Meredith has phrased it. But he wanted to make her Mrs Arnold Willoughby.

As they crossed over to the Lido, he was full of a new discovery he had made a few days before. A curious incident had happened to him. In hunting among a bundle of papers at his lodgings, which his landlady had bought to tie up half-kilos of rice and macaroni, he had come, it appeared, upon a wonderful manuscript. He hardly knew him off at the time how important this manuscript was to become to him hereafter; but he was full of it, all the time, as a singular discovery.

'It' written in Italian, he said to Kathleen; 'that's the funny part of it; but still, it seems, it's by an English sailor; and it's immensely interesting—a narrative of his captivity in Spain and his trial by the Inquisition, for standing up like a man to Her Grace's claim to the throne of England.

'What's the date of it?' Kathleen asked, not knowing or not caring the special Elizabethan tinge of that phrase Her Grace, instead of Her Majesty.

'Oh, Elizabeth, of course,' Arnold answered lightly. 'Such a graphic story!—And the queerest part of it all is, it's written in cipher.

'Then how did you make it out?' Kathleen asked, admiringly. To her mind, it seemed a perfectly astonishing fact that any man should be able to decipher such a thing for himself by mere puzzling over it.

'Why, easily enough,' Arnold answered with a smile; 'for happily I took it for granted, since I found it in Italy, the language was Italian; so I soon spelt it out. Those sixteenth-century people always made use of the most simple ciphers. Almost foolishly simple. Any child could read them.'

Kathleen looked up at him with profound admiration. For her own part, she couldn't imagine how on earth it could be done. 'How wonderful!' she exclaimed. 'You must show it to me some day. And it's interesting, is it? I should love to see it.'

'Yes, it's interesting,' Arnold answered. 'As interesting as a novel. A perfect romance. Most vivid and amusing. The writer was a man named John Collingham of Norfolk, the owner and skipper of an English barque; he was taken by the Spaniards off Cape Finisterre, and thrown into prison for six months at Cadiz. Afterwards, he escaped, and made his way to Venice, where he wrote this memorial in cipher to the Council of Ten, whom he desired to employ him; but what became of him in the end I haven't yet got

to. It takes some time to decipher the whole of it.'

That was all for the moment. More important concerns put the manuscript afterwards for a time out of Kathleen's head; though in the end she had good reason indeed to remember it. However, just then, as soon as they landed, Rufus Mortimer hurried her off to admire the view from the top of the Lido; and he took excellent care she should have no other chance that day of private conversation with Arnold Willoughby.

They lunched *al fresco* on the summit of the great bank, looking down on the sea to the right, and the long stretch of the shallow lagoon to the left, with the distant towers of Venice showing up with all their spires in the middle distance, and the jagged range of snowy Alps gleaming white in the background. As soon as they had finished, Rufus Mortimer managed to get Kathleen to himself for a quiet stroll along the sea-beach. The sand was hard and firm, and strewn with seaweed; here and there a curled sea-horse lay tossed up by the tide; and innumerable tiny shells glistened bright like pearls on the line of high-water.

Kathleen felt a little shy with him. She guessed what was coming. But she pretended to ignore it, and began in her most conventional society tone: 'Have you heard that Canon Valentine and his wife are coming out here to Venice next week to visit us?'

Mortimer gazed at her with a comic little look of quizzical surprise. He had got away alone with her after no small struggle, and he meant to make the best of this solitary opportunity. 'Have I heard that Canon Valentine and his wife are coming?' he asked with a sort of genial satire in his voice. 'Now, do you think, Miss Hessegrave, I planned this picnic to the Lido to-day, and got off with you alone here, for nothing else but to talk about that bore, Canon Valentine, and that stick of a wife of his?'

'I—I really don't know,' Kathleen feltered out demurely.

Mortimer gazed at her hard. 'Yes, you do,' he answered at last, after a long deep pause. 'You know it very well. You know you're playing with me. That isn't what I want, and you can see it, Miss Hessegrave. You can guess what I've come here for. You can guess why I've brought you away all alone upon the sands.' He trembled with emotion. It took a good deal to work Rufus Mortimer up, but when once he was worked up, his feelings ran away with him. He quivered visibly. 'Oh, Miss Hessegrave,' he cried, gazing wildly at her, 'you must have seen it long since. You can't have mistaken it. You must have known I loved you! I've as good as told you so over and over again, both in London and here; but never till to-day have I ventured to ask you. I didn't dare to ask, because I was so afraid you'd say me nay. And now it has come to this, I *must* speak. I *must*. I can't keep it back within myself any longer.'

Every woman is flattered by a man's asking for her love, even when she means to say no outright to him; and it was something for Kathleen to have made a conquest like this of the American millionaire, whom every girl in Venice was eager to be introduced to. She felt it as such. Yet she drew back, all tremulous. '—

'Please, don't, Mr Mortimer,' she pleaded, as the American tried hard to seize her vacant hand. 'I—I wish you wouldn't. I know you're very kind; but I don't want you to take it.'

'Why not?' Mortimer asked, drawing back a little space and gazing at her earnestly.

'Because,' Kathleen answered, finding it hard indeed so to phrase her feelings as not unnecessarily to hurt the young man's, 'I like you very much—as a friend, that is to say—but I could never love you.'

'You *thought* you could once,' Mortimer replied, with a face of real misery. 'I could see you thought it once. In Venice here, last year, you almost hesitated; and if your mother hadn't shown herself so anxious to push my interest with you, I really believe you would have said yes then to me.—What has made the difference now? You must; you must tell me.'

'I hardly know myself,' Kathleen answered truthfully.

'But I *must* hear it,' the American answered, placing himself in front of her in an eager attitude. He had all the chivalrous feeling of his countrymen towards women. Rich as he was, he felt, and rightly felt, it was a great thing to ask such a girl as Kathleen Hessegrave for the gift of her heart; and having wound himself up to make what for him was that fatal plunge, he must know the worst forthwith; he must learn once for all then and there whether or not there was any chance left for him. So he stood with clasped hands repeating over and over again: 'You *must* tell me, Miss Hessegrave. I have a right to know. The feeling I bear towards you gives me a claim to know it.'

'I can't tell you myself,' Kathleen replied, a little faltering, for his earnestness touched her, as earnestness always touches women. 'I shall always like you very much, Mr Mortimer, but I can never love you.'

'Do you love somebody else, will you tell me that?' the young man asked, almost fiercely.

Kathleen hesitated, and was lost. 'I—I don't know myself, Mr Mortimer,' she answered feebly.

Mortimer drew a long breath. 'Is it Willoughby?' he asked at last, with a sudden turn that half-frightened her.

Kathleen began to cry. 'Mr Mortimer,' she exclaimed, 'you have no right to try to extort from me a secret I have never told yet to anybody—hardly even to myself. Mr Willoughby is nothing more than a friend and a companion to me.'

But the American read her meaning through her words, for all that. 'Willoughby?' he cried.

'Willoughby! It's Willoughby who has supplanted me. I was half afraid of this.' He paused irresolute for a moment. Then he went on much lower. 'I ought to hate him for this, Miss Hessegrave; but somehow I don't. Perhaps it isn't in my blood. But I like him and admire him. I admire his courage. I admire your courage for liking him. The worst of it is, I admire you, too, for having the simple honesty to prefer him to me under all the circumstances. I know you are doing right; I can't help admiring it. That penniless man against American millions! But you have left my heart poor. Oh, so poor! so poor! There was one thing in

life upon which I had fixed it; and you have given that to Willoughby; and, Miss Hessegrave, I can't even quarrel with you for giving it!"

Kathleen leant forward towards him anxiously. "Oh, for Heaven's sake," she cried, clasping her hands, "don't betray me, Mr Mortimer. I have never breathed a single word of this to him, nor he to me. It was uncanny of you to find it out. I ask you, as a woman, keep it, keep it sacred; for my sake, I beg of you!"

Mortimer looked at her with the intensest affection in his eyes. He spoke the plain truth: that woman was the one object in life on which he had set his heart; and without her, his wealth was as worthless dross to him. "Why, Miss Hessegrave, he answered, 'what do you think I am made of? Do you think I could surprise a woman's secret like that, and not keep it more sacred than anything else on earth? You must have formed indeed a very low opinion of me. I can use this knowledge but for one aim and end—to do what I can towards making Willoughby's path in life a little smoother and easier for him. I wished to do so for his own sake before; I shall wish it a thousand times more for your sake in future."

Tears stood in his eyes. He spoke earnestly, seriously. He was one of those rare men who rise far above jealousy. Kathleen was touched by his attitude: what woman would not have been? For a moment she half regretted she could not answer him *yes*. He was so genuinely in love, so deeply and honestly grieved at her inability to love him. On her own accord she took his hand. "Mr Mortimer," she said truthfully, "I like you better this minute than I have ever liked you. You have spoken like a friend; you have spoken like a gentleman. Few men at such a moment could have spoken as you have done. Believe me, indeed, I am deeply grateful for it."

"Thank you," Mortimer answered, brushing his tears away shamelessly. Americans are more frank about such matters than we self-restrained Britons. "But, oh, Miss Hessegrave, after all, what poor comfort that is to a man who asks your love, who loves you devotedly!"

They turned with one accord, and wandered back along the sands in silence towards the rest of the party. So far as Rufus Mortimer was concerned, that picnic had been a dead failure. 'Twas with an effort that he managed to keep up conversation the rest of the afternoon with the "mamas" of the expedition. His heart had received a very heavy blow, and he hardly sought to conceal it from Kathleen's observant vision.

Sad that in this world what is one man's loss is another man's gain. Arnold Willoughby, seeing those two come back silent from their stroll along the sands together, looked hard in Kathleen's face and then in Mortimer's—and read the whole history. He felt a little thrill of pleasure course through his spine like a chill. "Then he has asked her," Arnold thought; "and she—she has refused him. Dear girl, she has refused him! I can trust her, after all. She prefers the penniless sailor to the richest man this day in Venice!"

It is always so. We each of us see things from our own point of view. Any other man would have taken it in the same way as Arnold Willoughby. But Kathleen went home that

evening very heavy at heart for her American lover. He was so kind and true, so manly and generous, she felt half grieved in her heart she couldn't have said *yes* to him.

(To be continued.)

COAL WORKING IN SCOTLAND IN FORMER DAYS.

So much has Coal now become one of the necessities of life both in respect of our homes and our industries, that one wonders how the world got on so long without it. In Scotland in earlier days our fuel was peat and wood, as in some places it is yet, and these, from their value, were then almost as carefully preserved by charter right as the land itself. It was not until the commencement of the thirteenth century that coal was known to exist in Scotland, its first discovery being due to the denuding effect of the sea on the coast of East Lothian. Here, on the southern shore of the Firth of Forth, between Pinkie and Prestonpans, on land then belonging to the monks of Dunfermline, the valuable carboniferous strata were first disclosed. Indeed, it is to these monks and then neighbouring brethren of Newbattle that the credit belongs of first working this mineral in Scotland. And wrought thus early it must have been, as we find in 1275 that coals were supplied to the castle of Berwick at the royal expense, and that probably from the 'coal leugh' of Tyntun, which appears to have been one of the first, if not itself the earliest working colliery in Scotland. From time to time the royal accounts show that coal was occasionally supplied both to the king's palaces and to the Parliament House.

Before the end of the fifteenth century, not a few landed proprietors had become alive to the increased value of their estates through the existence of coal upon them, and by that time, among other places, there were collieries in active operation at Dysart, Reres, Largo, and Newton-Makinch in Fife, at Bennington in Linlithgowshire, and at Stewarton in the county of Ayr. The following century saw them greatly multiplied, especially along the shores of the Firth of Forth, and a very large amount of capital for these times sunk in the workings. Not a few lands, indeed, mortgaged their estates to provide the means of developing the coal, in the hope of thereby ultimately benefiting their fortunes. Most of the collieries on the Forth were what were known as Water-coal leughs; that is, they were sunk below the water-level, and required constant attention to keep the workings clear. In a Report made in 1608 on collieries at Alloa, Girth, Sauchie, and Carriden, it is stated that some of these had already cost their owners above fifty thousand merks—equal to about £3000 sterling money of that time—and that the maintaining of their water-engines alone cost no less than from fifteen to thirty pounds sterling every week.

The common form of these water-engines when in Scotland was that of an endless chain,

to which a series of buckets was attached. These dipped into the 'sumph' at the bottom of the shaft, and emptied themselves over the windlass into a conduit at the top. But half the contents of each bucket was usually spilled ere it reached the top; and if a single bolt of the chain gave way, as occasionally happened, the whole crashed down to the bottom to irremediable destruction. Sometimes hand-labour wrought these engines; generally, the motive-power was supplied by a horse-gin. But the more enterprising proprietors where it was possible erected a water-wheel. This sometimes, however, appears to have given offence, as throwing men and horses out of work, and vengeance was taken on the innovator. Such a case was that of the laird of Carnock in Fife, whose mine was flooded and destroyed by an ill-conditioned neighbouring proprietor, who, with the assistance of some others, dammed up the water in the lade and turned it into the mine. The same mischievous trick was also perpetrated upon others.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century the collieries on the Forth carried on a large and remunerative export trade. King James VI., in furtherance of his policy of Scotland for the Scots, made several efforts to stop it, and laws were enacted against the export of coal; but it was deemed inexpedient to enforce them. After he went to England, however, he made another attempt. Writing to his ministers in Scotland—whom he as effectually dragooned by letters from his Court in St James's as if he had been in their midst—he instructed them to stop this export trade, and keep Scotch coal for Scotch folk, or, at least, not to supply any strangers beyond their neighbours of England. To this the coal-owners naturally demurred, and assigned as their reasons that the home demand was really so small that almost any one of the Forth collieries could meet it, and most of them had large stocks on hand; that they had been at great expense in working the coals, and were continually so in keeping down the water; were they not to export, they could not sell sufficient coals to cover one-half of the cost of doing this alone, and the stoppage of the engines for three nights only would irretrievably drown their pits. This, of course, was represented to the king; but he only insisted the more, and did not hesitate to call his ministers simple and weak to allow themselves to be gulled with the plausible arguments of a few interested partisans, instead of looking broadly at the interests of the whole country. And as for argument—well, he would give them argument in return. 'Do not the coals daily decay? and there is no hope of any sudden new growth of them. You refuse the export of tallow and wool; but these will grow again. Consider what the state of the country will be when these coals are exhausted. As for the want of a market, I bring,' he says, 'my own supply of coals from Scotland, and so do my nobles. If your coals were sent here, they would sell quicker than anywhere else, and it would preserve the woods from being

destroyed. We have a sufficient market here, in England, I assure you, for whatever quantity of coals Scotland can spare after supplying its own wants. Why, if you had an eye to your own advantage, you might make a large gain out of the business, and not only maintain your ships, but profitably employ a large number of your seamen. Look at Newcastle! Its industry speaks strongly against you, though you have greatly spoiled its trade. Foreigners find that they can get their coals free of duty in the Forth, and they no longer come to the Tyne, where they have to pay a duty, and so my revenue suffers. The dearth of coal is very great in England, and those who would hinder the restraint of the export in these circumstances are enemies to the commonwealth.' Then the king adds, in a post-script written with his own hand: 'It is a shameful thing that the private gain of some two or three persons should be put in balance not only with the weale of that whole kingdom, but even of this whole yle; and I wonder how any doubt can be maid of the venting of than coills, since coills are at this instant almost unbuyable for dearth.' But his letter, which is dated 28th April 1609, produced no effect save that shortly afterwards a duty was imposed on all coals exported from Scotland.

For the most part, the land-owners at that time themselves wrought the coal, but there were exceptions to this. There is one here in existence so far back as 1573 in connection with the Gilmerton coal-district of Mid-Lothian. The adjoining estate of Melville was then in the possession of James, fourth Lord Ross, and his wife, Jean Semple, and they leased the working of the coal over their lands of Easter and Wester Melville for two years to a Gilmerton man, John Heton. He contracted, after finding the coal, to set eight colliers to work upon it, and they are to be partners with him in the expenses and profits of the undertaking. The lessors, however, are to bear half of the expense of the works, and to find the workers in quarrying mells and picks, wedges, ropes, tools, wheels, beams or swivels, and buckets, as required; and are to receive, beside their share of the coal won, three dozen loads yearly for the use of their house.

The co-operative or profit-sharing idea appears thus early in coal-mining. There is nothing to show what was the ordinary status of colliers about this period, but doubtless it was that of ordinary workmen. It was in the first decade of the seventeenth century that the cruel edict was framed which reduced the Scottish collier to the position of a serf or a slave. By that Act, workmen in mines, whether miners, pickmen, winding-men, firemen, or in any other service of the mine, were prohibited from leaving that service either in hope of greater gain or of greater ease, or for any other reason, without the consent of the coal-owner, or of the Sheriff of the County; and any one receiving a runaway into his service and refusing to return him within twenty-four hours was to be fined one hundred pounds Scots. In this slavery the family of the miner was involved. A concrete instance of this is afforded in a

letter by the fourth Earl of Wemyss, an extensive coal-owner at that time in Fife, which was written to his factor in 1751. In requiring him to bring back 'stragled coalliers,' he says: 'The moment a coallier leaves his work, he ought to be sent after immediately, otherwise it gives him time to gett into England, where he can never be recover'd. . . . Beside the coalliers, their children should be all lookt after, and sett to work below ground when capable, and not allow'd to hir'd cattle or go to service, as many of them have done, and I wish may not be the case as yett. And if you see it for my benefit and that there's work and room for more people below ground, why don't you gett some of Balbirny's coalliers, who are now in different parts of the country and nobody's property? Pray, are Alexander Leslie's and Thomas Lumsden's children now working at the coal-work?' Twenty-five years later, an Act of Parliament was passed for freeing coalliers and salter from this 'state of slavery or bondage,' but before it could be made effectual, another quarter of a century elapsed, and a new Act was required in 1799. Perhaps, however, the heaviest part of the bondage was that endured by the females of the coalliers' family, who carried the coal on their backs from the working face to the hill, and whose grueling labour is only now remembered in tradition. Steam and mechanical appliances have wrought as mighty a revolution and expansion in the industry as in most others.

Though the output of a decade now may be said to equal almost all that was won of the Scottish coal during all the century preceding the nineteenth, our coal supply is still good for centuries to come. True, indeed, was the pedant monarch's remark that there is 'no hope of any sudden new growth;' but, so far as the present is concerned, there is more to fear from the paralysis in other industries occasioned by the unhappy conflicts now so frequent between the capital and labour engaged in the winning of coal in Scotland.

DEAD LEAF GULLY.

PART II.—FLOWER'S TREASURY.

ONE night, about a month after the death of Flower and the subsequent dispersion of the gang he had led, and which had held together so long under his able generalship, I was playing a game of chess with Foster, who had very nearly recovered from the effects of the nasty flesh-wound he had received during the fight.

'Tom,' I said, as we refilled our pipes at the conclusion of the game, and sat down for a yarn, 'I wonder where Flower hid all the treasure he must have accumulated.'

'Ah! "and wouldn't you like to know?"' answered Foster, quoting the old song.

'I should indeed. If you and I were worth our salt, we ought to have found it long ago.'

'I shouldn't wonder but one might hear something of it at Maginty's,' said Foster, naming the proprietor of a low bush inn.

'I dare-ay. I'll look in there some day on the chance of it.'

Foster took his pipe from his mouth and considered me. 'You have got some plan in your head, I know,' said he at last.

'I have; but it has been simmering there so long that it may as well remain where it is a little longer before I bring it out for your benefit.'

One evening, about a week later, when Foster was alone, an evil-looking 'sundowner,' or tramp, suddenly entered the room, and seating himself without ceremony, coolly demanded a fill of tobacco.

'Well,' gasped Foster, rising to his feet, 'of all the confounded cheek! Here, out you go! Double quick!'

'I've as much right in this room as you have, Tom Foster,' said the tramp calmly.

Foster stepped back in astonishment, stared a minute, and then burst into a shout of laughter. 'You!' he cried. 'Sergeant!'

'Yes; I answered, "even I. I am pleased to find that you did not know me."

'Know you!' echoed Foster. 'I should think not, till you spoke in your natural voice. Why, your own mother wouldn't know you.'

'That's all right, then. I am glad the disguise is so perfect; I will say it on the Squire to-morrow.'

'What for?' asked Foster. 'I suppose you have a reason?'

'A very good one. I am going to try and find Flower's treasury, I replied. "But sit down and listen for ten minutes." And, much to Foster's satisfaction, I unfolded to him my plan.

'Splendid!' he exclaimed when I had finished. 'I think it will work beautifully. And I am getting stronger every day.'

'No row complete without Tom Foster,' I laughed. 'I waited till you were on the mend; but I've had the idea for some time.'

Next day, I was up and away before any one was stirring in the township, and early in the forenoon reached the boundary of Tomblana, where I encountered Mr Ingram riding alone.

'Morning, sir,' I said in a whining voice.

The Squire pulled up. 'What do you want?' he asked sharply.

'Want a job, sir, if so be as you've got one goin'.'

The Squire hesitated. He was chary of strangers after his experience of Murphy. But his habitual good-nature won the day, and he inquired in a milder tone: 'What can you do, my man?'

'Well, Squire,' I said in my own voice, being now satisfied that my disguise was impenetrable. 'I can run you up a shearers' shed, if you like.'

The Squire started. 'Sergeant Sparks!' he exclaimed in astonishment. 'What are you masquerading in that dress for?'

'Not for nothing, Squire, you may believe me. However, I really do wish you to take me on as an odd hand for a while. If I seem rather neglectful of my work, you need not be surprised; and if you hear that your new man spends a good deal of time at Maginty's, you may abuse him to your heart's content.'

'I see,' said the Squire; 'this is all in the way of business.—But how well you have disguised yourself. However did you conceal your scar?'

'It was difficult,' I admitted; 'but you see I managed it.'

'Yes, most wonderfully.'

The scar to which the Squire referred had indeed given me a good deal of trouble before I hit on a way to conceal it. It was the result of a slash with a knife, received at close-quarters in my second year of service; and the peculiar shape it had assumed, something like an old-fashioned *f*, and the length of it, running as it did from the inner corner of the right eye well 'out upon the cheek-bone, seemed to preclude the possibility of my assuming any disguise which this remarkable cicatrix would not render unavailing with any one who had ever seen me. At last, however, by a judicious arrangement of flesh-coloured sticking-plaster, Armenian bole, and a touch of mother-earth, I so obliterated the troublesome scar as to induce the belief in my mind that the plan I had formed was a feasible one: a conclusion which the effect of my disguise upon Foster and Mr Ingram seemed fully to justify.

For the next fortnight I worked at odd jobs about the Toomburra homestead, putting in an occasional daily, and a regular nightly, appearance at Maginty's, and leaving to Foster the task of accounting for my absence to any one who might be inquisitive enough to ask after me. The loafers about Maginty's, never very particular, were ready enough to fraternise with me, the more particularly when they found that I was able and willing to stand them drinks out of what they supposed to be an advance of wages which I had received from the Squire. Meantime, my disguise worked admirably. I was gaining for myself a most unsavoury reputation, and the Squire, acting on my hints, inveighed against me in round terms, and more than once threatened me with dismissal unless I altered my habits.

Matters were at this pass, when one evening, making my way as usual from Toomburra to Maginty's, I heard rough voices on the road behind me; and I drew behind a thick bush in order to get a good look at the travellers. There were two. The shorter of them was a slim, wiry, ferret-faced fellow, with a not unpleasant expression; but his companion, a burly, broad-shouldered man of nearly six feet in height, was low-browed and malevolent-looking, while a thick black beard and long dark locks, which fell almost to his shoulders, lent him a somewhat piratical air. The two were conversing in low, but perfectly audible tones.

'It's worth the risk,' Ferret-face was saying, 'if you're sure you can find it. And then California for me.'

'I can find it right enough, if it's where it was,' answered Blackbeard. 'There was only me and Bill and him that's gone as knew where it was. You may cut the country if you want; but I'll cross over to'—The rest of the sentence I failed to catch.

My first idea was to hurry after the men and join myself to them; but on second

thoughts, as I felt sure I should find them at Maginty's later on, I sat down and lit my pipe and began to think the matter over. Neither of the men was known to me by sight, nor was there any particular reason why I should connect them with the surviving members of Flower's gang. Still, the fragment of their conversation which I had overheard left room for this suspicion.

'I will make one more effort to night to solve the riddle,' I said to myself. Then rising, I shook the ashes from my pipe, and rapidly took my way, not towards Maginty's, but in the direction of the township.

It was quite dark by the time I arrived there, and I stole to my quarters, and gave a preconcerted signal, which brought Foster out to join me. I lost no time in giving him instructions, and, after touching up my disguise afresh, especially that tell-tale scar on my face, I hurried off to Maginty's inn, which lay some three miles down the road. The door was shut when I got there, which struck me as something unusual; and, moreover, in response to my knock, Maginty's shock head was thrust forth, and he roughly demanded who was there.

'It's only me, Mac,' I said, as I passed in through the door. 'Wot are yer so fly about? Is anything up?'

He made no verbal answer, but winked towards a corner of the room, when, to my great satisfaction, I saw the two men who had passed me on the bush-track.

Now, it is certain that Maginty was a rascal; but he was also a very cautious one. I suspected, however, that he knew something of the two men I was after; so I determined to pump him, and to this end advanced to the bar. 'Give us a nobbler, Mac,' I demanded; and then, with a glance towards the two men: 'Are they on the lay?'

'I spect so,' answered Maginty. 'Don't know what it is; but it must be somethin' big to make Jem Stiles and Frank Burton try this line.'

'Why?' said I. 'Is it hot round here?'

'Was a while ago, any way,' replied the innkeeper with another knowing wink.

This was quite enough for me. The only rumour of any importance for some time back had been that with Flower's gang, of which I now felt pretty certain that the two men in the corner had been members, possibly obscure ones. My next move, therefore, was to get into conversation with them, so, glass in hand, I walked over to where they sat. 'Evenin', mates,' I said; 'I'll shout when ye're empty.'

The ferret-faced man made an almost imperceptible sign to Maginty, which, however, I both perceived and understood. The latter responded in his usual manner with a wink.

Having thus been assured that my right to consort with rogues was undeniable, the slim man grinned genially at me. 'That's soon done,' he exclaimed as he tossed off his glass. 'Brandy for me.'

As Maginty set the glasses before us, I threw down a sovereign. 'Keep the change, Mac, for drinks, and tell us when it's done,' I said.

The two strangers exchanged glances. 'Yer

seem pretty flush, mate,' said he of the black beard.

'Been carpentering for a cove round here,' I answered, 'and he give me an advance.'

'Where may that be?' asked the small man.

'On Ingram's place, where the Captain was shot,' I answered.

And again the two men started and looked at one another.

'What Captain was that?' asked Blackbeard, trying to seem unconcerned.

'Don't yer know?' I said with a leger. 'Have another drink. I don't care how soon the yellow boy is done. I'll get plenty more by and-by, though my job here is up on Saturday.'

'Got another billet?' asked Frank.

'I'm going back to a good one as soon as I can get over to the Melbourne side. My cove expects me. There'll be five of us.'

'And who may yer cove be?' said Jem in a more cordial tone.

I looked round the room before I answered, and then leaning over the table, as if fearful of being overheard, I whispered the single word 'Laurence.'

Laurence was to the Melbourne force what Flower had been to us in New South Wales. His gang had been broken up about six months previously; but as he himself had not been captured, I ventured to experiment with his name.

It was a good card to play, and it immediately took effect, for Jem asked at once: 'Is he rattening again?'

'He is,' I answered; 'Bendigo-way. I'm working over to join him. Got the offer two days ago. Do yer feel inclined to come?'

'Yes,' said Jem eagerly; 'I'm with yer, whenever our job here is done.'

'How long will yer job take?'

At this point, Frank, in attempting to warn his companion, dealt me a severe kick on the shin.

'Keep yer beeth crashters to yerself, can't yer,' I growled. 'Oh, don't think to bully me,' as he glared fiercely at me. 'I know yer lay, and what's more, I mean ter stand in with yer.'

'Wot are ye after?' said Frank. 'We ain't on no lay.'

'Ain't yer?' I sneered. 'What about Flower's blunt? Yah! I knowed yer at once, Jem Miles and Frank Barton.'

'Have yer struck the pile?' asked Jem, with a sort of terror in his voice. 'Is that why ye're so flush?'

'No; but I'm going ter get my share, or I'll blow the whole guff.' Here Frank's hand stole to his hip. 'Keep yer hand up, Frank,' I went on. 'Two can play at that game. We're too near the township for that. Besides, there's no reason for quarrelling. I've told yer my lay, and I've spotted yers.'

Frank's ferret face was twisted into a malignant scowl; but Jem gave a sort of groan, as he said heavily: 'Since yer know so much, I don't see as we can stop yer knowing more. Yer can cope with us and share fair and square, if yer'll keep yer mouth shut.'

I grinned. 'When do yer start?'

'Early morn, for Long Mountain,' answered Jem. 'Oh! drop it, Frank!,' as the latter's boot found its right mark. 'He's one of us; and there's plenty fur all.'

'I don't half like it,' snarled Frank. 'Wot does he want putting in his oar?'

'Yer've got to like it, my daisy,' said I; 'and seein' I knows what I knows, and how handy the troopers is, yer'd best be quiet.'

'Ah!' said Jem suddenly, 'talking of troopers, how many of 'em is in the township just now?'

'Only one, Foster, they call him.'

'Where's the Sergeant, then?'

'Sparks, is it? He went off about the time I come here. On the down-track, most likely.'

'He's a cute un. Send he don't get wind we're here about, or he'll stop our game somehow. No chance of him spyin' on us here, is there? And he glanced nervously round at the dozen or so looters in the room.

'Who? Sparks?' put in Frank. 'Not him. I know him well enough, though he don't know me. And there's one thing he can't hide, whatever he does.'

'What may that be?' I inquired innocently.

'A lick under the eye he got from Mike Morgan at Cooma. He downed Mike, but not afore he got a mark he'll carry to his grave. I tell yer, he couldn't hide that scar, whatever he did.'

Just then the clock struck eleven, and at the same moment there was a thundering knock at the door, and Foster's voice was heard imperatively demanding admission.

'That's Foster,' I gasped, apparently overcome with terror. 'Shouldn't wonder if it's me he's after.' And I dived under the table without further ceremony, while my companions slatted their chairs, so as to keep their backs to the door, which, after some palley, Maginty opened, and Foster strode in.

'Maginty,' he said in a loud voice, 'is that chap who is working for Mr Ingram here just now?'

'Well,' answered Maginty, looking round the room, 'he was here a few minutes ago, sir. But I reckon he's gone.'

'Humph!' said Foster. 'Which way did he go?'

'I'm sure I can't say, sir.'

'Won't, you mean,' snapped Foster. 'Well, see here, Maginty; if that man, Pete Larkin'

the name I had assumed turns up again, I require you to report the fact to me. I have reason to believe he is the very man the Melbourne troopers are after—one of Laurence's gang, in fact. Who are you?' he continued roughly, swinging round to the table under which I grovelled, claspin' Frank and Jem by the legs, as it in mute appeal, though, after my threat, I knew there was little chance of their turning on me.

'We're shearers, sir,' said Frank in answer to Foster's query. 'We're going to try for a job at Toomburra in the morning.'

'Shearers? are you?' said Foster in a hectoring tone. 'Well, you may be, though I have my doubts of you. I'll ride over to Toomburra to-morrow; and if you are not there, the farther away from here you are, the better

for you.—Now, Maginty, remember what I said about Pete Larkin! And Foster, having played his game of bluff to my entire satisfaction, swaggered out of the room.

An unnatural quiet reigned for the next ten minutes, and then Maginty opened the door, stood by it for a moment, and as if addressing nobody in particular, said: 'He's gone; and there's two or three here as had better go alter him.' With which he retreated into another room, leaving the outer door open.

I crawled from under the table. Jem and Frank stood up; and with one accord we passed out into the night.

Had Jem and Frank not been in such a hurry to leave the inn behind them, they might have observed a dark, almost indistinguishable figure standing still against the wall of the hut, and have noticed a hand stretched swiftly out to grasp a scrap of paper, which I had scribbled under the table, and which bore but three words—*'Long Mountain. Quick.'* But they saw nothing, noticed nothing, and with me hard at their heels, pushed rapidly through the bush towards the south.

For an hour or more we hurried on in single file, threading the long aisles of gum trees under the silent stars, and then at last Jem spoke. 'We're well out of that, boys,' he said. 'But we must hurry on, for now them hound-of-troopers has got their noses to the ground, they won't be long picking up the scent, and we've a good seven hours' walk before we get there.'

As a matter of fact, it was nearer ten, and the forenoon was well advanced when we stood at last upon the wooded slopes of Long Mountain. Here, to my intense relief, Jem called a halt.

'We're all right now,' he said, rubbing his hands. 'They may look a long time afore they find us here.—Now, then, let's build a fire and boil a billy of tea, and then we'll take a snooze.'

'But what about the blunt?' I asked.

'Pshaw!' grunted Jem, 'yer're mighty anxious. It's over there by that waterfall.'

The two men now bustled about, Jem gathering sticks, while Frank went down to the waterfall to fill the billy. When he came back, I rose to lend a hand, when suddenly I felt something loose on my cheek, and the next moment my plaster patch fell at my feet. Instantly I flung myself face downwards on the ground—quick enough, as I thought, to prevent the men from catching a glimpse of my altered features.

'I'm dead beat,' I muttered, pillowing my face on my arms.

'Have a pannikin of tea, mate; it'll fresh yer up,' suggested Jem.

'Don't wait none,' I answered without raising my head. 'I tell yer I must sleep.'

They withdrew a few paces, and, as they bent over a log to raise it, I noticed that their heads were very close together for a moment. I own, however, that I suspected nothing, for I did not believe they could have seen my face. Carrying the log between them, they brought it up and cast it on the fire. Then Jem stepped back a pace or two, stretched his arms above

his head, as if about to yawn, and before I could even realise what he was about, or roll over to get out of his way, fell with all his tremendous weight flat upon me. The breath went out of my body with a rush; and as I lay almost senseless, Frank stooped down and drew my arms out straight. Then bending them backwards, he rummaged in my pockets, and, producing a pair of the very handcuffs I had destined for him, clicked them on my wrist, rapidly undid his waist strap, and fastened my legs together, and then, rising to his feet, laughed long and loudly.

'Ho! ho! ho!' he crowed. 'That was a mighty smart trick, my noble. But we've went one better.—Gosh! it was a near thing, though. If I hadn't been lookin' yer way when the patch fell off, we'd a been done.—Get up, Jem. He can't do no harm now. Yer come out bright and early this mornin', Sergeant, but we was up before yer. Now, wot do we gon' ter do with yer, now we've got yer?'

I made no answer, for the outlook was not very cheerful. Still I was not without hope.

'Put a bullet in him,' said Jem, who stood scratching his great head, as if hardly able to realise the singular turn of events.

Frank's thin face puckered with grin. 'Too easy for a spy,' he said. 'I know somethin' better than that. Lift him up and set him agin that tree, Jem.'

Jem did as he was told; and taking the strap from his companion's waist, Frank passed it round my body and drew the buckle fast at the back of the tree. Then he drew Jem off a bit, and began to speak to him in low animated tones. Whatever it was he said, Jem appeared to enjoy it amazingly, for he shook with laughter, nodding his head contentedly, as if to denote his perfect agreement with Frank's plan.

'That's all,' he said at length. 'That'll do fast rate. Come along. Don't let's lose no time.' And then the two of them ran towards the waterfall, and passed out of sight.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings. They were, as may be imagined, somewhat mixed; and after a sharp but ineffectual struggle with my bond, I resigned myself to the inevitable, and quietly waited the return of my captors. They were not long in coming, carrying between them what looked like a leather sabbie-bag. This they dumped down in front of me, and Frank again took up his parole.

'We've tried yer as we went along, Sergeant Sparks,' said he, 'and we've found yer guilty of bein' a spy. Now, a spy's usually hanged; but we can't got no rope, and shootin's too good for the likes of yer. So we've made up our minds to leave yer where yer are, and not soil our hands with yer. Yer'll be food for the crows, that's what yer'll be, long before anybody finds yer. And that's wot we're goin' to do with yer.'

I was looking straight over his shoulder, smiling; and I answered nothing.

'Oh! yer may grin,' said Frank hilariously. 'Yer'll laugh on the wrong side of yer mouth before yer've done, I reckon.—Well, since yer won't speak, I will. D'yer know what's in

this bag? It's the blunt. Yer come a long way to get it, and we ain't the men to keep yer from havin' a sight of it. Look!" And plunging his hand into the bag, he brought it out again, full of nugget and coins, which he waved before my face, while Jenn chuckled loudly.

"Now," resumed Frank with a leer, "we rejoin ter rear ourselves away. Happy ter meet, sorry ter part; but it must be done.—Can't we take no message home for yer?"

"Yes," said, still smiling and looking over his shoulder, "you can take my compliments to the gentleman behind you, and ask him to put a bird through your head if you stir a bit." At the same moment Foster, who had come athwart among the trees during Frank's merriment, roared out: "Throw up your hands, boys! I've got the drop on you."

Jenn cast one swift glance behind him, and threw up his hands like lightning. "Trapped, by jingo! Up with your hand, Frank, or you're as good as done for."

Frank sullenly obeyed; and a moment later two more toothy-looking rascals, you could not wish to see, as they stood handcuffed side by side.

"Thanks, Tom," I said as he released us. "You were in the nick of time. I do hope you brought my horse, though, for I can hardly put one foot before the other."

"Yes," he's a couple of miles down the gully," answered Foster.

"That's all right. And now, as these gentlemen have so thoroughly provided us with a cup of tea, we will thank their health, and many thanks to them for saving us the trouble of carrying up the beer."

Which, however, concerning the contents of the said tea, Foster himself was very willing to do.

A FEW BRAZILIAN SNAKES.

SNAKE stories have obtained rather an unenviable notoriety at the present time, owing, perhaps, to the assiduity of our Yankee citizens in promulgating 'tall stories' about these reptiles. In all parts and at all times there have been many superstitions and crude fancies about snakes. Of late, however, they have been studied scientifically and without bias, and have been proved to possess many points of extreme interest to naturalists. The fact that these reptiles, without fins, wings, or feet, and with very small power in their jaws, should be able to pursue and catch fish, birds, and animals superior in strength and speed to themselves, and feed thereon, would alone entitle them to a large share of scientific interest.

An experience of five years in the north of Brazil locating and constructing new lines of railway through wild and wooded districts has given the writer exceptional opportunities of coming into close contact with and studying these curiosities of nature, a short description of a few of which may prove of interest.

The extreme beauty and grace of some of these reptiles in their wild state are not to be

conceived by those who have only seen them in confinement, probably having been badly injured when captured, and therefore in a sickly condition. A large boa constrictor in its wild state, gliding along at about five miles an hour, moves like an undulating stream of beautiful colours, its smooth scales glistening in the sun with all the glories of the rainbow. This snake (called here 'Cobra de Viado' or 'Deer Snake') becomes very tame and easy to handle when captured young. Contrary to all popular ideas as to the horrid appearance and shyness of a snake, no animal can be more graceful in all its movements or cleaner to handle. A non-poisonous snake catches its prey from an ambush, seizing it by the head with its flexible jaws enclosing the mouth of its victim. A couple of coils are then rapidly drawn round its chest, and the snake contracting these, crushes the unfortunate beast, the ribs snapping with the great muscular force applied. After death, without the head being loosed, the victim is drawn down by an alternating motion of the snake's jaws, the teeth in which, all pointing backwards, force it slowly down. The neck and body swell to an enormous extent, a snake being able to swallow an animal three times its own diameter.

A snake meets a great difficulty in swallowing any animal against the direction of the hairs in its fur, and therefore the head is nearly always the first part swallowed. It does not lick its prey all over, as popularly believed, and certainly cannot suck it down. After a meal, it lies torpid for a considerable time, digesting the bones as well as the flesh. If startled then, it seems very helpless until it has disgorged its meal, then it becomes particularly active and savage. Any snake is, however, comparatively easy to disable, a slight blow with a switch being sufficient to dislocate its vertebra, when it is helpless. It is hard to capture a snake of unknown character, without injuring it as a specimen, this is easily done by watching an opportunity to pin its neck down with a walking-stick or pole according to its size. It is then firmly seized behind the head, and is powerless to bite.

Few things can be more exciting than the capture of a large and recognisably deadly serpent. The first step is to rouse it and make it show fight. Meanwhile, a forked pole is cut, and with this its neck is firmly pinned to the ground. At the same time a man has been cutting long lengths of a creeper, called here the 'Cipo,' which when well worked up becomes as flexible and tough as rope. With these its head is firmly lashed to the fork, and its body is coiled round the pole and lashed also. It can then be carried home and put in a proper box and studied. Care has to be taken, however, that in its struggles it does not break loose from the pole, as then all has to be begun again and under disadvantages. Aided by two or three real woodmen, one can thus catch a serpent of almost any size found here. These men—called here 'Matutos' or 'Caboclos'—are very skilful at all wood-lore, and have plenty of nerve. They are a mixture of Indian and Portuguese. It is useless to ask a negro to help, as at the slightest alarm he will leave you in the lurch.

I have caught alive and uninjured a rattlesnake seven feet long, aided by only one Matuto,

and without the slightest danger. This well-known reptile, (*Crotalus horridus*) is common in dry and stony tracts here. It grows to a great length, some say ten feet, and is very thick. It lives chiefly on a sort of coney, called here the 'Praia.' It, in common with nearly all venomous snakes, has two long fangs outside the ordinary teeth possessed by all snakes. In the act of striking, these, by a muscular attachment to their bony bases, are protruded at right angles to the upper jaws and in the direction of its lunge. The lunge is made by suddenly straightening the S curve into which it throws its neck and part of the body when roused. The fangs consist of hollow cylinders fixed to the bony bases, and cut away at the points like a quill pen. On striking, the bases are pressed against the 'poison sacs,' of which they form part, and a drop of venom is forced along the hollow part of each fang to the quill part, where it comes in contact with the blood at nearly an inch under the skin of the victim. Thus it can be seen that the old fallacy of thick stockings absorbing the poison is exploded, as it does not run on the outside of the fang. A more perfect hypodermic syringe has not been invented. The death from the bite of this snake is said to be painless, a heavy lethargy numbing all the senses.

The peculiar danger of the rattlesnake consists in its sluggish habits, owing to which it is more likely to be found in the way of a man approaching. Other venomous varieties generally move away. Unless roused, however, it seldom or never strikes, and always gives warning by violently agitating its rattles, which make a sound somewhat like a very large cricket, and to be heard at fifty yards. It can at other times be handled almost without danger; many natives even here do it. The fat of its entrails is said to be a sovereign remedy for rheumatism.

It produces its young alive, there is reason to believe, without the preliminary formality of an egg, so much indulged in by other reptiles. The number of rattles is said to show its age, but this is not proved. On the contrary, facts go against the theory, as the smallest often have the most rattles. In this country it is of a brownish ash colour, with yellowish gridiron markings on the back.

A most beautiful snake is the true 'Coral Snake' (*Elaps lemniscatus*). This has brown rings all round its body of vermilion, black and white, and its scales have a most lovely sheen. It is very poisonous, but not dangerous, as its mouth and fangs are so very small that it could hardly bite through a pair of trousers. It is of a uniform thickness throughout, like a worm, and seems to burrow like one. Owing to this, perhaps, it has a disagreeable habit of coming into the house by mouse-holes and ant-holes in the wainscoting. It rarely exceeds four to five feet in length, and a thickness of, say, three-quarters of an inch. I think it feeds on worms, larvae, and beetles. Its eyes are very small, and it is very slow in its movements.

We now come to the king of vipers, the 'Surucucú de Fogo,' or 'Fire Surucucú.' This reptile reaches a length, it is said, of twelve feet, and for beauty, agility, savageness, and venom, is excelled by none here. The old Dutch settlers gave it the name of the 'Bushmaster,' a title it

well deserves. The beautiful glints of light on this reptile's scales excel those on a humming-bird's breast. It is of a reddish-brown colour, with varied markings. It fortunately is chiefly nocturnal, and only frequents dense woods, as a rule not coming near houses. The finest specimen I ever saw was about eight feet long, and had six fully developed fangs—three on each side—as well as eighteen in various stages of growth—nine on each side. It was a pleasure to dissect this fine snake. The front fang was an inch and three-quarters long, exclusive of the bony base. The effect of a lunge from such a serpent can well be imagined. This is called 'Surucucú' as it is said to make a hooting noise at night; and 'de Fogo' as it is said to approach a light at night and try to get as close as it can. It has a curved claw on its tail, which the natives say it uses to dig into the ground as a fulcrum for its leap on its victim. This requires corroboration. The natives have a great dread of it, as well they may, it being the most deadly looking reptile here, the size of the poison sacs being so great, as well as its own size, agility, and proved savageness. It seems to feed on wild-pigs, 'pacá' a large rodent like a guinea pig deer, and other animals.

The next important poisonous reptile here is the 'Jatariá.' This also grows to a good size, but is slender. In the West Indies it is called the 'Fer de Lance' or 'Lance head,' owing to a triangular plate or scale it has on its head; and is, I believe, the '*Bothrops atrox*' of science. It is a most deadly reptile, the person struck by it being said to die in great agony and sweating blood. It is also very active and savage, and more deaths occur from its bite than from any other snake. Only one case came under my notice, though I was once struck on the outside of the foot, the fangs fortunately not penetrating the cowhide. A man on the survey was struck on the outside of the bare leg just above the ankle, killed the snake, and brought it to me at once. No remedies being at hand, I put a tourniquet above, lanced the wound until the blood ran freely, and let him go, telling him not to stop the flow. No ill effects followed. This was all done within a minute or two of the bite, and is, I believe, the only sure thing to do, as the blood running from the very point where the poison has penetrated must necessarily carry most of it off. The wound was some time healing, but did not hinder him from his work for more than two days.

Had the poor fellow been bitten in the line of an artery, the remedy might have proved worse than the disease; but in any case he must have died unless something were done, and so a heroic remedy was adopted. The tourniquet was made with a knotted handkerchief, the knot being on the artery, and the loose ends screwed together with a bit of stick. The jatariá was about six feet long; and the poison applied to a large dog, which had more than once robbed me of a dinner, killed it in less than half an hour.

Great advantage is taken of the popular ignorance of snakes by some blacks here. These men call themselves 'Curadores' or 'Curers,' and, as a rule, their stock in trade consists of a tame boa constrictor, unlimited cheek, and a very whole-

some respect for anything in the way of a poisonous snake. I have always endeavoured to expose these charlatans by freely handling their tame boas, and offering them sums of money if they would allow themselves to be bitten by one of my poisonous specimens. In every case there has been some excuse made. The boa is invariably given out to be a 'Salamántha,' which is said to be the most deadly reptile here, and only to be distinguished from a boa by a practised eye. A reward of nearly five pounds offered during a year failed to procure a live specimen, and I am rather sceptical as to its existence. Plenty of snakes were brought in, but in every case turned out to be boas. The absence of poison fangs is easy to verify.

A curious incident once happened to me in connection with a water-snake called here the 'Pescador' or 'Fisher.' Being in the habit of taking a bath in a part of the river where there were a lot of boulders in mid-stream, I was one day warned that it was possible that I might lose my clothes while bathing; the pot being very lonely though close to a road. The next day I placed a large Colt's six-shooter on one of these boulders, and was rewarded by seeing a nigger in the act of walking off with all my clothes. A shout, followed by a shot, however, made him drop everything and run. As I was making my way to land, a large snake about eight feet long, was observed on the surface of the water. A shot put him into about four pieces, but on examination he proved to be harmless.

A long article might be written about the extremely interesting objects in natural history to be found here, such as lizards, snakes, butterflies, birds, &c.; but as this is already perhaps too long, I can only say as the Brazilians do, 'Ata logo,' or good-bye for the present.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AMONG thoughtful persons who have some knowledge of medicine, the idea has long been current that our huge modern war-ships are costly mistakes. The terrible loss of the *Victoria*, and the more recent experience of the behaviour of the *Resolution* in a heavy sea have naturally strengthened this view. There seemed, however, to be one feature of value in an iron-clad, and that was the ram, of the power of which, unfortunately, we have had so many examples among our own fleet. But it seems that this one advantage is very doubtful indeed. In a paper by Mr Laird Clowes on 'The Ram, in Action and Accident,' read recently at the Royal United Service Institution, this weapon was thoroughly condemned. Out of a list of seventy-four cases of attempted ramming in modern warfare, it was shown that in forty-two damage was done to one or both vessels; in twenty-four of these cases, the ramming vessel received no material injury; while in seven cases the rammer was far more injured than the rammed. One conclusion arrived at was that if two ships have sea-room, and are under control, it is actually more dangerous to try to employ than to escape the ram.

Mr C. Harding, at the Royal Meteorological

Society, recently gave an account of the great storm of November 16 to 20, 1893. This storm was the most violent of recent years, and, so far as anemometrical records are concerned, the wind attained a greater velocity than has previously been recorded in the British Islands. The velocity of the wind was ninety-six miles in the hour from 8.30 to 9.30 p.m. on November 16 in the Orkneys, where the hurricane burst with such suddenness that it is described as like the shot of a gun, and the wind afterwards attained the very high rate of ninety miles, and upwards in the hour for five consecutive hours. At Holyhead the storm was terrific; the anemometer recorded a wind velocity of eighty-nine miles in the hour, and it was eighty miles or above for eleven hours; while the force of a whole gale—sixty-five miles an hour and upwards—was maintained for thirty-one hours; and for four and a half days the mean hourly velocity was fifty-four miles. Many of the gusts were at the rate of one hundred and fifteen miles an hour, and at Fleetwood a squall occurred with the wind at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles in the hour. The storm was felt over the entire area of the United Kingdom, and the wreck return show that disasters occurred with almost equal frequency on all coasts. Four weeks after the storm the official records give the total loss of life on our coasts as three hundred and thirty-five; while there were one hundred and forty vessels which had been damaged, or had been lost, stranded, or met with other severe calamity, involving either loss of life, or saving of life by some extraordinary assistance. There were six hundred lives saved on our coasts by aid of the Lifeboat Institution and other means.

When hay and grain are scarce, the stock-keeper is often at a loss to know where to find provender for his animals. To such a one the valuable experiments recently made by Mr M. C. H. Grand should afford a hint. This gentleman points out that the feeding-value of different descriptions of tree-leaves is very great. He has determined the amount of nitrogenous matter in several species, and ascertains that it ranges from eight per cent. in the willow and alder to half that amount in plane, birch, and pine. Out of twenty kinds to which he gave careful study, nineteen were found to possess more nitrogenous matter than meadow-hay; and more than half were superior to the hay of the best leguminous plants. Some leaves proved to be of extraordinary richness in this respect, notably the common a.m.a. Experiments went to prove that as food for sheep, leaves are comparable in value to lucern.

Once more comes a warning against the danger of lead-poisoning from the improper use of earthenware pans, the glaze of which is due to that metal. A doctor writes to the *British Medical Journal* that during the past twelve months he has treated no fewer than thirty cases of poisoning from drinking home-made wine and beer brewed in these pans, and he believes that these are only about half the cases which occurred in his district. If other country places suffer in the same proportion, there must, he thinks, be about fifty thousand

such cases a year in England alone. If the use of lead in glazing pans was prohibited, and if in our villages notices were posted up cautioning persons against using such vessels for brewing, much sickness might be prevented.

A few years ago much interest was aroused by the discovery of a fresh-water Medusa, or jelly-fish, in the water-tank devoted to the 'Victoria regia' lily in the Botanic Gardens, London. No one knew whence the interesting little stranger came, and after a short time it disappeared. For three years nothing has been seen of it; but suddenly it has reappeared, not in London, but at the Botanic Gardens, Sheffield, in a tank containing the 'Victoria regia.' Certain water-plants had been sent from London to the Sheffield Gardens in April 1892, and again a year later, so that the 'infection' from one tank to the other is fully accounted for.

When Landseer's Lions were first erected at the base of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, there were not wanting many artists as well as others, who criticised them unfavourably. But if we may give credit to the opinion of the famous hunter, Mr Selous, Landseer was right, and his self-appointed critics were wrong. Mr Selous, from direct observation of two animals in their natural state of freedom, writes: 'They both lay down on the bare, open ground, with their massive paws outstretched, their heads held high, and their mouths wide open, with their tongues lolling out, for it was a very hot day. They lay almost exactly in the position of Landseer's lions in Trafalgar Square; and it is quite a mistake to say that the great artist has made an error in representing lions lying with their forepaws straight out like a dog. When on the alert, a lion always lies like this, and only bends his paws inward, like a cat, when resting thoroughly at his ease.' This testimony is the more remarkable when we remember that the beasts which served as Landseer's models were living under artificial conditions—that is, in the Zoological Gardens.

The rapacity of the hunter has in cases too numerous to mention caused extinction of various species of animal life, and it would seem that this danger threatens the vast hunting-grounds of Mashonaland. The British South African Company have happily taken the matter in hand, and for the future there is to be a close-time, lasting from October 1st to March 1st, for certain specified animals. A fine of five pounds is the penalty for killing or offering animals for sale during this period; and as an encouragement to the people generally to help in the matter, fines may be recovered by private persons as well as by officers of the Crown; and as a reward for their trouble, they are permitted to retain one-half the forfeited amount. Travellers killing game for their own consumption are exempt, as are occupiers of land who may kill game in defence of their crops.

Some very valuable hints upon the education of young children are embodied in a paper read before the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, by Dr E. J. Houston. The title of his paper is, 'A Plea for the Study of Elementary Forestry in the Lower Schools;' and it affords Dr Houston a text whereon to deliver a highly

practical discourse upon educational methods generally. He believes that a child's early schooling should mainly consist in teaching it to observe carefully what is happening around it, and that its earliest lessons in language should come from descriptions of the natural objects which it has thus seen. Pictures may help by representing things which can be neither seen nor handled; but they should be regarded as subordinate aids to learning. Children should be encouraged to collect things, for they all have the natural desire to do so—minerals, insects, flowers, leaves, &c. 'Start children collecting,' says Dr Houston, 'and if you have never tried it before, I am sure you will be agreeably surprised at the intelligent, even enthusiastic interest you will thus awaken.' We feel sure that teachers generally would be only too glad to adopt this method of early instruction; but, unfortunately, many of them are confined to districts where, for miles round, the outlook is only upon bricks and mortar.

Mr W. Rawson, of Arlington, Massachusetts, is one of the very few practical men who have thought it worth while to follow up Siemens' notable experiments with the electric light as a help to vegetable growth. It is reported by the *Electrical Review* (New York) that this gentleman was first attracted to the subject by observing that the plants in his greenhouse which were next the street, and therefore in the nightly glare from the electric light, made a wonderful advance in growth when compared with those which were in darkness. He subsequently introduced the arc-light into his lettuce and cucumber houses, with the result that he makes a gain of five days in each of his three crops of lettuce that is, two weeks in a season—paying for the cost of the lighting by the gain on one crop.

The question has often been raised, whether the epidemic influenza, which has become so common within the past few years, is infectious or the reverse. This question is apparently set at rest by cases cited in a recently published Report, and papers on Epidemic Influenza by Dr Parsons and Dr Klein, with an introduction by the medical officer of the local Government Board. We quote one of these as an example of the manner in which the disease may be spread. A teacher of music visited two relatives who were down with the disease, at some distance from his home, afterwards returning to his own district, which hitherto had been free from the complaint. This was on April the 6th. On the 9th he was himself attacked, but struggled through his work, and gave lessons at various houses. Two days later, ten of his pupils were attacked, together with the people of the house where he lodged.

Some of the French newspapers are publishing a method of waterproofing leather, which, if it possess the advantages claimed for it, should be a boon to those who are exposed to the changeful weather of Britain. Here is the recipe: Into a bottle partly full of benzine is placed as much paraffin wax in shavings as the liquid will dissolve. With this mixture the boot tops are saturated, the liquid finding its way into every pore of the leather. The benzine quickly evaporates, leaving the paraffin

behind it to render the leather both flexible and waterproof.

It is not uncommon to find people who laugh at weather predictions, and assert that they are never trustworthy. It will therefore surprise such unbelievers to hear that according to the Report of the American Weather Bureau for 1892, eighty three per cent. of the forecasts—given twenty-four hours in advance—proved to be correct. It is now proposed to increase this percentage by providing more high-level stations, like that on the summit of Pike's Peak. Already the Bureau has nearly three thousand observers at work. We cannot hope in this country to look for such good results as those obtained by our American friends, for while they are able to obtain data from all parts of their vast continent, we are limited, on one side at least, by the barrier of our own coast line.

The use of electric motors in lieu of a steam or gas engine is steadily increasing; and the more these new agents are employed the more they are liked, for the advantages which they offer are great. Last month, a large London evening paper announced on its contents bills that it was now printed by electricity; so it is evident that it is not only small machines which can be served by these motors. The working expenses will depend upon the price at which the current is supplied from the public man, and this varies in different localities. In St Pancras parish, London, where the vestry supply the current at threepence per unit, the saving is considerable over either gas or steam. But setting the actual cost of the current aside, the cleanliness, absence of vibration, saving of space, constitute only a few of the advantages covered by the new method of supplying motive power.

An ingenious method of lighting street gas lamps has recently been contrived. In connection with each lamp there is an electric battery which can be put into action by the rising of a little gas holder. The holder is normally held down by weights, and requires a momentary increased pressure from the gas-works to cause it to rise. This pressure is easily brought about by opening for half a minute a valve from the large gas holders at the works direct into the street mains. The battery thus put into action turns on the gas and lights it at the same moment. With equal ease it can be extinguished. The plan is full of ingenuity; but the mechanism for each lamp must necessarily be somewhat costly, and it must be pointed out, too, that the invention is brought forward at an unfortunate time, for gas for street lighting is being fast superseded by electricity.

Dr A. E. Wright proposes to grapple with the problem presented by colour-blind employees on our steamships and railways in a novel manner. He states that total colour-blindness is very rare indeed, and that yellow-blue blindness is also rare. In the vast majority of cases, the difficulty of distinguishing colours is confined to green and red, and unfortunately these are the very colours which are chosen by common agreement for railway and steamship work. Dr Wright proposes that in future the red lights should have an admixture of yellow, and that the green lights should

have a bluish tinge, in which case the ordinary green-red colour-blind man would find no difficulty in recognising them. Perhaps he thinks that the substitution of unadulterated yellow and blue for the usual signals would be too radical a change to hope for; but it would certainly be the most effective method of solving the difficulty.

A remarkable discovery has been announced by the Austrian Institute for Historical Research, in the form of a copy of a map by Columbus, drawn on a letter written from Jamaica in July 1503. This, although only a rough pen and ink sketch, shows exactly the opinion of Columbus himself as to the part of the world he had reached, which he believed to be the east coast of Asia. The original map, drawn by Columbus and his brother Bartholomew, was presented to Frate Hieronymo, who gave the map and a description to Alexander Strozzi, a noted collector of early voyages. He is supposed to have copied the original map on the margin of the letter of Columbus, which he had bound in a volume with other documents, and this volume is now in the National Library at Florence, where the existence of the map was discovered by Dr R. v. Wiesner, the Professor of Geography at Innsbruck.

A writer in *Local Life*, issued by the United States Department of Agriculture describes a remarkable example of mimicry by a spider. At Jamesburg, New Jersey, in August of last year, his attention was drawn to what was apparently a gall, perfectly formed, and growing upon the upper surface of a leaf of a small oak-tree. On handling the leaf, however, the supposed gall rolled off, and when it was picked up was found to be in reality a spider, which had been resting on the leaf, its erroneously formed abdomen simulating exactly both in form and colour the common oak gall, even to the tiny punctures through which the gall insect makes its exit when mature.

The advantage that occasionally arises from the exact observation of natural phenomena is strikingly exemplified in an incident of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, lately narrated by the Archduke Joseph to a party of friends. "On our retreat before the advance of the Prussian army," said the Archduke, "we camped in the neighbourhood of a Bohemian town. I was lodged in a peasant's cottage, when, about midnight, I heard the sentry challenging some new-comer. My adjutant entered, and reported that a gypsy wanted to see me in private. A soldier (a gypsy) entered, and on my asking what was the matter, he told me that the enemy was approaching to surprise us. "The outposts have not heard anything suspicious," I said. "No, your Highness, because the enemy is still a long way off." "But how do you know this?" I asked. "Come to the window, your Highness," answered the man: "Do you see those birds flying over the wood towards the south?" "Yes, I see them; what then?" "What then? Do not birds sleep as well as men? They would certainly not fly about if they were not disturbed. The enemy is marching through the wood, and has frightened all those birds." "Very well, my lad; you can go." I at once ordered the outposts

to be reinforced and the camp to be alarmed. An hour later the outposts were fighting with the enemy, and our camp was only saved by the keen observation of a simple gypsy.'

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

'I feel within me a peace above all earthly dignities, a still, quiet conscience.'—*Henry VIII.*

'THE Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of £—— on account of Income Tax, from XYZ.' Such an announcement as this is familiar enough to most readers of the newspapers; but few persons perhaps have any notion as to the amount that is received in each year by the Chancellor of the Exchequer from this somewhat curious source. Before going, however, into any figures in this respect, it may be well to look back some years, with the object of seeing whether the custom can be traced of people adopting the practice of unburdening their conscience in matters of taxation by means of the payment of Conscience Money into the public Exchequer.

According to Hone, it would appear that such a practice was in vogue more than a hundred years ago. He records that in the year 1789 the respectable sum of £360 was carried to the Public Account in consequence of the receipt of the following note, received by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of that time. 'Sir—You will herewith receive bank-notes to the amount of £360, which is the property of the nation; and which, as an honest man, you will be so just as to apply to the use of the State in such a manner that the nation may not suffer by its having been detained from the public treasury. You are implored to do this for the ease of conscience to an honest man.'

Whether or not this is the first case of the receipt of conscience money into the public exchequer, the earliest public notice of the receipt of such revenue appears to have been made in the *Times* in the year 1842, the form of acknowledgment differing but little from the present form. The laconic announcement runs as follows: 'The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of £40 from some person unknown, as conscience money.'

It is not until the year 1855 that the amounts received as conscience money appear under any separate heading in the public accounts; since that time, however, the total amount received each year has duly appeared as a separate item. The following figures, from which the shillings and pence are omitted, will give some idea of the amounts that have from time to time been received: 1855, £1895; 1860, £16,488; 1865, £7184; 1870, £7132; 1875, £2688; 1880, £5401; 1881, £6202; 1882, £5346; 1883, £6614; 1884, £3727; 1885, £9234; 1886, £6565; 1887, £2288; 1888, £950; 1889, £635; 1890, £1586; 1891, £1834; 1892, £253.

It will thus be observed that the lowest amount recorded during the last twenty years is the item for the year 1892. To assign any reason for this great decline, or, in fact, for the decline of the last five years, is a well-nigh impossible task. Can it be due to the fact that the public conscience is less tender now than it was, say, in the year 1860, or may the shrinkage

in revenue from this source be due to the greater energy displayed by the Income Tax assessors of the present day? Whatever the explanation is, there can be little doubt that many persons in this country, although having no desire to evade the payment of Income Tax, feel that by making their true income known to the authorities they are making it 'public property'; and this is especially the case with tradesmen, who fear the knowledge of their income reaching the ears of their competitors in business; hence recourse may sometimes be had to the payment of conscience money.

A somewhat amusing example of the power of conscience may be cited in which the proprietors of *Punch* are reported to have received threepence in conscience money from an anonymous correspondent, who is said to have surreptitiously read an entire number of *Punch* from the various pages displayed in the shop front in Fleet Street. Such an instance of the unburdening of the conscience is only equalled, perhaps, by the story told of a fellow of Pythagoras, who, it is related, had bought a pair of shoes from a cobbler, for which he promised to pay him on a future day. He went with his money on the day appointed, but found that the cobbler had in the interval departed this life. Without saying anything of his errand, he withdrew, secretly rejoicing at the opportunity thus unexpectedly afforded him of gaining a pair of shoes for nothing. His conscience, however, says Seneca, would not suffer him to remain quiet under such an act of injustice; so, taking up the money, he returned to the cobbler's shop, and casting in the money, said: 'Go thy ways; for though he is dead to all the world, yet he is alive to me.'

VIOLETS.

Alas! what Time has left me petals pale,
A bunch of scentless violets; long ago
I plucked them dewy, wore them mid the glow
One harvest afternoon; then grace's trail
Had fled for ever ere an evening tale
Of sweet first-love overhwhelmed me, even so
I kept them dearest of the flowers that blow;
And yet their keeping was of no avail.
Even as I gaze, the breath of life is given
To joy long dead, first felt in twilight hours,
And tingling memories wake the living past;
So may it be when dawn shall rise in Heaven,
Life's faded treasures bloom like morning flowers,
And drooping hope be garlanded at last.

W. WOODWARD.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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A NEW ROUTE TO THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

RAPID through-communication to the West Highlands of Scotland is an object which has occupied the attention not only of business men, but of the travelling public generally, for no inconsiderable time back. The new West Highland Railway, which is expected to be open for traffic towards the end of the coming summer, will, it is hoped, fully supply this long-felt want. A single example may suffice to illustrate how difficult of access are our Western Highlands. Suppose a person resident in Fort-William—the terminus of the new line—is desirous of proceeding to Glasgow, the quickest mode of transit at present available is by steamer to Oban, and thence per rail via Dunblane. The journey is a long and tedious one, and occupies from eight a.m. till about seven p.m.—the best part of a day. That it should take so long to travel from a point less than one hundred miles distant from Glasgow, as the crow flies, will no doubt be a revelation to many, and possibly cause for question to a few. The matter, however, only requires verification to prove its accuracy. Truly, nineteenth-century enterprise has been slow to penetrate the wilds of Lochaber, but at last its inevitable sway is being felt.

Besides passing through one of the most historical districts in Scotland, the new route will embrace every type of Highland scenery. Cuttings there certainly are, but every cutting is associated with an embankment, placed most favourably for sight-seeing. High viaducts and long sweeping curves, carried frequently to the extreme edge of deep gorges and rock-bound shores, will enable the traveller, to catch ever-changing views of the landscape.

The new line, which is one hundred and one miles in length, starts in a north-easterly direction from the pier at Fort-William, and runs right through the old fort, which has already been partially demolished. Just out-

side the town, a glimpse may be caught of old Inverlochy Castle, with its mouldering walls and ivy-covered towers. The rocky shores of Loch Eil, so closely associated in history with Prince Charlie and the '45, are also discernible. The tourist during the first eight or ten miles of his journey up the Spean Valley hardly ever loses sight of Ben Nevis, towering on the right above the rounded shoulders of the range that forms the southern boundary of the Strath. Crossing the river Spean at Speanbridge, the railway passes the hamlet of Bridge o' Roy, near where are the famous Parallel Roads of Glen Roy, and the historical mansion of the Macdonalds of Keppoch. At Inverlair, the course takes a southerly curve, and runs along the shores of Loch Treig for a distance of six miles. Shortly after leaving Loch Treig, the line enters on the Moor of Rannoch. The scene here presented is one of utter desolation, and is almost indescribable. It is spoken of by MacCulloch as 'a great level, one thousand feet above the sea, sixteen or twenty miles long, and nearly as many wide, bounded by mountains so distant as scarcely to form an apprehensible boundary, open, silent, solitary. Not even the mountain bee is on the wing to give life to the scene—nay, the very midges seem to scorn the Moor of Rannoch. No water stirs, to indicate that anything lives or moves, and the heart-sinking silence of the solitude is the more dreary that it is so spacious.' The railway crosses the moor in a straight line north and south, and reaches its highest altitude—over thirteen hundred feet above sea-level—near Loch Ossian.

Emerging from this wilderness of waste, the track follows the windings of the Tulla, and reaches Tyndrum through Glen Orchy. The district through which the Tulla flows was in earlier days densely wooded, and remains are still existent of the primeval forest. Near here also is the entrance to Glencoe, the scene of the bloody massacre. Proceeding along the hillside, the Callander and Oban Railway is crossed at

Crianlarich, where there will be a junction for the convenience of passengers who may desire to travel towards Oban on the west, or Stirling and Edinburgh on the east. The line, which had followed an easterly course down Strath Fillan, now curves south-west through Glen Falloch, keeping alongside the road and stream for several miles. 'Rob Roy's Bath,' the well-known waterfall on the Falloch, can be seen from the train; while the view at the lower end of the glen culminates in two chains of rolling hills, with Loch Lomond glistening in the distance. Two miles from Inverarnan, Ardlui is reached, where a station is to be formed in connection with the steamer-traffic on the loch. For seven or eight miles the line runs along the western shore of Loch Lomond, affording a view of the lovely falls of Inversnaid. The Queen of Scottish lakes presents to the admirer of nature a scene which is never likely to be forgotten. The shores are rugged, and possess a wealth of forest trees from the stately oak to the quivering aspen. Numerous miniature islands enhance the beauty of the loch; but the grandeur of the scenery can only be adequately appreciated by taking a sail from Ardlui to Balloch, or *vice versa*.

Leaving Loch Lomond at Tarbat, the new route skirts the shores of Loch Long, and passing Arrochar, gradually bends to the south. After running through Glen Mallan, a glimpse is caught of Portinacple; and for the next mile or two the view is localised in Loch Long, Loch Goil, and the Gareloch, with their surrounding hills, which lend enchantment to the view. From Garelochhead there is a beautiful run along the shores of the Gareloch to Helensburgh, where the new railway is connected with the system of the North British Railway Company.

By this route, the journey between Glasgow and Fort-William will be accomplished in a little over three hours, which is equal to about a third of the time taken under existing conditions. This, coupled with the fact that it will be unrivalled from a scenic point of view, is bound to make the West Highland Railway a popular means of transit.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

By GRANT ALLEN,

Author of *This Mortal Coil*, *Black Royal*, *The Scallagroun*, &c.

CHAPTER X.—VISITORS IN VENICE.

CANON VALENTINE stared about him in the midst of the Piazza with a stony British stare of complete disapprobation. He rejected it *in toto*. 'So this is modern Venice!' he exclaimed, with the air of a man who revisits some painful scene he has known in its better days. 'This is what emancipated Italy has made of it! Dear me, Mrs Hesslegrave, how altered it is, to be sure, since the good old times of the Austrian occupation!'

'Ah, yes,' Kathleen interposed, not entering into his humour. 'No doubt, you see great

changes, Canon. You haven't been here before since United Italy. How much lovelier it must look to you, now it's really and truly Italian!'

The Canon gazed at her, full face, in the blankest astonishment. 'Quite the contrary,' he said curtly. 'I see very great changes—but they're all for the worse. These pigeons, for example; they were always a nuisance; flying about under one's feet, and getting in one's way at every twist and turn—but there are ten times as many of them now as there ever used to be.'

'Why, I love the pigeons,' Kathleen cried, all amazed. 'They're so tame and familiar. In England, the boys would throw stones at them and frighten them; but here, under the shadow of St Mark's, they seem to feel as if they belonged to the place, and as if man was a friend of theirs. Besides, they're so characteristic; and they're historically interesting too, don't you know? They're said to be the descendants of the identical birds that brought Doge Dandolo good news from friends on shore, which enabled him to capture Crete, and so lay the foundations of the Venetian empire. I just love the pigeons.'

'I daresay you do,' the Canon answered testily; 'but that's no reason why they should be allowed to stroll about under people's heels as they walk across the Piazza. In the good old Austrian days, I'm sure, that was never permitted. Intolerable, simply!—And then the band! What very inferior music!—When the Austrians were here, you remember, Amelin, we had a capital bandmaster; and everybody used to come out to listen to his German tunes in the evening. The Square was always gay with bright uniforms then; such beautiful coats; Austrian hussar coats, deep braided on either side, and flung carelessly open. The officers looked splendid by the tables at Florio's. Venice was Venice in those days, I can tell you, before all this non-ense cropped up about United Italy.'

'But what could be lovelier,' Kathleen exclaimed, half shocked at such treason, 'than the Italian officers in their picturesque blue cloaks, the Bersaglieri especially? I declare I always fall quite in love with them.'

'Very likely,' the Canon answered. He was never surprised, for his part, at any aberration of feeling on the part of young girls, since this modern education craze. It had unsexed women for him. 'But the place is spoiled for all that. You should have seen it at its best, before it was vulgarised. Even St Mark's is gilded and furnished up now, out of all recognition. It's not fit to look at.—Amelin, my dear, don't you agree with me, the place was far more picturesque when the Austrians had it?'

'Oh, very much more picturesque!' Mrs Valentine echoed dutifully. She was a meek-looking old lady, in a long black cloak, absolutely overborne by fifty years of the Canon's individuality, and she would have

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answered, the exact opposite in perfect good faith if only she perceived the Canon expected it. Irreverent young men in their cathedral town were wont to speak of her familiarly as 'the prophet's donkey.'

The Canon examined critically the façade of St Mark's—that glorious composite façade, of no particular time or style or fashion, which Kathleen admired so fervently, with its fantastic mixture of all elements alike—Byzantine, Oriental, Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance. 'Very mixed!' the Canon murmured, holding his head on one side—'very mixed indeed. I can't say I care for it. It's so low and squat. And how the mosaics disfigure it!'

In answer to criticism like that, poor Kathleen had nothing to say; so she wisely held her tongue. She knew when to be silent. The Canon strolled on, with Mrs Hessegrave by his side, past Leopard's bronze sockets, which still hold aloft the great flagstuffs of the Republic in front of the marvellous church; past the corner of St Mark's, where stand the square pillars from St Saba at Ptolemais; past the main gate of the palace, with its sculptured design of Doge Francesco Pesenti, in cap and robes, kneeling in submission before the lion of St Mark; past the noble arcade and loggia of the Pizzetta; past the two huge columns in the seaward square, and down by slow degrees to the steps of the Molo. Kathleen listened in wonder, half incredulous, to his criticisms as he passed. She was so little accustomed herself to anything save breathless admiration and delight at the glories of Venice, that this strange attitude of cold blame seemed to her well-nigh unnatural. To think that any man should stand unmoved before the very faces of St Mark and St Theodore!

At the Molo they called a gondola, and glided in it slowly down the Grand Canal. The Canon thought it had fallen out since the days of the Austrians. Half the palaces were worse kept, and the other half were scraped and cleaned and redecorated throughout in the most ridiculous Wardour Street fashion. He couldn't bear to see Venice Blundell-Mapled. It was all quite depressing. But what astonished Kathleen the most was the singular fact that, after passing the bend in the Canal by the Palazzo Contarini, the Canon seemed almost entirely to forget in what city they were, though this was his first day for thirty years in the sea-born city, and, looking no longer at churches or palaces, began to gossip about the people he had left behind him in London. His world went with him. They might have been in Bond Street or Rotten Row, for any notice he took of the Rialto or the Ca' d'Oro. He glided past the Fondaco without even a single word; he never deigned to give a glance to the School of St Mark or the tower of San Zani-polo. To Kathleen's artistic soul it was all a strange puzzle. She couldn't understand it. Had the man no eyes in his head, that he could pass those glorious arcades, those exquisite balconies, without even looking up at them?

'And you were going to tell us something about this Axminster business,' Mrs Hessegrave remarked after a pause, as they reached the front of the Arsenal on their circuitous pere-

grination, which Kathleen had arranged so as to take in at one round all the principal buildings. 'Poor dear Lady Axminster! Has anything been done yet about this affair of the peerage?'

'Oh, dear yes,' the Canon replied, brightening up at the suggestion. 'I was coming to that. I intended to tell you all about it. Haven't you read it in the papers? We're in hopes at last we're really going to get a definitive settlement.'

'That's well,' Mrs Hessegrave echoed with a sympathetic smirk. 'What's being done about it now? We haven't seen a paper in this benighted place for weeks and weeks, don't you know—except, of course, *Galignani*. It's really quite dreadful how one falls behind the times about all the most important and interesting things that are going on in England!'

The Canon looked big. This appeal flattered him. He liked to feel he came primed with news about the best people. 'Well, we've taken the thing to the House of Lords,' he said, with as much delight as if he were himself the appellant. 'Peer Alex has claimed the peerage on the ground that his cousin Bertie is dead, as I told you. We've reduced success to a practical certainty. The Lords will adjudicate on his claim in a week or two; but it's a foregone conclusion. I'm very glad, I must say, for Alex's sake, and for his wife's too. She's a nice little thing, Mrs Alex Redburn.'

'My brother knows her slightly,' Kathleen said, with a tolerant smile, 'and seems to think a great deal of her.'

'Oh, yes; she's a charming woman. Mrs Hessegrave interposed a most charming woman. (Mrs Hessegrave thought all poets and poetesses, actual or prospective, particularly charming— even more charming, indeed, than the rest of the people in the best society.)

The Canon took no notice, however, of these interjected remarks. He severely quoted them. To say the truth, he regarded the entire Axminster connection as his own private property, from a social point of view, and rather resented than otherwise the impertinent suggestion that any one else in the world could have anything to do with them. 'Yes, we've reduced it to a practical certainty,' he went on, leaning back in his place in the gondola and staring hard at the water. 'The crux of the case consisted, of course, in the difficulty of proving that the man Douglas Overton, who shipped from the port of London in the *Saupe Saupe* that was the name of the vessel, it I recollect aright—for Melbourne, Australia, was really the same man as Albert Ogilvie Redburn, seventh Lord Axminster. And it was precious hard to prove satisfactorily, I can tell you; but Maria has proved it proved it up to the hilt. Maria's a very clever woman of the world, and she knows how to work these things like a private detective. Her lawyer said to her in my hearing: "Nobody but you, Lady Axminster, would ever have succeeded in pulling it through; but thanks to your ability and energy and acumen, not even the House of Lords can have the shadow of a doubt about it." And the House of Lords, you may take your oath, will doubt anything any mortal on

earth could doubt, to keep a claimant out of a peerage, if only they can manage it."

"But you think it's quite safe now?" Mrs Hessegrave asked with interest. Anything that referred to a peer of the realm had for her mind a perfectly enthralling attraction.

"Oh, dear yes, quite safe. Not a doubt in the world of it. You see, we've established, in the first place, the fact that the man Douglas Overton really *was* Bertie Redburn, which is always something. And we've established, in the second place, the complementary fact that the *Saucy Sally*, from London for Melbourne, went ashore on some wretched island nobody ever heard of in the Indian Ocean, and that all souls on board perished including, of course, the man Douglas Overton, who is Bertie Redburn, who is the late Lord Axminster. A child can see it—let alone the Privilege Committee."

"I'm glad it's going to be settled," Mrs Hessegrave remarked with unction. "It's such a dreadful thing for poor Mr Algernon Redburn to be kept so long, through no fault of his own, out of the money and title."

"Oh, dreadful," the Canon assented—"dreadful, dreadful, dreadful! But there! poor Bertie never had any conscience. It was quite painful the distressing views he used to hold on such subjects, for a man in his position. I always set it down to the gypsy blood in him. I've heard him say more than once he longed to be doing what he called something useful for the mass of the community. Long before he gave way to these abnormal longings, and neglected his natural duties, and ran away to sea, he's told me time and again he felt a sailor's life was a life of undoubted value and usefulness to the country. A sailor was employed in carrying commodities from one place where they were produced to another place where they were wanted or eaten or something; consumed, I think he called it; and nobody could deny that was a good and useful thing for the people that consumed them. "Very well, Bertie," said I—half in joke, don't you know—"then why shouldn't you go yourself, and carry coals to Newcastle, or whatever else may be the crying want in that line at the moment?"—never dreaming, of course, the poor silly boy would go and follow my advice, as he did to the letter. But there! these things come out all right in the long run. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends," as Tennyson or somebody says—ah, thank you—*was* it Shakespeare?—"rough-hew them how we may;" and that's been the case, I say, with this Axminster peerage business. For the upshot of it all is, that poor Bertie's dead and gone, sooner than one could reasonably have expected; and Algy's come in to the property and title before his time; which is a very desirable thing to have happened: for Bertie might have married a woman after his own heart, no doubt: a sailor's Poll for choice: and if he had, why, one trembles to think what the children might have been like—a perfect disgrace to their ancestry!"

Mrs Hessegrave smiled an acquiescent smile. But as for Kathleen, a flash of light broke suddenly upon her. "A sailor is employed in

carrying commodities from the place where they are produced to the place where they are needed; and that nobody can deny to be on the whole a useful and a valuable function for society!" Surely this line of reasoning, were it right or wrong, sounded strangely familiar to her! And then, as she thought it over, it broke upon her like a revelation that she had heard similar words before now from Arnold Willoughby! From Arnold Willoughby! From the courteous artist sailor. A strange misgiving seized upon her. If Lord Axminster could disguise himself as Douglas Overton, why not also as Arnold Willoughby? She thought at once of her sailor friend's extraordinary knowledge of art and literature for a common sailor; of his chivalrous manners; of his demeanour, which so belied his dress and his pretensions. Turning sharply to Canon Valentine, she ventured to put all at once the dubious question: "Did Lord Axminster paint? Had he any knowledge of art, I mean?"

"Oh, dear me, yes," the Canon answered without a second's hesitation. "He studied in Paris, under a first-rate painter, a fellow with one of their long winded double-barrelled names: Bastien-somebody it was; I never *can* get the hang of them."

Kathleen asked no more. Her heart was strangely troubled. For her sailor had spoken more than once incidentally of Bastien Lepage's studio. Loyalty to Arnold Willoughby made her hold her peace, and refrain from blurting out the doubt that rose within her. If he was really Lord Axminster, why, it would be wrong of her even to attempt to surprise his secret—still more to betray it. The words from which she suspected she discovered his identity had been spoken in confidence, in the most private conversation. Kathleen couldn't help flinging to herself offhand a pretty little romance, based on the familiar Lord-of-Burleigh model. "He was but a landscape painter, And a village maiden she!" A romance of how this young man had tried to win her love as a common sailor (and what was more, succeeded in it, and how he meant in the end to astonish the world by telling her he was an Earl, and carrying her off unawares to his home in Devonshire, to share the fancied glories of Menbury Castle.

And while now she wonders blindly,

Nor the meaning can divine.

Proudly turns he round and kindly.

All of this is mine and thine."

"Twas a romantic little day-dream. To say the truth, Kathleen regarded it only as such. For as yet she had no positive reason to believe that Arnold Willoughby even loved her. She had but guessed it instinctively, with a woman's intuition. And as to his real position in life she knew absolutely nothing. The singular coincidence in thought and phrase between the things he had said to her and the things the Canon repeated as Lord Axminster's sayings was indeed close enough; but it might be accidental. No human being is ever really unique; every thought and feeling we can have, somebody else has had in almost the same form, we may be sure, before us. And perhaps

they had both taken word and thought alike from some previous thinker, as often happens with all of us. For aught she knew to the contrary, it might be some commonplace of Emerson's or Thoreau's. At any rate, Kathleen attached no serious importance to this flash of identification, at least after the first moment. Still, she went on indulging the day-dream, as one often will, for many minutes together, out of mere fanciful delight in it. It gave her some slight relief from the *ding, ding, ding* of the Canon's perpetual chatter about the sayings and doings of his great folk in London. While he went droning on to Mrs Hesselgrave about Lady This and Lady That, their virtues and their delinquencies, Kathleen leaned back in her seat in the broad Italian sunshine, and closed her ears to it all mentally, while she enlarged to herself upon this Axminster day-dream, and saw herself as Arnold Willoughby's bride pacing entranced through the fall leaf of June at Membury Castle.

At last she shut her eyes for a moment, as they were nearing a bridge at one lantern corner, where a Romanesque staircase of exquisite workmanship ran spirally up outside a round tower in the background. It helped her day-dream somewhat to shut her eyes; she could see the great oaks of an English park she could see the fallow deer on dappled spots of shade under the spreading chestnuts. A sharp cry from the Canon made her open them again suddenly. Glancing up in alarm, she looked in the direction where her visitor's eyes were fixed, and saw, leaning on the parapet of the high-pitched bridge that spanned their canal close by—who else but Arnold Willoughby!

The Canon's last word, unheeded as he spoke them, now rang clear in her ears. 'He's dead; that's certain. We've got full particulars. All hands were lost and he *must* have been lost among them.'

But this moment, at sight of Arnold Willoughby's bent head, with one finger twisted carelessly in the lock behind his ear, the Canon sat staring wildly in front of him with wide open eyes. 'Why, look there!' he cried, taken aback, in a voice of something very little short of horror. 'Look there! Who's that? The man on the bridge just in front of us.'

'What's the matter with him?' Mrs Hesselgrave exclaimed, following blankly the direction of the Canon's eyes. She had always been sure there must be something seriously wrong about that dreadful Willoughby man; and now they were discovering it. Could the Canon have recognised him as an escaped convict, or told him at a glance as the Banbury murderer?

But Canon Valentine gazed harder and more steadily than any of them. He seized Kathleen's arm with a convulsive start. 'Yes, it's him!' he said excitedly, in a tone of blank alarm; 'a good deal altered, of course, and quite disguised beyond anybody else's recognition. But it's him, sure enough! I should know him in a thousand!'

'It's *who*?' Mrs Hesselgrave faltered out, hardly daring to ask.

The Canon gasped for breath. He could

only just speak. 'Why, Bertie,' he answered low, leaning forward to whisper it. 'Don't you understand? Bertie Redburn! The man that's dead. The late Lord Axminster!'

MARKET DAY IN AN ITALIAN COUNTRY TOWN.

BELLINO is a small town in Venetia, at the foot of the Italian Dolomites. It stands on a steep promontory, formed by the rush of the great torrent-river Piave, as it sweeps round the lesser hills on its first issuing from the rocky gorges of Cadore. Being only four hours by train from Venice, it is an easily accessible place of refuge from the sultry heat of the lagoons. The cool blue of the mountains—varied here and there with a touch of snow on the higher peaks—and the rich green of the well-cultivated and fruitful country, refresh the eyes and repose the brain, tired and aching with the glare of sunshine reflected from red brick chimneys and white marble palaces.

We arrived late in the evening, and at once went out to explore the town. All was silent and dark. We went through an ancient gateway, and threaded cautiously the roughly paved, winding streets, for the woe-projecting eaves of the lofty massive houses shut away from us even the faint light that came in from the stars. The darkness seemed to be made only the more profound by the feeble glow of an old petroleum lamp slung out, here and there, at the end of a long iron arm. Not a ray of light shone from door or window, and not a creature was to be seen or heard, though it was not yet midnight. We began to think we had dropped into a city of the dead. Once, indeed, through the open door of a church, and by the light of a flickering taper, we discerned an indistinct figure leaning before a shrine; but that, we agreed, might be a ghost; so we returned to our hotel—the bright and comfortable Albergo delle Alpi, wondering wherever the five thousand inhabitants of Bellino could be.

Next morning, all was changed. The cheerful notes of the Bersaglieri's trumpets roused us early from our chambers and told us they were already back from their morning march. Then the hum of voices and the tramp of feet called us to our window; and we saw group after group of peasants trooping down from the neighbouring hills, bringing to the town their cattle and their farm produce, for it was market-day in Bellino. There were merry parties of country women, with their stout blue or black dresses set off by snowy white sleeves and gay coloured aprons, and with pretty kerchiefs thrown tent-wise over the array of silver pins which framed their faces, thus shading the sun from their eyes. Some trundled hand-carts laden with sacks of maize, or poultry and butter; and occasionally amongst the cheeses and the eggs sat the old granny, less fit than she once was to make the whole journey on foot. Others carried on their shoulders the graceful *corba*—the basket of this part of the country—full of fruit and vegetables; whilst the husbands and brothers drove along the sheep and oxen.

All this commotion made us anxious to see

Belluno alive in the morning after having seen it dead at night; so we hastened to follow the crowd. Going down the narrow lane that leads from our hotel, we came out from under overhanging houses, supported on Gothic stone brackets, into the Campitello, the chief business centre of the town. It is a long and spacious piazza, once the exercising-ground of the garrison, in the old warring days when Belluno boasted of a castle and walls; and it forms, so to say, the base of the triangle on which stands the old town. Some traces of the walls can yet be seen, though they have been built up into houses; and the two great double gateways, Porta Donna and Porta Dante, with their massive wooden and iron-clamped doors, still give access to the older part of Belluno. These form the south side of the Campitello; whilst along the whole extent of its northern side are large houses with handsome porticoes of all styles of architecture—Gothic, Lombardic, and Renaissance. Though the houses above them are the most commonplace of modern ones, these columns and capitals are very old, since, being solid blocks of stone, they have stood firm when everything else in Belluno was shaken to pieces by frequent and disastrous earthquakes.

Here, in this big piazza, all the missing inhabitants of Belluno seemed to be congregated. It was a brilliant sight, as the morning sun streamed down on the busy throng. Long rows of stalls and booths filled up one end of the square, and all manner of market-cries were ranged along the walls. The bright-coloured stuffs and shawls with which the stalls were stocked vied in hue with the costumes of the peasants who crowded round them. Behind these stalls, spaces had been marked out on the ground, and here were set in order the goods of many a travelling merchant. One had set out his unfolded dress stuffs in little heaps, so that his square of ground looked as if a crop of tulips had just been mown and made up into haycocks, but which changed in colour as the stuffs were sold off. Next this was a green field—of pottery. There were earthenware pots and dishes of every conceivable shape, each of them characteristic. Some way on was a great array of tin and iron implements and pipkins, which the peasants carry off in numbers to replace the handsome bronze three-legged pots inherited from their forebears, and which are being rapidly transferred to the halls and drawing-rooms of England and America. Next, a great pile of crimson and yellow attracted our attention and that of the crowd. A seller of wonderfully-coloured blankets and counterpanes had draped his cart with them, and, dressed in a gaudy coat, was selling them by auction. Beginning at a high price, he came down to such a low one that one was surprised how all did not go off. Such cheap-jacks are always more or less amusing all the world over, but there was something extra funny in this one, from the earnestness he put into his face, and the vigour with which he expatiated on the qualities of his goods. 'This blanket is the largest ever made: it can cover you and your wife, your grandmother, the children, the donkey, the dog, and the cat.' Another, he declared, was 'so soft and thick that he who had the troubles of a Job would find them all melt away under its warmth.' This

would certainly have sold for four francs, if its twin one had not just gone off for two and a half!

While all this was going on under the blaze of the sun, life was no less busy in the deep shade of the porticoes. Here are to be found the chief shops of the place; but to-day, as if fearing that the outside attractions might divert attention from them, they had pushed out temporary counters into the arches in front, with a tempting display of things to suit mountain taste; and linen and lace, men's suits, and fanciful gaiters, hung like curtains from the apex of the arches. In one portico waved long streamers of green Alpine caps or broad-brimmed straw hats for the men, all threaded on a string like a gigantic daisy chain; and festoons of grey ribbons to bind them with floated from the spiral leaves of the old carved capitals; whilst from the stall below rose columns of the flat black felt hats worn by the women of the Austrian valleys, which they raise from their heads like men, when saluting you, and take off when they go into church. Under another arch were piles of the gorgeous umbrellas so dear to Italian country-people, and without which they are never seen—olive green, saffron, orange, bright blue and crimson, and all with rainbows round their edges. Three consecutive arches were filled with a long array of books, the most modern of which must have dated from the days of our grandparents' youth, all except an English book on children's illnesses and a bad French novel. Further on, a silversmith's stall was thronged by young women anxious to invest their latest savings, or the price of their own particular lamb just sold, in another fantastic-headed long silver pin to enlarge the circle of shining silver with which they love to crown themselves. In another portico we were claimed as old friends by a merchant from Pieve di Cadore, whose stall was a very museum, where, besides the ordinary things a Belluno shop supplies, he had fancy glass from Venice, Russian leather bags from Vienna, and needles and cotton from England. We were amused to be saluted by him with the familiar Pieve phrase, 'Staca pulita?' (Are you clean?), which to new ears sounds a little strange, but which is only the mountain phrase for 'Are you well?'

A break in the porticoes now made us turn our attention to what was going on at the south side of the Campitello, and making our way through the crowd, we found ourselves in the busiest part of the cattle-market. In the shade of the houses and of the big gates were ranged, in two long rows, hundreds of pretty gray and dun-coloured oxen, chained, side by side, to long ropes fixed to staves in the ground. Though small, they looked strong and generally well cared for, and many had marks on their backs, showing they had already changed hands. At a cattle-market one would naturally expect some noise and bustle, but we were hardly prepared for what we found here. In all directions what appeared to be free fights were going on. Surely malefactors were being caught in the act, and volunteers were lugging them off to justice—but then, why so many? Here was a strong young fellow who had a shrivelled-up old man by the collar, and was dragging him off into the old town

by the Dante Gate, whilst the old man struggled to free himself, and clutched at post, and rope, and gate-post, in his efforts at resistance. On another side the case was reversed, and a tall, thin, wiry, old peasant had a stout youth of twenty by the arm, and was lugging him along by main force, while the youth let himself be dragged on like a log. Next came a stout man and his prisoner, who in this case walked along resolutely, as if in desperation, with an expression of resignation on his face, as he, too, was swallowed up by the Porta Dante. Sometimes the captured one would shake himself loose and dart away among the crowd, the other man rushing to try to catch him again. It was very mysterious; so, profiting by a lull, we, too, went through the gateway, and there we found them all, captives and captors, seated at tables in various *botteghe*, with cups of wine and five-franc pieces before them, discussing the wine and their business in the most friendly manner.

As we listened to them talk, the mystery was solved. The captured were those who had cattle to sell, and the captors were agents employed to make the bargain. This is how business is done: a farmer requiring a pair of oxen takes stock of the animal—present, and points out to a *mediatore*, or agent, the one that suits him, and hands over to him a five-franc piece. The mediator then seeks the owner, and learns the price, which is too high, and offers one which is too low; then tries to make him take the five-franc bit as earnest money, the acceptance of which would mean he was ready to come to terms. And now it is that the fight begins. The agent seizes the man's right hand and tries to force the money into it. The man plunges his fist into his pocket and defends it there with the other; or he holds it above his head; or he spreads out his hand, setting his muscles like iron rods, while the other presses the money against the palm and tries to close the fingers over it; or he tries to close it altogether by running away. The earnest-money once accepted, then begins another fight to bring the buyer face to face with the seller, who is waiting quietly for him in the wine-shop. I remarked to a mediator, as he stood pulling and pushing midway in one of the struggles, that it seemed hard work; but he said, laughing: 'Il mestiere è così' (This is the custom of our trade).

Going farther along the Campitello, we found that oxen had given place to sheep, which were standing in semicircular groups near the wall. Two long ropes, knotted together every twelve or fourteen inches, were fastened by their ends to the wall, and into the loops formed between the knots were placed the heads of the sheep, so that the loops were loose when the sheep were quiet, but tightened if they tried to get away. On caps and barrows, ranged in front of their sheep, sat the owners, in every instance looking as if they had no possible interest in their disposal. Here the same mediatorial fights were going on; and we saw that the earnest money for a single sheep was a franc, and that the price of a fine one was only about eight-and-fourpence. We watched one pretty girl, the owner of two fat lambs, whom the mediator was evidently trying to come over by gentler means than those we have described, for he whispered in her ear; and

as he was a good-looking fellow, this, no doubt, conduced to his success; for the earnest-money was accepted, and the bargain was struck on the spot, without the usual adjournment to the wine-shop.

A young country-man to whom we spoke told us that an extra good pair of oxen can be had for from thirty to forty-eight pounds, the ordinary price being about twenty-four. Though not so large as those seen in the plains, they have more work in them, as they live all the summer at liberty in the high, bracing, mountain air. A milk-cow can be had for about seventy francs (£2, 16s.) and upwards; while a calf costs from twenty to forty francs. These last, however, are sold by weight, which accounted for the various weighing-machines that we had noticed in some of the lower-floor rooms of the houses in whose shade we were standing. Our peasant friend also said that though, of course, some people bought and sold without the intervention of an agent, it was far better for peasant, coming in from distant villages, to employ them, for they were acquainted with the state of the market, and knew the fluctuations in prices. 'E poi,' he said, 'non tutti genti onesti-mi' (Besides, they are all the honestest of people). None had ever been known to wrong his employer. 'Indeed,' he added, 'every one is honest here. We may bring our goods to the market-place overnight and leave them there unprotected, and not a cabbage or an apple will be taken.' This agreed with what we already knew of these mountaineers, for we have found amongst them a simpler religious faith and purer morals than in other parts of Italy.

Leaving the Campitello, we passed through the Piazza del Duomo, round which stand some interesting and beautiful buildings, such as the Bishop's Palace, the Palace of the Podestà who governed the province for Venice, and the Municipio, rebuilt with the materials of the lovely Gothic palace of the Consiglio dei Nobili, destroyed, like all the rest of the town, by the terrible earthquake of 1873. On the walls of the present building are the names of the Bellunese patriots who were killed fighting for the freedom of their country. The Duomo itself is an ugly building, replacing an interesting Gothic one.

We now entered the busy Mezzatterra, the main street, which runs from the Porta Doma to the point of the triangle, where a third gate leads down to the river. Here the porticoes were thronged with market-women with their stalls and baskets. Huge piles of peaches and sweet green melons tempted us at every step, as did the delicious, though tiny, pears of this country. Knives, scissors, pruning hooks, and scythes were mixed up with boots and clogs and walking-sticks; and a boy, with a ridiculous, high-pointed straw hat, blew a brazen trumpet at us, and presented us with whetstones for our sickles. As we went up the street towards Porta Doma, a man with a big stall covered with cheeses drew our attention to a heap of some mysterious things, black, rough, and mouldy, which looked like clods of dry black mud from a stagnant pool, and smelt as sweet. The man was surprised we would not buy one, assuring us it was a great delicacy—*ricotta*, or curd

cheese, made from goats' milk. Preferring to leave this 'delicacy' for mountain palates, we pushed on, picking our way across the small piazza outside Porta Donna, which was strewn with toys, stockings, wooden clogs, and tiny barrels for drinking-water. Under the gateway was a row of picturesque girls with *corbas* of blackberries, but as they only offered about an egg-cupful for a *palanca*, or a penny, we thought they knew how to 'improve the occasion' of the passing by of English people.

But we had to hasten home, for the clarions of the Bersaglieri were sounding mid-day; our lunch was still to be eaten; and 'Colombo,' our coachman, was waiting, with his horse and *carrossella*, to carry us off to cooler and higher regions amongst the majestic peaks and the deep valleys of the Dolomite Alps.

MORE THAN CORONETS.

By FRED. M. WHITE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

WHEN the wind blew in from the north-east, and the sea came plunging over the gray granite, the salt sting of the spume was carried up to Deepdene. There was no glimpse of the troubled waters to be seen from the latticed windows of the topmost gable, for the old house nestled in a ferny hollow; still, quiet, and untroubled at times when the gale rushed through the ancient oaks till they groaned again. You could sit in the refectory on winter nights and hear the click-cluck of the clock in the stone-flagged hall, where the armoured figures kept watch, and catch the rustle of the mice behind the panel; whilst, a bowshot away, the trees bent before the onset of the gale. The seagulls came hurtling over with a flash and a scream, heeling as a yacht runs, whilst at the foot of the oaks the deer lay snug in the withered bracken.

No great house was Deepdene; but gray stone attuned and hammered by the deft hand of time until the granite had grown bloomy like the nectarines ripening on the sunny south wall. Two wings ran out from each side of the great portico; the windows were mullioned; there were high-pointed gables with black bargeboards cunningly carved. In front, a lawn, shaven and rolled and mown until the leisurely flight of centuries had rendered it a sheet of emerald velvet. Beyond, lay the remains of what at one time had been the moat, now crossed by a rustic bridge to the small but well-timbered park. Not a great domain; but inland, the fair meadows trended to the valley, where the red farmhouses lay girt about by barns and yellow ricks. In the Deepdene, land was rich and its yeomen prosperous. And in that fertile valley lay the income of Dene de Ros, which he counted at no less than ten thousand pounds per annum. Yes, a beautiful estate, truly.

The house inside was inclined to gloom, for the windows were small, and the device emblazoned on the panes cast streams of pallid blue and pale amber across the black oak floors. And yet the whole place laid no spirit of

gloom or unrest upon the mind: it was a haunt of ancient peace, soothing to the body and mind. The phantoms of trouble and worldly longing would have been out of place there.

In the great hall gleamed polished coats of mail; dark oak chests were here and there; underfoot, skins and rugs; whilst to give the whole a modern touch, were giant palms standing out of dragon vases. In the living-rooms everything was the same: nothing appeared to have been changed since the days of good Queen Bess. It would not have surprised you to see a troop of dames in ruff and farthingale seated in the quaint carved chairs; or a bevy of cavaliers, hawk on wrist, riding through the hammered iron gates, brought from Antwerp by some bygone De Ros, and dividing the kitchen garden from the lawn.

Here and there, some little respect had been paid to changing fashion. But Dene de Ros was proud of his home and its contents, as he was of his long descent and aristocratic line. Many years ago, after the disaster which befell the Spanish Armada, Don del Roso, the commander of one of the great galleons, had been washed ashore, half-dead, after a terrible storm, there to be found by Dorothy Western, the only child of the then owner of Deepdene; and in the course of time there had been a marriage, and the Del Roso became by elision De Ros; and since then the line had remained unbroken.

They were a proud lot, there is no denying that. The Westerns were great people; and Don del Roso had the blood of Castilian kings in his veins. And, from that day to this, the family had retained the regular features and dark flashing eyes of the maritime adventurer whose picture hangs in the hall to witness.

A handsome, well-preserved man of fifty-five or so was Dene de Ros. He looked younger as he stood in his library, where the pale yellow light illuminated the brown volumes with which the room was lined; and yet De Ros seemed hardly happy. Possibly the letter which he had in his hand caused him some uneasiness. The offending communication was written upon a sheet of official-looking blue paper, inscribed in a legal hand, and the contents were of a very pregnant nature indeed.

'Strange, after all these years,' the reader murmured; 'and yet, if what is set out here is correct, there is only one thing to be done.' It was the speaker's favourite expression; everybody in the county knew it. It spoke the upright, honourable man, who never swerved an inch from his duty, however disastrous the consequences might be. People called De Ros hard and cold; but not a soul was there in the whole county who would not have placed his honour implicitly in the hands of Dene de Ros.

The cause of his uneasiness ran as follows:

'485 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS,
5th August 1891.'

'SIR—In accordance with your instructions, we have investigated the case thoroughly, and we have delayed writing until there was something definite to communicate. As you desired, we have spared no expense to sift the matter thoroughly; and it is our painful duty to state

that the claim put forward by Mr Vanbrugh—otherwise Ambrose de Ros—appears to be absolutely sound in every particular. Copies of the various certificates and affidavits by persons whose testimony is apparently beyond reproach have been laid before us by our Australian agents, which leave very little doubt in our mind about the matter. It is impossible to convey everything in writing; therefore, our Mr Carson intends calling upon you to-morrow, when the whole matter will be explained. We trust you will be able to grant this interview.

Your obedient servants,

GALLOWAY & CARSON.

The letter meant ruin, if it meant anything. It would necessitate leaving Deepdene, and commencing the world afresh. Galloway & Carson were not the kind of men to express so candid an opinion unless they were absolutely sure of the facts.

'I shall not fight,' De Ros murmured. 'If this man can prove his title, I shall make no opposition. But it is hard.' With a little fleeting passion, the speaker struck the paper in his hand. His very heartstrings were rooted in the foundations of the old house, which he would soon be compelled to relinquish to a stranger.

The library door opened a little way, and a girl looked in. She was about to withdraw, when De Ros called her to his side. There was no mistaking the likeness between them. Never since the advent of De Ros into the family had there been any break in the main line; but now it looked as if the old name would die out, since Vera de Ros was an only child. She had the same creamy pallor of skin peculiar to the family, the same haughty, short upper lip and liquid eyes. A beautiful girl, dainty, graceful, and refined, like a modernised picture of the dames whose counterfeits pre-eminently smiled down from the walls.

As she spoke, her voice was low and sweet. 'You are in trouble?' she asked. 'Is it that claim again? I thought that was forgotten long ago. The man is an impostor.'

De Ros shook his head sadly, but his eyes flashed. It is hard to lose everything after twenty years of undisputed sovereignty. 'The man is absolutely owner of Deepdene,' he said. 'My grandfather had two sons—Leslie de Ros, and my father, Dene. Leslie was the elder. As I have often told you. Had he lived, my father would have had nothing but his mother's money, and the Dyke—say one thousand pounds per annum, and the house which you know. But Leslie quarrelled violently with his father, and quitted the country in high dudgeon. Ten years later, proof came to us that he had died in Australia, and till lately we have never heard anything further. And now it transpires that Leslie was married, and left a son, who in turn became a Benedict, and has a son too. It is an old story,' De Ros concluded bitterly; 'but it means the loss of the old place, and its transfer to a man who will probably pull it down and rebuild a red brick mansion on the site.'

Vera's delicate features flushed with pain. 'Pull down this beautiful monument of the past,

destroy the— Oh, impossible!' The creamy pallor on her cheeks became more intensely marked. 'That would be worse than all,' she whispered. 'You are sure of this?'

'Yes. My solicitors say the claim is quite genuine.'

'I can't realise it.' Vera went on after a pause: 'Father, how old is this man, who has come to drive us from our home?'

'About my own age,' De Ros replied mechanically.

'Then you know all about him. Have you seen him?'

For a moment De Ros appeared to be actually confused, an unusual thing for a man who had never yet betrayed the slightest emotion. 'I have heard many particulars from Swayne,' De Ros explained with some little haste. 'I have to thank him for this.'

'But, had you known, Swayne's discovery would have counted for nothing,' Vera spoke with pride; she did not consider it necessary to frame her remark in a spirit of interrogation. The proudest and most honourable man in the county would have acted as a De Ros should had he been aware that the estates were not his own, he would not have lingered for others interested to make the same discovery.

'I should have done my duty,' he said simply. 'Swayne's vengeance will be a very empty triumph after all.'

'It is very strange,' Vera said meditatively as she sank into one of the old carved chairs—'very strange that you should have lived seven years in Australia before your marriage, and have discovered nothing of Leslie de Ros and his descendants there. And yet, in fewer than three years, Swayne finds the real owner of Deepdene.'

De Ros was silent for a moment; the heraldic device on the window cast a hard red shadow athwart the leather-covered volumes; a flash of blue lighted up the carved mantel over the open grate. Outside, a staling whistled as he perched upon the bronze cupola of the pigeon-house. The ordered peace was there still, it lay everywhere save in the heart of the dethroned master of it all.

'Swayne was lucky,' he said at length. 'He blundered upon the clue quite by accident, and his thirst for vengeance dictated the rest. I daresay this Ambrose de Ros has promised to reward him liberally.'

'No one of our name would stoop to barter with a discharged servant, a dishonest steward,' Vera exclaimed, her dark eyes changing hue. 'You should have prosecuted Swayne, father.'

'I could prove nothing that the law recognises,' De Ros replied. 'And I would not build up too high hopes concerning our successor, were I in your place. To commence with—his mother was an emigrant, the daughter of a village hind who left the old country to better himself. Leslie de Ros did not tell his wife who he was; and when he died, leaving a son, his identity perished with him. But De Ros is no common name, and naturally, Swayne knew the whole story so far as this family is concerned. When I discharged him, he found it impossible to get employment in

this country; therefore, he emigrated. In the bush he met Ambrose de Ros, tending sheep. The rest of the story you can guess. And now the claimant to this property is in England, and Swayne accompanies him. The latter's revenge!"

"Is nothing," Vera interrupted loftily. "So long as we do what is right and just, all that goes harmlessly over our heads. Oh, it is impossible for a creature like Swayne to humiliate a De Ros." Vera spoke disdainfully as she rose to her feet. She laid her long slim hands, glittering with rose diamonds in old settings, on the bronze dragon that formed the back of a chair, a touch of carmine on her cheek. In another girl, younger, less regally beautiful, the gems would have looked out of place; but they seemed appropriate to Vera.

She sighed. It was the one passing tribute paid by pride to nature. It seemed so hard to be compelled to give it all up: the horses in the old stone stables, which had once been the refectory of a Capuchin hospital; the family pictures; the old silver-throated organ with the yellow keys, which had been fashioned by Father Smith himself. For Vera loved her music, and the organ that stood in the long gallery, opposite the brass-bound oaken chest on which Del Rocio had floated ashore. And that—the crafte, as it were, of the race—must go too.

"It will be a wrench," she murmured between her little white teeth; "and yet there is comfort in knowing that everything is going to our own flesh and blood. I daresay we shall manage with the Dyke and your younger brother's portion—we are not extravagant."

"It will be a triumph for Swayne," De Ros said meditatively.

"It will not," Vera retorted. "He will gain nothing by it." Vera swept out of the room, her black velvet skirts trailing behind her, her little high-heeled slippers clacking on the polished floor. In the soft dim light of the hall she recognised a figure which seemed familiar. The man bowed humbly, but there was a grin on his face.

"Swayne!" said Vera, with an uplifting of the arched brows. "Why are you here? There was no anger or indignation in the clear level tones, nothing but the cold, distant contempt naturally felt for a detected scoundrel. Vera simply regarded him as if he had been some noisome insect.

"I came here, Miss," Swayne replied, striving to speak insolently, and failing lamentably in the attempt, "to see your father. Subject to the necessary preliminaries, I have been reappointed steward to Deepdene estate by the owner, Mr Ambrose de Ros."

"Indeed!" Vera said with the same smoothness. "This is interesting. Your trip to Australia seems to have proved fortunate, Mr Swayne."

The man smiled uneasily. In a dim way, he was conscious that the proposed triumph was proving somewhat chimerical. The coarse red face was sullen, the little twinkling eyes fell before Vera's calm gaze.

"You may say that," he retorted with a rising inflection. "I tried a land speculation, and in a short time I made ten thousand

pounds. Then I went up country, where I was fortunate enough to find Mr Ambrose de Ros. He came over to England with me."

"Indeed! He is to be congratulated upon his new friendship. What manner of man is this relative of mine, Mr Swayne?"

Swayne grinned again, and then coughed behind his hand, with a deference which he found himself unable to master so long as Vera's clear eyes were bent on his face.

"Not much like a De Ros, I fear," he said. "In the first place, Mr Ambrose—or, to speak correctly, *M^r* de Ros—is a gentleman entirely devoid of education. He has lived in the bush all his life, amongst the sheep; he has few ideas beyond his own wants."

"I suppose you mean that he is a working man?"

"Well, that's about what it really amounts to," Swayne continued, the feeling of insolence cropping up again. "A labourer who has a son also, who is very little better. I daresay you'll find it awkward at first."

But Vera displayed no emotion; her beautiful face was calm and serious, as if she had been listening to the passing chronicle of some village romance. She even smiled slightly as she drew her skirts together. "Thank you," she said simply. "I shall be able to judge for myself presently."

Vera passed up the wide staircase, leaving Joshua Swayne in a curious frame of mind, in which grudging admiration was uppermost. He had been turned away from Deepdene four years before with scorn and contumely; but now a sudden trick in Fortune's wheel had placed vengeance in his grasp; and yet the first shot had exploded harmlessly, the enemy remained undismayed.

Meanwhile, Vera turned into the great corridor, lighted by a large oriel window, where the purple and primrose device of the race flashed like a jewel in the sun. On either side were family portraits—a general, a famous statesman, a bishop with mitre and full sleeves of lawn. There were beautiful women in whose honour bloods had crushed many a cup, the whole proud noble line that culminated in a rude shepherd from the antipodes.

Vera smiled bitterly as she ran her hands over the ivory keys of Father Smith's work. But to-day there seemed to be a jarring note in the harmonious wail of the Gregorian chant, and Vera abandoned her stool, and, crossing over, stood for some time contemplating an object standing under the great oriel. It was an old oaken chest, brass-bound, and black with the passage of centuries. A little drift of bloomy feathery dust lay on the lid, but not enough to obliterate the curious inscription carved thereon by the hand of Del Rocio himself. It was the casket he had clung to when the *Santa Maria* went down, and the commander had been the only living soul to reach that ironbound coast in safety. Vera traced the inscription with idle forefinger:

Thys was my arke of safetie, here
I found the Englyshe shore;
Thys is my home, and here withyn
Is troubl gone and o'er.

Vera lifted the lid. The chest was crammed with musty documents, expired leases, grants of royalties, and the like. She let the lid fall with a sullen bang, and leaned her face upon it. 'And this is the end of it all,' she murmured. 'What would the Castilian noble say to the shepherd, I wonder?'

There was a step on the stair, and Vera rose as her father came towards her. 'There was a gray slip of paper in his hand—a telegram.'

'This is from my lawyers,' De Ros said gravely. 'They warn me that Ambrose de Ros proposes to honour us with a visit to-morrow.'

VILLAGE NATURALS.

A RACE which has all but passed away from the country-side in Scotland since the passing of stringent vagrancy Acts and the reformation of local authorities, is that of the half-witted wanderers, or 'naturals,' as they used to be called, whose idiosyncracies, a generation ago, formed one of the occasionally peculiar characteristics of most rural districts. A sort of privileged mendicants, they were never turned from the door of cottage, manse, or farm steading. Their friendly reception was due partly to superstition, which made it unlucky to refuse hospitality to those mentally afflicted, and partly to fear of the unreasoning vengeance which some of them had been known to perpetrate; but most of all to pity, which everywhere looked upon them with a kindly and excusing eye. Stories of their exploits and sayings, by no means always so 'throwless' as might have been expected, but generally containing a biting grain of humour which tickled the fancy, were current everywhere about the country; and sometimes they even did a useful service which could have been effected by no more one and sensible person.

It is recorded in the life of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, that he owed something of the dawn of his inspiration to one of these wanderers. One sunny summer day when, a lad of twenty, he was herding his sheep on the Hawkshaw Rig, above the farm of Blackburn, on the Douglas Burn, in Yarrow, there came up to him one of these naturals, named Jock Scott, well known and welcomed on that country-side for his poetic proclivities. To while away the time, Jock, who was then on his return from a peregrination in Ayrshire, recited to the Shepherd the whole of a wonderful poem called 'Tam o' Shanter,' made by an Ayrshire ploughman of the name of Burns. To that recitation, no less, perhaps, than to the storied surroundings of the hills of Yarrow among which he dwelt, Hogg owed the opening of his eyes to the poetic light that never was on sea or land, and to the magic of that elfin under-world in which he was to dream his exquisite dream of Bonnie Kilmeny.

Of later wanderers like Jock Scott on that Border-side, Dr Russell, in his 'Reminiscences of Yarrow,' has recorded an anecdote or two. Jock Gray, supposed to be the original of Davie Gellatley in 'Waverley,' is described as wearing knee-breeches, and fastening his stockings with glaring scarlet garters. Like many of his kind, he was strong in mimicry, especially of the

ministers whose services he attended, and whom he could frequently be induced to 'take off' with great effect. Once the wife of the minister of Selkirk asked him to furnish forth an imitation of her husband. That gentleman was in the habit of reading his sermons, a habit much reprobated in those days. The saltiness of Jock's reply may therefore be understood when he told the lady that before he could comply with her demand she must give him 'a bit o' paper.' Sometimes his zeal for ministerial duties carried him further than mere mimicry. It is recorded that on one occasion he managed to make his way into the pulpit of Ettrick kirk before the arrival of the minister. When the latter himself reached the foot of the pulpit stairs and discovered the occupant of his place, he called out, 'Come down, John.' The predicament reached its climax when the congregation heard the answer, 'Na, sir; come ye up; they're a still-necked and rebellious people; it'll tak' us baith.'

When Jock was a lad, the minister of Yarrow once told him he was the idlest boy in the parish, and suggested that he might at least herd a few cows. 'Me herd cows? me herd cows!' said Jock. 'I dinna ken geth (grass) trae corn; a repander which suggests the idea that Jock may possibly have been something of the knave as well as a little of the fool. Jock later on used to wander about the country with his father, an old mendicant, who, with a gift of prayer, was accustomed to conduct family worship in the cottages in which the poor were lodged for the night. It is recorded that one night during this function, Jock, who doubtless felt the gnawings of hunger just then, twice or thrice lifted the lid of the pot on the fire, and was heard speculating in somewhat forcible language as to when his parent would conclude. A strong affection, nevertheless, existed between the two, and when at length the old father died, Jock at once took to his bed and within a week also breathed his last. Some of the verses of this worthy, containing no small inkling of pawky humour, are preserved, with a description of their author, in the 'Memoirs of Dr Robert Chambers.'

Jock Dickson, another wanderer of the same sort, whose father, nicknamed 'Coos the kail' from the length of his sermons, had been minister of Bedrule, was a visitor in Yarrow, and was wont for many a day to find quarters in the various manse in which his parent had been known. He was distinguished chiefly by the cut of his clothes. These consisted of 'a long blue coat, with very wide and long tails, and a double row of brass buttons down the back as well as in front, knee-breeches, and shoes with buckles.' On account of these habiliments, the boys of some of the towns through which he passed were accustomed, merciless and conscienceless as boys constantly are, to follow him with the shout of, 'Datt Jock Dickson! Buckles and pouches! Buckles and pouches!'

On the south shore of Loch Lomond many of the inhabitants still living remember Will-o'-the-shore. A fearsome sight he was, to children and persons not acquainted with the neighbourhood, as he went about the quiet roads grumbling to himself regarding his wrongs, and muttering vengeance on all and sundry. His clothes were always in the last stage of tatters; his head had

no covering but a great shock of matted hair; and he slouched along with his great splay-feet naked in all weathers. His usual custom upon entering a house, which he did without ceremony, was to 'wecht the women,' as he called it. Upon one occasion he rushed into the mansion-house of Caldaran, and straightway seizing its mistress by the waist, to her dismay lifted her into the air. Matters were put right, however, by the lady's sister, who was present, suggesting to the too energetic and somewhat dubious visitor that what he wanted was 'a jelly piece.' 'Ay,' said he; and, no doubt to her immense relief, set his burden down. Something more than a suspicion existed that Will's pranks were not confined to the comparatively harmless one of 'wechting the women.' The opening of field-gates during the night, and the consequent serious straying of cattle and sheep, were frequently attributed to him. Further and even worse deeds of spiteful mischief contributed to make him sufficiently feared as the evil genius of the country-side; and it was no small relief to the farmers, as well as to the women and children of his district, when he finally disappeared.

Egg Will was a character of a different sort in the same neighbourhood. A good-natured 'sumph,' with broad fat face and harmless hands, he went about the district with a long basket, gathering eggs, which he carried to Dumbarton for sale, thereby contributing in some degree to the support of himself and his widowed mother. In his way he was a beneficent friend to the farmers among whom he went; and upon coming to a bed of thistles growing by the road, he would be seen to set down his basket and attack the enemy, rooting them out with immense energy and indignation. His chief peculiarity, however, was an unbounded admiration for people of title; and at all the public functions - cattle-shows, fairs, and sports - he might be observed, with open mouth and undisguised worship, following the footsteps of the Duke of Montrose. Upon one occasion, a late minister of the district, who was blind, was being led through a cattle-show at Drymen by one of the present proprietors of the neighbourhood, then a boy, when the Duke was seen approaching, followed at a few paces' distance by his humble worshipper. The minister's guide whispered to him that the Duke was coming towards him; but at that moment some other object distracted His Grace's attention, and he turned aside. The follower behind, however, perceiving the expectant attitude of the minister, seized the golden opportunity. 'How do you do, Mr —?' he said, throwing his utmost powers of mimicry into an imitation of the ducal accent, and entirely deceiving the unfortunate clergyman whom he addressed. 'I am very well, I thank you, my Lord Duke!' replied the latter, sweeping off his hat to his interrogator; and then, on a hurried whisper of 'It's Egg Will!' from the boy at his side, he more suddenly and with less dignity clapped his hat on his head again; and with an angry exclamation turned on his heel and made for home. Will's purpose, however, had been sufficiently served; and never to his dying day did he forget that he had once been taken for the Duke of Montrose.

A character of a similar sort was known in

the neighbourhood of Whitburn and Fathgate, forty or fifty years ago, as Henry Downie. He was the son of a collier, and, as often pathetically happens, his mother's heart was set with peculiar tenderness upon this weakling of her family. So long as he remained a child, she did her best to shield his shortcoming from public observation by keeping him near herself; but as he grew older, he took to wandering over the country, farther and farther from her sheltering care, until he would be away for days and, perhaps, weeks together. At no time, however, was he ever known to suffer accident or to go without a meal. Wherever he might be, he could always count upon getting a bowl of porridge or soup, or a night's lodging in the hay shed, from some kindly farmer or cottar. Henry's outstanding peculiarity was a passion for attending processions and funerals; and as the latter were naturally by far the more numerous in that rural district, his figure became especially connected in the popular mind with marches to the graveyard. At the hour of funeral he was invariably to be seen in attendance outside the house of the departed; and upon the coffin being brought out, either upon stretchers or for carriage by hearse, he placed himself in front, and solemnly led the way to the place of burial - a contract of tragedy and tolly Shakespearian in its vividness. Sometimes, at a pinch, Henry was employed to run errands for tradesmen of the town, and generally the errands were performed satisfactorily enough.

But one dénouement of another sort remains upon record. The minister of Longridge had ordered the immediate delivery of a new hat, in which he meant to attend a ceremony of some state in his neighbourhood; and for lack of other means of conveyance, Henry Downie was despatched by the tradesman with the parcel. The messenger started forth upon his errand in all good faith; and all went well until, in the midst of a wood, about halfway towards his destination, Henry was seized with an irrepressible desire to discover how he would feel with the minister's hat on his head. Opening the bandbox, therefore, and undoing the tissue-paper in which the hat was wrapped, he placed the glossy satin headgear on his own ill-cut locks, and took to marching up and down the secluded glade. Unfortunately, the time of year happened to be early summer, and the air of the little plantation was full, not only of the lines of spiders' webs, but of the stringy exudations which are given forth by some kinds of fir-tree at that season. Entirely oblivious of the decoration which by these means was being imparted to the minister's hat, Henry marched up and down for some time in the full enjoyment of his stolen dignity; and it was only at last, upon suddenly remembering that the minister would be waiting for his head-covering, that the unlucky messenger crushed the hat back into its bandbox, and tucking it under his arm, made off with great speed and diligence to Longridge. The dismay of the reverend gentleman on discovering the condition of his purchase is not to be recorded; but it is certain that Henry Downie was never again entrusted with the carriage of perishable goods.

A contemporary of Henry, who peregrinated

throughout the shires of Linlithgow and Stirling, was well known for many years by the somewhat suggestive and not particularly euphonious title of 'Puddin' Geordie.' Stories of his exploits, showing him to be by no means so great a simpleton as he looked, were everywhere current in the region of his wanderings, and his appearance must be remembered by many persons still living. Geordie possessed an infinite attachment to the ordinances of religion, and in whatever part of the country he happened to find himself on Sunday, never failed to make his way to the kirk, where he possessed himself always of an empty seat, and displayed exceeding fervour in attending to the service. His memory, like the memory of many of the natural class, was vividly retentive, and nothing pleased him more than to be asked to 'give out' a sermon of the Rev. Mr So-and-So. Mounted forthwith upon a chain by way of pulpit, he would begin with the text, and repeat the whole discourse with wonderful accuracy to the end. Upon one occasion this faculty of his was turned to mischievous account by the boys of the Relief manse at Rathgate-Belorchand, in anticipation of Geordie's visit, they had prepared a trigger for the lid of the barrel which caught the rain-water from the roof, and upon the mendicant's appearance, they induced him, with a little flattery and the promise of a penny, to mount this extemporised pulpit and give them a sermon. Nothing loth, he ascended the corgan of vantage, and proceeded with text and heads. He had pressed no further, however, than the first division, when, in the midst of the most emphatic passage of one of their own father's discourses, there was a crash, and Geordie disappeared in rain-water up to the chin.

As he went about the country, he received constant doles both of eatables and of money, which must have amounted sometimes, one would suppose, to a considerable value. A story in connection with one of these doles, which throws a suggestive light on the character of the searing simpleton, was long told by the lady in Falkirk at whose door the incident occurred. This lady had for some time been in the charitable habit, each Saturday, upon his appearance, of presenting Geordie with a penny. Upon one occasion she had been from home for some time, during which, of course, she had not seen her pensioner. When, therefore, on the Saturday after her return, she saw him coming to the house, she went to the door herself, and, with a kindly inquiry after his welfare, was presenting him with the usual coin, when she was electrified by the mendicant's remark, referring to the omission of the previous Saturday: 'But ye ken, Miss ---, ye're awin' me a penny.' It is needless to say Geordie's dole was forthwith put upon a less exacting basis.

Not very long ago, a familiar figure of the country-side about Symington and Kilmarnock was a wanderer named Neil Elliot. Neil's wardrobe, consisting of at least two separate suits of clothes, was for convenience sake worn all together upon his person at one time. Upon account of this, as much, perhaps, as because of his scrupulous neatness and cleanliness, he always required a full hour to dress in the morning, and another hour to undress at night. These and

other little peculiarities were the familiar by-word of the farms where he was always welcomed and compassionately entertained. Like Puddin' Geordie, Neil was an untailing attender at kirk, and his proceedings in the house of religion attracted even more notice than those of his fellows. He was accustomed to enter just before the beginning of the sermon, when he would march forward and take possession of the foremost seat under the pulpit, and there occupy a full ten minutes in settling himself and arranging his belongings. Entirely innocent of guile, and rather more than tolerated, for his news, by the elder folk of the district through which he wandered, Neil was especially liked by the children, for to each of them, upon parting, it was his never failing custom to present a 'double strong peppermint lozenge.'

MY BEST FARE.

I've been a cabman ten years or more, and naturally I've had some good fares in my time. There was a bishop once who gave me a sovereign instead of a shilling, and wouldn't take it back when I told him he'd made a mistake. There was a bookmaker who bet me a pound to nothing I couldn't catch a Doncaster special at King's Cross, and who paid me two because I hooked him in time, though I damaged my cab and got my number taken on the road.

But the Best Fare I ever drove was a servant girl. Of course I didn't class her as any better than indifferent when I picked her up at the Great Central terminus; and if it hadn't been for a block in the street, I should probably have missed her altogether. I'd meant to be in time to meet the 6.30 express, a favourite train of mine--only the other day I got a newly-married couple up for the honeymoon out of it; but the block made me just too late, and when I reached the arrival platform, it looked as desolate as only an arrival platform can when one train's backed out and the next ain't due for half an hour.

All the passengers had gone except the one girl, and there wasn't a cab to be seen. The porters--all but Sam Sleeman--were talking to each other, and Sam was talking to the girl.

'Didn't I tell you there'd be one directly, miss?' said he as I came up. 'Here's the very best driver in all London at your service.'

She was a nice, fresh, pleasant featured lass; and if I'd been taking a day off into Epping Forest or down to Hampton Court, I'd have been glad enough to let her share the pony-trap, but pleasure ain't business, and I began to wish I'd stopped outside the station. However, as I was there, I couldn't very well refuse her; so she got into my hansom, looking as if it wouldn't take much to make her cry.

'Seventy-four Blanks Street, Chelsea,' said Sam as he handed me up her bit of a box. 'I've told her three shillings is the proper fare. Halves in the extra bob, Bill.'

I nodded, and drove off, not meaning to charge the poor thing any extra shilling, but knowing better than to quarrel with a porter over sixpence.

'Come up, horse,' said I as we cleared the

station gates. 'Perhaps we'll pick up a swell on our way back; and anyhow, we haven't had a bad day.'

I was driving a thorough-bred that day, own brother to a horse who once won a race at Alexandra Park; and though he was more than a bit queer on his off foreleg, it didn't stop him when he warmed to his work. He was as sensible as a Christian too, and a shake of the reins was enough to make him do his best; but he didn't like pottering about searching for little streets nobody ever heard of but those who live in them. Blank Street was one of that sort, and by the time we pulled up at seventy-four he'd lost his patience, and so had I.

'Now, miss,' said I, speaking through the trap and rather sharp, 'as soon as you can, please. My horse is fidgety, and time's money.'

She gave a little scream, and jumped out as quick as if I'd dropped a fire-cracker down on her. In her hurry, she managed to get her dress caught somehow; and when she tried to undo it, she pinched her fingers in the door. 'Oh!' she cried again; and, thinking I'd never see the end of the job if I didn't lend a hand, I swung myself down off my perch.

'You ain't accustomed to hansom's, I think,' said I as I fumbled about with her skirt.

'I never was in one before,' she replied. 'I'm very sorry to give you so much trouble. Oh dear! I hope your horse won't run away.'

'Not he, miss,' said I. 'He'll stand for an hour if I'm not on the box. But there. All's clear now, I think.'

'Thank you,' said she, taking out her purse. 'Are you sure this is the right number?'

'Why, yes,' said I, getting her box down. 'Anyway, it's seventy-four. That's what you want, isn't it?'

'Yes,' she replied. 'But it looks like an empty house.'

It did; and it wasn't satisfied with only looking like one. I rang the bell till I broke the wire, and then I took a turn at the knocker; but it was no go. The girl stood on the pavement with her shabby little purse in her hand, and her shabby little box at her feet, looking so miserable that I hadn't the heart to leave her to shift for herself. 'Cheer up, miss,' said I. 'I'll try next door.'

A waspy-faced little woman answered my knock. 'No,' says she; 'I don't know nothing about seventy-four; and if I did, this ain't a private-inquiry office.' And with that she shut the door in my face.

Then I tried the other side. There they were more civil, but almost as ignorant. There had been a lady and gentleman living at seventy-four; and for all seventy-two knew, they might be there yet, only, perhaps, out just at present. No furniture had been moved lately, not to their knowledge; but then, of course, there was a sport called 'shooting the moon,' wasn't there? And what with false references and such-like things, you never were sure of your next-door neighbour, even in a respectable street like that. Perhaps the people at the post-office round the corner could tell me something. And that was all seventy-two had to say.

'Don't give way, my dear,' said I, seeing the

girl was beginning to cry. 'Perhaps you've made a mistake in the address.'

'Oh no; I'm sure I haven't,' she sobbed. 'Here's the lady's card.' She showed it me, and it had 'Mrs Stapleton-Penrose' in the middle, and '74 Blank Street, Chelsea,' down in the left-hand corner as correct as any card I ever saw.

'Did they know you were coming by this train?' I asked.

'Yes,' she replied. 'When Mrs Penrose engaged me, she told me exactly how to come, and the time and everything. She and her husband have been stopping in the boarding-house at Harmingham where I was housemaid, and I was to be parlour-maid here. — But oh, what shall I do if she's left?'

'No need to think about that till we're sure,' said I, more to comfort her than because I had much doubt. I couldn't see a 'To Let' about anywhere; but the windows were very dirty, and altogether the place looked as deserted as a last year's nest. 'Perhaps the master's in the City, the missis out shopping, and your fellow-servants taking an airing. Anyhow, if you'll keep an eye on the cab the horse won't stir of his own accord, I promise you I'll nip round to that post-office and ask.'

The post-office was only one of those little places where they haven't anything to do with the delivery of letters; and they couldn't, or wouldn't, tell me much, though I cross-questioned the young woman in charge nearly as hard as a lawyer once cross-questioned me when I was a witness in a running down case.

I walked slowly back, hoping to goodness somebody belonging to the place would have turned up while I was away; and, sure enough, when I got round the corner, I could see some one talking to the girl.

'That's all right, William,' says I to myself. But it wasn't. The chap was only a policeman.

'Hullo! 10,411,' says he. 'Trust a copper to take the number of a cab if he stand within sight of it for five seconds. What's the meaning of this?'

'That's just what I want to know,' says I. 'If you're the officer on the beat, perhaps you can tell me where to find somebody belonging to seventy-four.'

'Ay!' says he, chuckling. 'I can tell you fast enough. In Holloway prison on remand & charge of general swindling. Surely you're not another victim?'

'No fear,' I replied. 'But I'm afraid this young woman is. A Mrs Something-or-other Penrose has engaged her as parlour-maid.'

'Oh! she has, has she?' said he. — 'Tell me, my dear, did she borrow any money from you?'

'Oh yes, sir; she did indeed,' cried the poor girl, now fairly breaking down. 'Ten pounds the day before she left Harmingham. I was to have extra wages for being so ready to oblige her.'

'Ah!' said the policeman, 'I thought so. My lady has been playing the same game, or a similar one, all over the country for some time; but we've got her at last, my girl, and we

shan't let her go in a hurry. If you care to have a dig at her, you can come round to the station along with me and tell your story to the inspector. The more of you who appear against her, the longer she's likely to get, if that's any consolation to you. It would be to me, I know.'

'And to me,' I chimed in. 'I'll drive you and the officer round with pleasure, miss, if you'd like to go.'

'Oh! no, no,' she moaned. She was sitting on her box by this time and crying as if her heart would break. Even the copper looked sorry for her; and I felt as if hanging would be too good for Mrs Penrose. 'I don't want revenge. But what am I to do! what am I to do!'

'Well, if you'll take my advice,' put in the copper, 'you'll let cabby here drive you back to the station, and take the first train home to your friends.'

'I haven't any friends,' said she, 'nor any money to pay my fare, if I had.'

'Don't say that, miss,' said I, winking at the copper. 'There must be some one down in your part of the country who'd put you up till you've time to turn round; and as for me, why, they know me so well at the Great Central, that I could arrange it with the booking clerk.'

But she stuck out she couldn't think of anywhere to go. She said he'd no parent, no relatives even that she knew of; and as for friends, well, a servant in a boarding-house naturally don't make many of the sort that's useful in a crisis.

'What the dickens are we to do?' I whispered to the copper.

'There's the casual ward,' he whispered back.

'Oh! sink the casual ward,' said I, disgusted.

'With all my heart,' says he. 'But what else is there?'

'Well, ain't there a Refuge or a Home or something somewhere handy?' I asked.

'Why, yes,' replied he. 'There's one in X -- Square; but I don't know whether they'll take her in; and if they will, it's hardly the sort of place for such as her. It's more for you know.'

'Ay, I know,' said I, with a sigh. 'I might try it, though.'

'Yes,' says he; 'you might, if the young woman has no objection. Anyhow, she can't stop here all night. Come, clear off, you boys.'

It was a very quiet street, was Blank Street, but a little crowd had collected by this time. While Robert moved them on, I told the girl about the Refuge; and though it was easy to see she didn't like the idea of it, she said she'd go; and thanked us both for the trouble we were taking.

'Don't mention it, miss,' said I; and Robert, he slipped a shilling into my hand on the sly.

'Get her a decent lodging for to-night, if they won't have her,' he whispers. 'I think you're a chap to be trusted.'

'The same to you, my boy; and thank you,'

said I. 'You've got my number; and I'm always to be heard of at Roscoe's Yard, Lambeth.'

'All right,' says he. 'You'll do the best you can for the poor thing, I'll warrant. — Good-night.'

As every one who reads the papers knows, there are charities and charities, and that Refuge happened to be one of the wrong sort. I saw a woman just about as waspy as the cye in Blank Street, who said she was the lady superintendent, and seemed to doubt the truth of every word I spoke. She told me they only admitted cases recommended by a subscriber; and then she actually had the impudence to advise me—me, mind you, a London cabby—to be careful, because girls were that artful nowadays, there was no believing in appearances.

Well, this set my back up. I always was a hasty sort of chap, and I made up my mind to try no more Refuges; though I've no doubt that if I'd only known which to take her to, there were plenty where she'd have been made welcome and well looked after. I didn't like the idea of just getting her a lodging and leaving her to take her chance either. If she'd no money and no friends, it was such a precious poor one.

'They're full up here, miss,' says I, going back to the cab. I'd told her that still till I saw what sort of a place it was. 'They say they can't possibly take you in; but if you don't mind crossing the water, I think I know a decent body that would put you up for a night or two.'

'You're very good,' says she. 'But I must owe you a lot of money already, and I've only a few shillings —'

'Never mind that, miss,' I interrupted. 'My fare can wait; and the party I have in my mind won't overcharge you—in fact, it's my mother.'

'Your mother!' she cried.

'Yes, miss,' said I. 'If you'll be good enough to trust me that far, I think it's the best thing we can do.'

'Of course I trust you,' says she with a little smile. 'You've been so kind to me already. But I'm afraid I'll be imposing on your good-nature.'

'Not a bit of it,' said I; and to avoid more words, I clambered up and drove off down the Chelsea Embankment and over Vauxhall Bridge to Roscoe's, to leave the cab. The yard-men stared when I handed the young woman out and shouldered her box.

'Blessed if Bill Taylor ain't been and got married!' I heard one of them say; and 'I'll be back for my second horse about nine,' I called out, to prevent the report from spreading among my mates. I thought even a yard-man would have sense enough to know a chap wouldn't want a second horse on his wedding day.

We lived close to the yard; and my mother stared harder than the men had done when I came in with the box. 'That's a queer thing to be left in a cab, Bill,' says she.

'Tain't been left, mother,' said I; and then I explained things to her as quickly as I could, for the girl was waiting on the landing

—we had two rooms in a block of model dwellings.

'You ain't angry, mother?' I asked, for she didn't speak when I'd finished, only looked at me with a queer light in her eyes.

'Angry! No,' says she. 'Only proud of my son.—Come in, you poor dear—come in. You must excuse Bill for leaving you out there. He never did have a grain of sense.'

Then they threw their arms about each other and had a good cry, while I scratched my head and wondered at the contradictoriness of women. When they'd done, mother bustled about and got tea, making the girl help, just to set her at her ease.

She told us her name was Jessie Morris, and that she'd been an orphan, earning her own living ever since she was fourteen. I set her down as two-and-twenty that night, but knocked off a couple of years when I saw her after she'd had a good rest—and a lot more about herself I needn't repeat. I left her as cheerful as a cricket, chatting away to my mother as if she'd known her for years. Mother must have taken to her pretty quickly too; for, after I brought that second horse back about three in the morning, she put her head out of their room just to whisper to me: 'Jessie's fast asleep. I thought you'd like to know.—God bless you, my boy, for bringing her to me!'

Well, I don't think there's much more to be said. Jessie stayed on with us for a week or so, and fairly earned her keep by helping mother give the rooms a thorough cleaning; and then mother found her a place with a family at Brixton. We didn't lose sight of her. When I'd time, I'd look her up; and when she'd her evening out, she'd come down to see mother, who wasn't as active as I'd have liked her to be. Of course I fell in love with her. No one seeing her homely way with the old lady could help it; but I didn't speak for nearly a year, partly because I didn't think she'd have me; and partly because I couldn't see my way to providing a comfortable home for the two of them.

After my uncle Thomas died, though, we were much better off. He left me a nice little legacy; and I set up a hansom and a couple of horses of my own, that thorough-bred being one of them. Then I felt I'd got a decent position and a chance of putting by something for a rainy-day; so, one Sunday evening when I was seeing her home to Brixton, I said: 'Jessie, poor mother's getting very feeble, don't you think?'

'Yes, Bill, I do,' says Jessie, looking down and blushing, as if she guessed what I had in my mind.

'She'd be better for a daughter's care, wouldn't she?' I asked, hoping the hint might be enough.

'Of course she would. It's a pity you haven't a sister,' says she so sharp that I was sure she didn't care for me, and said no more that night. When I got home I must have looked as glum as I felt, for mother would have it there was something the matter; and after a bit she wormed the whole story out of me.

'Oh you donkey!' says she. 'The young men in my day didn't ask girls to marry them

for their mothers' sakes. Tell her straight out you love her, if ever she gives you the chance again, which is more than you deserve.'

I took mother's advice; and things came right the next time; but what was said I can't exactly remember, and wouldn't put down if I could. By-the-by, that policeman: he never made any inquiries about 10,411; but after we'd been married about a year, I came across him again.

'Hullo! Sergeant,' says I, pulling up. 'I think I owe you a shilling.'

He looked sour at first, thinking I must be chaffing him; but when he recognised me, he came up and shook hands quite friendly. 'No; no,' says he. 'That was my share.—By-the-way, what became of that girl?'

'She's married,' said I.

'Then I hope you got your fare?' says he.

'Yes,' says I. 'Leastway, she made me a present, and only the other day too.'

'What was it?' he asked.

'Twins,' says I; and it would have done you good to see that bobby laugh. He gave me another shilling for the other twin, and offered to stand godfather if we weren't provided. We weren't; and he not only did his duty at the christening; but at a little spread we had afterwards, he found a name for my story by calling on the company to drink long life and happiness to me and My Best Fare.

C O B W E E S

Spinner, Spider! weave thy thread
Over living, over dead;
From early morn till sunset red,
Spin, spider, spin

Over palace and graves,
Over mounds where green grass waves
Where the stream the fushes laves,
Spin, spiders, spin

Over hovels black with grime,
Over many a scene of crime,
Over many a deed sublime,
Spin, spider, spin

In late Autumn's pleasant days,
With wide web and artful ways,
Snaring every fly that strays,
Spin, spider, spin.

Dead man stretched on lonely bier,
Scarcely a soul dare venture near,
Feet pass quiet, steeped in fear,
Spin, spider, spin.

Over sorrow, over mirth,
Over everything on earth,
Over death and over birth,
Spin, spider, spin.

Spin; this cobwebby, old earth,
For that purpose gave thee birth;
Other deeds are nothing worth;
Spin, spider, spin.

ROSEKITA TURNER.

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MUSIC AS A MEDICINE.

THE soothing and calming influence of Music is known to all of us. How often, when oppressed by care and anxiety, have we found oblivion and rest in the sweet strains of violin or voice! Yet, till recently, no attempt had been made in our day to utilise this power of music in the domain of curative medicine. It, however, we can judge from poets and historians, the power of music was well known and much employed among the ancients. There is evidence that Galen, the father of medicine, employed such music as was known in his day for its healing power. Shakespeare, in *King Lear*, shows a physician restoring the king from his madness by bidding him to sleep to the sound of soft music. Nor does the doctor doubt that his remedy will succeed. 'When we do awake him,' he says, 'I doubt not of his temperance.' 'Please you to draw near—louder the music there.' And King Lear gradually awakes, in his sound mind, and recognises his daughter Cordelia. So, too, in Holy Writ we have David playing before Saul when the evil spirit was upon him. Many other references from the old writers might be given to this soothing effect of music.

Not till the last two or three years, however, has an attempt been made to bring music within the range of practical therapeutics, and to test its effects by systematic clinical investigation. This fact has been taken in hand by the Guild of St Cecilia, under the energetic and discriminating direction of Canon Harford of Westminster. The objects which this Guild sets before itself are (1) To test by trials made in a large number of cases of illness the power of soft music to induce calmness of mind, alleviation of pain, and sleep. (2) To provide a large number of musicians specially trained to sing and play the very soft music which alone should be administered to those whose nerves are weakened by illness. These musicians should be ready promptly to answer the

summons of a physician. (3) To hire or build in a central part of London a large hall, in which music shall be given throughout all hours of the day and night. This music to be conveyed by telephone attached to certain wards in each of the chief London hospitals. (4) To obtain opinions and advice about the classes of illness in which music is likely to be most beneficial; and to collect and record all reliable accounts respecting permanent benefit that has followed the use of music.

Nor has the work of the Guild been limited to setting forth this comprehensive programme. Already the society has made a considerable number of trials; and Canon Harford has recorded their results in the medical journals. As a type of these results, we may quote Canon Harford's account of a visit to the London Temperance Hospital and the St Pancras Infirmary: 'The choir of the Guild—comprising three vocalists, soprano, contralto, and baritone, and three instrumentalists, first and second violins and harp visited the hospitals above mentioned. Several of the patients appeared to be suffering much, notably one whose leg had been crushed on the railway; another afflicted by dropsy; and two who were shedding tears from great nervous depression. The music lasted half an hour; and when it was over, inquiry was made of the patients. One and all said that it soothed them, the patient who suffered from dropsy remarking that the pain had kept off while the music was being played, and returned when it ceased.'

At the St Pancras Infirmary there was a female patient suffering from melancholia, to whom they played a lullaby. After the performance, she told a nurse that she liked it very much. 'On this, the Superintendent came up to me and said: "This is the first time she has spoken for a fortnight." Shortly afterwards, a male patient suffering from delirium tremens was brought into the ward. On hearing the first notes of the music, he became quite calm and attentive, though his

attendant had been half afraid to bring him on account of outbreaks of violence.'

The following day, Canon Harford returned to the Hospital, and found the three worst cases very much brighter; and they spoke with gratitude and very warmly of the benefit derived from soft music.

Results like these have since been frequently obtained by the Guild, and they are certainly most encouraging. They are all, it will be seen, in the direction of distracting the mind from pain, and soothing mental irritation. In order to test the hypnotic effect of soft music, the Guild made the experiment of playing lullabies to a ward of fourteen patients, along with Dr Collins, one of the physicians to the Hospital. In spite of distracting noises unhappily inseparable from the ward of a London Hospital—they got the following results: Dr Collins 'found it an effort to keep awake'; four patients were actually sent to sleep; some 'liked it too well to sleep'; and others felt 'sad, but delighted.'

Canon Harford draws a distinction between the class of music which should be given to alleviate pain and to produce sleep. In the latter case the music should be, of course, very soft and monotonous. There should be a constant repetition of similar phrases, and no striking or unexpected effects should be allowed. To distract the mind from pain—mental or physical—the music should be of a more attractive order, but still soft. Whether in all cases soft music is better as a medicine than lively and exhilarating airs, has not yet been clearly determined. Probably it varies with each particular case; but, at any rate, with soft music one does not run the risk of injuriously exciting the patient, which might possibly be done by music of a lively character. The softness must be extreme. Canon Harford remarks on the difficulty of getting singers who can sing very *piano*, and proposes to have them trained with this particular object in view.

That musical sounds do produce a marked effect on the system has been proved by physiological experiments on men and animals. The rate of action of the heart and the force of the circulation are notably influenced in a direction depending on the pitch, intensity, and 'timbre' of the sound. Generally speaking, the heart's action is quickened, and the pressure of blood in the arteries increased, though sometimes the converse effect is produced; these results depending, no doubt, on the idiosyncrasy of the individual. So, too, powerful results are produced on the nervous system, sometimes stimulant, sometimes sedative, as in Canon Harford's experiences quoted above. Music is thus clearly seen to be a potent medicine, and there seems to be no reason why its effects should not be studied, like that of any other drug. Only by this study shall we be able to discover the proper dose, and the proper quality of it to administer, as well as the frequency of its repetition and the diseases it can cure. To this excellent object the Guild of St Cecilia is applying itself, and it certainly deserves the support of those who love music, and who also love their fellow-men. Whether the scientific aims indicated will ever be arrived at, is, of

course, open to question. But at least there can be no doubt that if those persons—and there are thousands of them—who are capable of giving pleasure by music, would devote some of that talent to soothing the mind, or alleviating the pain of the sick and the suffering, they would be doing a great and charitable work.

A T* MARKET VALUE*

CHAPTER XL.—MRS HESSELEGRAVE MISAPPREHENDS.

THE words were scarcely out of the Canon's mouth when straightway he repented of them. If this was really Bertie, he ought to have held his peace. The man was skulking in that case quite evidently skulking; he wanted to disappear, he didn't wish to be recognised. It was no business of the Canon's, then, to drag a fellow creature against his will out of voluntary retirement, and so spoil Algy's chance of obtaining the peerage. On the other hand, if it wasn't Bertie, the Canon should of course have been the last man on earth to call attention to a likeness—really, now he came to think of it, a very remote likeness—to the late Earl, and so give rise to a rumour which might prove prejudicial in the end to Algy's position. He had cried out in the heat of the moment, in the first flush of surprise; he began to hedge at once, as soon as ever he perceived, on cooler reflection, the possible consequences of his instinctive action. This is a very small planet. Sooner or later, we all collide upon its surface.

As for Kathleen, her first thought was one of loyalty to Arnold. If he *was* Lord Axminster—and of this she had now very little doubt left; the double coincidence settled it—he was trying to hide himself: he didn't wish to be recognised. That was enough for her. He desired that his personality as Arnold Willoughby should not be mixed up with his personality as Bertie Redburn. Therefore, it was her clear duty not to betray him in any way. She glanced nervously at her mother. Mrs Hesselegrave had half risen from her seat, overjoyed to hear that this was really an English Earl, whose high birth and intrinsic nobility they had discovered for themselves under the guise of a common sailor, and was just about to call out: 'Mr Willoughby! Mr Willoughby!' But Kathleen darted upon her suddenly such a warning glance that she withered up forthwith, and held her peace devoutly. She didn't know why she was to keep silent; but she could see, from Kathleen's half-impetuous, half-imploring look, there was some good reason for it; and Mrs Hesselegrave was one of those rare stupid people who recognise the fact of their own stupidity, and allow themselves to be blindly guided in emergencies by others. So she held her peace, merely remarking as she sat down again: 'So you think that's Lord Axminster! Dressed up like that! Well, really now, how interesting!'

Arnold Willoughby's face, meanwhile, was all the time turned half in the opposite direc-

tion. He did not see the gondola, nor Kathleen, nor the Canon. He was engaged, in fact, in watching and mentally photographing for artistic purposes the graceful movements of a passing barge as she swung slowly through the bridge over whose balustrade he was hanging. While Mrs Hessegrave spoke, he turned and went on without ever observing them. Next instant, he was lost in the crowd that surged and swayed through the narrow *call*. The danger was averted. He had never so much as observed the Canon.

As for that a-tute old gentleman, now he had recovered his breath, he saw his mistake at once, and faced it boldly. When Mrs Hessegrave said, 'So you think that's Lord Axminster?' he answered immediately with perfect self-control: 'No, I don't. I was mistaken. It was—a passing fancy. For a second I imagined merely imagined, don't you know—the man looked something like him. I suppose it was the sailor get-up which just at first deceived me. Poor Axminster used to dress like a sailor when he yachted.—Amelia, my dear, that was *not* Bertie, was it? You could see the man distinctly.'

'Oh, dear no, Fred,' Mrs Valentine echoed in a voice of profound conviction: 'not the least bit like him!'

The Canon frowned slightly. Amelia had bettered her instructions unbidden. He *was* the least bit like him, else why should the Canon have mistaken him at first sight for his kinsman Bertie? But not very like. 'A mere superficial resemblance,' he went on, hedging violently. 'Just at the first glance, to be sure—having my head full of the subject, and seeing the sailor dress I mistook him for Bertie. But when I came to look again, the fellow was altogether different. Same build, perhaps, but features gone shorter and thicker and flatter. A man may dye his hair, and cut his beard, and so forth; but hang it all, Mrs Hessegrave, he can't go and get rid of his own born features.'

He talked all the rest of the way home of nothing on earth except singular resemblances and mistaken identities. There were Perkin Warbeck, and Edmund Wyld, and the Tichborne Claimant. There was Sidney Carton in the *Tide of Two Cities*. And he came back always to the fundamental point, that the features of a face at least—the features must *always* remain; you might dress, and you might paint, but there was no possibility of getting over the features. He over-elaborated this issue, in fact: Kathleen could see from every phrase he was sure in his own heart he had seen Bertie Redburn, and was trying to argue himself, and still move his hearers, out of that positive conviction. Even Mrs Hessegrave saw it, indeed, and murmured aside to Kathleen as they stood on the steps of the Molo: 'That is Lord Axminster, Kitty, and the dear Canon knew it; but for Algernon Redburn's sake, he didn't like to acknowledge it.'

Kathleen gazed at her seriously. 'Mother, mother,' she cried, in a low voice, 'for Heaven's sake, don't say so. Don't say anything about it. You won't understand yet; but when we get home, I'll tell you. Please,

say nothing more now. If you do, you may upset everything!'

A vague idea crossed Mrs Hessegrave's mind at that moment that Kathleen might perhaps have known this all along, and that that might account for her being so much taken up with this dreadful sailor-man—who wasn't really a dreadful sailor-man at all, as it turned out, but the real Lord Axminster! If so, how delightful! However, she waited for more light on these matters in Kathleen's own good time, only murmuring meanwhile, half under her breath to her daughter: 'Well, whoever he is, he's a charming fellow. You must admit, yourself, I've thought all along he's a charming fellow.'

By this time the Canon had settled with the gondolier after a resolute attempt at resistance to the man's extortionate endeavour to exact his proper fare by municipal tariff—and was ready to stroll up to the Hessegraves' apartments. For it was a principal clause in the Canon's private creed that every foreigner is always engaged in a conspiracy to defraud every British subject on whom he can lay his hands; and that the way to make your road easy across the Continent is to fight every item of every account, all along the line, the moment it is presented. The extortionate gondolier had conquered, however, by producing a printed tariff which fixed his hire at the modest rate of a franc an hour; so the Canon, paying it out without a son of *puncheon*, strode on toward the lodgings, disconsolate and distracted. He knew in his heart of hearts that was really Axminster; much altered, no doubt, by deliberate disguise; distorted beyond belief, but still undeniably Axminster; and he firmly resolved never to mention his conclusion for worlds to any one not even to Amelia. A man has no right to appear and disappear and then suddenly crop up again by fits and starts in this ugly manner—to play bo-peep, as it were, with the House of Lords, the most dignified, exalted, and supreme court in the United Kingdom. Once dead, always dead, was a rule that ought to be applied to these Tichbornian revivalists. If you choose to go out like a candle of your own free-will, why, the world should sternly decline to recognise you when you want to come to life again at inconvenient moments. There should be a Bill brought in to declare Bertie Redburn was really dead; and then dead he should remain, by Act of Parliament!

But as soon as they were inside the house, and Kathleen had gone up with her mother and Mrs Valentine into her pretty little bedroom to take off her bonnet, the Canon's own wife gave vent explosively to a fearful and wholly unexpected disclosure. 'You know, my dear,' she said confidentially, 'that *was* Lord Axminster. I feel quite sure of it. Only, of course, I wouldn't say so, on dear Fred's account. You know dear Fred can't bear to be contradicted.'

Once more Kathleen darted a warning look at her mother; and once more Mrs Hessegrave accepted the hint blindly. 'But he was so different, the Canon thought,' she remarked, just to keep up the conversation, wondering

dunly all the while what this mystification could mean—too deep, in fact, for a quiet, respectable old lady's fathoming.

'Oh, you can't deceive me!' Mrs Valentine answered with warmth. 'I'm sure it was Lord Axminster. And I'll tell you how I know: his features were really changed, exactly as Fred said: he must have had something done to them. They say you can get your face moulded like putty, if you choose to bear it, nowadays. But he had always a nervous trick of pulling one back lock of his hair, as he stood still and thought like this, don't you know; a sort of back-handed twirl: and the moment I saw him, I remembered it instantly. He might walk down Bond Street any morning, and meet every friend he ever knew in the world, and not one in a thousand would ever suspect it was he; but Fred and I, we would know, because we saw such a lot of him as a child, and were accustomed to reprove him for this same awkward trick of his.'

And, as a matter of fact, the moment Mr. Valentine mentioned it, Kathleen recollected perfectly that she had often observed Arnold Willoughby stand in just the way she mimicked, pulling a particular lock at the back of his hair, whenever he was observant of a person's face, or attentive to any element in a picture or landscape.

The moment she could get alone with her mother up-stairs, she began to speak to her seriously. 'Mother,' she said in her most coaxing tone, 'you were so good to take my hints. I didn't want Canon Valentine to know who Mr Willoughby was. I mean, what name he calls himself—or that you and I knew him; for I'm sure the Canon was right: Mr Willoughby's Lord Axminster.'

Mrs Hessegrave made no immediate reply except to step forward with the utmost gentleness and press a motherly kiss upon her daughter's forehead. 'Oh, Kitty,' she cried, gazing fondly at her, 'how awfully clever of you! My darling, I'm so glad! And I've been seeing all along how much attention he was paying you.'

Kathleen flushed up to her eyes again. It was a way she had when deeply moved. And she knew her mother was very much pleased with her indeed; for only when very much pleased did Mrs Hessegrave ever address her by her pet name of Kitty. 'But that's not all, mother,' she went on eagerly. 'I want you to promise me, oh, ever so faithfully, you won't tell anybody who he is, or anything else about him. He wouldn't like it, if you did. Promise me, dearest, promise me!'

Mrs Hessegrave drew back for a second, lost in mazes of thought. She couldn't quite understand this queer Axminster mystery. Then, being a romantic old lady, as many old ladies are, she wove for herself on the spot a little private romance of how it had all happened. Lord Axminster, it appeared, distrusting all womankind, after his bitter experience with Lady Sark, had come abroad in disguise as a common sailor, in order to look out for some girl he could really love—some girl who could really love him, as a man wishes to be loved, for himself, not for his estate, his rank, or

his title. But Kathleen, like a clever girl that she was, had discovered by intuition his real position in life under those humble surroundings, and had fallen in love with him, and made him fall in love with her. Mrs Hessegrave could understand now what she had never understood before—how a well-conducted girl like her Kitty could have permitted herself to form a romantic attachment for a man apparently so very far beneath her. It was just like Kitty to have unmasked the real Earl; in her joy and pride to think her own daughter should have captured a peer of the realm under such adverse conditions by sheer dint of insight—Mrs Hessegrave once more bent tenderly forward, and kissed the wondering Kathleen a second time on her forehead.

'I'll promise whatever you like, dear,' she said in a very pleased tone, for this was a great occasion. 'Oh, Kitty, I'm so delighted. And indeed, dear, I'm sorry I ever seemed to throw any obstacles in Mr Willoughby's way—I mean, in Lord Axminster's. But there! you'll forgive me: I didn't understand the circumstances as you did. And though I didn't quite approve of your seeing so much as you did of him—under misapprehension, of course, as to his real place in society—you must remember yourself I always allowed that, viewed as a man alone, he was a most charming person.'

Kathleen didn't exactly understand what her mother was driving at; these words were too deep for her; but for the moment she didn't think it necessary to inquire as to their hidden meaning: she was so afraid her mother might by some imprudence betray Arnold Willoughby's secret. And no matter why he wished it kept, she felt for her own part 'twas a point of honour for them both to insist upon keeping it. So she said very hurriedly: 'Whatever you do, dear mother, don't let Canon Valentine know Mr Willoughby's a friend of ours. Don't say a word about him, in fact. Let the Canon suppose the man he saw on the bridge is a perfect stranger to all of us. I must manage to prevent Mr Willoughby from visiting the house for the present, somehow. If Canon Valentine were to find out who he really was, it would spoil all—and then Mr Willoughby would be so dreadfully disappointed.'

Mrs Hessegrave caught instinctively at that one phrase, 'spoil all,' which confirmed her at once in her most romantic preconceptions. Then it was just as she expected!—the Earl and Kitty had arrived at an understanding. There was a mystery in the case, of course; but Kitty would clear it all up; and she should live yet to see her only daughter a Countess.

'My darling,' the proud mother said, looking at her with affection—for it is something to have a daughter who can catch Earls in disguise—'tell me all about it! When did Lord Axminster ask you?'

'He has never asked me, mother,' Kathleen answered with a very deep blush. Then she paused for a moment. Her heart rose into her mouth. The avowal seemed so natural at a crisis like that. 'But I love him,' she went on, clasping her hands; 'and I'm sure he loves me.—Oh, mother, don't say anything that would lead him to suppose you've heard a

word of all this. If you do, all will be lost! I know he wouldn't care for any of us to know he was really Lord Axminster.' She trembled for her unavowed lover, now the truth was upon her.

'My dear,' Mrs. Hessegrave answered—her admiration for Kathleen's cleverness and power of self-restraint growing deeper each minute—'you may set your mind at rest: you may rely upon my prudence. I grasp the situation. I couldn't have believed it, Kitty; but I'm very, very glad of it. What a wonderful girl you are! I declare you really almost take my breath away!'

And indeed Mrs. Hessegrave felt it was most meritorious in Kathleen to have discovered the young man's rank so early as of course she must have done and to have succeeded in keeping her own counsel so well that even her mother never for a moment suspected the real rank of her lover: for that a lover he was, Mrs. Hessegrave took for granted at once, now she knew the dreadful sailor-man was really an Earl. She would hardly have given her Kathleen credit before for so much guile.

As for Kathleen, she was so fully bent upon preserving Arnold Willoughby's secret, that she never even noticed her mother's misapprehension. Her one desire now was to keep the matter entirely from Canon Valentine, and, if possible, to prevent their accidentally meeting. And that she foresaw, would be no easy task; for of late, in spite of Mrs. Hessegrave's marked coldness, Arnold had frequently called round on one errand or another with sketches or books at the lodgings by the Piazza.

Just as she was wondering how best to avert the misfortune of an unexpected encounter, however, Mrs. Hessegrave observed with her blindest smile: 'We haven't seen much of Mr. Willoughby lately. I really think, Kathleen, I'll write this very day and invite him to come round to tea some afternoon while the Canon's with us.'

Kathleen stood aghast with horror. She quite understood Arnold Willoughby's motives now; with a flash of intuition, the minute she learned who he really was, she read at once the reasons for his strange behaviour. Something of the sort, indeed, had occurred to her as possible even before, when she contrasted the man's talk and wide range of information with his supposed position in life; but now she knew who he was, it all burst at once upon her. And she had loved him as the common sailor; that she had never concealed from her own heart for many days, since the trip to the Lido. He could never say of her in future it was his rank and his artificial position in the world that had captivated her fancy. She loved him for himself; she knew it; she was certain of it! Had she not written it down in plain black and white in her diary? Yet if he were to find out now that she had discovered his true name—Kathleen trembled to herself as she thought of the possible result, for she was very much in love—he might never ask her. She wished in her heart he was really Arnold

Willoughby, the sailor painter, or that she had never discovered the truth as to his artificial position.

But something must be done at once to prevent this catastrophe, which Mrs. Hessegrave so innocently proposed to bring about. Kathleen seized her mother's arm with a nervous clutch. 'Mother,' she cried, much agitated, 'for worlds you mustn't write! for worlds you mustn't ask him! Oh, promise me you won't ask him! You don't know how much depends on it. For Heaven's sake, say you won't; say you'll do as I beg of you!'

Mrs. Hessegrave, much puzzled as to what all this mystification and agitation could mean, yet drew back at once, and answered in perfect good faith: 'Oh, certainly, certainly, I'll do as you wish, dear; though I'm sure I don't know why. Such plot and counterplot is a great deal too deep for a poor simple old woman.'

Kathleen's heart sank at the words. They were only too true. She felt sure she could trust her mother's good intentions implicitly; but she was by no means so certain she could trust her discretion.

'Though I've always said,' Mrs. Hessegrave remarked in conclusion, 'he was really in his way a most charming person.'

PIECES OF EIGHT.

MUCH of the history of nations is bound up with the history of their coins. In modern times, the principle that honest money is one criterion of honest government is widely recognised even among peoples and rulers whose practice falls somewhat below their professions. In the good old days, however, when the government of nations was in the hands of kings, and was carried on by them with a single eye to their own purposes, it not infrequently happened that a forced loan for the king was obtained at the expense of his subjects by debasing the standard. In the time of Edward III the English coinage was so seriously debased that the silver groats and half-groats lost twenty-five per cent. of their intrinsic value, their purchasing power being naturally, in the course of a short time, lowered to a corresponding degree. In the same reign, a new golden 'noble' of inferior fineness was also introduced, and drove out the older and better coin, in accordance with the law first clearly stated by Chesham—although he was not the first who perceived its truth—that when two kinds of money are in use together, the worse will drive the better out of circulation.

So far, indeed, was the practice of debasing the currency carried by successive Governments, that, whereas, in William the Conqueror's time, one shilling and elevenpence represented an ounce of fine silver, the same quantity in Edward VI's reign was coined into twelve shillings. Fortunately, we have now left this state of things far behind, and we may justly pride ourselves upon the fact that the standard coin of Britain, the sovereign, is famous for the close approach it makes to the stated legal weight and fineness.

It would be no exaggeration to assert that something of Britain's commercial repute is attributable to the gold standard and the uniformity of excellence in our gold coin. If the world were to attain a universal medium of exchange, known and accepted in all the countries of the earth, the British sovereign, from the general acceptance it already finds, would run any competing coin very hard for the place of the international money. Even now, it circulates in some European countries, notably Portugal, as their principal metallic currency.

It might seem paradoxical to assert that we are further off from a 'universal money' than the world was two or three centuries ago. Yet this is only simple fact, for there is no coinage that, in this characteristic of universal appreciation, has approached the silver coin with the ancient name of which we have headed this article, and the remarkable history of which appears not even now to have reached its final chapter. The 'Piece of eight,' or piastre, took its origin in Spain, where the unit of currency as far back as the middle of the fourteenth century was the 'real,' which is known to have been coined in the reign of Pedro the Cruel. The multiple of it which was called the 'piece of eight' appears to have been issued for the first time in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, something like a century later. This gives it an antiquity to which the dollar or 'thaler' can lay no claim. The latter designation, however, has now completely superseded the earlier, though it had its origin in another quarter of Europe. Mr Robert Chambers, of Her Majesty's Treasury, in his volume on the 'History of Colonial Currency,' states that the Counts of Schlick caused a great number of coins, formerly known as 'gulden groschen,' to be struck in 1517 in the little town of Joachimsthal, in Bohemia, and so they came to be called 'Joachimsthaler.' The standard 'real' of Spain, and its multiple, the piece of eight reals, are a century and a half older than the thaler.

The Mexican dollar of to-day is the modern representative of the old piece of eight, and practically almost identical with it. When Sir Isaac Newton was Master of the Mint, he rated the older coin at 4s. 6d. sterling, taking silver at its then price of 5s. 2d. per ounce troy. But in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there were in circulation several varying issues of it, differing slightly in design and in intrinsic content, and of course differing also in the rating at which they were received.

The influence of Spain was upon the whole far from a beneficent one during her period of authority, but two services in particular which she rendered are worthy of remembrance. It was the Spanish fleet under Columbus which discovered the New World; and it was Spanish soldiers who found the rich treasures of Central and South America, and made them current amongst the nations. The benefit of these discoveries was not confined to Spain; it might almost be said that all the advantage of them was reaped by others. The commercial policy of Spain was dominated by two false idols: first, that specie was the most desirable form of wealth; and, secondly, that the proper methods of securing success in trade were pro-

tection and oppressive monopolies. The natural consequence of this folly, which is not wholly without modern parallels, was, that her commerce rapidly dwindled, and, within sixty years after the defeat of the Armada, had become almost entirely a thing of the past. The immense stores of gold and silver which Spain imported from the West were no permanent enrichment; they demoralised her people, the specious appearance of vast wealth drawing them away from the industries which alone create and maintain real prosperity. The gradual crumbling of her dominion in the New World forms one of the most instructive and romantic chapters in human history. Upon the ruins of that dominion were founded the West Indian possessions of France, Holland, and Britain, which were destined to grow rapidly in value and importance under conditions of greater freedom and a sounder political system than were possible under their first European masters.

The active agents in bringing to nought the Spanish power in those regions were the buccanners, who hated the Spaniard, but were not themselves animated by any loftier motives than their great enemy. Indeed, their adventures in search of plunder, their burning and sacking of towns for the sake of the precious metals they could carry away, might appear but a humble imitation of the methods by which Mexico and Peru were conquered. Nothing worthy of permanence could possibly result from their piracies, and seventy years or thereabout covered the entire period of their fierce energy and vitality. But indirectly they conferred the greatest benefits on the colonies and settlements which the seventeenth century saw established in the West Indies. For these sea-rovers returned with their ships laden with spoil, and spent the treasures so acquired in the islands occupied by European settlers, who were thus supplied with what they stood in great need of—a convenient medium of exchange. In their earliest stages, indeed, these colonies were too poor to afford a metallic currency. Gold and silver in the form of money are so much capital withdrawn from production, and set aside to perform a peculiar function. Communities still struggling in their first efforts to develop the resources of the soil found a metallic currency too much of a luxury. At first, therefore, the British plantations and colonies in the West were familiar only with barter; the staple commodities were their coin, and were rated for the purpose in terms of sterling. Several of them for a lengthened period reckoned in sugar or in tobacco; 'muscovado,' or brown sugar, for example, was rated in Barbadoes for purposes of account, first, at 10s. per hundred pounds; again at 16s.; and finally at 12s. 6d., the most generally accepted rate.

Nor was the practice different for a time in any of the West Indian or American settlements. A complete list of these currency commodities would include many articles that in such a connection would sound oddly to modern ears; such—to name a few instances—as indigo, wheat, furs, logwood, and dried codfish! But when the trade of the new colonies began to increase, and the need of a currency became more urgent, the buccanners made the island of Jamaica their headquarters, and imported immense quantities

of coin. From that island the neighbouring colonies derived a supply for themselves, and gradually were able to dispense with barter and to adopt the methods of civilisation. The coin thus introduced was the piece of eight, the old Spanish or Mexican dollar. Oldmixon, in his 'British Empire in America' (1708), tells us that 'though Barbadoes could never boast of equal advantages with Jamaica as to the trade to the Spanish West Indies, and had never such resort of pirates, who are the men that make silver plenty, yet four or five years ago there was a great running cash in the island, thought to amount to no less than £200,000 sterling in value, many merchants at the Bridge having paid £10,000 ready money upon occasion; but that plenty is now so abated that it is well if there is a fourth part of that sum at this time in Barbadoes.'

It is not easy to conceive where there could have been found a substitute for the piece-of-eight, the dollar of Spain and Mexico, equally convenient and equally suitable to the wants of the communities to which we have referred. Certainly no other coin fills anything like so large a place in the history of colonial currency up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Not only in the West Indian colonies, but in the plantations on the mainland of America, in Canada, in Maryland, and on this side of the Atlantic also, in St Helena and Sierra Leone, the dollar was the predominant, if not the sole important, element in their metallic money. Even in England itself, the coin was well known; and there is an interesting and authentic anecdote of the merchants in Queen Elizabeth's time addressing a remonstrance to her, because she insisted on exporting to the East silver stamped with her own effigy and her own device. When they complained that English money was not known in Asia, and would not be accepted, only Spanish dollars being current there, she insisted so much the more, being resolved to show the peoples of the eastern hemisphere that she was as great and powerful a sovereign as the king of Spain.

The greatest difficulty which the colonists experienced in connection with the piece-of-eight was the difference of rating which prevailed in different colonies, a rating which varied from about 1s. to 7s. It is stated that in 1700 it was valued at 4s. 6d. sterling in Maryland and Virginia; at 5s. in Carolina and the Bahamas; at 6s. 6d. in New York and New England; and at 7s. in Pennsylvania. Not until well into the present century was great progress made with the substitution of our own British currency throughout the colonies, one chief effect of which substitution was the driving of the Mexican dollar across the ocean, to become even more largely than before the current money of the eastern world.

Of this famous coin, then, which takes us back to the days when Spain was a powerful and splendid empire; which formed the rich booty in the holds of the buccaneers, and was carried by them into the young and vigorous British settlements in the West Indies; which was familiar in the daily commerce of a hundred lands, East and West; which has since been the model and pattern of other important coins, from

the United States dollar to the Japanese 'yen,' we might surely without exaggeration affirm, that it can boast the most remarkable and the most romantic history of any coin in the world.

MORE THAN CORONETS.

CHAPTER II.

THE somewhat ceremonious dinner at Deepdene had drawn to an end. The function was always a more or less solemn one, invariably held in the great dining-hall, with its polished walls, where the spears and ancient arms shone dimly. A shaded argand lamp threw a subdued light upon glass and silver and the picturesque confusion of fruit; the butler had a light to himself on the buffet where the racing-cups were. There was but one spot of crystal flame in the midst of darkness dim and quiet.

Usually conversation between father and daughter proceeded smoothly enough; but on the present occasion they said but little. There had been a delay on the line in consequence of the breakdown of a train, and Ambrose de Ros had not yet arrived. The ordeal was merely postponed.

Vera felt ill at ease, nervous almost. In an absent minded way, she sat before the piano in the drawing-room playing impromptu snatches. There was ample glow there from the candles on the silver branches to light up Vera's face. She looked cold and haughty in black lace, which showed up the ivory whiteness of her arms. There were diamonds in her hair.

De Ros stood before the high open grate, which was empty save for its complement of leathery ferns and Palma violets. He looked at his watch for the twentieth time. As he did so, there came the crunch of wheels on the gravelled drive. 'I thought I heard the brougham,' he said. 'They have arrived.' The speaker took a step forward, then his mind changed. After all, it was idle to expect him to solemnise the coming guests. Courtesy and politeness they would have, but nothing more.

Then the drawing-room door opened, and a solemn footman entered. 'Mr de Ros and Mr David de Ros,' he said, and vanished.

Vera rose to her feet, a superb figure, and stood by her father's side. Her dark eyes were calm and steady as she surveyed the intruders. She was prepared for all that was commonplace and plain, and she found it. Still, the personality of the new head of the house might have been worse. Naturally, it was she who first engaged Vera's attention. The other was merely a young person of the name of David, the class of youth that patrician beauty comes in contact with in shops, a necessary social machine.

Ambrose de Ros stood with the light full upon his face. He smiled. Apparently, he was no more embarrassed than he would have been amongst his sheep. And there was no looking

over his head either, for he stood six feet two inches in his stocking feet, which, you will admit, is a tremendous advantage in an interview of this kind. He was broad, too, in proportion—a perfect giant of a man, with a wonderful chest and shoulders. He was straight as a dart. He had regular features, a wonderfully pleasant smile, and blue eyes. Vera gasped. The man was a gentleman. Yes, merely an uneducated shepherd, but unmistakably a gentleman. Nature is a staunch republican in these matters, unfortunately for the theory of hereditary gentility. Vera could not look into that gentle, refined face and doubt it.

'You are welcome,' Dene de Ros murmured. 'I am glad to see you.'

'Yes,' Vera echoed, 'we are both pleased to make your acquaintance.'

The new owner of Deepdene advanced with extended hand. There was a pleasant smile on his lips as he crushed Vera's fingers in a grasp like a vice. 'I am glad to hear you say so,' he responded. His voice was wonderfully sweet and sympathetic, clear and soft as a woman's. 'Fourteen thousand miles have we travelled to see the old place that belonged to my ancestors. David didn't want to come; he was all for letting these things be; but I said no. Not that we're come to turn you out of this house; don't you think it; but I wanted to see my own flesh and blood. I'm a poor uneducated man, who's got his own living ever since twelve years old, and therefore not fit for the likes of you. Very likely you will look down on me, which is natural.'—

'They will not look down on you,' David interrupted. 'Nobody who ever knew you well ever did that, father.'

There was an awkward pause for a moment, during which Vera's clear, calm eyes closely scanned the last speaker. Despite his homely name, David was a gentleman too. He was a De Ros every inch of him, with the same dark hair and pallid cheek, save that his eyes were blue. It was De Ros physically glorified by the importation of fresh healthy blood in the family. And the young man's speech, if lacking repose and the falsetto throatiness which obtains in refined circles, was correct and harmonious.

'Now, don't you interrupt me, Dave,' the elder man went on, laying his hand upon his son's shoulder with rugged affection. 'Mind you what the Book says concernin' a son's duty to his parents. As I was saying, sir, I was only a poor shepherd, although I managed to give Dave the benefit of an education. I can't read myself.'

Vera laughed. The confession was so naive, that all the sting went out of it. Fancy a De Ros of Deepdene who was unable to peruse the *Times*!

'But Dave had advantages. It was terrible hard to part with him; but I did it, and I'm glad. He went to Melbourne, and there he became a gentleman. It was there that he learnt the ways of good society.'

'Exalted society,' David remarked with a certain frigid candour. 'I was assistant in a dry-goods store in Little Collins Street.'

'Where the society was good and' the pay excellent,' Ambrose de Ros remarked with pride. 'But Dave was always a very ambitious lad; and I hope, for his sake, that you will be pleasant and amiable to me.'

'They will do so for your own sake, when they know you,' David put in parenthetically.

'Be friendly to me,' Ambrose went on, without noticing the interruption, 'because my boy is a good boy, and a credit to his parents. I come here with peace and good-will in my heart; my feelings go out to you yes, go out to you.' He repeated the last phrase with childish delight in his own eloquence.

'I don't come as a thief and a robber, to deprive you of this dear old place, which you love as part of yourselves. I don't ask for much. I only want to be on pleasant terms with my own flesh and blood. Let me have the younger brother's portion, the place they call the Dyke, and the little money as goes with it. That's all only that. And your good will and esteem. And in saying this I simply echo the feelings of my boy who stands there before you.'

'I thank you for your consideration,' Dene de Ros replied. 'I can see that your little speech cost you a considerable effort.'

'Ay, you may well say that,' exclaimed Ambrose. 'Three months on and off, I've been learning that speech by heart, and yet, when I came into the room, all the tender bits seemed to go out of my head. I did intend to drop into poetry; but I quite forgot it.'

'And yet my father never heard of Silas Wegg,' David said dryly.

'I knew a Wegg who was a driver on Paterson's Station,' Ambrose said innocently. 'But if I remember rightly, his name was Jacob.'

There was another awkward pause, during which Dene de Ros pulled his moustache uneasily. He did not feel himself; he was awkward and restless before these people, whom he could not treat, as he would have liked, with his best and chilliest Quater-session manner. And yet the man who supplanted him stood there smiling and absolutely self-possessed. David smiled too, but then he was reading the thoughts of his host, and they amused him.

'Perhaps I had better speak for my father,' the younger man said at length, 'as it was arranged that I should do. There is no question that this house and the estate connected with it belongs to us.'

'You will find no opposition to that statement,' Dene de Ros said coldly.

'I thank you,' David replied as serenely. 'It will be as well, perhaps, for you to listen to all I have to say before interrupting me again. In the first place, let me thank you for our reception. It is better than we had any right to expect. Naturally, you regard us as interlopers, aliens who appear unexpectedly, and thrust you from your inheritance.'

'Beautiful!' Ambrose murmured. 'That's the result of a natural aptitude for speaking, fostered by association with gentry-folks.'

Vera, to whom this information was communicated in a stage-whisper, bowed coldly, yet conscious of amusement. Like a great many uneducated men, Ambrose de Ros had a weak-

ness for long words, and a wonderful faculty for grasping their meaning and pronunciation. It was quaint and amusing altogether; all the same it was irritating to find a De Ros regarding a shop assistant as a superior. They were the gentlefolk of David's past.

'But you need have no fear,' David continued. 'My father and I have thoroughly discussed the whole matter, and we are perfectly agreed to take no more than he has suggested. Mr de Ros, for many years your father held this estate, deeming it to be his own; for more years still you have been master here. Is it right that you should be deprived now of your possessions? No. I have my own ambitions to serve. I came to see my father placed in a position of comfort in his declining years, and the younger son's portion will suffice us both. We decline to accept the ownership of Deepdene.'

A thrill of admiration glowed in Vera's breast. The speaker's tones were full and clear, his head was erect. There was no dry-good-salesman there. David was De Ros, the spirit of the race personified.

'I thank you from the bottom of my heart,' Vera's father replied with a little catch in his voice; 'and it is a great consolation to find that my successors will be worthy of the best traditions of our house. But nothing shall alter my resolution. The place belongs to your father; I can hold it no longer.'

'And this is your absolute determination?' David asked.

'Sir, a De Ros never changes his mind,' was the haughty reply. 'I decline to go on living here under false pretences; I could not do it.'

'David,' Ambrose said reproachfully, 'didn't I tell you this would happen? When Swayne found me out, and told me all that had taken place in the past, and what I was entitled to, didn't I suggest puffing up the sticks and making a bolt of it? "Let us get away from him, so that he can't find us again," I said, because something seemed to tell me that it would come to this. My dear young lady, I can see that your heart is warm, although your face is cold. I want you to believe that if I'd known what was going to happen, I would have died rather than caused this pain.'

'I am sorry,' Vera murmured, a little touched in spite of herself. 'I am quite willing to believe all that you say; but it cannot be otherwise.'

She moved across the room to the piano, and commenced to play. There was nothing contemptuous or distant in the action, she was merely actuated by a desire to set the Australians more at their ease, to give them a home-like feeling, and show that an awkward incident was closed.

Presently she looked up, and saw that the two elders were conversing earnestly together. Then David crossed over to the piano and stood by Vera's side. She gave him a friendly smile of encouragement. 'Do you know,' she said with a sudden burst of confidence, 'I like your father. He seems to be such a wonderfully single-minded man.'

David's features lighted up with a glow of

enthusiasm. 'He is one of the best men in the world!' he exclaimed. 'He has been mother and father to me; he almost starved himself, so that I might have a decent education. Only, he will shake hands with people.'

Vera glanced down demurely at the diamonds on her right hand.

'Of course,' David said, noting the glance; 'and I specially warned him when he came in. I think that my father is the strongest man that I ever met in my life.'

'He certainly impressed me with that fact,' Vera laughed. 'But all the same, I think I am going to like your father very much.'

They breakfasted the following morning in one of the smaller rooms, looking out on the terraced lawn beyond the moat to the park, where the deer lay in the shadow of the great umbrageous oaks. The hour was late for visitors accustomed to rise with the sun, and they had both been out long before. The meal was fairly cheerful. It seemed to be tacitly understood that no further allusion should be made to the ownership of Deepdene. That had been absolutely settled by Dene de Ros on the previous evening.

There was a sunny smile on the face of Ambrose as he took his seat at the table. Everything seemed to be a little brighter and better for his presence. 'I've been up since four,' he said. 'I've been all through the village and into most of the cottages. Cousin Dene, these cottages want seeing to.'

'Do they?' Dene asked carelessly. 'Bronson looks into these matters.'

'Well, he hasn't looked very far—that's all I can say,' Ambrose responded. 'Some of them are tumbling down, and the hinds there tell me the labourers' wages on the estate are only fourteen shillings a week. Now, when I—' The speaker paused in some confusion. His own innate tact and refined feeling warned him that he was about to inflict pain upon two of his audience. But Dene de Ros came gravely to the rescue. 'You were about to say that you will alter things when the estate comes into your hands,' he said quietly. 'Yes, that is all right.'

'I am ashamed to say I was,' Ambrose stammered. 'I was going to blunder that out when I stopped. Why? Because it would have been a wicked thing to do. But look you here, Cousin Dene. Isn't it as wicked and as shameful to own ten thousand pounds a year and pay men, with souls in their bodies and families to keep, wages like these? And when they are worked to a standstill, where do they go? To the poorhouse. And if they are ill, what do they get? Nothing. Ah, it is hard, hard, I tell you. And I know, my friends, because I have suffered that way myself.'

'You are a republican,' Vera said with a little smile.

Ambrose's face grew wonderfully grave and solemn. His lips trembled, but the infinitely kind light still dwelt in his blue eyes.

'I am for the Queen,' he said simply. 'But if it's a question of grinding down one of God's poor creatures for the benefit of one richer and more powerful than himself, then I'm a republican indeed. My dear, it seems

to me that you are a very ignorant young woman, after all.'

Vera laughed as she rose from the table; it was impossible to be angry with the speaker. In his own rugged, simple way, his dignity was quite as great and lofty as that of Dene de Ros himself.

'You must not mind my father,' David remarked, as they made a tour of the house after breakfast, the young people a little behind the elders. 'He does not mean to be unkind; but he is terribly in earnest.'

'And so are you, or I am lamentably out in my reading. Strange, in a man who has mixed in the very best Melbourne society!'

David laughed; he quite appreciated the satire. 'There is another evidence of my father's simplicity of character,' he said. 'When he came to see me at the store where I was engaged, he used to abuse himself before the assistants there. I tell you there was not one of them fit to black his boots; and yet, like myself, he is no respecter of persons as persons.'

'Then you have no admiration for the class to which you belong?'

'My experience of them does not warrant reverence,' David said dryly. 'I met a good many scions of nobility down under, most of whom were patriots.'

'Patriots!' Vera replied with a puzzled expression. 'Is that colonial slang?'

'Indeed, no,' said David. 'They all recalled the lines:

True patriots we, for, be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.

For instance, there was a cab-driver who was a member of the Upper House. We had a Baronet in the stores, who ran errands. You couldn't, by any stretch of imagination, call him a gentleman, you know. Then there was the younger son of a well-known Viscount, who marked in a billiard saloon. No; on the whole I did not form a high opinion of the aristocracy.'

Vera was silent, full of new ideas. It came as a revelation to her that race and rank could fall so low. Presently they came to the end of the corridor, where the mellowed sunlight flashed on the yellow keys of the old organ. Vera's fingers touched it lovingly. 'Ah,' she said with a little sigh, 'I shall miss the delightful instrument of Father Smith.'

'But why should you?' David asked eagerly. 'You have made up your minds not to stay here, and we must bow to your wishes. But surely treasures like these are not to be counted as houses and land. Take your organ.'

'No, no,' Vera said coldly. 'It is part of the house. See! it is built into the wall, and every mistress of Decadence has played upon it since the maker first tuned these dingy pipes. No; I will come and play upon it, if you like, sometimes—that is, if I may. I should as soon think of taking Don del Ros's casket as the organ.' Vera pointed to the oaken chest, on the top of which the dust gleamed blue and saffron in the sunlight. Then, for David's benefit, she read the old inscription and told the simple old story.

'I must look into that some day,' David said with interest. 'Anything old, like that, has a wonderful fascination for me. It points to the fact that within that casket lies the secret and mandragora for the cure of trouble.—Do you understand the hidden meaning that lies under these words?'

'There is popularly supposed to be one; but the parable is beyond me,' Vera replied, a note of incredulity in her voice. 'There has been no direct break in the male line since Del Ros wrote that doggerel. Perhaps you are the prophet from a far country who is to solve it.'

The time came ere long when these words recurred with terrible force. Meanwhile, the sun shone; the drowsy hum of bees floated in through the window; a starling chattered on one of the limes outside, and, like a snake in the grass, there peered in the face of Joshua Swayne. He nodded familiarly to Dene de Ros; his manner to Ambrose was servile.

A flush mounted to Ambrose's face, his blue eyes were cloudy. 'Man,' he said sternly, 'what are your manners? When I want you, I will send for you. Now, go.'

Dene de Ros could have done it no better. There was the dignity of the born aristocrat in every gesture. Swayne crept away.

'Cousin,' said Ambrose, 'I am no judge of men and manners; but it seems to me that that man is a scoundrel.'

Swayne passed over the rustic bridge; he heard not the chatter of the starling, for his heart was full of bitterness and malice. 'Ah,' he muttered, 'if they only knew! But there is time enough for that.'

TWO INTERESTING WOMEN.

It has been well said that the most appropriate inscription for the tombstones of even the most effective of the world's workers would be, 'Toil-some and incomplete;' and this is brought home to us most painfully when useful lives are cut down in their prime and their direct influence is no longer felt among us. A year ago, gloom was cast over the society of Stockholm by a telegram from Naples announcing the death of Anne Charlotte Leffler, Duchess of Cajanella, better known as Mrs Edgren, authoress of *True Women*. Not two years before that sad event, Professor Sonja Kovalevsky, the best friend of the gifted Swede, had been taken away, and both of these were, if not great, at least eminent women and striking personalities.

Sonja (Sophia) Vasilievna was born in December 1853 at Palibino, the family estate of her father, General Krukovski, in the petty government of Vitebsk. She used to account for her varied gifts and graces hereditarily thus: 'I received my desire for knowledge from my Hungarian ancestor, King Mathias Corvinus; aptitude for mathematics and the musical and lyrical sense from my German grandmother's father, the astronomer Schubert; love of individual freedom from Poland; love of wandering

and a difficulty in following conventional forms from a gipsy ancestress; the rest from Russia.' In her twelfth year Sonja began to read mathematics with a boy of the same age, and she soon became so passionately absorbed in the subject that her father thought fit to prohibit the 'unwomanly' study. Not deterred by this obstacle, the girl continued to work in secret, and taught herself trigonometry, till a friend of the family discovered her astonishing aptitude, and succeeded in securing for her lessons in mathematics during the sojourn of the family in St Petersburg. But all her prayers to be allowed to go further were in vain, for young girls who left home to pursue their studies were regarded in Russian aristocratic circles as nihilistically inclined. At that time the fifteen-year-old Sonja had made the acquaintance of a young student, Kovalevsky, who offered to run away with her in order that she might procure her freedom. But the family physician, to whom Sonja revealed their plans, said that it might be death to her father, who had a heart complaint. The young people therefore determined to form a marriage compact, and immediately thereafter to part, he to pursue his studies in natural history, she in mathematics.

In the year 1869, the young wife, not yet sixteen years old, became a student at Heidelberg University, and after a few years' hard work there, proceeded to Berlin, where she awoke such a lively interest in the great mathematician Weierstrass, that although the university was not open to women, he gave her special instruction for four years. At the end of that time she followed the advice of Weierstrass, and sent three treatises to Göttingen, where they attracted so much attention that she was made Doctor of the university without further examination—an unprecedented distinction. But Weierstrass's hopes of his pupil were not satisfied till she completed a treatise on the 'Propagation of Light'; then he acknowledged that he had not mistaken her powers.

At this time a change came over Sonja Kovalevsky's manner of life, and she took up her abode with her husband. After their first and only child was born in the autumn of 1879, their wanderings ceased, and they made their home in Moscow, where Vladimir Kovalevsky, himself an eminent scientist, would have been appointed Professor of Palæontology had he not suddenly died in 1883. His wife's large paternal inheritance had been embarked in undertakings which did not pay; and now the young widow was left penniless, and was obliged to procure a livelihood for her daughter and herself.

She first sought work in Russia, where her European reputation gained her the offer of a situation as teacher in a girls' school up to the fifth class; higher than that no female teacher was supposed competent to instruct. Then she tried, unsuccessfully, to get an appointment at the university of Helsingfors; and it was after this vain attempt that the Swedish Professor

Mittag-Leffler, who was in Helsingfors at the time, persuaded her to go to Stockholm. Consequently, she left her child behind her with Russian relations, and gave lectures during the spring session of 1884 as *privat-docent* at the High School of Stockholm with such success that she was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the High School. Stockholm may be proud of having thus recognised the merit of the first woman of our century to fill an academic teacher's situation. All sceptical remarks as to the competency of the female Professor were silenced when the French Academy of Science awarded her the Lordin-ska prize for her competitive paper on a prescribed subject. Before the sealed envelopes which contained the names of the competitors were opened, the Academy had decided to raise the prize from three thousand to five thousand francs because of the extraordinary merit of Sonja Kovalevsky's treatise.

After this, her mathematical productive powers required a resting time. But rest for her meant merely change of work, and the first result of her friendship with Anne Charlotte Leffler was the drama entitled 'The Struggle for Happiness,' the idea of which was Sonja's, the execution her Swedish friend's. Meanwhile, she was writing the recollections of her childish life, which appeared under the title 'From Russian Life,' in July 1889. This work was enthusiastically applauded both in Russia and Scandinavia.

Sonja Kovalevsky cared but little for the homage which was paid to her; and after she had conquered the prejudices of her family and contemporaries on the subject of woman's scientific capabilities, she had no desire to contend any more. It was self-evident to her that no limit could be put to the development of woman's powers, hence the woman question was for her no longer an isolated problem. She saw in it merely an important part of the great social problem of humanity, from whose solution she hoped for the greatest good of the greatest number, women included. Before she herself had perfected her scientific culture, she always upheld her sex bravely. For instance, one of her friends tells that, at one of George Eliot's Sunday receptions, an elderly gentleman who was unknown to Mrs Kovalevsky gave utterance to the belief that woman did not possess the scientific, creative power. Sonja Kovalevsky immediately fired up, and, encouraged by George Eliot's smile, defended her sex so brilliantly that all declared her the victor in the argument. After the departure of her opponent, the hostess asked if Mrs Kovalevsky knew *whom* she had vanquished, and named, to her guest's utter surprise, Herbert Spencer. Truth to tell, after she became Professor, Sonja learned gradually more and more to Spencer's opinion, that originality and the creative do not generally pertain to women in the domain of science.

In the course of her travels, Mrs Kovalevsky came into personal contact with most of the greatest authors of her time—Turgeneff, Tolstoi, and Dostoevsky among others. She lived in Darwin's house, and enjoyed friendly intercourse with George Eliot, whom she regarded as the greatest of all literary women. Her facility for acquiring languages was extraordinary, and she

was well read in the best books of her own country, Germany, England, France, and Scandinavia.

All this, alas! was accomplished at too great a cost. She 'burned the candle at both ends,' and had to pay the penalty. Just before her death, she felt an inclination to grapple again with a great mathematical work, and she hesitated whether to begin it at once or wait till she had given body to some of her many literary conceptions. In the midst of all this intensity of life, death came, and she passed away to the Silent Land on the 14th of February 1891. Her friends who mourn her loss feel that it was not her greatness which made her so dear to them, but that which they love to dwell on is the combination in her of great thoughts and a pure heart.

Anne Charlotte Leffler, daughter of Rector J. O. Leffler, was born in October 1819, and began to write novels in her twentieth year. In 1872 she married Justice Edgren, Secretary to the chief Ståtholder; but this union was productive of much unhappiness. Her most important works were written after 1880, just at the time when the chief literary interest of young Sweden was bestowed on the woman question. Mrs. Edgren's utterances on this subject were both powerful and healthy. She shared the naive trustfulness and hope of her contemporaries, who believed that they had only to point out where the existing order of things was wrong, and straightway people in general would hasten to make all right. The wrong relations of wife to husband, of young to old, of child to parents, of subordinates to employers, were all set forth; and these are the themes which Mrs. Edgren handles in her writings. In the drama of 'True Women' she shows that woman herself is frequently to blame for her subordinate position, and for the contemptuous treatment which she sometimes receives from men. The woman who condones the immorality of her husband, and does not expect the strictest integrity from him, loses her own self-respect, and at the same time lowers the standard of domestic and social life. The plain speaking which is indulged in by the *dramatis personæ* of this play was so unwelcome to many, that at its second representation in Stockholm, although the theatre was crowded, the audience did not include above a dozen men.

Her next work, 'How People do Good,' describes the heartlessness with which working-people are frequently treated by those whose subscriptions for public charities and indefatigable efforts at bazaars, &c., procure for them a reputation for benevolence. 'A Summer Tale,' which followed, contrasts a strong Norse nature with pithless types of cultured Swedish humanity at a watering-place. From this time may be dated Mrs. Edgren's growing antipathy to theories, and her approach to nature as the safest guide in human affairs. The rupture with her literary past was complete when, in 1890, she married the Duke of Cajanello, an Italian scientist. In the books which she wrote in Italy, she renounced her former theories on women's rights, and extolled the guidance of impulse. What would have been the further influence of the blue skies and full

luxurious life of a southern land we cannot tell, for death crossed the threshold of her new home a few months after the birth of her only child; and she, too, passed away October 21, 1892.

THE CHAIN MAKER'S DAUGHTER.

A ROMANCE OF TOIL IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

By HILTON HILL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

BOB HILBEN, and Dan Helm, his 'helper,' were members of a night-shift, a few years before mechanical invention had stripped cable chain making of some of its manual labour. The chain-shop was a long, low, narrow, irregular building; down each side were ten rows of glowing forges; here and there one flashed forth meteoric sparks, as clinking hammers welded link to link. Dense clouds of smoke floated up and about the black dust-laden rafters, and out through the imperfectly tiled roof into the cool September air. Standing at one end of the shop, one man could scarcely see another, so foul was it with gaseous vapours.

Dan Helm, the 'helper,' was a tall, muscular young fellow of twenty-four, with deep blue eyes, and regular features, framed in a well-proportioned dark brown beard. As he straightened himself, one naturally speculated on how well he would look in the habiliments of a Guardsman. As the brawny smiths paused to rest, they deftly scraped the trickling perspiration from their brows and dashed it to the floor.

'This is the tenth link, bain't it, Dan?' asked Hilben.

'Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. This is the twelfth link, Mr Hilben,' replied the 'helper,' counting up the night's work.

'Then, by my empty feeling an' the number o' heats, it mun be near supper-time, lad.'

'Yes; it's getting on for it,' Dan assented.

'It's a middling night's work, twelve links,' observed Hilben reflectively, looking at the glowing coil at his feet.

'Yes, it is, Mr Hilben,' replied his helper.

"Mister" Hilben," repeated the older man. "That be two or three times to-night you'n called me "Mister."—Come now, what bin yo' wanting? There's somethink, I can see. Is it more wage?"

'Oh no nothing of the kind,' replied the young fellow, smiling, but not without an evasive downward glance as he picked out the clinkers from the forge.

'There's somethink wanted,' I know, continued Hilben. 'The parson doesna come wi' his sleek perliteness o' calling me "Mister" every other wark, except when he wants some o' my hard-earned brass for a new organ, or somethink o' t' kind. Them as don't want anythink o' me calls me Hilben—Bob Hilben, or Gaffer, as you'n bin calling me afore to-night.'

Dan did not reply; he was thoughtfully replenishing the fire. He knew he was guilty of unconsciously using the objectionable prefix in

a conciliatory sense. He did want something; but he felt it were better asked for later, when, after a large night's work, Hibden would be in a more pleasing frame of mind.

A thick-set, undersized man was Hibden, with brick-red hair and beard, big hairy hands, and long sinewy arms, a short muscular neck, surmounted by a square, close-cropped head, and a grotesque little turn-up nose. He wore a gray flannel sleeveless shirt, open at the breast, revealing a well-developed chest.

It was said 'Bob' Hibden in his younger days came from Lancashire, where he had a local reputation as a sagacious dog-fancier and a pugilist of no mean ability. For years his habitual Sunday recreation was a dog or a cock fight, or attending a secret fistie encounter among his chain-making pals.

The gentle, patient woman he had espoused in Warwick, strove to reform him, with discouraging results. He was skilful at his trade, and earned a large wage; but until his child Janet was born, nothing was put by, though he generally had twenty or thirty pounds ready to wager on some local sporting event.

It was after the birth of her child, and during what seemed a fatal illness, that his wife, by tearful pleading, induced him to buy for the child's sake—what was now the first cottage in 'Hibden's Row.' For fifteen years the devoted woman struggled on until 'No. 8' was built; then, as Hibden had begun to take a pride in considering himself a man of property, the good wife passed away, worn out in the battle with such a barbarous nature.

After resting a few minutes, Hibden said: 'Janet's late wi' my supper to-night, baint her?'

'Perhaps a little,' replied his helper.

'Ow! here her comes,' cried Hibden, as the figure of a pale young woman about twenty approached, and became more distinct through the murky air. When the blazing forges lit up her features, she was seen to be a comely girl, with large brown eyes, and darker hair, brushed smoothly over her temples, which gave her a mature look, as if she had felt many of the cares of life, but few of its joys. She wore a quilted print bonnet and a plaid shawl, and carried in her hand a bowl tied up in a red handkerchief, which contained her father's supper.

'You're a bit late, Janet, lass,' said Hibden as she drew near.

'Yes, daddie,' she replied; 'the fire was a bit contrary to-night.'

She drew from her pocket a spoon, knife, and fork; and her father eagerly began to dispose of the savoury contents of the bowl.

Dan had seated himself a little aside, on a pile of chain, and was eating his supper. The girl cast an inquiring glance at him, and as she passed on her way out, he said in a low voice: 'I haven't asked him yet, Janet, but I will before morning.'

They were lovers, and Dan had promised to tell Hibden of his attachment for his daughter.

One Sunday in August, a few weeks after Dan Helm had come to work for Hibden, he was sitting on the stile in his workaday clothes,

when Janet passed through the fields on her way to the parish church.

'Good-morning,' she had said cheerfully.

'Good-morning,' returned Dan, hastily removing his black clay pipe, as unfit for the presence of such lovely company. 'Going to church, Miss Hibden?'

'Yes, Mr Helm. Aren't you going?'

'I ain't been since my mother died,' replied Dan, with a lump in his throat at the recollection.

'But wouldn't you feel better for it?' asked the girl sympathetically.

'I might,' he replied. 'But look at my hands, scarred, and burnt, and blistered, and as cracked as the back of a turtle; they're out of place in such company.'

'Oh, that would make no difference; it comes from honest work. I really think you would like it, after a bit.'

Little more was said then; but Dan's eyes followed the comely girl with a look of admiration. The next Sunday he was at the stile dressed in his best, waiting for her.

'I think I'll go to church, Miss Hibden,' he said as she came up. 'Can I walk along with you?'

'Yes. Why not? as we're both going there,' she answered with a blush at his hidden meaning.

'I—I didn't know whether you'd like to be seen leading a black-sheep.'

'Don't say "black-sheep;" you're only a neglected one, I'm sure, Mr Helm.'

These Sabbath walks to and from church opened a new life for this young couple, and it was not long before tender words took the place of sympathetic counsel.

As the gray streaks of the morning light were struggling through the latticed windows of the chain-works, Dan found courage to say: 'It's not a bad night's work, Gaffer.'

'Now, it's not,' replied Hibden, regarding the heap of chain with a calculating look. 'Best we've ever done, I think, by t' look.'

'Best in my time, and I've been with you now going on three months.'

'Ay, it will be three months come Michlemus. —But what o' that?—with a keen inquiring glance at his helper.

'You've found me steady, reliable, and not afraid of hard work, Miss Gaffer?'

'That I'll none deny. Well?'

'When I came here, I told you I was a moulder by trade. Our lads at Sheffield had seen fit to go out on a strike—and we'd been out two months, and I was jolly well sick of it, and cut away to find something to do—I didn't care what. You gave me a job, at a wage nothing like what I'd been used to—you promised me more, to be sure—but—'

'I knew—I knew,' cried Hibden. 'All that "Mistering" last night meant more wage.'

'You're wrong, Gaffer; I've not asked you for more wage, nor am I going to, for I'm intending to leave you.'

'What! leave me—leave me!' gasped Hibden. 'Then what in blazes is it yo' want wi' o' this "Mistering"?''

'I want,' said Dan, looking Hibden resolutely in the eye, 'to marry your daughter Janet.'

For a moment the Gaffer was struck dumb; then, looking the young fellow over with a sinister smile, relieved himself with an oath. 'Hum! that's the game, be it?'

Dan nodded a firm assent.

Then, as usual when baffled, Hibden fell back on a snarling ironical tone. 'Ho! ho! Yo' only want my daughter? An' belike yo' wouldn't mind me chucking in a cottage, an' a hundred pound to furnish it wi'? An' a pony an' trap to ride round during th' honeymoon.'

'Come, come—this is nonsense, Hibden,' said Dan. 'Janet has promised to marry me with your consent.'

'Ho, ho! her has, has her!'—sincerely ironical.

'Many a young chap hereabouts would have run away with her first and asked your consent after. I've been open and fair with you, I'—

'Ho ay; yo' 'n been open an' fair! Open an' fair as a weasel as collars little tender chicks at night w'en th' old watch-dog is dozing. I'm th' old watch-dog; I've been dozing; but yo' 'll find I'm waken in time. Yo' havna got my chick, nor yo' won't.'

'You refuse me, then?'

'Ay, I refuse yo'—doggedly.'

'For what reason?'

'I doesna need much reason. My helper works for me two months; he finds out as I've a row o' ten houses, that brings me in forty shillin' a week, an' a handsome thrifty lass. Ho! he says, this shop will just do for me; an' so he slyly makes love to my daughter. He's a tramp when he comes to me'—

'That's not true, and you know it! I only tramped from Birmingham, reduced to that by a loyalty to a long hopeless strike, in which I had no sympathy.' Dan was fast losing control of that diplomatic calmness which he had intended to maintain for Janet's sake.

'I say yer wer' a tramp.'

'And I say you lie!' flashed back the young fellow, his blue eyes blazing forth the indignation he could no longer subdue.

'There's nobbut one thing for that,' exclaimed Hibden, deliberately taking off his waistcoat; 'an' that's a good drubbing for one on us. No mon calls me a liar wiout paying for't.'

'Keep off, Hibden!' warned Dan, as he parried a blow savagely aimed at his ear. 'It don't become me to fight a man of your age, and I don't want to, but'—

Hibden lunged at him again. The other mates came rushing up to see the bout. Finally, after a brief tussle, Hibden had, for the first time in a long pugnacious career, to see himself humiliated before his shopmates. Gradually, Hibden became winded, and Dan at length held him pinned against the brick forge.

'You'm beat, Hibden! you'm beat! you'm getting too old for't now,' cried one of his men as Dan released him, gasping for breath.

'If you ever cross my path again,' cried Hibden, in helpless rage, 'I'll do for you.'

'Tut, tut!' scornfully retorted Dan, as he leisurely left the shop with some of the younger men.

Hibden raged about for some time, and then

trudged off by himself in a turbulent frame of mind.

It was early morning when he reached home. Janet was sleeping soundly. He went into the scullery, and thoroughly drenched himself with cold water, as usual, and then went to bed; but he could not sleep.

At eight, he heard his daughter busy with her morning duties; usually, she brought his substantial breakfast to his bedside; but on this occasion he was too restless to wait, so dressed, and planted himself before the kitchen fire, lit his pipe, and contemplated the girl in sullen silence.

Plainer than words, his actions told Janet the worst had happened. As she flitted about laying the table, his eyes followed her, and though avoiding his glance, she was fully conscious of its purport. Never before had he noticed how quietly and methodically she worked—how comely and tidy she looked—how scrupulously clean and white the hearth how brightly polished the fire-irons, the bits of brass about the kitchen, and the burnished copper kettle given to her mother as a wedding present by Aunt Janet.

'Her's a lass to be proud on,' Hibden said to himself; 'but her shan't throw her el' away on a tramp helper.'

His bull pup, Bendigo, lay blinking at him in a corner of the room, well out of reach of his master's hobnailed boot, for he instinctively divined his savage mood.

Placing the bacon on the table and pouring out his coffee, Janet timidly said: 'Breakfast is ready, daddie.' She had never called him anything but daddie from the day she could first lip his name.

Mechanically he seated himself before his plate. She helped him as usual to two substantial rasbers, cut the bread, sweetened his coffee, and then sat down opposite him.

He took one mouthful, then pushed back his plate, and exclaimed: 'I can't eat any breakfast; tak' it away!'

'Are you ill, daddie?'

'Yo' know blessed well I'm none ill'—

'What has happened?'

'Yo' know blessed well what's happened; yo' know what underhand games has been goin' on between you helper o' mine an' yo'.'

'Daddie, daddie! don't say that. Don't say underhand. Oh, don't! I've never been underhand with you in all my life.'

'Then why didna yo' tell me he wer' follerin' yo'.'

'Because I did not know that he—that he liked me till last Wednesday night. And I—I feared you'—

'An' rightly yo' should fear—an' rightly yo' should hang yer head if shame, for takin' up wi' such a whelp o' a tramp as this.'

'He's not a tramp!' For the first time this gentle girl's eyes flashed defiance at her father.

'What! Do yo' tak' sides wi' him again me!—me, as has clothed an' fed yo', an' saved for yo' for over twenty year?'

'Daddie, daddie! I'm truly grateful for all you have done for me; but I must side with him. I love him.'

'Bah! Love him or not, yo' shan't wed him.'

'Daddie, I—I love him.—I must'—

'Must?' he echoed; and in his rage he used a term of insult towards his daughter.

'Father, father! how dare you use such a word to me.' All the belligerent blood she had inherited from him was now boiling over with uncontrollable passion. The word 'Father' struck his ear much as 'that fellow' would sound to a prelate. He felt the child, the pet, was gone, and an outraged, angry woman asserted herself before him with the dignity of innocence.

'Don't talk to me o' darin', yo' hussy. He's bewitched yo'—he's got yo' in his power.'

'You're my father; but if you don't withdraw that shameful word, I'll not stay with you another day.'

'I'll withdraw nowt! An' yo' will stay!'

'I won't! I'll go this minute.'

She moved toward the little parlour, to get her hat and jacket. He caught the girl savagely by the arm, and, in his blind fury, was about to strike her, when Bendigo, with a growl and a bound, seized him by the coat sleeve. He spurned the dog from him with a vicious kick, saying: 'So yo'r again me too, are yo', yo' whelp!'

Janet escaped into the parlour. Hubert kicked the dog out into the scullery, and returning, locked the girl in, saying as he did so: 'Yo'll stay there until yo' come to yer senses, yo' unthankful brat!'

For a long time he sat sullenly smoking his pipe before the kitchen fire, now and again going to the parlour door to listen for a sob or other signs of submission. Finally, he flung open the door. The room was empty. She had escaped by the window, which opened into fields at the back of the house. This, in his rage, he had forgotten. He rushed out, through his little garden, into the fields, but could see nothing of her. He returned to the kitchen fire, and began to think, and to marvel at her defiant spirit, which he had never suspected; and as he grew calmer, regret pierced his dormant conscience at the shameful words he had used. He waited half penitently about the house all day, but she did not return.

EASTER EGGS.

Year by year the season of Easter has attained increased importance in our midst, giving an opportunity to those so inclined of displaying feelings and affections towards relatives and friends by the distribution of little presents in the various forms of 'Easter Eggs.' This year, Easter occurs at an early period, 25th March—within three days of the earliest date upon which it could possibly take place. In 1818, Easter fell upon the 22d of March, this being, according to the recognised method of calculating, the earliest possible day. With the advent of Easter the Christmas festivities are forgotten. The shop windows, in place of displaying Christmas presents, will now be filled with a 'wonderful sitting of eggs,' which,

if hatched, will produce not only a goodly but a diverse brood, varying in size from those of the tiny humming-bird to those of the now quite extinct 'Great Auk.' These artificial productions will be found, in a gustatory sense, more toothsome and superior than the real article; if a plebiscite could be taken of the recipients as to relative appreciation, the vote would doubtless be in favour of the artificial one.

Easter eggs in their present forms may be said to have reached the highest point of artistic perfection. They rival snow in whiteness, and their shape is both correct and graceful. By the aid of artists of no mean repute, their exteriors are adorned with flowers, birds, and even whole landscapes painted in the most chaste style in realistic colours. It is sad to think such beautiful articles should meet the vulgar fate of being eaten; but then they are made of sugar.

But few people have any idea that the originals of the many coloured 'eggs' which are now being distributed as Easter gifts have probably descended to us from the greatest of the 'Chinese Spring Festivals,' and can boast of an antiquity of more than seven hundred years before the Christian era. So there appears to be no new thing under the sun; and although the magic eggs of to day are merely receptacles for a nondescript medley of *bon-bons* and *bouquetins*, they are a survival, or rather revival, of one of the quaintest of Old World customs.

The donor of the last new thing in Easter 'novelties' is indeed, in common with the peasant children of the North, perpetuating a mythological rite. To go no farther than our own country, we find that children in various parts of Cumberland, and especially at Carlisle, dye the eggs in various colours; and, after rolling them about the meadows and pelted each other with them, conclude the observance by eating them. The same practice still exists in Edinburgh, the scenes of amusement being on the slopes of the Calton Hill, the Queen's Park, and elsewhere.

This practical method of disposing of Easter eggs suggests that much of the ceremony connected with them is due to the celebration of the Easter Feast, which succeeds the Lenten Fast. That 'an egg at Easter' is a very old proverb in this country is sufficiently shown by the fact that the Pope sent Henry VIII. an Easter egg in a silver case; while an extract schedule of the personal expenses of Edward I. contains, against Easter Sunday, the suggestive item: 'Four hundred and a half eggs, 1s. 6d.' The price is as noteworthy as the number.

But the most remarkable feature of the usage is its international character. Thus, in Russia, it is customary to exchange visits and eggs on Easter Day and 'to drink a deal of brandy.' Again, in Italy, dishes of eggs are sent to the priests to be blessed, after which they are carried home and placed in the centre of the table. It is the correct thing for all the guests to eat one of them. The custom also exists in Spain and Germany, and generally among the Jews, Greeks, Persians, in some form or another.

As regards the Jews, the symbolical use of the egg can be traced to early Hebrew rites, and is common with Easter analogies in connection with the Passover. With the Jews the egg has also long served as a memorial of the Exodus. Among the Persians the festival corresponding to our Easter has long been held in presumable commemoration of the Creation and the Deluge, and these eggs are presented to friends in allusion to the mundane egg for which Ormuzd and Ahriman were to contend till the consummation of all things.

In Egyptian sculpture we find the egg represented as issuing from Cheph, and therefore as a symbol of the universe, or, at any rate, of the earth. In the first hypothesis, the yolk, it has been suggested, represents the world, the white the atmosphere, and the shell the sphere in which the stars are placed. In the second, the egg is taken to represent the undeveloped vital principle, or, in other words, the chaos of the early cosmogonists.

Again, among the Phœnicians the egg was depicted as being warmed into life by the 'Agathodæmon' in the guise of a serpent. Then there is the Aryan myth; in which a red or golden egg represents the spring sun, and this long had an interesting survival in the Scottish feast of Beltane.

In the beginning, say the Chinese, when the earth was without form and void, and darkness reigned, from a huge egg sprang Poon Koo-Wong, a human being, but possessed of very remarkable powers. From one portion of the shell he made the heavens, and the other the earth. Among the Japanese there is still extant a myth that the world was produced from a cock's egg; while the Maoris believe that the earth was in darkness, until one of the chiefs threw an egg into space, where it thereupon became the sun.

The early Christians adopted the custom to symbolise the Resurrection, and the eggs were coloured red in allusion to the blood shed for their redemption. There is also another tradition extant, that the world was 'hatched' or created at Easter-tide.

It would require a volume to exhaust this subject; but, from numerous analogies, it may be summed up that the mythology of Easter eggs is really pagan in origin, and takes us back to an early period in the history of the human race. It appears that the observance of Easter was introduced into the Christian Church at a very early date; and that Pope Paul V. was the first to introduce, as a portion of religious ceremonies of the Church, the use of eggs at Easter, he having drawn up a form of benediction for Easter-tide, when countless thousands of eggs were annually blessed by the priests, both before and after they were coloured. Having been blessed, they became holy gifts, the bestowal of which conferred much benefit on both givers and receivers. It became a custom on Good-Friday to 'offer eggs and bacon to the Lord Christ,' and thus special favours were secured to the donors.

After the Reformation, Easter eggs gradually became connected with Easter sports, rather than with Easter religious exercises. The country

gentry continued to bestow gifts of eggs, and village children used to beg them from all the housewives around; and rolling matches, egg dances, and every conceivable frolic in which hard-boiled eggs could be utilised, became the order of the day, pre-eminently on Easter Monday and Tuesday.

The steady march of artistic improvement, and a desire to produce novelties from year to year, have caused quite a revolution in the form and material of Easter eggs. Formerly, they were generally made of sugar in some form or another, making toothsome dainties for those addicted to sweets, but now the market is glutted with wonderful arrangements in cardboard and satin, or wicker-work and silk, made in Paris, Germany, and even Japan. They contain an infinite variety of toys and trifles; telephones and toy tortoises compete with magnetised fishes, and tiny nests filled with still tinier eggs, for juvenile favour; while, for young ladies, bottles of scent and bon bons appeal to the taste of the majority, and work-cases to the chosen few. So that the advent of Easter Day with its 'Eggs' is now looked forward to with as much anxiety as is Christmas with its accompanying 'Boxe.'

ONE WOMAN

Her eyes are not 'cerulean blue,'

Her 'silken tresses' do not 'fall

In rippling waves of amber hue;

She has no 'special gift' at all

This gentle woman, sweet and good,

Who sprang not from a royal race,

Yet wears her crown of womanhood

With more than queenly grace.

She does not seem to 'float on air,

Like thistle-down, amid the daffee;'

Nor would her modest spirit care

To 'hold men spellbound with a glance.'

But she is gracious to the poor;

The sick and sorrowful ever

That when she enters at their door

The sunshine follows her.

She has not soared to Learning's heights,

Or sounded Wisdom's depths profound;

She only claims her woman's rights

Where tasks for tender hands abound;

Yet, though she shrinks from themes abstruse,

Nor studies 'ethics' overmuch,

The common things in daily use

Grow fairer at her touch.

Enjoying most where most she loves,

She has no great desire to roam,

But by her pure example proves

How love may sanctify the home.

And thus she rules with kindly hand

The realm she understands the best,

While all her happy household band

Arise and call her blest.

E. MATTHESON.

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THE ETHICS OF FETICH WORSHIP.

At the root of every Fetich lies, or did once lie, something in its poor way true, some kind of fact. Age after age, fetiches appear and disappear; that which one generation approves, the succeeding one condemns; in each age, the eye perceiving in the fetich only that which it brought with it the capacity of seeing. There are general fetiches, and particular fetiches: a general fetich to which millions bow with a common enthusiasm; and a particular fetich, the private property of its owner, to which he does secret service. To the Indian or the savage it may be a little bit of wood hidden in his hair, or an ugly little joss concealed as an amulet about his person; to the civilised devotee it may be an ugly little vice, to which he pays an inconspicuous homage.

A fetich may be abstract or concrete: an idea, a word, a breath, a stick or stone, or human being. Occasionally, the two mingle, and produce a fetich of surpassing importance. As, for instance, when the abstract French fetich 'Glory' was supplemented by the concrete fetich 'Napoleon'—the two together formed a fetich to which whole hecatombs of victims were yearly sacrificed at the commencement of this century. Napoleon, moreover, possessed the advantage of singleness of purpose. He was his own fetich—a fetich as much the object of fear and hatred on this side the Channel, as of worship on the other.

The two—the abstract and the concrete fetich—were never perhaps brought into more striking juxtaposition than when, on a foreign soil, amid aliens to his blood and country, an inheritor of the Napoleonic legend, under the influence of the 'Glory' fetich met with a cruel death in the morning of life at the hands of savages, who respected what they took to be his fetich, the little iron cross upon his breast, fearing to bring a curse upon themselves.

Among primitive races, every fresh fetich meets with consideration, for, though it may inspire nothing else, it inspires fear. An excla-

mation heard at random, a word neither understood nor sought to be comprehended, will be repeated by a savage, that, haply, it may bring him good, or avert from him evil fortune. It can do no harm, and may do good, like a paper charm, or the 'absit omen' of the Romans. Thus thinks, doubtless, the peasant trudging from market in the west of England to-day, as she gives nine rods to the new moon—a remnant of the worship of Ashtaroath—or turns her purse in her pocket for luck—a shred of sacrifice to the fetich the purse contains, and which it will be no harm to propitiate, provided she can do so unobserved. Yet what an insensate and cruel fetich it is! so hard to come by! so impossible to keep now for a few happy hours in her pocket, or the stocking, or the old cracked teapot—and now over the counter never resting in her work-wearied willing hands; but nestling in, sticking to the fingers of old Gaffer Grimes, who will guard it, hoard it treasure it; deny himself the necessaries of life to increase the bulk of his blotted fetich, and finally die a miserable death of starvation, 'worth,' we are told, between thirty and forty thousand pounds sterling. And the fetich having slowly tortured his slave to death, the tidings of his approach are received with such a paroxysm of delight by the next heir his expectant host—that it is found necessary to shut him up, put him into safe custody, lest his life go with his reason.

How sturdily the fetich demands his victims, and will not be denied! Sir Aylmer Aylmer, 'that almighty man,' as Lord Tennyson calls him, is powerless in the clutch of his 'family pride' fetich, to do less than sacrifice his only daughter in its honour. Honour! what a fetich was in that word during the last two centuries! How many widows mourned for the invaluable lives immolated on the shrine of this Moloch! on the swamps of such dishonourable dare-devils as Lord Mohun, for example! Men are to the full as honourable to-day as they were a hundred years ago, yet they no longer feel themselves compelled, at peril of their 'honour,' to risk

blood guiltiness—or the loss of their own lives—at the instance of a bloodthirsty bully or rash intruding fool.

Supreme and irresponsible authority forms a fetish of which a certain class of minds are so enamoured, that they will at almost any cost procure its impersonation, its exponent. How disastrous the accomplishment of this design may become, Russia has too good cause to remember. To recall only one incident of deference to the autocratic fetish: in 1839, when the Winter Palace was rebuilding at St Petersburg, it was decided that the Emperor should enter on his residence there at Easter. To complete the work in time, intense heat had to be kept up, and this produced all manner of fatal disorders among the workmen. The mortality is described as frightful; yet such was the fanatic respect paid to the dual fetiches, ceremony and autocracy, that the melancholy fact was never mentioned to his majesty.

It has been often said of men that 'they can but what they are.' In art, in science, in daily life, this perhaps is true; but in the formation of a fetish, it is precisely the weak, the timid, who do, out of their own consciousness, evolve a fetish of most diabolic strength. For instance, if a man be possessed of but one idea, and that a wrong one, he will not only evoke a fetish for himself, but, by the power of concentration and example, initiate a very ugly persecution for those who venture to doubt the divinity of his fetish. To do no harm and think no evil is not sufficient in many quarters to ensure a man a quiet life: uniformity is a very exacting fetish. To sing in chorus is, to minds of an unconquerable torpor, not only easier, but more meritorious than to attempt a solo. And so the dull little fetish unanimity, or conformity as it is sometimes called, takes the place of a thoughtful readjustment of ideas, a process which would entail an almost impious exertion of powers enervated by habitual irresolution and disuse.

It is this same gregarious adoration which will induce a whole gallery full of people to manifest extreme appreciation of a sunrise or sunset on canvas, who yet would hardly walk across the room to see the royal reality magnificently set forth outside their windows, and free to all comers. A bit of tapestry, old, ugly, and moth-eaten, but bearing the antiquarian stamp of rarity—the carved oaken sideboard, by Grindling Gibbons of course, for, Juliet notwithstanding, there is still much in a name—whose carved cup leaves afford their owner in their dusty monotony so much more gratification than the living woodland leaves and fruit of which they are the counterfeit presentment; the sumptuous furniture, too costly for every-day use, kept as in a shrine, as something too sacred for aught but contemplation and polishing: these are every-day harmless fetiches.

The gems, no longer valued as talismans or amulets, but rather for their worth in the money market; surely he or she who makes a fetish of these is more sordid, stands ethically on a lower platform, than the Carthaginian Hamilear, who beyond all his incalculable riches, his pearls, his carbuncles, his diamonds, his three kinds of rubies, his four kinds of sapphires, and twelve kinds of emeralds—beyond and above them all

treasured some dull little bits of rock, probably aerolites, but sacred to his pagan imagination as having fallen from the moon.

In like manner, the stone built into the outer wall of the Kaaba, and daily pressed by the lips of some of the hundred and eighty million of those whose fetish it is—in like manner, it is ennobled, made as it were sacred by the belief in it—the belief that it has shared man's fall from primitive bliss, and that it will share his return to Paradise. This is a fetish that for twelve centuries has maintained its ascendancy over the minds of Orientals. To it we do not think we err in attributing a larger share of that fundamental root of something better than hails to the lot of ordinary fetiches. Knight-errantry and chivalry did good service in their day; and it is possible that they might have had a longer lease of respected existence but for the injudicious exaggeration of some of their more ardent exponents. But the ludicrous side of this exaggerated fetish caught the keen eye of Cervantes, and through his irony the idol became a laughing-stock. As too often happens, much that was noble and elevated fell with the fetish, and even to this day a generous action will be termed 'Quixotic,' when no other epithet can be hurled at it.

In conclusion, it is to be observed that the most reasonable as well as the universal fetish—sought under a thousand forms, in a thousand Protean shapes, for ever a mirage to one, an unexpected visitant to another—a genius capable of infinite transformations to all, is happiness. The cult is one of the uttermost difficulty and of transcendent importance. Too much fear admitted into the mind of the votary, and he straightway fancies himself a being with a perfect organisation for misfortune—that unhappiness is his normal state. If too sanguine, he may live the life of a pendulum, never at rest. And the 'via media' is hard to hit upon. Nevertheless, he who has the best chance of being content with the share of satisfaction his fetish has in his power to bestow upon him is the one who never grudges that another should have a larger share than himself: he who can honestly exult that the good fortune he has missed has fallen to the lot of another, will have a cause for rejoicing as pure as it is unfeigned.

A T MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XII.—A MOTHER'S DILEMMA.

CANON VALENTINE had intended to stop a week at Venice. He stopped just two days; and then, to Kathleen's secret joy and no small relief, bronchitis seized him. That stern monitor hurried him off incontinently to Florence. 'I'm sorry, Mrs Hesselgrave,' he said; 'I can't tell you how sorry. I'd looked forward to seeing everything in this charming place under your daughter's guidance—she's a capital cicerone, I must say, your daughter; we *did* so enjoy going round the Grand Canal with her the day before yesterday. It's so delightful to

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see all these beautiful things in company with an artist! But the damp of the lagoons is really too much for my poor old throat; we're given to throat-trouble, you see; it's common to my cloth; and as I went along with Miss Hesselgrave to the Academy yesterday in an open gondola, I felt the cold air rise up bodily from the Canal and catch hold of me and throttle me. It took me just so, by the larynx, like a hand, and seemed to choke me instantly. "Amelia," said I at the time, "this chilly air has done for me." And, sure enough, I woke in the night with a tickle, tickle, tickle in my bronchial tubes, which I know means mischief. When once that sets in, there's nothing for it but to leave the place where you are immediately. Change the air without delay: that's the one safe remedy. And indeed, to tell you the truth, Venice is so spoilt, so utterly spoilt, since the Austrians left it, that, except for you and Miss Hesselgrave, I must confess I shouldn't be sorry to get out of it. Most insanitary town, I call it; most insanitary in every way.

Kathleen could hardly even pretend to regret their departure. During the last two days, she had lived in instant dread that the Canon would somehow knock up against Arnold Willoughby. And if the truth must be told, it was the very same dread on the Canon's part, not bronchitis alone, that was driving him to Florence. For, as they stood on the balcony of the Doge's Palace the day before, looking out upon the Riva and the busy quays and the panorama of the harbour, Canon Valentine beheld a man's back in the distance, rounding the corner by Danieli's, and he said to himself with a shudder: "Axminster," back of the devils! (Being an old-fashioned clergyman, the Canon, you will perceive, was not afraid of a very mild unparliamentary expression.) And the more convinced he became that the mysterious person thus flitting about Venice was really Lord Axminster, the more determined he grew to avoid the misfortune of actually meeting him. For if they met face to face, and caught one another's eyes, the Canon hardly knew how, for very shame, he could let Algy go on with his claim of right without informing him—which he was loth to do—that his cousin Bertie had never been drowned at all, but had been sighted in the flesh, and in sailor costume, in the city of Venice.

There are compromises we all make now and again with our consciences; and there are points where we feel the attempt at compromise becomes practically impossible. Now, the Canon was quite willing to give Algy and his wife the benefit of the doubt, as long as he felt only just morally certain that the person in the street with the trick of twisting his back hair was the last Lord Axminster. But if they met face to face, and he recognised his man without doubt, as he felt sure he must do when they came to close quarters, then the Canon felt in his heart he could no longer retain any grain of self-respect if he permitted the claim to be pushed through the House of Lords without even mentioning what he had seen to Algy. He might have kept silence,

indeed, and let self-respect take its chance, if he met the man alone; but what on earth could he do if he met him, full front, while out walking with Amelia? That was the question. And I may remark parenthetically that most men feel keenly this necessity for preserving their self-respect before the face of their wives—which is a very important ally, indeed, to the cause of all the virtues.

So, on the third morning of his stay, the Canon left Venice. Kathleen breathed freer as soon as he was gone. The load of that gnawing anxiety was much lightened upon her.

That very same day, as it chanced, Arnold Willoughby, reflecting to himself in his own room, made his mind up suddenly to step round in the afternoon and have a word or two with Kathleen. Ever since that morning when they picnicked at the Lido, he had been debating with himself whether or not he should ask that beautiful soul to marry him; and now his mind was made up; he could resist no longer: he had decided that very day to break the ice and ask her. He was quite sure she liked him—liked him very, very much: that she showed unequivocally; and he had waited so long only because he couldn't muster up courage to speak to her. Would it be right of him, he asked himself, to expect that any woman should share such fortunes as his would henceforth be? Was he justified in begging any woman to wait till an obscure young painter could earn money enough to keep her in the comfort and luxury to which she had been accustomed?

He put that question to himself seriously; and he answered it in the affirmative. If he had really been always the Arnold Willoughby he had now made himself by his own act, he need never have doubted. Any young man, just starting in life, would have thought himself justified in asking the girl he loved best in the world to wait for him till he was in a position to marry her. Why should not he do what any other man might do lawfully? He had cast the past behind him; he was a painter-sailor now; but why need he hesitate on that account to ask the girl whose love he believed he had won on his own merits if she would wait till he could marry her? Arnold Willoughby would have done it; and he *was* Arnold Willoughby.

So, about three o'clock, he went round, somewhat tremulous, in the direction of the Piazzas. He hadn't seen Kathleen for a day or two; she had told him friends would be visiting them, without mentioning their name; and she had given herself a holiday while the friends were with her, from her accustomed work on the Fondamenta delle Zattere.

When he got to the door, Francesca, who opened it, told him, with a sunny display of two rows of white teeth, that the signorina was out, but the signora was at home, if he would care to see her.

Much disappointed, Arnold went up, anxious to learn whether any chance still remained that, later in the afternoon, he might have a word or two with Kathleen. To his immense surprise, the moment he entered, Mrs Hesselgrave rose from her seat with obvious warmth,

and held out her hand to greet him in her most gracious manner. Arnold had noticed by this time the seven distinct gradations of cordiality with which Mrs Hessegrave was accustomed to receive her various guests in accordance with their respective and relative positions in the table of precedence as by authority established. This afternoon, therefore, he couldn't help observing her manner was that with which she was wont to welcome peers of the realm and foreign ambassadors. To say the truth, Mrs Hessegrave considerably overdid it in the matter of graciousness. There was an inartistic abruptness in her sudden change of front, a practical inconsistency in her view of his status, which couldn't fail to strike him. The instant way in which Mrs Hessegrave, who had hitherto taken little pains to conceal her dislike and distrust of the dreadful sailor-man, flung herself visibly at his head, made Arnold at once suspect some radical revolution must have taken place meanwhile in her views as to his position.

'Why, Mr Willoughby,' she cried, holding his hand in her own much longer than was strictly necessary for the purpose of shaking it, 'what a stranger you are, to be sure! You never come near us now. It's really quite unfriendly of you. Kathleen was saying this morning we must write round to your chambers and ask you to dine with us. And she hasn't seen you for the last day or two on the Zattere, either! Poor child, she's been so occupied. We've had some friend here, who've been taking up all our time. Kitty's been out in a gondola all day long with them. However, that's all over, and she hopes to get to work again on the quay to-morrow—he's so anxious to go on with her Spire and Canal; wrapped up in her art, dear girl, you know it's all she lives for. However, she'll be back at it, I'm glad to say, at the old place, in the morning. Our friends are just gone—couldn't stand the climate—said it gave them sore throats and Kathleen's gone off to say goodbye to them at the station.'

'That's fortunate,' Arnold answered a little stiffly, feeling, somehow, a dim consciousness that, against his will, he was once more a lord, and lapsing for the moment into his early bad habit of society small-talk. 'For the lights on the Canal have been lovely the last three days, and I've regretted so much Miss Hessegrave should have missed them.'

'Not more than *she* has, I'm sure,' Mrs Hessegrave went on, quite archly, with her blandest smile 'mother's society smirk,' a that irreverent boy Reggie was wont to term it. 'I don't know why, I'm sure, Mr Willoughby, but Kathleen has enjoyed her painting on the quay this winter and spring a great deal more than she ever before enjoyed it. It's been a perfect treat to her. She says she can't bear to be away for one day from that dear old San Trovaso. She just loves her work; and I assure you she seemed almost sentimentally sad because these friends who've been stopping with us kept her away so long from her beloved picture. And from her fellow-artists,' Mrs Hessegrave added after a pause, in some little trepidation, uncertain whether

that last phrase might not go just one step too far in the right direction.

Arnold Willoughby eyed her closely. All his dearest suspicions were being fast aroused; he began to tremble in his heart lest somebody had managed to pierce the close disguise with which he had so carefully and so long surrounded himself. 'Will Miss Hessegrave be back by and-by?' he asked in a coldly official tone. 'Because, if she will, I should like to stop and see her.'

Mrs Hessegrave jumped at the chance with unwise avidity. This was the very first time, in fact, that Arnold Willoughby had ever asked to see her daughter in so many words. She scented a proposal. 'Oh, yes,' she answered, acquiescent, with obvious eagerness, though she plumed herself inwardly as she spoke upon her own bland ingenuity; 'Kathleen will be back by and-by from the station, and will be delighted to see you. I know there's some point in that last year's picture she's touching up that she said she wanted to consult you about if possible. I shall have to go out myself at four, unfortunately—I'm engaged to an At Home at dear Lady Devonport's; but I daresay Kathleen can give you a cup of tea here; and no doubt you and she can make your *clves* happy together.'

She beamed as she said it. The appointment with Lady Devonport was a myth, to be sure; but Mrs Hessegrave thought it would be wise, under the circumstances, to leave the young people alone with one another. Arnold Willoughby's suspicions grew deeper and deeper. Mrs Hessegrave was one of those transparent people whose little deception are painfully obvious; he could see at half a glance something must have occurred which gave her all at once a much more favourable view of him. He measured her doubtfully with his eye. Mr Hessegrave in return showed her sweetest smile upon him. She was all obsequiousness. Then he began to talk with ostentatious motherly pride about Kathleen. She was *such* a good girl! Few mothers had a comfort like that in their daughters. The only thing Mrs Hessegrave couldn't bear was the distressing thought that sooner or later Kathleen must some day leave her. That *would* be a trial. But there! no mother can expect to keep her daughter always by her side; it would be selfish, wouldn't it? and Kathleen was adapted to make a good man so supremely happy. And then Mr Hessegrave, leaning forward in her chair, grew almost confidential. Had Mr Willoughby noticed that Mr Mortimer, the rich young American, thought so much of Kathleen? Well he certainly did; he quite haunted the house; though Mrs Hessegrave believed in her heart of hearts Kathleen didn't really care one bit for him. And she was a girl of such high principle! such very high principle! Unless she truly loved a man—was fascinated, absorbed in him—she never would marry him, though he were as rich as Croesus. Kathleen meant to come back by the Zattere, she believed; and she knew Mr Mortimer would be waiting there to see her; he always hung about and waited to see her everywhere. But Kathleen was such a romantic, poetical-minded girl! She would.

rather take the man of her choice, Mrs Hessegrave believed—with an impressive nod of the coffee-coloured Honiton head-dress than marry the heir to all the estates in England, if he didn't happen to please her fancy.

As she mandered on, floundering further into the mire each moment, Arnold Willoughby's conviction that something had gone wrong grew deeper and deeper with every sentence. He shuffled uneasily on his chair. For the first time since he had practically ceased to be an Earl, he saw a British mamma quite obviously paying court to him. He would have liked to go, indeed, this queer talk made him feel so awkward and uncomfortable; it reminded him of the days when adulation was his bane; more still, it jarred against his sense of maternal dignity. But he couldn't go, somehow. Now the doubt was once aroused, he must wait at least till Kathleen returned, that he might see her, and be rid of it. Yet all this strange dangling of inartistically wrought lies before the victim's eye was disagreeably familiar to him. He had heard a round dozen of Mayfair mammas talk so to him of their daughters, and always in the same pretended confidential strain, when he was an Earl and a catch in London society; though he confessed to himself with a shudder that he had never yet heard anybody do it quite so thoroughly, transparently, and woodenly as Kathleen's mother. She, poor soul, went on with bland self-satisfaction, convinced in her own soul she was making the running for Kathleen in the most masterly fashion, and utterly unaware of the disgust she was causing in Arnold Willoughby's distracted bosom.

At last, Arnold's suspicions could no longer be concealed. The deeper Mrs Hessegrave probed, the more firmly convinced did her patient become that she had somehow surprised his inmost secret, and was trying all she knew to captivate him for Kathleen; and trying most ineptly. This sudden change of front from her attitude of sullen non-recognition to one ofudent sympathy roused all his bitterest and most cynical feelings. Was this day dream, then, doomed to fade as his earlier one had faded? Was Kathleen, the sweet Kathleen he had invested to himself in his fervid fancy with all the innocent virtues, to crush his heart a second time as Lady Sark had once crushed it? Was she, too, a self-seeker? Did she know who he was, and what title he bore? Was she allowing him to make love to her for his money (such as it was) and his earldom?

With a sudden resolve, he determined to put the question to the proof forthwith. He knew Mrs Hessegrave well enough to know she could never control her face or her emotions. Whatever passed within, that quick countenance betrayed to the most casual observer. So, at a pause in the conversation (when Mrs Hessegrave was just engaged in wondering to herself what would be a good fresh subject to start next with an Earl in disguise whom you desired to captivate), Arnold thrived round to her sharply, and asked with a rapid swoop, which fairly took her off her guard: 'Have you seen the English papers? Do you know what's being done in this Axminster peerage case?'

It was a bold stroke of policy; but it committed him to nothing, for the subject was a common one, and it was justified by the result. Mrs Hessegrave, full herself of this very theme, looked up at him in astonishment, hardly knowing how to take it. She gave a little start, and trembled quite visibly. In her perplexity, indeed, she clapped her hand to her mouth, as one will often do when the last subject on earth one expected to hear broached is suddenly sprung upon one. The movement was unmistakable. So was the frightened and hesitating way in which Mrs Hessegrave responded as quickly as she could: 'Oh, yes—that is to say, no—well, we haven't seen much about it. But—the young man's dead, of course or, do you think he's living? I mean well, really, it's so difficult, don't you know, in such a perplexing case, to make one's mind up about it.'

She drew out her handkerchief and wiped her forehead in her confusion. She would have given ten pounds that moment to have Kathleen by her side to prompt and instruct her. Arnold Willoughby perceived a face of sphinx-like indifference. How dreadful that he should have boarded her with that difficult and dangerous subject! What would Kathleen wish her to do? Ought she to pretend to ignore it all, or did he mean her to recognise him?

'Is he dead or living? Which do you think?' Arnold asked again, gazing hard at her.

Mrs Hessegrave quailed. It was a trying moment. People oughtn't to lay such traps for poor innocent old women, whose only desire, after all, is the perfectly natural one to see their daughters well and creditably married. She looked back at her questioner with a very frightened air. 'Well, of course, *you* know,' she faltered out, with a dimming perception of the fact that she was irrevocably committing herself to a dangerous position. 'If it comes to that, you must know better than any one.'

'Why so?' Arnold Willoughby persisted. He wasn't going to say a word either way to compromise his own integrity; but he was determined to find out just exactly how much Mrs Hessegrave knew about the matter of his identity.

Mrs Hessegrave gazed up at him with tears rising fast in her poor puzzled eyes.

'Oh, what shall I do?' she cried, wringing her hands in her misery and perplexity. 'How cruel you are to try me so! What ought I to answer? I'm afraid Kathleen will be so dreadfully angry with me.'

'Why angry?' Arnold Willoughby asked once more, his heart growing like a stone within him as he spoke. Then the worst was true. This was a deliberate conspiracy.

'Because,' Mrs Hessegrave blurted out, Kathleen told me I wasn't on any account to mention a word of all this to you or to anybody. She told me that was imperative. She said it would spoil all those were her very words; she said it would spoil all; and she begged me not to mention it. And now I'm afraid I *have* spoiled all! Oh, Mr Willoughby—Lord Axminster, I mean—for Heaven's sake, don't be angry with me. Don't say I've

spoiled all! Don't say so! Don't reproach me with it!

'That you certainly have,' Arnold answered with disdain, growing colder and visibly colder each moment. 'You've spoiled more than you know—two lives that might otherwise perhaps have been happy. And yet—it's best so, better wake up to it now than wake up to it—afterwards. Miss Hesselgrave has been less wise and circumspect in this matter, though, than in the rest of her conduct. She took me in completely. And if she hadn't been so ill advised as to confide her conclusions and suspicions to *you*, why, she might very likely have taken me in for ever. As it is, this *déclatrissement* has come in good time. No harm has yet been done. No word has yet passed. An hour or two later, the result, I d'résay, might have been far more serious.'

'She *didn't* tell me,' Mrs Hesselgrave burst out, anxious, now the worst had come, to make things easier for Kathleen, and to retrieve her failure. 'It wasn't *she* who told me. I found it out for myself—that is, through somebody else'—

'Found out *what*?' Arnold asked coldly, fixing his eye upon hers with a stony glare.

Mrs Hesselgrave looked away from him in abject terror. That glance of his froze her. 'Why, found out that you were Lord Asminster,' she answered with one burst, not knowing what to make of him. 'She knew it all along, you know; but she never told me or betrayed your secret. She never even mentioned it to *me*, her mother. She kept it quite faithfully. She was ever so wise about it. I couldn't imagine why she—well, took so much notice of a man I supposed to be nothing but a common sailor; and it was only yesterday or the day before I discovered by accident she had known it all along, and had recognised the born gentleman under all disguises.'

Mrs Hesselgrave thought that last was a trump card to play on Kathleen's behalf. But Arnold Willoughby rose. 'Well, you may tell Miss Hesselgrave,' he said stiffly, 'that if she thought she was going to marry an English Earl, and live like a Countess, she was very much mistaken. That was wholly an error. The man who loved her till ten minutes ago—the man she seemed to love—the man who, thinking she loved him, came here to ask for her hand this very afternoon, and whom she would no doubt have accepted under that painful misapprehension—is and means to remain a common sailor. She has made a mistake—that's all. She has miscalculated her chances. It's fortunate, on the whole, that mistake and miscalculation have gone no further. If I had married her under the misapprehension which seems to have occurred, she might have had in the end a very bitter awakening. Such a misfortune has been averted by your lucky indiscretion. You may say good-bye to me to Miss Hesselgrave when she returns. It is not my intention now to remain any longer in Venice.'

'But you'll stop and see Kathleen?' Mrs Hesselgrave exclaimed, awe-struck.

'No, thank you,' Arnold answered, taking his hat in his hand. 'What you tell me is quite

enough. It is my earnest wish, after the error that has occurred, never as long as I live to set eyes on her again. You may give her that message. You have indeed *spoiled all*. It is she herself who said it!'

SCUTTLED SHIPS.

SCUTTling may be defined as the act of cutting holes through a ship's hull, either for the praiseworthy purpose of keeping her steady when stranded by filling the hold with water, and thus save the ship and cargo; or to sink her in order to obtain the money for which she is insured. It is the latter form of scuttling that we propose to deal with.

A ship-master is monarch of all he surveys, when remote from the land, and no other sail above the boundary-line of sea and sky. Hence, there would be little difficulty in his way, should he propose to scuttle his ship, either to injure or to assist the owners thereof. For this reason, the laws against scuttling have always been very severe all over the world. By an Act of Congress passed in 1801 it was enacted that 'any person, not being an owner, who shall, on the high seas, wilfully and corruptly cast away, burn, or otherwise destroy, any vessel unto which he belongeth, being the property of any citizen, or citizens, of the United States, or procure the same to be done, shall suffer death.' Our own laws were similar. The last man executed in England for ship-scuttling was Collins, hanged on Deal beach about 1801 for scuttling a vessel in the Downs in order to obtain the sum for which she was insured. Less drastic laws prevail now, and the gravity of such a case is met by penal servitude, and the cancelling of certificates should the offender be ship-master or officer.

In 1866, a Mr T. Berwick was convicted of being accessory to the scuttling of several fully insured sailing-ships belonging to the firm of Messrs T. Berwick & Sons. The system adopted by this proficient ship-scuttler was only remarkable for its extreme simplicity, and stood the test of many years' active service; for he subsequently confessed that he had defrauded the underwriters in this way by causing no fewer than nine well-conditioned ships to be scuttled during the period of twenty years immediately preceding his last venture. His master-mind conceived the plot each time; but seafaring men were the necessary instruments for carrying out his ideas. He would prevail upon needy, and not over-nice, certificated officers of our mercantile marine to sink the respective ships whenever in their opinion convenient; and he paid, handsomely for the services so efficiently rendered in these disgraceful transactions. Happily for the underwriters, however, this wholesale ship-destroyer either had his wonted caution dulled by such unprecedented success as attended his investments; or perhaps made a mistake in his calculations. The long hands of the law gripped him tightly at last, and all the shipping world wondered for a brief interval. This unprincipled merchant, and his three nautical accom-

plies, Webb, Holdsworth, and Dean, were rightly awarded long terms of penal servitude.

The good ship 'Severn' was the cause of their misfortune. She sailed away ostensibly for China, in good condition, and laden with a costly cargo; but the crafty conspirators had agreed among themselves to put a period to her existence long before reaching the Flowery Land. In pursuance of this understanding, three large holes were bored through the after-part of her hull, below the water-line, by means of that carpenter's implement so much affected by ship-scuttlers, an auger, almost directly the shores of England had receded below the northern horizon. Wooden plugs were carefully fitted into the holes thus made, and admirably served the purpose for which they were designed. One or all could be withdrawn and replaced at the will of the operator, concealed from the prying eyes of the sailors; and in this way it was quite easy to keep the supposition leak both under control and intermittent until the moment arrived that was deemed suitable for the abandonment by those in possession of the secret. An accident, however, interfered with the well-laid plans of these men. One of the plugs was unexpectedly broken, the rushing water would not be denied, and she was perforce abandoned earlier than was proposed.

Webb had taken an active part in some of the previous successful scuttling on the same firm of speculation; and, after sentence had been passed, disclosed to the underwriters the full details of one case. He had sailed from Glasgow, bound for Havana, with a cargo of coal, in the good ship 'John Brown,' which disappeared on the passage, although all hands were rescued by a passing ship. She was scuttled by Webb; but the underwriters paid the large sum involved without inquiry. Before leaving Glasgow, a bulkhead, or partition, was built up by a carpenter engaged from the shore. In this way, a clear space was left in the hold directly beneath the mate's cabin, so that, after getting to sea, a hole was cut in the cabin floor, enabling Webb to descend into the hold unperceived by any one and pierce the vessel's side below the water-line with an auger to his heart's content. A similar system was followed in the other instances, and better fortune certainly seemed to smile sweetly upon the unholy alliance during a long period.

The scuttling of the Nova Scotia barque 'L. E. Cann' probably affords the most remarkable example of this nefarious practice that has come to light throughout the Victorian era. In November 1881, this wooden sailing vessel happened to be in the harbour of Vera Cruz awaiting a charter, under the command of a certificated master named Brooks. She was staunch, quite as well supplied with stores as is usual in that inferior order of sailing-ships, and, under ordinary circumstances, should have carried a cargo to any port without mishap. Captain Brooks had held his responsible position for about two years, and had made several satisfactory voyages with her. His uncle owned one-sixteenth of the vessel, and covered the risk by insurance in the accepted manner. In February 1882, this part owner wrote to his

agents requesting them to insure his interest in the freight for another five hundred dollars; but this was not done, inasmuch as the agents had just previously insured the total freight, under instructions from the managing owner. Hence the 'L. E. Cann,' and the whole of her prospective earnings on the ensuing passage, were at least insured to the uttermost farthing, if not somewhat in excess thereof.

At far-off Vera Cruz, however, a foul conspiracy was entered into between Captain Brooks and a Spanish merchant, one Campos, who transacted the ship's business at that port, which boded ill for the profit-and-loss account of such underwriters as should undertake the insurance of the doomed barque, her cargo, and her freight. Campos agreed to put a comparatively worthless lot of timber on board as cargo, and insure it heavily, as though quite equal in value to similar cargoes sent from Mexico. Brooks bound himself to take on board a portion of this rubbish at Vera Cruz, to complete loading at another Mexican port, thence to proceed towards New York, and eventually to scuttle her at the first favourable opportunity. Accordingly, the 'L. E. Cann' was filled up to her hatch with a cargo which was only worth about forty per cent. of the amount set forth on the bills of lading; and, so far, these *hombres buenos* seemed on the high-road to a competency, despite the precept that honesty is the best policy, which would doubtless appear rather old-fashioned to such partners in crime. Campos readily insured his bogus cargo, and awaited the course of events. Brooks, for his share in this infamous transaction, was to receive six thousand dollars. One third of this sum he received on signing the bills of lading at Vera Cruz, one third at the next loading port, and the balance was to be paid him immediately the unsuspecting underwriters had settled in full for the total loss of the 'L. E. Cann' and her curious cargo.

Before setting sail, Captain Brooks wrote to his managing owner to the effect that the vessel was chartered to take a cargo from Mexico to New York for the lump sum of six thousand dollars, and the amount of freight was at once insured. She left Mexico on 30th March 1882; and, just one month later, her master did his worst to carry out his part of the criminal contract. While in the Gulf Stream, the 'L. E. Cann' was observed to be flying signals of distress, and apparently rapidly sinking. An American schooner bore down upon her in order to render assistance, in compliance with the request. A boat from the water-logged barque brought all her crew to the waiting schooner, and the 'L. E. Cann' was abandoned to wind and wave, a dangerous obstruction to navigation. The schooner brought the shipwrecked seafarers safely to Philadelphia. Unfortunately for Captain Brooks, however, it is not in mortals to command success, nor did he deserve it. The barque was not so easily despatched as he fondly imagined. On the 24th May she was fallen in with, strange to say, by a specially fitted salvage steamer, which towed her to Norfolk, Virginia. There she was placed in dry dock, and her trouble became clearly revealed even to the

most superficial observer. No fewer than fifteen auger-holes appeared in her hull below the water-line, and she would undoubtedly have foundered had it not been for her timber cargo.

The salvors were awarded five thousand dollars to compensate them for labour and expenditure, and the 'L. E. Conn' was sold, by order of the United States District Court. At a forced sale, only three thousand dollars were obtained for her, and this amount was handed over to the salvors. Captain Brooks confessed that the holes found in her hull had been bored by him with an auger; and, under the circumstances, the shipper of the bogus cargo thought that discretion was the better part of valour, and did not press for the insurance money. The vessel herself was insured for four thousand dollars, and her managing owner demanded payment thereof, on the ground that she was a constructive total loss. In less technical terms, it would have cost him more to recover the vessel from the salvors than she was actually worth before the scuttling; and therefore, so far as he was concerned, the 'L. E. Conn' was a total loss. The underwriters refused to pay, for several reasons; and the lawyers reaped a golden harvest owing to this scuttling by Captain Brooks, which almost deprived the innocent owners of the vessel from obtaining that insurance to which they were justly entitled. The managing owner secured judgment in his favour in two actions before the courts of Nova Scotia; but, on appeal, the underwriters succeeded in getting these decisions reversed in the Supreme Court by three judges to one. Thereupon, the case was carried to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which upset the finding of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia; and the underwriters had to pay not only the amount of insurance, but also the enormous costs that had accrued.

Wooden ships as a rule are chosen by those desirous of defrauding underwriters by scuttling. Still the iron or steel vessel is not altogether free from their attentions. As we write, a large iron four-masted sailing-ship, the 'Falls of Afton,' is making her way up the English Channel with a goodly cargo of golden grain. One page in her life's history is very instructive. In 1882, when brand new, she sailed from Glasgow for Calcutta with a valuable cargo of iron, railway sleepers, and coal. All went well till news reached her owners that this fine vessel of nearly nineteen hundred tons register had been picked up derelict in the North Atlantic, and taken to Madeira, by a French vessel. She was found drifting about; but the fate of her crew remained undetermined for several days. They had sought safety in a passing vessel, and reached home in due course. As usual in such cases, a Board of Trade inquiry was held to ascertain the cause of the abandonment of such a well-built vessel on a summer sea in fine weather. The court cancelled the master's certificate because he had permitted the sluice in the collision bulkhead to remain open, had cut a suction-pipe in the after-end of the ship, and had turned the water into the hold, in order to scuttle the ship. No sane person would have acted thus;

and the master was not proved to have acted in collusion with any one to defraud the underwriters, so that it seems reasonable to suppose that he was not responsible for his actions.

Still more recently, a Dundee shipowner named Hobbs has endeavoured to make a record in the business of ship scuttling. In August 1891, the small vessel 'Da Capo,' of one hundred and sixty tons, belonging to Hobbs, foundered about twenty-five miles from Montrose. Just three days before Christmas of the same year, another small craft, the 'Greefjelma,' belonging to that merchant, met a like fate, not far from the place where the restless waters of the North Sea rolled over the 'Da Capo.' If we remember rightly, several other vessels belonging to Mr Hobbs reached his favourite dumping-ground in the vicinity of Montrose, and followed each other to the bottom in quick succession. The underwriters naturally became somewhat suspicious, and searching inquiries were instituted into the nature of a trade demanding the sacrifice of so many thoroughly insured vessels and cargoes. They found that Mr Hobbs was in the habit of buying worn out vessels of uncertain age, patching them up temporarily, sending them to sea well insured, and persuading his creatures to scuttle them. The profits were great; but the peculiar nature of the business was not without risk. He was at once arrested, together with a confederate, whose name, by a strange coincidence, is the same as that of the ship which led to the downfall of Berwick and his gang referred to above; and, after a patient trial, they were both sentenced to a long term of penal servitude.

On the 21st September last, the master of the Brixham trawler 'R. L. E.' was charged with having 'unlawfully and maliciously cast away his ship.' She left Tenby on the 24th of August; and two days later, water was discovered in the hold. The men went to the pumps; and one who had been below testified that he found the leak to be caused by two auger-holes near which he found an auger and signs that it had been used not long before. The vessel was a new one, the weather line, sea smooth, and yet she went to the bottom. Her master has been committed for trial at the assizes. The very latest instance of scuttling that has come under our notice is that carried out by a master now awaiting trial, at Seattle, Washington, for casting away the schooner 'Mary Parker' on the 29th of December, and trying to collect two thousand five hundred dollars insurance for a cargo worth just half that sum. She was taken to sea, a number of holes bored below the water line in her hull, and upon removing a board temporarily fastened over the holes, the vessel foundered at the will of her master. The Marine Journal of New York states that he has made a full confession of the crime.

Underwriters are a long-suffering race, of necessity, for competition among them is so keen that they frequently prefer to pay even when in doubt as to the honesty of the insurer, rather than that their action be misconstrued and custom scared away. The system of ship-insurance is not by any means free from imperfection, and occasionally verges upon gambling. Some of

the better class of ship-owning firms underwrite their own ships; others do so up to a specified percentage of their value; but in far too many firms the ships and their prospective earnings are insured even beyond a liberal valuation. A dishonest owner is thus tempted to act as a sleeping partner in the scuttling of a fully insured ship. Undermanning is more marked every day, and although it renders vessels unfit to keep the sea in stormy weather, yet the terrible competition among underwriters allows it to flourish at home. In the East and China, however, the insurers combine for their common protection; and not infrequently cargo steamers on arrival at Hong-kong are compelled to ship more men than the number deemed sufficient when leaving England, as otherwise the local underwriters and insurance companies would not insure the vessels. Ship owners grumble, but they comply with the restrictions notwithstanding. Similar regulation are necessary over here. Having regard to the enormous number of vessels afloat, and the fierce competition among underwriters, it is matter for sincere congratulation that scuttling is so seldom the cause of loss to-day.

MORE THAN CORONETS.

CHAPTER III.

THE new order of things appeared to come about at Deepdene in the most natural manner possible. There was a little flutter of excitement at first, a disposition on everybody's part to see the new owner, and then everything settled down in the old groove—the machine went on as usual; nothing appeared to be disturbed, save that one or two of the servants accompanied De Ros and his daughter to the Dyke, which was situated just beyond the park gates. Dene de Ros took his deposition grandly. The old order changes, giving place to new; but nothing can debase the good and just man struggling with adversity. Dene de Ros owned defeat, but he could not fall.

For a year now the new owner had reigned in his stead; and, if a little heresy may be permitted, the estate was no worse for the change. Ambrose was unspeakably human; he was approachable; unlike his stern, unbending relation, he could feel for the misery which he had experienced. The cottages on the estate were improved, long-standing grievances alleviated, nothing neglected. And the county took kindly to Ambrose. He lacked the outward gloss and polish; but he had a native dignity and refinement of his own which fenced him round with the same dignity that doth hedge a king. He was a clever man, too; he started to educate himself with the fervour of a young man. Before twelve months had elapsed, he could read and write well. The books he read were a revelation to him. With early advantages behind him, Ambrose would have died a great man. And yet, despite the breadth of his ideas, despite his admiration for Adam Smith and Mill, nothing was altered at Deepdene. He regarded the oaken panels and gleaming armour, the storied device on the windows, with solemn and respectful awe.

'It's a big responsibility to follow those who are gone,' he said a score of times. 'They made the family what it was; they helped to make history too; and I've got to keep up their traditions.—David, lad, it's a very solemn undertaking that's put upon me.'

David was wont to listen respectfully. It was impossible for any one to carry out the burden laid upon his shoulders better than his father did. 'People say things are more satisfactory than they were,' he said. 'I am certain that no one is any worse for the change.'

'I hope not,' Ambrose said with simple solemnity. 'This is a trust which I hold under Providence. Out there, where I was for weeks at a time without seeing a single human soul, I used to wonder and dream what I should do if I had a lot of money left me. I said that mankind would be the better for it; and they are, though perhaps I shouldn't say so. The labourers are better paid, they've got decent cottages to live in.'

'Things will be better still,' David replied, 'when you get rid of Swayne.'

It was the one sore point between father and son. To a certain extent, Swayne had assumed his old position, and many were the private acts of tyranny perpetrated by him that never came to the ears of his employer.

'I owe all I have to him,' Ambrose said slowly. 'It was he who found me out, and placed me in my present position; and I don't see that he benefited much by all the trouble that he took.'

'He is steward of the estate at a good salary,' David said patiently.

'And a good servant, mind. I know nothing against him,' Ambrose went on, as he lowered his voice impressively, 'except that there was something wrong, a few years ago, when he held his present position before. He told me all about that honestly and honourably, and that's why I gave him another chance. David, lad, when a man makes one false step, a cruel world is again giving him another chance; and that's how criminals is made.'

In his earnestness, Ambrose dropped into the old vernacular. It was not often that David heard it now, and it was not displeasing to him. It brought vividly before him the recollection of the simple-hearted shepherd who deprived himself of everything for the sake of his boy.

'And yet I don't trust Swayne,' David answered.

'I don't myself,' was the somewhat startling reply. 'Mind you, I can lay my hand upon nothing; he does his work well; and yet, when his voice is in my ears, and his face before me, there's something here near my heart that keeps on whistling. "He's a scoundrel—he's a scoundrel." But I don't listen to it, because I argue that it's nothing more than sinful prejudice. But the voice is never silent.'

David changed the subject. There were other things to think of, of much more importance than Swayne. The younger man sighed impatiently as he looked round the library and then out across the lawn. He had everything that makes life worth living—good health, good looks, and the reversion of a fine estate—and

yet there lay across his couch not a crumpled rose-leaf, but a trail of thorns. He was like the little boy crying for the moon.

It was not the moon he wanted so much as one bright particular star--Vera de Ros. It was impossible to be in her company long without being attracted to her--to be attracted and repelled at the same time. And David felt that unless he could win Vera for himself, all the rest was weariness of the flesh.

And she would have none of him; she repelled him gently and coldly, leaving him with an uneasy feeling that she cared for him all the time. Perhaps she did; but the demon of pride stood in her way. She liked David better than any man she had ever met; her respect and esteem for Ambrose was great, and yet they had between them deprived her of her inheritance. Here, too, was the passionate pride of race; the blood in her veins was of the blue azure, whilst that of David was but a muddy stream. His mother had been a daughter of the soil, as was her mother before her; and birth was part of Vera's religion.

And yet she liked David. It was in her hands to say whether she should return to Deepdene and reign as its mistress again. She knew that she had only to unlock the flood-gates of her passion and abandon herself to an affection which, with all her resolution, she could not stifle. And here the element of pity came in. David only wooed her from a sense of justice. Could she accept as a lordly gift that which was morally her own?

Of course David knew nothing of this. He wandered out upon the shaven lawn, where the peacocks were sunning their Argus-eyed fans, flashing a purple and golden sheen; he watched the deer browsing in the hollow. From the quaint pigeon-house, the doves fluttered down to his feet. He stood there chewing the end of sweet and bitter fancy. The sky was clear overhead; but up from the sea came bands of trailing purple. The breeze blew on his face with fitful puffs. Far up in the empyrean, the gulls wheeled and circled, uttering plaintive cries.

'We shall have a storm before the moon, sir,' remarked one of the gardeners with a tug at his forelock. 'The gulls came in from the Clef Rock quite early. Ah, you should see this coast in a gale!'

'I haven't seen one yet, though I have been here a year,' David laughed; 'and I must say I don't see any signs of a storm at present.'

The rugged old countryman shook his head knowingly as he passed on. At the same moment, a figure crossed the rustic bridge and came rapidly towards the house. It was Dene de Ros, his features stern and contracted. He did not appear to see David for a brief space.

'You look as if something had happened,' the latter remarked.

'I did not notice you, David,' Dene de Ros replied. 'Yes, something very unpleasant indeed has happened, not that it concerns me personally, only your father ought to know at once. Where is he?'

By way of reply, David led the way through the dim cool hall to the library, where they found Ambrose struggling with a mass of

accounts which Swayne had just left for his inspection. He looked up with a smile, which evaporated as he noted the thundercloud on his visitor's brow. 'What is it?' he asked quietly. 'I see there is something wrong, cousin.'

'It is that scoundrel Swayne,' Dene replied, keeping his passion down with difficulty. 'I always warned you that you were dealing with a rascal, and that you were foolish to give him another chance. He has gone upon a new tack this time altogether, since there is no longer any chance of robbing the estate upon a large scale.'

'He wanted money badly,' Ambrose interposed. 'He made a little fortune out there in land, which he invested in the New Tasmania Bank. He came to me in great distress yesterday with the news of its failure. Don't be too hard upon the poor fellow, Dene.'

'I declare you are the most exasperatingly lovable man I ever met,' Dene exclaimed, smiling in spite of himself. 'Because a rascal loses money, which he probably obtained by questionable means, I am to be sorry for him. That man robbed me of hundred of pounds; I discharged him without a character; and by the fortune of war, he discovered you. That was his revenge, as he thought; but there he was utterly mistaken. It caused me no great pain to do what was right.'

'You are a good man,' Ambrose said humbly. '—one of the best of men.'

Dene de Ros waved the compliment aside impatiently. His face flushed, as if he were ashamed of that generous praise.

'But, he went on, 'when your exaggerated gratitude caused you to bring that man home, and keep him about you, I was annoyed. Do you suppose he would have troubled about you, had it not been for striking a blow at me? The first intimation I had of your existence was a letter from Joshua Swayne saying he had discovered the son of Leslie de Ros, and asking ten thousand pounds for his silence.'

'Why wasn't I told this before?' Ambrose demanded quietly. His mouth had grown harder, his blue eyes flashed. 'I ought to have known. Forgive a man once, I say, give him a chance; and if he fails in his duty again—'

'But you were set upon him. Besides, I always had a comfortable conviction that if you gave the rascal rope enough, he'd be sure to hang himself. And I don't suppose you will care to look over the last escapade, because it concerns the poor.'

'Ah! There was a world of meaning in the exclamation, "Go on!"'

'Well, I happened to be riding past one of the new cottages by the church yesterday, when I heard Swayne threatening one of the women there. Certain words which came to my ear roused my suspicion, and I returned presently. After a little persuasion on my part, the whole thing came out. It appears that the tenant's name is Meakin, one of the new labourers from Surrey.'

'A superior man* for his class,' Ambrose observed. 'Very independent; but a good workman, and a firm believer in trades-unionism.'

Never mind what your opinion of that is; please to go on with the story.'

'Well, the woman was angry. It appears that the cottage was let for half-a-crown per week; whilst, as a matter of fact, it is honestly worth five shillings. In collecting the rent, Swayne, it appears, always demands four shillings, and gets it too, for these people know when they are well off, and fear of Swayne getting them out of their holdings seals their mouths.'

'Oh! Then Swayne pockets every week something like forty sums of eighteenpence—that is, if he does the same everywhere.'

'Which he does, Dene de Ros went on, with a little malicious delight in the discomfiture of his successor. 'I called at several more of the cottages, and had it out with the wives. Of course, I assured them that no harm could come to them; after which they spoke freely. I find all the labourers on the same farm are paid twenty-two shillings. There are about forty of them; and Swayne, under threat of dismissal if they complain, gives them a pound each. It is by no means a bad way of adding neatly five pounds a week to one's income. — But you can test this for yourself.'

Ambrose de Ros rose to his feet, his lips trembling, and his hands tightly clenched. His gentle, innocent mind recoiled with loathing. Bad enough to plunder the rich; but when it came to the poor and lowly, he was filled with righteous indignation. He looked like the incarnation of an avenging Providence.

'This must be seen to at once,' he said. 'Will you come with me? I have to meet Swayne at Meakin's cottage presently; and if what you say proves to be true, then you will see that I can be just.'

As the two strode along in the direction of the village, a silence lay upon them. They reached the labourer's cottage at length. It was past one o'clock, and Meakin was at home, a powerful, burly looking man, with a clear eye, and a manner somewhat independent. Swayne, looking mean and cunning as usual, was conversing with him.

The steward's face fell a little as he saw the angry gleam in the eye of his employer. He would have spoken, but Ambrose put him aside.

'Meakin,' he said slowly and distinctly, 'I have found you honest and straightforward, and I want a truthful reply to my question. When the rent of your cottage is half-a-crown weekly, do you pay Swayne four shillings? And why do you take a sovereign on Saturday, when you know that you are entitled to two shillings more?'

Swayne gasped; his cunning face grew white and ghastly. He signed swiftly to his victim; but the latter smiled in reply. The man saw his advantage; something told him that the day of tyranny was past.

'Because I was bound to, sir,' he replied bluntly. — 'Ah, I know what a steward can do when a man offends him. They can ruin a man. And because, even as things are now, I'm forty per cent. better off than I was before I came here, I kept my tongue between my teeth. I have not wronged you, sir, only myself. And if you knew what it was to starve, you'd know how that takes all the pluck out of a man.'

'I do know,' Ambrose said quietly. 'I don't blame you, Meakin, or any of you; I blame myself for trusting to a villain. Do not be afraid to speak, for he shall rob you no more. Tell me if you are the only one, or does he treat you all the same?'

'There's no favour shown,' Meakin replied with grim humour. 'Mr Swayne's kind enough to treat us all alike. Go down the cottages, sir, and see if I'm not tellin' you gospel truth.'

Ambrose turned away, all his anger gone. In its place there welled up a feeling of bitter disappointment. He had trusted this man; he had put aside his prejudices; he had been deceived.

'The way of the world is beyond me,' he murmured. 'I would not have had this happen for anything. — I would have found you what money you required. Come to me in an hour's time. By then, I shall know what to say.'

The speaker felt too upset to pursue his investigations further; he sat on the edge of the old stone drinking fountain which stood under the shadow of the church, whilst the others finished the unsavoury task. Ambrose felt quite as dejected and cast down as Swayne himself. The latter had reckoned upon the simplicity of his employer. The labourers and cottagers were under his thumb; not one of them would dare to charge him with his malpractices. And now it had all come out, and him stared him in the face.

There was no fear of prosecuting, of course; Ambrose de Ros would have cut off his right hand first. There was strength and comfort in the reflection as Swayne crept into the library an hour later, and found himself face to face with the man he had wronged. And yet he felt no remorse; he only burned for vengeance against Dene de Ros, who had brought all this about. The latter appeared to have scored a triumph at every turn. There was one other card that Swayne had to play, his final effort. He knew all the secrets of the house, every nook and cranny; he had been a privileged and trusted servant for years. His eyes gleamed; there was a sudden flush on his face as he scraped his leathery jaws with a rasping, unstable forefinger. But he could not face the white haired, sweet faced giant who stood before him.

'I'm not going to bandy words with you,' Ambrose said slowly. 'You had a good chance, and you lost it. I trusted you, and you have betrayed my confidence by robbing the poor, God's poor. You are no longer a servant of mine, Joshua Swayne; you can go.'

But Swayne was not quite easy in his mind; he wanted to be absolutely certain as to the remoteness of a criminal prosecution; yet he simulated no remorse before the most credulous of men. 'You will not take any steps against me?' he asked sullenly.

'Unto seventy times seven, I could forgive; but it doesn't follow that I'm going to find employment as well,' Ambrose replied with a quaint admixture of humour and solemnity. 'I couldn't have believed it, Swayne.'

'We never do till we find a man out,' Swayne muttered. 'Mr Dene de Ros was angry

and scornful; he is a gentleman, of course; he wouldn't demean himself by a dirty action. He's a man of honour, like that Britus chap in a play that I once saw, and he behaved like an aristocrat when he heard of you, didn't he? And yet he's as bad as me!

Ambrose crossed over to the door and locked it. The words apparently were innocent enough, but they seemed to inflame De Ros to madness. His blue eyes blazed as he laid his hands upon Swayne, and shook him to and fro as an ash-tree is shaken by the wind. 'Explain,' he said between his teeth; 'come, your meaning.'

'Don't you strike me,' Swayne said fearfully. 'I suppose you can read!'

The sneer went harmlessly over the head of Ambrose de Ros. 'Yes,' he said simply; 'I can now, as well as you. But don't keep me waiting. I'm slow to anger, but beware how you rouse my passion. Speak, man.'

'Very well, I will,' Swayne burst out, his venom giving him courage. 'You're curious as to that casket of Del Ros's; therefore, look into it, and read carefully all you find there. I'll say no more, if I die for it. But search and read, and tell me what you think of De de Ros then.'

The look of expectation, dread, almost fear, died out of Ambrose's eyes. He unlocked the door and pointed to the hall. 'You are too late,' he said. 'I knew all that the casket has to tell long ago. Yes; I made out to all men the latitude I gave to you. And if you ever dare to trade upon the secret which you have stolen, it will be the worse for you. For, of all enemies that a man can choose, the worst is the honest being whose trust he has so shamefully betrayed. Now go, and never let me see you again.'

Swayne crept away humiliated, almost ashamed. He had fired his name; it had exploded harmlessly into the air.

Ambrose remained behind. He looked up to the wild gray sky, changed since morning; he saw the oaks on the hill tossed by the forefront of the gale. 'He must never know,' he murmured. 'That one great sin shall be forgiven.'

SOME UNWRITTEN BOOKS.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE in one of his pleasing reveries suggests the original and fanciful idea of a library composed not of books written and published, but of works left incomplete through lack of time or power of achievement. He would, in Milton's words,

Call up him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,

and obtain 'the untold Canterbury Tales of Chaucer's pilgrims, the continuation of Coleridge's 'Christabel,' and the completion of Keats's grand fragment of 'Hyperion.' To this imaginary library a less delicate taste might perhaps add those works thought of, planned, or commenced, which yet, for more or less obvious reasons, have never reached the printer. Of these, no insignificant part would be connected with the name of Coleridge, the 'man of infinite title-pages.' In

addition to the 'Christabel,' which he often talked of completing, folios innumerable would find a local habitation on these immaterial shelves. Charles Lamb, in the playful letter to his friend Manning which contained an imaginary notice of Coleridge's death, scarcely exaggerated his fecundity of schemes and procrastinating method of work, when he says: 'Poor Col.; but two days before he died, he wrote to a bookseller, proposing an epic poem on the Wanderings of Cain, in twenty-four books. It is said he left behind him more than forty thousand treatises in criticism, metaphysics, and divinity, but few of them in a state of completion.' It is true that 'Poor Col.' was continually projecting new schemes, and for ever failing to carry them into execution. Southey in one of his letters says: 'As to your Essays, &c., you spawn plans like a hermit; I only wish as many of the seed were to vivify in proportion.' Coleridge once read to his friend Cottle the publisher, from his pocket book, a list of eighteen different works, not one of which he ever wrote. For many years he meditated a heroic poem on the Siege of Jerusalem by Titus; and amongst other projected work were a Treatise on the Corn Law, a History of German Belles lettres, a Book of Morals in answer to Godwin, an Essay on the Writings of Johnson and Gibbon, a practical pantomime, and a kind of comedy. 'I should not think of devoting less than twenty years to an epic poem,' he wrote. 'Ten years to collect my materials and warm my mind with universal science; five were to be spent in its composition, and five in its correction. His tastes and inclinations were undoubtedly catholic; but persistent effort in any one direction was ill-suited to the genius of Coleridge, and he was content with his book and his opium, and the consequent glorious dreaming.

Another opium-eater, De Quincey, was nearly as prolific with his project, and more energetic in his attempts to give them shape. In his 'Confessions' he says he had devoted his life to the production of a great work, to which he had presumed to give the title of an unfinished work of Spinoza's, namely, *De Emendatione Humani Intellectus*. One need scarcely regret that it never reached the printer. At another time his idea was to write a Prolegomena to all Future Systems of Political Economy, which ambitious enterprise was twice advertised, and arrangements were made with a printer for its publication. This, however, was abandoned, and no more troubled the bibliographer than the famous 'Typical Developments' by the Philosopher in 'Happy Thoughts.' Another scheme was a new History of England in twelve volumes. After he was seventy, he still harped upon the subject, and said that he could finish it in four years.

Goldsmith was almost as fertile with his schemes as either of the great opium-eaters, and often raised money on some projected work, then put it aside, and started another. He once drew up a Prospectus for a Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, and obtained promises of help from his friends Johnson, Reynolds, and Burke; but the booksellers were too wary for once, and the scheme fell through. One of his last proposals was *The Survey of Experimental Philosophy*, which met with the same fate. Even the more practical Dr Johnson could himself devise and not undertake.

He once thought of writing a Life of Oliver Cromwell, but it is as well perhaps that he changed his mind. His constitutional intolerance was too great to admit of his undertaking many great literary enterprises, and, unlike Coleridge, he was well aware of the fact. He dawdled over his edition of Shakespeare for nine years, although he had promised it in a year, and only finished it in consequence of the attack of Churchill, who accused him of cheating his subscribers:

He for subscribers harts his book,
And takes your cash; but where's the book?
No matter where, wise folk, you know,
Forbids the robbing of a foe;
But what to serve our private ends
Forbids the cheating of our friends.

It was Milton's early ambition, as everybody knows, to write an epic on the subject of King Arthur. At one time he even contemplated rewriting the story of Macbeth, and would no doubt have followed the severe classical model, in startling contrast to Shakespeare's treatment. The idea of an epic on the subject of Arthur also captivated Dryden, who also did the story of the Black Prince; but his smooth and classic couplets were reserved for dramatic and satiric purposes. Walter Scott thought that an epic on the exploits of King Arthur from the pen of Dryden would have been a glorious monument of English genius as well as a record of native heroism. As a specimen of the bad taste of that age, it might be mentioned that Dryden once thought of turning the 'Paradise Lost' into rhyme, and a few years later it was suggested that Pope should dramatise the 'garden' poem.

Gibbon once meditated a Life of Raleigh, and began to collect material for the purpose. After reading Oldys' Life of the great Elizabethan, he relinquished the design, modestly thinking 'he could add nothing new to the subject except the uncertainty of style and sentiment.' He decided to embrace a safer and more extensive scheme, and successively chose the History of the Liberty of the Swiss, and the History of the Republic of Florence under the Medici, before that famous day in Rome when he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, and the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the city first started to his mind.

Isaac Disraeli, in his interesting sketch of Oldys the antiquary and his manuscripts, refers to the 'masses of curious knowledge now dispersed or lost.' Oldys once contracted to supply Ten Years of the Life of Shakespeare unknown to the biographers; but he did not live to fulfil the engagement, and, says Disraeli, 'that interesting narrative is now hopeless for us.' Although he made vast collections of biographical and literary curiosities, he made but little practical use of them; and Disraeli pictures him as 'breathing a self-reproach in one of those profound reflections of melancholy which so often stultify the man of study, who truly discovers that life is too limited to acquire real knowledge with the ambition of dispensing it to the world:

I say, who too long in these cobwebs lurks,
Is always whetting tools, but never works.

Sir Walter Scott's latest literary project, conceived at Naples in the last years of his life, was to edit Mother Goose's tales with antiquarian and

mythological notes; and one must regret that the curious and out-of-the-way learning of Scott was not to be devoted to that purpose. The abandonment of his contemplated Lives of Peterborough and John, Duke of Argyll, was less serious.

Of course this list might be extended indefinitely, if the unwritten books of mediocre writers were admitted, or of those ambitious persons who plan some 'magnum opus' far beyond their power of execution, and which is no more likely to illuminate the world than Mr Casaubon's learned 'Key' or Mr Caxton's History of Human Error.

THE CHAIN-MAKER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER II. CONCLUSION.

FIXING herself free, Janet decided to go to her mother's sister, Aunt Janet, who lived at the church-end of the town. As she approached the church, she was surprised to see the figure of Dan seated on the stile, smoking, in deep meditation.

Janet's first impulse was to turn back; but at that moment Dan looked up, and hastened to meet her. 'Janet!' he cried, in tender rapture.

'Dan! Oh Dan!' In a moment she was in his arms; tears and sob came thick and fast, to the relief of her swelling heart.

'What's happened, Janet?'

'I've quarrelled with daddy,' she sobbed.

'About me?'

'Yes, yes, Dan. He abused you shamefully.'

'Never mind, lass; words don't harm.'

'And—and called me names that— Oh Dan! I thought he loved me. I've been dutiful; and he's been so—so steady, and careful and tender to me since mother died. I—I could never think it— Oh, such words! I couldn't stay with him after them.'

'Then you've left him?'

'Yes, yes. I couldn't stay.'

'What are you going to do?'

'I don't know; but I won't go back.'

'Then come with me to Sheffield.'

'No, no, Dan; that would look as if we'd run away.'

'But to my Aunt Betsy. She'll give you a home; and I'll soon get a job; the strike's ended; and I'll have a cot of my own for you before long.'

'Nay. I'll go to my Aunt Janet; she'll tell me what's best. She has a large family of her own; but she's always a kind and motherly word for me.'

'It's hard to leave you, sweet one; but I shall come over often—every week-end.'

So, with prolonged caresses, they parted, and Janet hurried on to her aunt's.

That large-hearted woman was holding the youngest of six in her lap, and rocking with her foot another in the cradle, while she combed the hair of a wriggling boy of five. 'Dear o' me! what's happened?' she asked, as Janet seated herself with a face plainly betraying her distress.

Her niece quickly told her what had taken place, and of her father's abusive language.

'An' you've left him?'

'Yes, aunt.'

'An' I glory in your pluck. Serves him right. He's been a bully o' his life. He lorded it over our Jane, until he ground all t' spirit out o' her. But her would have him, spite o' all we'd said; an' now, poor lass, her's dead an' buried. If he'd had me, I d'—

'Don't talk o' that, Aunt Janet. Tell me what I must do.'

'What yo' must do?'

'Yes. 'Can I stay here? I fear you have no room to spare.'

'Oh, yo' can stay here, an' welcome, lass. We'n room enough. Yo' can sleep wi' little Jim here,—But stop a bit; let me think. If yo' stop here, Hibben 'ull be coming for yo'; an' that'll never do. Our Jim 'ud order him out o' t' house; an' then there'd be a row. An' tho' he's a bigger man nor Jim, our Jim 'ud never give in while he could raise a arm. He's a little un, but he's a rare plucky un, is Jim?'

'Then what can I do, aunt?'

'Go to yer Uncle George at Sheffield. Our George has neither chick nor child, an' his wife was allus fond o' yo'.'

'Yes; I think that is best.'

'Have yo' any brass, Janet?'

'Yes, aunt, a little.'

Janet, after listening to her aunt's directions, and motherly admonitions to have nothing to say to fellow-travellers, man or woman, set out for her Uncle George's at Sheffield.

This was Janet's first railway journey alone; her nerves were at full tension; she clung tenaciously to her third-class ticket, and looked eagerly at every station sign, lest she should pass her destination, to the great amusement of more experienced travellers.

While in a deep reverie, in which Dan figured, she suddenly remembered that Dan's home was in Sheffield. What if he was on the train? Then her thoughts drifted off to her father; and she was picturing his storming at her aunt's, when the train dashed into a great black, smoky station, and she realised she was in Sheffield.

A good-natured old porter advised her to take a cab to her uncle's, as it was fully two miles, and the road confusing. This she did; and after many windings and turnings—which convinced her she could never have found the house alone—she was put down at the door. She discharged the cabbie, and was about to knock at the door, when she found, to her dismay, the house was empty: a 'To Let' card in the window directed applicants to No. 19. To that number she went, and knocked.

A cheerful, tidy, old woman, and a wholesome odour of hot muffins, came to the cottage door.

'Can you tell me where George Herlock has gone?' asked Janet.

'George Herlock, lass! Why, bless you, he's been gone to America these three months.'

'Uncle George gone! Oh dear, what must I do?' she cried with a look of consternation.

'Did you expect to find him, lass?'

'Yes, yes. He never wrote; but—but —'

'Have you come far?'

'Yes; from near Birmingham.'

'Then come in and rest a bit, and have a cup o' tea; you'll be tired,' said the tidy old woman,

with that kindly hospitality which is the first impulse of Midland housewives. She saw that the girl was in genuine trouble, and her heart went out to her in sympathy.

'I've known your Uncle George this many a year,' continued the good woman, after she had induced Janet to take off her hat. 'Your father's brother, belike?'

'No; my mother's. She was a Herlock.'

'Ay, ay; I remember he told Dave, my good-man. He's a night watchman, my dear. He's just getting up. You will have a cup o' tea wi' us there's only us two.'

'Oh, it's very kind of you; but I ought to go—go—home; it will be very late.'

'You can stay all night, lass, an' Dave shall see you off in t' morning.'

When her husband came down-stairs, the childless mother told him where the girl had come from.

'Why,' said Dave, 'that's just like Geordie! I told him to write; but he kept a-putting it off until he forgot it, belike.'

Presently, as Janet was seated before the hot muffins, feeling perfectly secure with this wholesome Yorkshire couple, there came a knock at the door.

'Well, who can that be?' asked the wife, going to the cottage door.

As she opened it, Janet heard her exclaim: 'Well, well, well! it's my lad, and the sound of a smothered hug and kiss.'

Then the tones of a manly voice that sent the blood surging from her heart into her cheeks, as she rose from the table and reeled with giddy delight.

'Dave, it's Dan come home,' cried the old woman.

Dan strode into the room, and was reaching out his hand to his uncle, when he caught sight of Janet. In a moment she was locked in his arms, to the astonishment of Uncle Dave and Aunt Betsy.

'It strikes me you've been at that game afore, Dan,' said Uncle Dave as Dan released Janet.

'She's my sweetheart, uncle.'

'Ow, ow! You sent her on before, then?'

'No. I don't know how she got here.—What train did you come by, Janet?'

'The train from Dudley Junction.'

'Ah! that's it. I came on the North-western, from Birmingham.'

Janet did not return the next morning, or the next month, for the childless Betsy, with the motherly heart, would not hear of it.

The morning after Janet's flight, when Hibben rose, he was confronted with a desolate home. The fireless grate with the accumulated ashes smearing the generally snowy hearthstone; the rashers of cold bacon looked ghastly; the unwashed dishes still littered the table, as they had been left the day before. A sense of his helplessness came over him, for never in the course of his life had this domestic tyrant lifted a hand to help himself. After several trials, and many imprecations at its persistent smoking, he managed to light the kitchen fire. He warmed up the coffee left from the day before, and with some bread and butter made a far from hearty breakfast. Then lighting his

pipe, he sat before the fire, contemplating the dismal scene. At noon, he set out for Aunt Janet's, for he had come to the conclusion that was his daughter's only place of refuge.

'Well,' said that muscular woman, as Hibben presented himself at the door, 'what do yo' want here?'

'I want Janet.'

'Her's none here.'

'Her has been, then?'

'Ay, her has been,' said Mrs Jim tartly.

'Where is her now?'

'Her's none here'—with a grim smile.

'Her's run away fro' home; her's none o age, an' onybody as harbours her, I'll ha' up afore magistrates.'

'Oh! yo' 'll have um up, will yo, Bob Hibben?'

'Ah, I will.'

'Yo' 'll find um first.'

'I'm none so far off finding um now. Will yo tell me where her is?'

'No; I won't. There! you have it flat, Bob Hibben.'

'An' why?'

'Because yo' 'n ill-used her. Yo' 'n made a slave o' her, an' yo' 'd bully her into her grave, as yo' did her poor mother.'

'I don't want none o' your slandering tongue nor I'—

Her husband came up for his dinner at the juncture. 'Now, Bob Hibben, I'll none na you bullying my wife,' said 'Bantam Jim, b'ringing up.

'Get thee in t' house, and his wife; 'th' is none o' thy business,' and Jim suddenly found himself pushed into the kitchen with one jerk of his wife's muscular arm. 'An' as for yo', Bob Hibben, yo' 'll never know from me where her is.' Then she banged the door in Hibben's face, and barred it, to further emphasise her determination.

Hibben went home fuming with rage.

The next day, he reluctantly called in old Granny Crip, of No. 6, to tidy up his house and provide his meals.

He returned to his work with a new helper; but the loss of his daughter was never out of his mind.

After Granny's advent, all the go-sips in 'Hibben's Row' knew of his misfortune. Some pitied him, and some did not; the general opinion was that in his disgrace he would turn to drink. Some one told him of seeing Dan and Janet together in the fields on the morning of her disappearance, and this convinced him and the gossips that they had eloped.

Weeks passed, and no tidings came of her. The bull-pup Bendigo whined from room to room, seeking her with piteous cries, which caused his master in his own acute sorrow to lament: 'Ay, lad; we'n both lost a friend, one as we'n never get the like on again.' Hibben had cherished his daughter while she was with him much as he had loved his dog; but now that she was lost to him, he suffered with all the pangs of paternal bereavement, for he considered her lost. He often pictured her wandering about the streets an outcast, for he had no faith in Dan's honesty of purpose. As month followed month, and no tidings came of

her, his once florid face grew sallow and haggard; his appetite failed; and he gave up his job at the chain-works, a physically broken man. Then he moped about the house or the meadows, with Bendigo always at his heels. He shunned the public-house and drink, to the surprise of his neighbours, and gradually there settled upon him a determination to find the man who had desolated his home, and if they met, to destroy him. He carried a heavy oaken stick for the purpose.

It was reported in the chain-works that Dan had gone to America. At first, Hibben believed this report; but finally remembering Dan had come from Sheffield, he decided to go there and make inquiries. His first two visits to the great struggling town were fruitless—no one seemed to know of such a man. Still, he kept up his search for many months, until one night he encountered Uncle Dave on his way to work. After they had exchanged the usual observations of the night, Hibben asked: 'Do yo happen to know a man named Helm, Dan Helm?'

Uncle Dave was about to answer, 'Ay, he's my nevy,' when something in the haggard visage of the stranger caused him to modify his reply. 'Ay, I do,' he said.

'He's gone to America, they say?'

'Ay, he has. Did you know him?'

'Ay. He ran away wi' my daughter.'

'Oh! Then you want him, belike?'

'I want to get this stick on his skull,' said Hibben, swinging the oaken stick threateningly.

'You would kill him?'

'Ay, I would, if I swung for 't,' cried Hibben, his face livid with anger. Then he told Uncle Dave the months of agony he had suffered at the loss of his beloved child.

The Yorkshireman listened to his tale, deeply pitied him, and finally said: 'Happen it's na as bad as you think. I'll make some inquiries, an' I'll write an' let you know when I've any news. With this they parted.

Uncle Dave thought it prudent not to reveal at that time all he knew without consulting his wife. Dan and Janet had been married soon after they joined the old couple; and later, at the urgent request of a relation, Dan had gone to the States to a good situation. He wrote home that he was prospering, and that he would come and fetch his wife in the August following.

When Uncle Dave told Aunt Betsy of his meeting with Hibben and the threat, she would not consent to Janet being told of it in her present delicate condition.

But in July, something occurred which decided Uncle Dave to attempt a little diplomacy of his own. He wrote to Hibben to come over the next Sunday, as he had some news for him. When Sunday came, and Uncle Dave met him at the station, Hibben eagerly asked: 'What is the news?'

'Come to the parish church and you shall see.'

At the church he showed Hibben the register, and read to him the record of the marriage on October 10, 187, of Janet Hibben, spinster, and Daniel Helm, bachelor.

When the chain-maker heard this, the

muscles of his face twitched convulsively, and he cried with a husky voice: 'Thank God, it's none so bad as I thought.'

'I told you it mightn't be,' said Uncle Dave.

'I can't tell yo' what a comfort that is to me, for I feel as if I'm none for long i' this world; an' it's lifted a load fro' my mind to find as—as he did the honest thing by her. God bless her! wherever her is. I've made my will, an' left all I have to her an' her childer, if her has ony.'

'I'm fain to hear you'n come to that sensible conclusion, Mr Hibden.'

'I don't know how to thank yo', master, as I'd like; I'm beholden to yo' I'—'

'Don't mention it, Hibden. But you *can* do me a good turn to-day,' said Uncle Dave as they left the church.

'Mention it, an' I'll do it willingly.'

'We're i' trouble at our house.'

'What's up?'

'There's to be a christening to-day. Rather sudden; child's weakly, an' mother main't live.'

'Oh! yer child?'

'No; it's a niece o' mine. She's had a bit o' bad news, an' an' it brought her down sudden like.'

'What's happened?'

'Her husband's away from home, an' she's got word he's nearly killed in a explosion in t' foundry. Well, it's a question if she'll live; an' she's anxious to have the child christened afore she dies. Parson's coming this afternoon.'

'Oh, I see.'

'My missis is to be t' godmother; an' I'll be one godfather'—'

'An' yo' want me to be t' other?' asked Hibden.

'Ay. You've neither chick nor child, an' an' this little lad will may soon be without father or mother. I thought it would do yer heart good to do something like this.'

'Oh, it will. I'll do it willingly.'

When they arrived at Uncle Dave's, they found the curate waiting. He had been into the back-room, where a bed had been placed, to comfort and encourage the helpless little mother, and now he was seated by the fireplace, while Aunt Betsy was nursing Janet's child.

When the two godfathers came in, the parlour door was closed; but as the curate began the baptismal prayer, Janet softly asked the nurse to open it a little, so that she could hear the curate's supplication.

Bob Hibden knelt to his Maker for the first time since the death of his wife; as he did so, he experienced an indescribable feeling of consolation and contentment.

'Then the minister sprinkled the child, and concluding, said: 'David Hibden Helm, I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' As the curate handed the child back to Aunt Betsy, Hibden grasped Uncle Dave's arm and exclaimed: 'Is yer name Helm?'

'Ay. And it's my nevvie's name.'

'Whose child is this?'

'Your grandchild.'

'Mine! An'—an'—is—is—my lass—my Janet

dead?' and great scalding tears trickled down his cheeks.

Just then, there came from the little back-room a long quivering, wailing cry, which shaped itself into the words: 'Daddie, daddie! oh daddie!' Janet had heard him, and her shattered heart could not suppress the appeal.

In a moment he had burst into the room and held her in his arms. 'Ah, Janet, my lass, my lass!'

'Oh daddie, daddie! thank God He's sent you to me.'

'Amen, lass—amen; an' He's saved yo' for me.'

And when, soon after, Aunt Betsy brought in the baby to them, their reconciliation was complete.

A few days later, Uncle Dave received a letter from his brother in America saying Dan's injuries were not so dangerous as at first reported, and that he was in a fair way to complete recovery. This cheered the little mother. She began to improve so that, within a month, she was nursing her baby by the fire-side at Hibden's Row.

In the autumn, Dan returned strong and well. When he presented himself at the cottage door, Hibden met him on the threshold and said: 'Come in, lad, come in, an' welcome. There was a blind owl donkey lived here a year ago as refused yo' his daughter; yo' mun reckon him as dead an' gone, an' forget o' his hard words, an' the trouble he's caused yo'. Here's yer wife an' baby well an' hearty; an' there's mi hand; an' if yo' ll let bygones be bygones, an' always be kind to Janet—*for*, God knows, she's nearly died for love o' yo'—yo' ll find no better friend nor Bob Hibden.'

WITH THE MIND'S EYE

THE rasping sound of steel on steel,
A score of foot-steps on the stair;
The clink and whirr of rod and wheel
The voice of labour everywhere
Along the wharf the waters hit
A sluggish current, dull and brown
With low black hulls, that slowly drift
Beyond the smoke-encircled town.

But lovelier scenes before me rise—
The sunny slope, the brooklet clear,
Or where the water lily lies
In silver on the silent mere,
Where rounded summits, clothed with green,
Are sweet with summer's passing shower;
And rippling rivers flow between
Wide fields, aglow with bud and flower.

Oh forest glade! oh wind-swept hill!
At morn so fresh, at eve so fair,
Whose lightest recollection still
Has power to lessen daily care.
Though Life in narrower groove be cast,
Though days be dark, and skies be gray;
The memory of the happier Past,
Nor greed nor power can snatch away.

R. STANLEY WILLIAMS.

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THE SMOKE PROBLEM.

When, over thirteen years ago, in December 1880, Dr Alfred Carpenter read his paper on 'London Fogs' before the Society of Arts, everybody thought that at last we were on the eve of a great revolution; that the élite of sanitary reformers would make a united effort to banish the smoke-fiend for ever and aye from the metropolis and other great centres of population. It is almost superfluous to say—for it is too painfully evident—that smoke and its concomitant, King Fog, are still with us, and, like the poor, likely to remain with us, unless drastic measures are adopted. Several attempts, and resolute attempts too, have been made during the last decade to battle with the evil; but, strange to say, they all have ended in smoke. To be strictly correct, however, one successful effort has been made to solve the Smoke Problem; but, as we shall point out when dealing with it, it only grapples with the smoke arising in manufacturing processes. The smoke problem as it affects populous centres is still awaiting solution. Millions of chimneys yet pour forth unchecked into the atmosphere their compound of carbonaceous and tarry matter, sending up the death-rate periodically, and inflicting great discomfort upon those strong enough constitutionally to resist the effects of fogs caused by smoke, besides causing immense loss to property.

To make the importance of the subject fully understood, it should be remembered that it is estimated that the smoke-cloud which during twenty-four hours hangs over London weighs at least three hundred tons, of which fifty tons are solid carbon, and two hundred and fifty tons hydro-carbons and carbonic acid gas. In the great fogs of 1880 the death-rate rose to forty-eight per thousand; and in the three weeks from January 21 to February 14, nearly three thousand persons lost their lives as a consequence of inhaling the smoke-laden atmosphere of London. Nor is London a soli-

tary sufferer from the smoke evil. The people of Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Glasgow, and other manufacturing centres, are only little better off than Londoners; in fact, it is estimated that in the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire alone there are upwards of two hundred thousand factory chimneys belching forth smoke.

To return to the point from which we started. There is hardly need for apology for briefly recapitulating the powerful arguments advanced in his paper by Dr Carpenter. The great sanitary authority laid it down that the method now used for warming our houses and cooking our food is wasteful in the extreme, and that five-sixths at least of the heat actually developed is lost, while much of the fuel passes away unconsumed. This is as true to-day as at the time when Dr Carpenter pleaded for reform. He further urged that means should be adopted to prevent these causes continuing in operation. These means should be the production of gas at a cheap rate, so that it might be used for cooking, and in many cases also for heating purposes. He foresaw at the time what has actually come to pass—namely, that the use of gas for lighting purposes would be gradually dispensed with. The ever-growing application of the electric light appears almost as the fulfilment of a prophecy; and Dr Carpenter was equally right when he said that it would be in the interest of the gas companies that heating power should be developed in the gas manufacture rather than lighting. The gas companies certainly have taken the hint, for they are at present far more anxious—seeing the ever-growing competition of the electric light to push the consumption of gas for cooking and heating purposes. Dr Carpenter further suggested that it would be promoting the object in view if the sale of coal were prohibited in the metropolis—and, of course, in other large towns—unless it had been previously deprived of its smoke-producing properties. He also said that a tax upon fire-

places not so constructed as to consume their own smoke would effect this object, which might also be assisted by a heavier tax upon the untreated coal when sold for public consumption in the metropolis.

Speaking from memory, at the time when Dr Carpenter addressed his audience, abolition of the coal-dues in London was not even hinted at, or else he would never have dared to make such a proposal. We are living now in a more democratic age, and we have no doubt that his other proposal—that the proceeds of these taxes should be used by the local authority in extinguishing the present commercial companies which manufacture gas and distribute water—would now be hailed with acclamation. Dr Carpenter also recommended the encouragement of the use of closed stoves. He finally submitted that the steps which should be taken to promote the objects advocated in his paper would be best met by urging upon the Government the propriety of appointing a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole subject, the Commission to formulate the grounds upon which legislation should be established, and prepare the way for the introduction of a Bill into Parliament for the purpose.

Happy Parliament, to be saddled with another bantling, to increase the number of bairns already under its charge, which are growing from year to year! We are afraid that remedies must remain in abeyance. But are the resources of civilisation exhausted to meet the case? We think not. It is true that very little progress has been made, since Dr Carpenter read his paper, in the direction of abolishing the smoke nuisance; but what was said in 1880 at the Society of Arts may be urged again at the present time. Yet there are many difficulties in the way. In the first place, he must be a bold reformer who would dare to interfere with the family fireplace. The words used by Dr Carpenter himself at the time are so charming that we reproduce them. 'There is,' he says, 'something so endearing and so national about our domestic hearth, so captivating about the ability to poke a fire, that I should never expect to remove these comforts from our midst; neither is entire removal necessary.' And yet, almost in the same breath, he proposed an appeal to the legislature to do away, at least partially, with those comforts! There was something more rational in the remarks made at the meeting by the chairman, the late Mr Edwin Chadwick. He recommended the use of anthracite coal; but so far very little of it is burnt, in London fireplaces at any rate, because of the difficulty experienced in lighting it. We should require, may be, special classes in our Board Schools for teaching girls the art of lighting a fire built up of anthracite. We think, under present circumstances, the wider introduction of gas for cooking and heating purposes would contribute very much towards the abatement of smoke. As already stated, the gas companies are fully alive to the subject, and they are vigorously pushing the sale of gas stoves on the hire system; but gas is far too dear for such progress to be made with it in its consumption as to attain the object aimed at. In London,

at any rate in the district in which the writer resides, gas is charged at three shillings and one penny per one thousand cubic feet, and very bad it is at the price, at any rate for lighting purposes; and it almost seems as if the gas companies are doing all they can to restrict its use for that purpose. No other explanation is possible, for, surely, otherwise they would not be so obdurately deaf to the frequent appeals made to them. This paper is being written under the soft light emitted from a duplex burner of a paraffin lamp, although there is a five-light gas chandelier in the room. The use of gas is almost abolished, the only gas jet burning in the house being in the hall lamp. The reader must pardon this discussion. The only object in mentioning it is to show how absolutely indifferent to all appearances—gas companies are to the consumption of gas for lighting purposes. It almost seems as if they are awaiting with the utmost resignation the ultimate supersession of gas by the electric light.

It was stated that gas is at present too dear for cooking and heating purposes. To attain the object in view, the abatement of smoke, it is necessary that it should be sold more cheaply. The practical experience of large consumers shows that gas can be produced in the neighbourhood of London at one shilling and sixpence per one thousand feet, if the charges on capital account are kept out of the balance sheet. It may be taken for granted that two shillings per one thousand feet would cover the cost of production, distribution, and maintenance; and if gas were supplied at that price in London, it would soon find greater favour as a cooking and warming agent, and would greatly assist in abolishing the smoke fogs.

What is true of London is equally true of other large towns. There is a great prejudice against gas fires in sitting-rooms; but those who have once adopted them will never return to the use of coal. It is true their cost is a bar against their introduction in the houses of the poor. There can be no doubt, however, that gas fires warm a room thoroughly, and, if properly constructed, cause no smell; there is no dust, and no clearing away of ashes, no use of blacklead and brushes. Altogether, a great saving is effected. Various attempts have been made to improve the coal-burning grates. We have some beautiful slow-combustion stoves lined with firebrick. They throw out more heat, and burn less coal, and, of course, cause less smoke; but the latter can never be entirely done away with as long as ordinary coal is burned.

We referred at the opening of this article to an arrangement which does away with the smoke nuisance. It is the invention of Mr Samuel Elliott, Newbury, Berkshire, and has been named by its inventor the 'Smoke Annihilator.' That it annihilates smoke most effectually, there cannot be a doubt. It has been in practical working order on a large scale for some time at the Mint, Birmingham, and its principle consists in 'washing' the smoke thoroughly, and utilising the carbon precipitated in the water, as well as the fluid

drained off, which is said to possess valuable properties as a disinfectant, for which it is already sold commercially, while the carbon is used, among other purposes, in the manufacture of 'candles' for arc lamps. There is no need to give a full description of the apparatus; but it may briefly be stated that the smoke emitted from thirty furnaces is passed into a revolving barrel, fitted with a series of beaters like the blades of a puddle steamer. A constant stream of water plays upon the beaters. The result of the beating of the water in the barrel is the precipitation of all the carbon and sulphur in the smoke. The hot vapour, purified, readily passes through perforations in semicircular gratings over the chamber and up the chimney shaft. Such an apparatus, as a matter of course, can only be fitted up in a manufactory, and its successful application by no means touches the chief source of the evil, the numberless fireplaces in dwelling-houses. In that direction the great smoke problem is still involved. The whole subject is well summed up by Mr. Sheffield Bidwell, F.R.S., who, in his lecture on 'Fogs, Clouds, and Lighting,' delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain on the 5th of May 1893, said: 'This is hardly the time or the place to discuss the possible methods by which town fogs might be abolished as such, or rendered as innocuous as those of the country. It is impossible to deny that year by year they are increasing in violence; and when the burden of the evil becomes too grievous to be borne, as is likely to be the case before many winters are past, the remedy will perhaps be found in the compulsory substitution of gas for coal as the ordinary domestic fuel.' This, we believe, is the true solution.

AT MARKET VALUE.

CHAPTER XIII.—A MISSING LOVER.

'TWAS in bitter disappointment that Arnold Willoughby strode away from the Hes-legraves' door that afternoon in Venice. For the second time in his life, his day-dream had vanished. And the new bubble had burst even more painfully than the old one. He was young, he said to himself, when he fell in love with Blanche Middleton. With a boy's simplicity, he mistook the mere blushing awkwardness and uncertainty of the *ingénue* for innocence of mind and purity of purpose. He had a rude awakening when he saw Lady Sark sell herself for money and title, and develop into one of the vainest and showiest among the heartless clan of professional beauties. But this time, he had said to his own heart, he was older and wiser. No such hasty mistakes for him nowadays! He knew the difference now between the awkward bashfulness of the frightened school-girl and the pure white integrity of a noble-minded woman. Bit by bit, Kathleen Heslegrave had won back the spured misogynist to a belief in her sex, in its goodness, in its unselfishness, in

its nobility of nature. He knew she could have married Rufus Mortimer if she wished; but he believed she had refused him for the penniless sailor's sake. It was because he believed her capable of real disinterested affection like that, that he had fallen in love with Kathleen Heslegrave.

And now, what a disillusion! He found he had been mistaken in her from the very beginning. The woman whom he had thought so far raised above her fellows that she could love a struggling artist, without past, without future, for his own sake alone, turned out, after all, to be an intriguer, more calculating and more deceitful in her way than Lady Sark herself had been. Kathleen must have known from the beginning that the man whose advances she had accepted with so much blushing uncertainty and with such pretty coyness, was really Lord Axminster. She had been saying those sweet things about respecting him so much and not caring for rank or wealth or position—because she thought that was the way that would lead her to a coronet. With incredible cunning and deceptiveness, she had managed to hide from him her knowledge of his original position, and to assume a sort of instinctive shrinking from his lowly calling, which she allowed her love and respect to overcome, as it were, quite visibly before his eyes, with consummate cleverness. As a piece of fine acting in real life, it was nothing short of admirable. If that girl were to go upon the stage now, Arnold said to himself bitterly, she would make her fortune. Those modest side-glances; those dexterously summoned blushes; that timid demeanour at first, giving way with fuller acquaintance to an uncontrollable affection, so strong that it compelled her, against her will, as it seemed, to overlook the prejudices of birth, and to forget the immense gulf in artificial position—oh, as acting, it was marvellous! But to think it was only that! Arnold Willoughby's brain reeled. Ah, why could he never cast this birthright of false adulation and vile sycophancy behind him? Why could he never stand out before the world on his merits as a man, and be accepted or rejected for himself alone, without the intervention of this perpetual reference to his artificial value and his place in the peerage?

And the secrecy of it, too! The baseness! The privy planning and plotting! Why, this woman, whom he imagined all frankness and candour, with a heart as straightforward as that open brave face of hers, had concocted this vile trap to catch a coronet unawares, all by herself, unaided, and had concealed her inmost thoughts from her own mother even. There was a cold blooded deliberateness about it all which disgusted and disillusioned Arnold Willoughby on the first flush of it. He had gone into that house that afternoon in a lover's fever and with a lover's fervour, saying to himself as he crossed the threshold: 'There is none like her, none; I shall ask her this very day; I could risk my life for her with joy; I could stake my existence on her goodness and purity!' And now—he came out of it, coldly numb and critical. He hated to think he had been so readily deceived by a clever woman's

wiles. He hated and despised himself. Never again while he lived would he trust a single one of them. Their most innocent smile hides their blackest treachery.

It's a way men have, when they're out of conceit for a time with their wives or their sweethearts.

As for poor Mrs Hessegrave, the unoffending cause of all this lamentable misapprehension, she sat by herself, meanwhile, wringing her hands in impotent despair, in her own drawing-room, and wondering when Kathleen would come in to comfort her. Each minute seemed an hour. What could be keeping Kathleen? As a rule, the dear child came back so soon from such errands as this to her beloved work; for Kathleen was never so happy as when painting or sketching; and she wrought with a will, both for love's sake and money's. But to-day, she was somehow unaccountably delayed. Her stars were unpropitious. And the real cause of the delay, as fate would have it, was one of those petty circumstances upon which our lives all hinge. She had gone round on her way home by the *Fondamenta delle Zattere*, as a woman in love will do, expecting to find Arnold Willoughby at work on his canvas there, and hoping to seem as if mere accident had brought her back to the place she had abandoned during the Valentines' visit. Three days was so long a time to go without seeing Arnold! But instead of finding him, she had fallen in with Rufus Mortimer engaged upon his christening scene; and Mortimer, guessing her object, and generously anxious, as was his nature, to aid her in her love-affair, had kept her talking long in front of the picture he was painting, under the belief that Arnold would shortly turn up, and that he was doing her a kindness by thus making her presence there seem more natural and less open to misconstruction. Yet, as often happens in this world of mischance, Mortimer's very anxiety to help her defeated his own purpose. It was the kind-hearted young American's fate in life to do as much harm by his well-intentioned efforts as many worse natures do by their deliberate malice.

Into this unconscious trap Kathleen fell readily enough, and waited on as long as she could, in the vain hope that Arnold Willoughby would turn up sooner or later. But when at last it seemed clear that he was taking an afternoon off, and wouldn't be there at all, she accepted Mortimer's offer of a lift home in his gondola, and having wasted her day hopelessly by this time, went in on her way back to fulfil a few small commissions at shops in the *Calle San Moise*, which still further delayed her return to her mother's.

When she reached home and went up-stairs, she was astonished to find Mrs Hessegrave rocking herself up and down distractedly in her chair, and the yellow Honiton head-dress in a last stage of disorder, which betokened a long spell of very vigorous misery. 'Why, mother dear,' she cried in alarm, 'what has happened since I went out? You haven't had another letter from Reggie asking for money, have you?'

Mrs Hessegrave broke down. 'I wish I

had,' she answered, sobbing. 'I wish it was only that! I wish it was Reggie! Oh Kitty, Kitty, Kitty, how am I ever to tell you? He's been here since you went out. And you'll never, never forgive me.'

'He's been here?' Kathleen repeated, not knowing what her mother could mean. 'Reggie's been here? To-day? Not at this house! in Venice!'

'No, no, no; not Reggie,' Mrs Hessegrave answered, rocking herself up and down still more vigorously than before. 'Mr Willoughby. Lord Axminster.'

In a second, the colour fled from Kathleen's cheek as if by magic. Her heart grew cold. She trembled all over. 'Mr Willoughby!' she cried, clapping her bloodless hands. Every nerve in her body quivered. Never till that moment did she know how far her love had carried her. 'Oh mother, what did you say? What did he do? What has happened?'

'He's gone,' Mrs Hessegrave cried feebly, wringing her hands in her distress. 'He's gone for good and all. He told me to say good-bye to you.'

'Good-bye,' Kathleen echoed, horror-struck. 'Good-bye! Oh mother! Where's he going, then? What can it mean? This is very, very sudden.'

'I don't know,' Mrs Hessegrave answered, bursting afresh into tears. 'But he said I'd spoiled all. He said so more than once. And he told me it was you yourself who said so.'

For a minute or two, Kathleen was too agitated even to inquire in any intelligent way what exactly had happened. Just at first, all she knew was a vague consciousness of fate, a sense that some terrible blow had fallen upon her. Her mother had committed most fatal indiscretion; and Arnold was gone—gone, without an explanation! But slowly, as she thought of it all, it began to dawn upon her what must have happened. With a fearful sinking at heart, she hardened herself for the effort, and drew slowly from the reluctant and penitent Mrs Hessegrave a full and complete confession of her share in this misfortune. Bit by bit, Mrs Hessegrave allowed the whole painful and humiliating scene to be wrung out of her, piecemeal. As soon as she had finished, Kathleen stood up and faced her. She did not reproach her mother; the wound had gone too deep by far for reproach; but her very silence was more terrible to Mrs Hessegrave than any number of reproaches. 'I must go, mother,' she cried, breaking away from her like some wild and wounded creature; 'I must go at once and see him. This cruel misapprehension is more than I can endure. I didn't know who he was till Canon Valentine told us. I fell in love with him for himself, as a common sailor; I never knew he was Lord Axminster. I must go and tell him so!'

Mrs Hessegrave's sense of propriety was severely outraged. Not only was it dreadful to think that a young lady could have fallen in love with a man unmasked, and that man, too, a common sailor; but it was dreadful also that Kathleen should dream of going to see him in person, instead of writing to explain to him,

and asking him to call round for the further clearing up of this painful entanglement. 'Oh, my dear,' she cried, drawing back, 'you're not surely going to call for him! It would look so bad! Do you think it would be right? Do you think it would be womanly?'

'Yes, I do,' Kathleen answered with unwonted boldness. 'Right and womanly to the last degree. Most right and most womanly. Mother dear, I don't blame you; you did what you thought best in my interest, as you imagined; but you have left him under a cruel misapprehension of my character and motives—a misapprehension that would be dreadful for me to bear with any one, but ten thousand times worse with a nature like Arnold Willoughby's; and I can't sit down under it. I can't rest till I've seen him and told him how utterly mistaken he is about me. There's no turning back now; I must and shall see him.'

And in her own heart she said to herself a great deal more than that 'I must and shall marry him.'

So, with face on fire and eager steps that never paused, she rushed hotly down the stairs and out into the Piazza. The pigeons crowded round her as if nothing had happened. Thence she took the narrow lane that led most directly, by many bridges, to the little salt-fish shop, and went to make her first call on the man of her choice at his own lodgings.

Little Cecca was at the door, playing with a big new doll. She looked up with a smile at the beautiful lady, whom she recognised as the person she had seen out walking one day with 'our Inglese.'

'Is the signore at home?' Kathleen asked, too deeply moved to return the child's smile, yet touching her golden head gently.

The little one looked up at her again with all the sunny southern, confidingness. 'No, he isn't,' she answered, dimpling. 'The signore's gone away. But he gave me two lire before he went, don't you see, and I bought this pretty doll with it, at neighbour Giacomo's. Isn't it a pretty one? And it cost all two lire.'

'Gone away?' Kathleen echoed, a cold thrill coming over her. 'Gone away? Not from Venice?'

The child nodded and puffed out her lips. 'Si, si,' she said, 'from Venice.' And then she went on singing in her childish nursery rhyme:

'Vate a far una barca o una batola;
Co ti fa fata, batola in mar;
La ti condurrà in Venezia bela.'

'But he hasn't done that,' she added in her cat-like prattle. 'He's taken his boat and gone away from Venice; away from Venice; from Venezia bela; right away, right away from Venezia bela.'

Kathleen stood for a moment, reeling. The child's words unnerved her. She had hard work to restrain herself from fainting then and there. A terrible weakness seemed to break over her suddenly. Gone! and with that fatal misapprehension on his mind. Oh, it was too, too cruel. She staggered into the shop. With an effort she burst out: 'The signore, your lodger—the Inglese—Signor Willoughby?'

A large young woman of the florid Venetian type, broad of face and yellow of hair, like a vulgarised Titian, was sitting behind the counter knitting away at a coloured head-dress: she nodded and looked grave. Like all Italians, she instantly suspected a love-tragedy, of the kind with which she herself was familiar. 'Is gone!' she assented in a really sympathetic tone. 'Si, si, is gone, signora. The little one says the truth. Is gone this very evening.'

'But where?' Kathleen cried, refraining with a struggle from wringing her poor hands, and repressing the rising tears before the stranger's face with visible difficulty.

The bountiful-looking Italian woman spread her hands open by her side with a demonstrative air. 'Who knows?' she answered placidly. 'Tis the way with these seafarers. A *bella ragazza* in every port, they say; one here, one there; one in Venice, one in London—and perhaps, for all we know, one in Buenos Ayres, Calcutta, Rio. But he may write to you, signora! He may come back again to Italy!'

Kathleen shook her head sadly. Much as the woman misunderstood the situation, reading into it the ideas and habits of her own class and country, Kathleen felt she meant to be kind, and was grateful for even that mechanical kindness at such a terrible moment. 'He will not return,' she answered despairingly, with a terrible quiver in her voice. 'But it wasn't that I wanted. I wanted to speak with him before he went, and—to clear up a misconception.—Which way has he gone, do you know? By sea or by land? The port or the railway station?'

There was time even yet; for at that moment, as it chanced, Arnold Willoughby was still engaged in registering his luggage for Genoa, whence he hoped to get employment on some homeward-bound steamer. And if the woman had told the truth, much trouble would have been averted. But truth is an article of luxury in Italy. The vulgarised Titian looked at Kathleen searchingly, yet with a pitying glance. 'Oh, he's gone,' she answered, nodding her head; 'he's gone altogether. He got out his box and his pictures quite suddenly just now; and our Pietro rowed him off to a steamer in the harbour. And I saw the steamer sail; she's at the Lido by this time. But he'll write; he'll write, make sure! Don't take it to heart, signora.'

Kathleen pressed her hand to her bosom, to still its throbbing, and went forth into the street. All was black as night for her. She staggered home in a maze. Her head reeled unspeakably. But as soon as she was gone, the woman turned to a man who lounged among the packing-cases at the back of the shop, with a smile of triumph. 'He was a good fellow,' she said, with true southern tolerance, 'and I wasn't going to tell her he'd gone by train to Genoa. Not likely I should! You know what she wanted? She would have stuck a knife into him. I saw it in her eye, and aha! I prevented it. But sailors will be sailors; and Signor Villabi, say I, was always a pleasant one. Why should I wish him harm? He liked little Cecca, and paid his bill punctually. She's not the first signora, we all

know well, who has been deceived and deserted by a good-looking sailor. But what would you have? 'Tis the way of them! Mariners, mariners—like the gulls of Marano! Here to-day, and there to-morrow!

HOUSEKEEPING IN ARGENTINA.

HOUSEKEEPING at home, within easy reach of shops and stores, with gas and water laid on, and the milkman more punctual in appearing than the sun, is child's play in comparison with housekeeping abroad, where you must have under your own roof sufficient resources of your own providing for every need likely to arise. Our *estancia* (farm) is forty miles from a railway station; the ground was broken up and fenced, and the house built, only three years since; and we consider ourselves fortunate in being on the route of a mail coach which drives across the literally pathless plain twice a week. It is impossible to describe the bare flatness of the camp (prairie) around us. Not a tree, not a stone, not a hillock, not a road. Short grass, filled with delicate wild flowers, grows in tufts here and there on the plain, which stretches away, hard and level as a table, from our fences to the horizon, under a dome of the clearest blue sky—each farm lying like a solitary island in a boundless sea.

Our usual number of inhabitants, including the natives and their children, is about twenty; but the *peones* (farm-labourers) vary in number according to the season. The house of the *patrón* (master) is built in Spanish style—round three sides of a square *patio* (court), the fourth side being the flower garden, beyond which lie the kitchen garden and a young orchard. Our well-bricked in and boarded over, to exclude dust—in the centre of the patio. The west side of the house consists of a large sitting-room with an open fireplace, and my bedroom, containing the unworked luxury of a long mirror, in which ladies come from far to see themselves. On the north side, a row of smaller bedrooms opens on to the corridor (as a veranda running round the house is called). The east side contains storeroom, kitchen and offices—and my Spanish cook, supreme in his own sphere. He takes a lively interest in all that concerns the well-being of our farm; and it was he who helped me to make my flower garden, an elaborate arrangement of small raised beds, containing violets, carnations, and blue corn-flowers, a solitary wall-flower, roses on the point of bloom, and plentiful lovely white lilies, that seem to thrive in spite of the drought.

Beyond this lies the kitchen garden, with lots of beans, peas, melons, lettuces, asparagus, carrots, turnips, onions, and potatoes, the last not quite ready yet, for your winter, be it remembered, is early summer with us. All

these are coming on beautifully—a table perhaps spread for the locusts, for if they come, everything will go except the melons. We have planted peach and other fruit trees, and laid out a strawberry bed. There is a vine in the patio, and some cuttings just starting, also two or three figs, as yet very small.

To come to my housekeeping, however. The first few months in a new country must, of course, be devoted to learning the language, and unlearning the prejudices that a Briton is supposed to be so plentifully supplied with. It seems impossible at first to rule a house in an unknown tongue, and of course to begin with, one makes absurd mistakes. But patience and a strong sense of humour on both sides help to oil the wheels. Every day some new and useful word or phrase is picked up; and if an hour or two daily can be given to reading and writing exercises, one learns quickly all that is most necessary.

In the Argentine Republic, servants of all nationalities are to be found. Irishwomen are preferred, as they are clever, good tempered, and hard-working; but they easily find places in the towns, and for camp-life one has to be content with Spaniards or Italians. I find Basques the most satisfactory. A man and a girl carry on all the work of the house. The man is an excellent cook, able to send up, with the help of a Spanish cookery book, what our old cook in Scotland called 'party dishes,' whenever the spirit moves him. The girl helps me in many ways, and does all the washing and mending and rougher house-work. Washing is carried on in the patio with cold water, soap and plenty of sun-bine making the linen whiter and sweeter than any steam laundry can do.

Let me give you an idea of how our day passes. Spring is now (November) far advanced, and the days get hot, so we are all up soon after sunrise, and have at six o'clock a cup of tea and a biscuit. (The servants use *mule* or native tea. The first work is churning, before the day grows hot. At eight, the bell on the meat-house rings for breakfast. (The meat-house is a small brick building in the farmyard, somewhat like a chapel, with a bell hung above the gable.) A steaming dish of porridge is welcome, and so good, no one would guess the outcrop was from a tin. At noon, the bell rings again for lunch, a substantial meal, for the hard work in this strong fine air makes every one hungry. We begin with soup, then invariably the national dish, *puchero*—mutton boiled with vegetables of all sorts—an excellent dish. Then comes a dish of eggs, cooked variously. Fish, alas! is only to be had in tins, and is too expensive for every-day use. Sometimes Juan surprises us with a novelty, as when, the other day, he sent in a young armadillo cooked in its shell, and standing, with a painfully life-like air, on the points of its dainty little toes. I made myself eat a little, and it was really very good.

Another surprise was more agreeable—a dish of custard, garnished with an ornamental border

and lettering in whipped white of egg, 'October 1892' and 'October 1893,' with, between them, a mysterious 'C. O. K.' We puzzled over it; and then it flashed upon us that it was just a year since Juan had come, and the inscription must be meant to signify the anniversary of our cook. We sent for him, of course, and exchanged felicitations and compliments.

Luncheon ends with biscuit and a cup of coffee. I should explain that this camp biscuit takes the place of all bread. It is round as a ball, perfectly crisp and hard, good, but, from its hardness, tiresome to eat.

Afternoon tea, our next meal, is very welcome on a dusty hot day. Most of the far scattered housekeepers in the camp vie, as their sisters do at home, in making this meal an attractive one. I have made some anxious but successful experiments in cakes and soda bread, Juan hovering round with a provoking smile. I generally try to devise some other work for him when I am baking, as he shouts so loud he makes me nervous.

One has to remember that fuel is a heavy item of expense, and arrange to bake when the stove is lit, as the fire is not kept up all day. Coal is unknown. We burn a hard red wood from the north, which costs about a dollar a day. Bones, roots of weeds, maize husks, and refuse from the fields, are all used to help the fires. Dinner is after sunset. Soup and meat are easily arranged for; but puddings are my great difficulty. We have no fruit yet from the garden, and jam and dried fruits cost so much. These and all imported groceries, tapioca, macaroni, &c., are scarce and dear; while the items that cost most at home—meat, egg, poultry, milk—we have in abundance. It is strange to have to think twice before using flour and sugar. Every *estancia* is ready, like an inn, to receive the passing traveller, who drops in at sunset with perhaps a troop of horses. Such travellers are often friends, or friends' friends, and of course welcome; but it is a little trying at times to have two or three not over clean natives at table with us. On the whole, they are well mannered, and always quite at ease, with a great flow of conversation, and many courteous Spanish phrases.

The greatest event of the week is mail-day, when the *galera* (coach) appears in a cloud of dust, crossing the trackless pampas. The whole household rush to the gate, to return laden with letters, papers, and parcels, perhaps meeting and welcoming a friend fresh from town. Work is put aside for a time, home letters are eagerly read, and newspapers discussed. What a flood of new thoughts they bring into our lives, and perhaps a touch of home-sickness, as we talk of the dear ones who write so faithfully! But work must not be long forgotten, and magazines and papers must wait until the idle hour after dinner.

I hope I have given some idea of the life we lead in this far-off land. In spite of all the trials that beset housekeeping—dust, omnipresent flies, and (most dreaded) locusts, that from time to time sweep down suddenly and devour every leaf and blossom in the garden that has been so carefully tended and laboriously watered—in spite of all drawbacks, even

the greatest—separation from home and friends—the life here is a happy one; and time passes both quickly and pleasantly in continual sunshine and fresh good air. S. S. M.

MORE THAN CORONETS.

CHAPTER IV.

VERA stood in the shadow of the porch before the Dyke, a porch like a lychgate, with heavy doors, held up by hammered hinges fantastically embossed. There were red tiles on the roof; but they were shot with an emerald shade, caused by the moss and house-green thereon. Down in the hollow there the air was curiously still. A feathery acacia on the lawn trembled as the meadows do in the summer haze; yet, on the hill above, the giant oaks were tossing and moaning as the gale swept by. The storm had gathered force in the night, and a hurricane blew in from the sea; and a vessel had come ashore in the gray of the dawn.

They were all down on the shingle, probably every one in the village save Vera, and Dene de Ros, who was from home. A mackintosh was buttoned down to her feet, the hood drawn over her head. Now and again the sun shot out from behind the rushing cloud-rack. There was a sting of salt in the air like particles of dusty rain. Vera could taste the brine on her lips as she toiled up the red road passing over the hill like a parting in a head of tawny hair. It was not quite a safe passage, for the way was strewn with branches; a drift of leaves tossed hither and thither; but at last the crest was reached, and Vera looked down at the sea on the other side. For a moment she bent down to regain her breath. The blast caught her on the face like a blow. There was no heaving, tossing expanse of blue there, nothing but a seething cauldron of white ragged spray. It was not more than half-tide; but the waves washed up to the cliff. Down below there, a group of men were standing knee-deep in the white lather, conspicuous amongst them being the form of Ambrose de Ros. David was not far away, directing the movements of the boatmen.

A bowshot away, a brig was astride the rocks; the cruel black teeth had pricked her side whilst she rocked to and fro, trembling like a thing of life as every heavy sea struck her. Fortunately, the mast and running gear had not gone by the board, and there the crew were, lashed, patient, waiting resolutely for the end. It was impossible to reach them; and fairly warm as it was, the weary hours of exposure had told upon the hapless crew. Twice a life-line had crossed the deck from the crazy old rocket apparatus on the shore; but it was evident that the crew of the *Lucey Ann* were past making any effort on their own behalf. Yet those on the shore did not despair. Boldly and fearlessly, Vera pushed her way down to the shingle; the white scud washed over her feet, but she heeded it not. She accosted David impatiently. 'What are you waiting for?' she asked. 'Can't you do anything?'

'We are trying,' David answered, his face flushing a little. 'There is great danger for us with the tide flowing so rapidly. And those poor fellows appear to be utterly exhausted, unable to assist at all.'

Vera sighed rebelliously; she blamed the men standing idly there, although she could suggest nothing practical. And she knew how impossible it was for any one to swim out to the wreck with a line.

Ambrose de Ros turned to her with a look of sadness on his face. 'I never felt so helpless before,' he said. 'I tried swimming; but I had to come back. I used to pride myself on my strength; but I was like a child out there.'

That he had attempted anything daring to the verge of rashness never appeared to occur to him for a moment. He had deliberately risked his life for others, and the failure had filled him with honest shame.

Vera felt a twinge of self-reproach as David turned and touched his father's arm. 'I have an idea,' he said. 'We must try another rocket with a weighted line. If it holds, I might get along it to the vessel. You see?'

Ambrose waited to hear no more. The rocket apparatus was again brought into position, and a weight attached to the end of the stout line, consisting of two drags armed with triangles. Three times did the screaming force of the gale cast back the line in a tossing tangle; then, at the fourth attempt, the coil fell full across the slanting deck. Strong hand, pulled on it with a will; it held stoutly. A moment later, David had cast off his oldskins and heavy boots.

'You would not try it?' Vera faltered. 'If the hooks give way, you will be literally crushed upon the rocks over by the bar. You must not go.' She tried to speak imperiously; but her voice snapped and broke as the string of a harp gives way suddenly.

There was a wistful smile on David's face as he replied: 'It would not matter—to you. And if I do fail, you will get back your own again. Perhaps, then, you may forgive me.'

Vera fell back, shrinking before a force greater even than the onslaught of the gale. She had never cared for David quite so much as she did at that moment, and there came over her the impression that she was about to lose something precious. She felt a passionate self-reproach, a bitter regret that she should have deliberately impressed him with such an idea. 'You are right,' she murmured. 'Forgive me. And if you do not return, I—I shall be the most miserable woman in England.'

The last words fell so low that David failed to hear them. He grasped the rope in his hands and set off on his perilous journey. There was a breathless term of suspense on the shore as David fought his way on inch by inch. At one moment he rode high above the waves; another, and he was lost to sight again. Two hundred yards of that seething flood of death seemed like an endless distance; and if once the rope gave way—

But Vera dared not think of it. In a dreamy, dazed way, she saw David working his way up the side of the wreck and stand clinging to an iron stanchion; then she saw his

hand go up in triumph. There was a wild yell of exultation from the shore, save from Ambrose. He stood by Vera's side, and, with fine instinct, seemed to read her thoughts.

'That is my boy,' he said with simple pathos. 'My dear, I wish you would be kinder to him in future, for he is very fond of you.—No; he never told me so; but I am not blind, my dear. If you could only get to care for him, I should be satisfied at last. And I ask your pardon if I've said too much.'

Vera made no reply, for the simple reason that she was incapable of an answer; but the words sank deep in her heart, and found a responsive echo there. With strained eyes she watched David's movements; she saw the second line drawn on and firmly lashed to the bulwarks; she saw the life-buoy dancing out from the shore. And presently, one of the crew of the ill-fated vessel reached land in safety.

But all danger was not over yet; the rising tide caused the wreck to toss and heel ominously; still, the timbers clung together mercifully until the last man had been rescued, and only David remained.

'Why does he tarry?' Vera asked in an agony of apprehension, as the barque reeled over and then recovered with a shudder like some thing of life. 'Oh, he is foolish; it will be too late.'

Ambrose de Ros laid his hand upon Vera's shoulder. Even in that moment of terrible danger, she noticed that the fingers were steady, their grasp even. His face was calm and set, showing no sign of fear. 'My boy is in the hands of God,' he said simply. 'Were I to lose him, I lose everything. Deepdene is nothing in comparison. Go up to the house at once, and bid the servants bring blankets and brandy down to the cottages here directly. It is no time for selfish considerations.'

Vera turned to obey, marvelling at herself the while. The simple old shepherd, without education or training, was born to be a leader of men. There was a ring of command in his voice that there was no resisting.

'He is a good man,' Vera said to herself, her breath coming with little gasps as she ascended the cliff. 'A man to be loved and honoured; and I am a blind, proud fool. I am glad I know him, despite the price we paid.'

There was a lull in the wind for a moment; the giant oaks ceased to toss and moan; a silence fell over everything, a silence so intense that Vera could hear the singing of blood in her ears. As she looked down again, she could dimly distinguish David's figure creeping along by the rope; she saw Ambrose dash out breast-deep in the spume and draw him to land. A mute prayer of thankfulness rose to Vera's quivering lips. The wild scream of cheers was carried upwards to her ears, and then the phalanx of the gale bore down again with savage fury. It seemed like the cry of the elements baffled of their prey.

But beyond it all, the blast seemed to beat a triumphant song in Vera's brain now, like a *Gloria* closely allied to martial music. David was safe; the sea had given him back again; the trees crashed above her, the yellow leaves dashed in her face, but she heeded them not.

Down in the hollow where the house lay,

everything was quiet. Vera burst into the hall and smote upon the gong until the place echoed with the metallic roar, and the frightened servants trooped in to discover the meaning of the disturbance.

'Is there anything wrong, miss?' asked the agitated butler, who always would regard Vera as his mistress. 'We thought'—

'It is no time to think,' Vera cried, a note of triumph ringing in her voice. 'I want you to do as you are told without delay. There has been a wreck in the bay, and your master is down there.'

'He can't do anything,' the butler murmured as Vera paused for breath. 'We thought we heard the guns a while ago.'

'The crew are all rescued; Mr David saved them,' Vera continued, her face flushed, the triumphant note still dominant. 'He is a hero, I tell you. Take all the blankets you can find, and as much brandy as possible, and get down there at once. These are my orders for you.'

They hurried off to obey the command; and speedily they all returned laden not one of them remained behind. Vera noted the quickness of the operation, and acknowledged it with a grateful smile of thanks. 'Ah! you seem to understand,' she said. 'And now, away, every one of you, and render what assistance you can. I will look after the house.'

Vera stripped off her dripping covering and applied a match to the huge log fire which was always ready for lighting in the hall. After the din and hurry of rushing footsteps, the place sounded strangely quiet. The glow from the blazing logs only served to form a small halo of light, leaving the rest of the echoing space in deeper gloom, save for the few weird flashing points where a casque or glove of mail caught the reflecting glow. Vera drew a beehive chair close up to the open flags where the fire rested, and placed her feet before the cheerful blaze. She was absolutely alone in gloomy Deepdene, but she knew no fear. It was the home of her ancestors; every nook and cranny was familiar to her, every noise and creak she could account for.

To any one coming into the hall, the place looked quite empty, so close was the beehive chair to the fire; and presently, when Vera came out of her dreamy reverie, it seemed to her that some one was crossing the hall in the direction of the stairs. Vera did not move; a servant perhaps, she thought. But, again, the crowd was too cautious and stealthy for that. The intruder, whoever it was, shuffled along, getting bolder as he advanced, until he reached the stairs, which were at such an angle that Vera could see without being observed. A laurel window, all purple and amber tinted, lighted up the new-comer's features, disclosing the restless, cunning face of Joshua Swayne. There was wrong-doing in every motion of his crouching, writhing body.

Vera caught her breath sharply, but with anger more than fear. What was that man after? she wondered. Naturally, she had heard the story of the previous afternoon's discovery; she knew that Ambrose de Ros would never more tolerate the presence of the dishonest steward again; and yet he had ventured to

intrude himself at Deepdene at a time when he imagined the house to be deserted. Doubtless he had met the servants on their way to the shore, and availed himself of the golden opportunity thus presented.

But robbery could scarcely have been his object, since, as Swayne very well knew, no article of any value was to be found save on the ground floor. And there was secretness and suggestive dishonesty in every sway of his body as he crept along, looking furtively around him from time to time. Presently the intruder disappeared from sight, and in the intense stillness of the place, Vera could hear him stealing along the gallery overhead until his footsteps ceased by the organ. There was a creaking sound, as if something was being opened—the casket of Del Roso, no doubt.

What could Swayne want there? Vera asked herself. She was not conscious of a single particle of fear; she smiled to herself as she thought of the thief all unaware that he had been discovered. And something had to be done: it would never do to allow Swayne to rob the house; and, for all Vera knew to the contrary, Del Roso's casket might contain articles of value. With a sudden impulse she slipped off her boots and followed. There, sure enough, was Swayne on his knees before the oak chest. He had scattered papers and parchments broadcast in his hurry, till very little remained therein. So engrossed was he with his task, that Vera drew nigh and touched him on the shoulder. She could see the cunning leer on his face as he clasped a packet of papers in his lean, yellow claw. Then the smile disappeared; the face became drawn and hard, the thin lips faltered. Swayne scrambled to his feet, breathing heavily. But he still clasped the packet in his hands, as if afraid to relinquish it.

For a few seconds Vera regarded him steadily. Swayne shuffled uneasily before her gaze; he looked towards the end of the gallery, as if contemplating flight. But Vera resolutely barred the way. 'What is the meaning of this intrusion?' she demanded.

'Finishing up my work,' Swayne answered sullenly. 'In any case, it doesn't matter to you what I'm after; I've finished now. Please, don't interrupt me, because I've got plenty of other things to do.'

The speaker bent down, and hurriedly commenced to replace the parchments in the casket. But he only employed one hand, Vera noticed, clutching the parcel of papers in the other meantime. Then he rose, and would have bustled out with a vast show of commercial importance.

'Does Mr de Ros know you are here?' Vera went on quietly, without evincing any disposition to let Swayne pass. 'Did he send you here?'

'Of course. You don't suppose I should have come without, do you?'

'There is no occasion for you to be insolent,' Vera said in the same serene tone. 'I do not believe you. You thought all the servants were out; you met them some time ago, and that was your opportunity. You did not know that I should be alone in the house.'

Vera paused as she noticed the quick flash in

Swayne's eyes. She stood face to face with a desperate man, who, did she but know it, held in his hand the assurance of future comfort, almost prosperity. And between him and safety was nothing but this slim, weak girl.

'Do not molest me,' he said hoarsely as he advanced with a gleam in his eyes that meant mischief. 'I tell you I am here on business.'—

'Tis false!' Vera interrupted. 'I was sitting in the hall as you came through, and I followed every movement. Do honest men, honestly engaged, crawl into a house like a thief in the night? No; you came to steal something, and you have it in your hand. I thought I was not mistaken; your face betrays you.'

Swayne came still a step nearer, his eyes glowing sullenly. 'Have it as you will,' he said hoarsely. 'I am a desperate man. I have played my last card, and I am not going to forfeit the trick at the bidding of a mere girl. I have suffered enough at your hands; beware how you force me to retaliate. We are alone in this house together; remember that; and stand out of my way, or'—

The speaker paused significantly; but Vera made no movement. Her eyes flashed scornfully, but the threat disturbed her not.

'Miserable coward!' she said; 'give me those papers.'

Swayne laughed insolently; yet there was a minor chord in it eloquent of respect. 'You will hear of these letters in time, for I mean to use them,' he said. 'I am a disgraced and ruined man, and these letters represent food and clothing, and lodging and drink to me. Do you understand?'

'Yes,' Vera returned curtly. 'You have stolen some family secret, and intend to trade upon it. But you have not reckoned with me yet.'

'You have guessed it,' Swayne replied, heedless of the interruption. 'I found it out years ago in going over the documents there in search of a missing lease; but it was useless to me then, and I left it till there was occasion to use it. But fate was a little too strong for me, and I nearly lost my opportunity, not expecting to be found out so soon. You see I am quite candid.'

'You are. And now give the papers up before other means are tried.'

Swayne laughed harshly. He thrust Vera on one side with such violence that she fell against the panel of the wall. She saved herself from falling by clutching at a rapier suspended across another; her grasp pulled it down. The blue, snake-like blade fell from the embossed leather scabbard with a clang upon the floor. With all her blood on fire, Vera clutched the lethal weapon and made a thrust at her enemy. He staggered back alarmed.

'Once for all, will you give me those papers?' she cried. 'I warn you that unless you do so, I shall try to kill you. Give them up, I say.'

The coward came uppermost. Swayne gave a yell of terror as the flashing blade descended flat on his arm; the packet fell from his hand. Quick as thought, Vera stepped forward and placed her foot upon it. 'And now,' she cried again, 'try and recover them at your peril.'

Swayne collapsed altogether. His face was white, his hands shook, yet the look of hatred and baffled passion still gleamed in his eyes. 'Take them and read them, for they concern you as well as others,' he said. 'I shall not be entirely deprived of vengeance even now.' He turned and hurried from the gallery.

Vera heard his footsteps speeding across the hall, then her eyes fell upon the superscription on the fateful packet which she held in her hand. A deadly faintness overcame her, a sense of horror and shame. In a dreamy kind of way she turned over those letters; the great stable clock chimed two hours, and then it seemed that Ambrose de Ros was standing close by. His face looked kindly sympathy, but his eyes were full of pain.

'You have found that,' he said gently. 'Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it!'

A DAY ON THE SOLANDER WHALING GROUND.

A BRIGHT sunny morning; the gentle north-easterly breeze just keeping the sails full as the lumbering whaling-barque *Splendid* dips jerkily to the old southerly swell. Astern, the blue hills around Preservation Inlet lie shimmering in the soft spring sunlight, and on the port beam the mighty pillar of the Solander Rock, lying off the south-western extremity of New Zealand, is sharply outlined against the steel blue sky. Far beyond that stern sentinel, the converging shores of Foveaux Strait are just discernible in dim outline through a low haze. Ahead, the jagged and formidable rocks of Stewart Island, bathed in a mellow golden glow, give no hint of their terrible appearance what time the Storm-fiend of the south-west cries havoc and urges on his chariot of war.

The keen-eyed Kanaka in the fore crow's-nest shades his eyes with his hand, peering earnestly out on the weather bow at something which has attracted his attention. A tiny plume of vapour rises from the blue hollows about ten miles away, but so faint and indelible that it may be only a breaking wavelet's crest caught by the cross wind. Again that little bushy jet breaks the monotony of the sea; but this time there is no mistaking it. Emerging diagonally from the water, not high and thin, but low and spreading, it is an infallible indication to those piercing eyes of the presence of a sperm-whale. The watcher utters a long, low musical cry, 'Blo-o-o-o-w,' which penetrates the gloomy recesses of folksle and cuddly, where the slumberers immediately engage in fierce conflict with whales of a size never seen by waking eyes. The officer and white seaman at the main now take up the cry, and in a few seconds all hands are swiftly yet silently preparing to leave the ship. She is put about, making a course which shortly brings her a mile or two to windward of the slowly moving cachalot. Now it is evident that no solitary whale is in sight, but a great school, gambolling in the bright spray. One occasionally, in pure exuberance of its tremendous vitality, springs twenty feet into the clear air, and falls, a

hundred tons of massive flesh, with earthquake-like commotion, back into the sea.

Having got the weather-gage, the boats are lowered; sail is immediately set, and, like swift huge-winged birds, they swoop down upon the prey. Driving right upon the back of the nearest monster, two harpoons are plunged into his body up to the 'hitches.' The sheet is at once hauled aft, and the boat flies up into the wind; while the terrified cetacean vainly tries, by tremendous writhing and plunging, to rid himself of the barbed weapon. The mast is unshipped, and snugly stowed away; oars are handled, and preparation made to deliver the *coup de grâce*. But finding his efforts futile, the whale has sounded, and his reappearance must be awaited. Two boats' lines are taken out before the slackening comes, and he slowly rises again. Faster and faster the line comes in; the blue depths turn a creamy white, and it is 'Stern all' for dear life. Up he comes, with jaws gaping twenty feet wide, gleaming teeth and livid cavernous throat glittering in the brilliant light. But the boats' crew are seasoned hands, to whom this dread sight is familiar, and orders are quietly obeyed, the boat backing, circling, and darting ahead like a sentient thing under their united efforts. So the infuriated mammal is buffeted and dodged, while thrust after thrust of the long lances are got home, and streamlets of blood trickling over the edges of his spout hole give warning that the end is near. A few wild circlings at tremendous speed, jaws clashing and blood foaming in torrents from the spracle, one mighty leap into the air, and the ocean monarch is dead. He lies just awash, gently undulated by the long low swell, one pectoral fin slowly waving like some great stray leaf of *Fucus gigantea*. A hole is cut through the fluke and the line secured to it. The ship, which has been working to windward during the conflict, runs down and receives the line; and in a short time the great meat mass is hauled alongside and secured by the fluke chain.

The other two boats have succeeded in killing a large fish also, but are at least four miles off. They may as well try to move the Solander itself as tow their unwieldy prize to the ship. The shapeless bulk of the cachabot makes it a difficult tow at all times; but with a rising wind and sea, utterly impossible to whale-boats. The barometer is falling; great masses of purple-edged cumuli are piling high on the southern horizon, and no weather prophet is needed to foretell the imminent approach of a heavy gale. The captain looks wistfully to windward at Preservation Inlet, only twenty-five miles off, and thinks, with fierce discontent, of the prize, worth eight or nine hundred pounds, which lies but four or five miles away, and must be abandoned solely for want of steam-power. And that is not all. Around, far as the eye can reach, the bushy spouts are rising. Hundreds of gigantic cetaceans are disporting, apparently not at all 'gallied' by the conflict which has been going on. Some are near enough to the last boat to be touched by hand. 'Potentialities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice' are here; but

acquisition is impossible for want of steam. The vessel, bound to that immense body, can only crawl tortoise-like before the wind, lucky, indeed, to have a harbour ahead where the whale may be cut in, even though it be forty miles away. Without that refuge available, she could not hope to keep the sea and hold her prize through the wild weather now so near. So, with a heavy heart, the captain orders the fast boat to abandon her whale and return with all possible speed. The breeze is freshening fast, and all sail is made for Port William. So slow is the progress, that it is past midnight before that snug shelter is reached, although for the last four hours the old ship is terribly tried and strained by the press of sail carried to such a gale.

In four days the work of getting the oil is finished, and three or four Maoris ashore have made a tun and a half of good clear oil from the abandoned carcass. This, added to the ship's quantity, makes twelve and a half tuns of oil and spermaceti mingled from the one fish. None smaller has been noticed out of the hundreds seen on the same day. It is eighteen days from the time of anchoring before the harbour can again be quitted, owing to adverse winds and gales. Who can estimate the number of opportunities lost in that time? On the second day after reaching the grounds, another school is seen with the same result—one fish, and another fortnight's enforced idleness.

This is no imaginary sketch, but a faithful record of actual facts, which, with slight variations, has been repeated many times within the writer's experience. On one occasion there were four of us on the ground in company—three Americans, and one colonial. Each scented a whale before dusk. We kept away at once for Port William, fearing the shifting of the wind, which would bring us on a ragged lee shore. The Americans, being strangers to the coast, hauled off to the westward. Five days afterwards, as we were cleaning ship after trying out, those three ships came creeping in to the harbour through the eastern end of Foveaux Strait, all sadly damaged, and of course whaleless. They had been battered by the furious gale all that time, and barely escaped destruction on the Shores. Two of them left the grounds a few days after, having had their fill of the Solander. Thus, it is obvious that nothing but steam is needed to make this most prolific of whaling-grounds a veritable treasure-field. Cutting in and trying out at sea could be entirely dispensed with. The magnificent land-locked harbour of Preservation Inlet, to say nothing of others easily available, affords complete facilities for a shore station. The water is in many cases forty or fifty fathoms deep alongside the rocks, while sheltered nooks abound 'where never wind blows loudly.'

Working by the share, no finer or more skilful whalers exist than the half-breed Maoris who people Stewart Island, and they would joyfully welcome such a grand opportunity of making their pile.

Long before the Antarctic Expedition left our shores, the merits of this grand field for

whaling operations were discussed at length by the writer in the columns of a Dundee paper, and strongly advocated; but those responsible for the management of that venture were evidently so wedded to Greenland methods that the advice was unheeded. Perhaps the unprofitable issue of the enterprise as far as whales were concerned may dispose the adventurers to take advice, and try sperm-whaling in the temperate zone, in place of right-whaling in the far south. Should they do so, there is every reason to hope and believe that the palmy days of the sperm-whale fishery may be renewed. Dundee firms of to-day may then, like Messrs Enderby of London in 1820-30, gladly welcome home ship after ship, full to the hatches with the valuable spoil of the Southern Seas.

WITH COBB & CO. IN FAR INLAND AUSTRALIA.

By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY.

'COME by boat to Rockport, then train to Miamia; and take Cobb & Co.'s coach as far as the first gate on Warrgeen, coming via Dingo Creek. I'd run over to Miamia with the buggy and meet you; but we're in the middle of shearing, and Union troubles are thick this year.' Thus ran a portion of a friend's letter containing an invitation to visit him on his sheep-station in the far Australian interior.

They are essentially a long distance people, the Australians, and my friend spoke of a trip around the coast of one colony and through three parts of another, much as if he were asking me across the road to dinner. However, without seeking any more information as to my route, I started; and the farther I travelled, the more distant and elusive seemed that gate. The sea journey of eight hundred miles proved rough enough for anything; and the narrow gauge from Rockport to Miamia was so narrow that the train was more than once nearly blown bodily off the rails whilst crossing a long stretch of plain. But all this was mere play compared with what was before me.

Tired and shaken, I hailed with delight our arrival at the little bush township of Miamia, holding just then the coveted honour of terminus.

'Do you know,' I asked confidently of mine host that evening, 'how far it is to the first gate on Warrgeen, going by Dingo Creek?'

'Warrgeen Warrgeen,' said he meditatively. 'Lessee; that's Percy's station, ain't it?'

'No,' I replied; 'it belongs to Mr Simpson. I thought it was close to the township here.'

'Oh, ah, Simpson's, o' course!' said he. 'Well, to begin, it's a 'underd an' twenty-five to the Crik; an' then— But here's the man as'll be able to tell you within a couple o' chain.— Bill, here's a gent as wants to know how far it is to Warrgeen—Simpson's place 'way back on the Raroaro.'

'Good two 'underd an' fifty, boss,' said Bill, a tall, tow-haired, cabbage-tree hatted, lanky

man, with a shrewd weather-beaten face, as he lounged into the bar and seemed at a loss what to do with his legs.

'Good gracious!' I exclaimed in dismay. 'I thought by my friend's mentioning a *gate*, that the place must be somewhere close to Miamia.'

The other grinned whitely out of his tanned face as he said: 'Well, you see, it's the big boundary gate o' the run. There ain't no missin' it, if you tried. Coach goes right through it; an' it's there the station buggy allus meets the mail. I dister drive that line myself onest. I only takes you 'bout half-ways now Dingo Crik. You gets another coach there. If you're a-goin' with us, you'll be able to book over at the office in the mornin'—Cobb & Co., you know.'

'Full this trip, Bill?' asked the landlord, wiping some glasses suggestively.

'Big mail an' two insides,' replied Bill. 'Goin' to take the small coach, roads ain't none too good atween here an' the Crik.'

I had heard many travellers' tales of inland roads, and terrible shakings up by coach upon them. But so far, having kept well within the limits of steam, I had never gone through such an experience. And I, even now, had a good mind to back out and go no further. Between sea and rail I thought I had come far enough, and felt aggrieved that Simpson hadn't been a little more circumstantial in his directions. Nor did I altogether fancy finding myself in the heart of a district where, apparently, the 'shearers' war' was just then in full swing. However, after a bath, supper, and a good night's sleep, I determined to find that boundary gate if it lay anywhere betwixt Miamia and the Indian Ocean. As it happened, I never did see it, but that was through no fault of mine.

Early next morning, wandering out into the inn-yard, I came across half-a-dozen of a curiously hybrid kind of vehicles, quite unlike anything I had ever seen before. They were mostly a cross between an omnibus, a buggy, and an American wagonette. The particular one I noticed was, I imagined, laid up for repairs. The long pole had been broken recently, but was spliced and 'fished' with a split pine sapling bound round with green hide. A spoke was also missing, and a felloe rattled loosely to the touch. From top to bottom the thing was thickly caked and splashed with mud. As I speculated idly in what fashion the mishap had occurred, a couple of men laid hold on the nondescript and pulled it away. 'Nearly time it went to the blacksmith's!' I remarked to them. But they only stared, and I re-entered the hotel for breakfast. Later, going across to the little office to book my seat, I saw, to my amazement, the damaged vehicle I had been inspecting dash past at the heels of four horses going almost at a gallop.

'Better take box seat, sir,' said the agent. 'She's pretty full inside. Heavy mail and lots of parcels. She's just gone up to the post-office for the bags.'

'What?' I exclaimed; 'do you mean to say that we have to travel in that thing? Why, it's not safe! One of the wheels is coming to pieces, and the pole's smashed!'

'Safe as a church, sir,' replied the agent impres-

sively; 'that little thing'll stand twice as much as a big one. She's a regular tearer over a rough road. Of course, we'd have had her fixed up, only the blacksmith's been on the spree this last fortnight.'

'Is there a life-assurance office anywhere handy?' I ask desperately, as I watch the 'machine' come rattling back rolling, shaking, and quivering over ruts, lumps, and stumps in the primeval street.

'I'm afraid there ain't,' says the agent, laughing.—'Will you take the box? It's an extra five bob.'

Repressing a strong desire to take nothing at all, I measure the altitude with my eye and reply: 'No; I'm blown if I do! It's too far to fall. One will be safer inside amongst all that lumber. Five shillings is an extortion for the privilege of having one's neck broken at the first capsize.'

'All aboard!' yells Bill at this moment; and I scramble in to where the other passengers have already taken their seats, or rather perches, amongst the big leather mail-bags and packages of every description which overflow on to the tailboard, only prevented from falling out altogether by stout rope lashings. One of my companions is a pale-faced young man with a semi-clerical look; the other is an unmistakable 'commercial,' who exclaims satirically, as he squeezes back amongst the cargo and tries to make a little space for me: 'Ain't there any more coming, driver? Lots more room! Believe now I'm sitting on a coil of barbed wire by the feel of it. If I lose any skin this trip, I'll sue the company!'

Crack goes the whip as the grooms run from the leaders' heads, the coach gives a lurch to each side and a pitch forward, the long traces tighten sharply with a clatter of stout leather against flanks brown and bay, and we are off.

In two minutes the straggling hamlet is lost to sight in the box forest, and we are careering between dense walls of brigalow and pine scrub. Far ahead as we can see stretches a two-chain cleared road, running straight as a dart into the western sky. We sit doubled up, and facing 'aft' along the way we came. The track has been lately 'cleared,' and stumps of all sizes grow thickly. Over one of these, at intervals, a wheel climbs, and comes down again with a thump into a rut that takes it to the hub, and shakes and grinds us and our lading into a common mixture. Now we are in red clay; then into a stretch of heavy sand; then across a patch of black soil, which hangs round the wheels until they are solid revolving blocks of sticky mud; then we dash into a wet swamp, which cleans them, and where tall bulrushes with soft brown heads nod to us gravely in at the open sides. And all the while the driver whistles to his team and stares sternly ahead.

Suddenly, as the horses, fresh and hot-headed yet, come down from their swinging gaiter to a smart trot, the pale-faced young man turns paler and shouts: 'Stop! stop the coach! The wheel is broken!' He is staring at the vacant space where the spoke should be, and at the loose fellow wobbling as if about to come off and leave a naked section of tire.

'All right,' replies the driver without turning

his head. 'It'll last our time.—Git up!' and away we spin again, the horses black with sweat, and tossing dabs of foam into the air.

All at once we dart off at a tangent through the scrub, which flogs in on each side across our faces and bodies, now willowy young pines, now sharp twigged brigalow, covering us with leaves and scratches. We roar at the driver, the commercial putting the matter strongly. But he takes no notice. This, it appears, is a short-cut, saves two miles, and rubs all the old mud and a good deal of the fresh off the coach.

'Don't bother 'bout keeping your eye on that wheel, Mister,' says the commercial to the pale young man; 'Bill, there, knows what the thing'll stand. So does the agent, back yonder. They're too 'cute, these people, to run risks foolish. These coaches ain't just slapped together anyhow built by the mile cut off to order. They're hickory, whalebone, steel, an' the best of English leather; an' they'll shake the bones out of your skin, leavin' only the skeleton, before they'll smash. Going right through, Mister.'

'I am proceeding,' says the pale young man, 'to the Aboriginal Mission Station at Baloga, to act as assistant to the Rev. Mr. Scroggs.'

'Phew!' exclaims the commercial. 'Over four hundred mile! My word, Mister, you've got a picnic in front of you!'

The pale young man smiles faintly, but makes no reply.

Presently the walls of high scrub seem to suddenly fall away, disclosing a grassy open space, a large slab hut, a water-hole, a stockyard full of horses, some black fellows and their gins, and a couple of white grooms.

'The Reedy Lagoon.' Twenty minutes for a snack? sings out the driver as he pulls up his steaming team and pumps down; whilst the men take the horses out and prepare to harness a fresh lot, and we passengers stretch our cramped limbs and tenderly feel bumps and abrasions. This is the first stage, twenty miles from Mianma. The fare is plain, and the charge half-a-crown. Dampier, tea, cold beef and pickles, and a good pudding. Everything is clean and neat, and a pleasant-faced, smiling little woman, wife to the stage-keeper, waits at table. I notice three Winchester rifles in a rack, and some revolvers hanging on the walls.

'How's the missis an' the kids, Billy?' asks the hostess.

'Nice an' lively, thank'ee,' replies the driver. —'All O. K. here?'

'Pretty fair,' says she, 'only for them rippin', ruttin' Unmoners. When the men's all away after the horses, an' me alone with the kids, I feels a bit lonesome. Most on 'em's right enough. But there's some flash customers among 'em as I'd as soon put a bullet into as a dingo;' and she instinctively glances at the arms with a look on her face that makes one believe her thoroughly.

As we finish our meal, a couple of troopers and a black tracker ride up. The Unionist shearers have, it appears, only the preceding night fired a wool-shed and shot a number of valuable horses on a station in the neighbourhood. About five miles from here, the shearers — so the police say — have formed a camp a

thousand strong, from which they sally out to shoot, burn, and destroy.

'There's the Fire Brigade at work on Aranea Run now!—see!' says one, pointing to where, far away on our right, rises into the sky a thick volume of smoke, tawny coloured in the sunlight.

As they ride off at full gallop for the scene of the mischief, 'All aboard, gents!' calls on our ears, and we clamber once more into the torture cell on wheels.

'Look out for the young uns, Bill!' shouts some one.

'Right O!' says Bill, pulling on his gloves and signalling to let go.

As they get their heads, the 'young uns,' on their first trip, rear wildly, and snort and kick, and do their best to tie themselves into knots with the traces, and drag the swaying coach hither and thither about the place; whilst all the while the whip rains down upon them, until at last they fairly bolt, and with such a furious plunge as sends the three of us running against each other as if shot from a catapult.

The walls of scrub have disappeared, and the country is improving; but prickly-pear grows luxuriantly—acres broad.

Although no houses are to be seen, there is evidently settlement somewhere around; for at intervals the coach is checked with its wheels just grazing the bark of some conspicuous tree, to which is nailed a box at the level of the driver's seat. Here Bill deposits the incoming, and removes the outgoing mail. Everything is done up in small parcels ready to hand, so that there is no delay. At times, too, a mailing horse-man appears ahead, and to him is thrown a bag. This is a station mail. Perhaps it is a twenty-mile ride to the homestead. Presently, we whirl across a broad black belt which crosses the road, and from which rise ashes and cinders under the wheels.

'Bad work! bad work!' exclaims the commercial, shaking his head. 'Hundreds of pounds' worth of fencing burnt, and thousands of pounds' worth of grass! The working-men must be going mad!'

Perhaps they are. But, by-and-by, emerging from a belt of thick timber, and crossing another band of ashes, charred wood, and burnt wire, we meet the universal corrective to such lunacy. Along the track—strange sight, indeed, on these far inland pastures!—comes at full trot, with waving plumes and accoutrements sparkling and jingling, a large body of cavalry, who, at sight of that other servant of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, wheel off by sections on each side to let us pass, their chargers' hoofs raising clouds of black grass-dust thickly into the air. Evidently the royal mail, begrimed and scarred though it be, is of some importance yet; and as Bill keeps up the sense of responsibility by sending his horses at a gallop through the armed ranks, we passengers feel a little proud and self-conscious. These troops have travelled a thousand miles from the far south, and are on their way to beat up the Union camp.

At the next stage, a wild spot in the heart of a scrub, things look forlorn. The presiding genius is a snuffy, enormously stout old woman; there is no table-cloth, and the fare is sodden

damper and scraggy mutton. But the charge is just the same as before. The starting scene is also similar, only the horses are even less broken-in than at the last stage.

Presently, a mob of kangaroos, headed by a grand 'old man,' come hopping leisurely out of a patch of wild cherries and wattle, right across the noses of our team. Pausing for a moment, they turn their deer-like heads and stare, and in that moment we are amongst them. The startled horses go off with a rush; there is an awful concussion, and before I can grab my strap, I find myself lying on the broad of my back in a big clump of prickly pears. Rising, I see the coach, a black speck, far ahead, and close beside me my fellow-travellers. Luckily, beyond a skinful of prickles, no one is hurt. Intently watching the kangaroos, we had for the moment neglected the so essential hold-on, and suffered accordingly.

As we inspect the cause of our mishap, a jagged stump, broad and high, to which even Bill would have, we think, given the pass, but for the animals hiding it from sight—it is agreed that if the coach has not received further damage, it is indeed wonderful. Few, if any, wheeled vehicles are constructed to jump a good two feet six of forked hardwood, with a drop into a deep channel worn by rain on the further side.

Walking along, we pick up a mail bag, then another.

'It's all right,' says the commercial. 'He mightn't come back for passengers; but he's bound to for the mails.' Sure enough, we presently see that the coach has turned, and is approaching us at a full gallop.

'Never missed you, gents,' remarks the driver sarcastically, 'till, wantin' a match, I happens to turn round. 'Praps nex' time as you wants to git out an' have a quiet yarn, you'll let me know. If people *won't* hold on, I'd like to know how it's possible as a feller can drive to time.—All aboard, please!—Stump! Shoo! That's nothin'. I've driv over miles o' bigger'n that, an' an' never lost no passengers. Git *up!* Bolivin! Henchman! you lay off!—ssss sh!'

Remonstrance is evidently out of the question; and retasting the bags and chafing each man his strap, we roll off, the coach seemingly no worse than it was before, and its driver fully prepared to put it at a house if necessary.

More stages are halted at and passed, the last ones in the darkness. Then, as a moon is rising and shining whitely on the galvanised iron roofs, we rattle into Dingo Creek township. Here we change drivers, and, by rights, coaches also. But it seems that the mail from the Lower Tarlee is not yet in. If it does not arrive before four A.M., our starting hour, we shall have to go on in the same one. But we are stiff and sore, and smarting all over, and strongly object.

'Well, gentlemen,' at last says the agent blandly as we stand and argue the point, 'I can't help it. She leaves here at four sharp. I have an idea that the other coach is stuck up at the Barroo—a flood most likely—and that the other driver'll be here through the night with the mails on horseback.'

'But what shall we do if this river you speak of is actually in a state of flood?' asked the pale young man.

'Oh, it'll be lowering by the time you get there,' replies the agent; 'and Jack Pritchard'll put you through all right—most careful driver on the road, Jack, you know.'

We groan at this, and retire to the hotel over the way for refreshments and a brief sleep.

It is pitch dark when there comes a knocking at the door with 'Breakfast for the coach passenger.'

The new driver, who came in last night after swimming the river with the mails packed on horseback, is at the table. He is a square-set, red-whiskered, determined looking customer, who, when asked about the river, replies ironically: 'Edim'. 'Bout a fair swim for the little coach when we get there.'

At this, the pale young man promptly announces his intention of waiting for the next mail, and at once goes back to bed again. I am about to follow his example, when the driver hands me a note, quite wet, but legible. It is from my friend Simpson, saying that he will meet me with his buggy at the Rucaro crossing-place. This news revives my flagging courage, and, with the commercial and a heavier load than ever of miscellaneous parcels, we make another start.

The moon is down, and it is very dark. The country is open, and the road rough as ever. We are sitting facing due east. Presently, a faint ghastly light is visible on the horizon. As I gaze, it broadens and deepens to a well-defined grey, which flashes presently into a sea of pale yellow, streaked here and there with long streamers and patches of vivid crimson. Then up shoot great bars of glowing flame into the still darkling sky, and in a few minutes the sun himself rises majestically, throwing the glory of his light across a beautiful, thickly-wooded land, interspersed with clumps and belts of trees, from around whose trunks long strings of deep ice hanging off to begin the day's cooling. Here and there we come across the work of the Union fire-stick—blackness and desolation.

As, late in the afternoon, we neared the Rucaro, we saw the abandoned coach on the other bank, but no buggy.

At the last stage, a team of quiet powerful horses had been put in, and without a moment's pause the driver sent them at the river. It was only partly a swim, though the yellow water swayed and eddied over the floor of the coach, and the horses had as much as they could do to tip up the steep and slippery bank.

There was smoke, thick and black, rising ahead on our track; and in half an hour from leaving the river we dashed into a crowd of men congregated around a buggy, in which sat Simpson dispensing refreshments.

Close by, the familiar broad black belt, hot and smoking now, stretched across the road into a sea of black and green patches.

'The beggars stole a march on me after all!' exclaimed my friend as he shook hands. 'But we've got the fire out pretty well. You've come too late, though, to see the Warrageen boundary gate, old man. There's all that's left of it now. Come along; jump in, and let's get home. Had a pretty rough trip, I see.'

'How do you know?' I ask, as, bidding fare-

well to my commercial, I am driven off at right angles to the coach-track.

'Easily enough,' replies my friend, laughing. 'The back of your coat's all worn to rags by the friction. But that's nothing. Colb & Co. 'll always pull a fellow through somehow.'

AMBERITE POWDER.

APART from the interest recently experienced in connection with Amberite, owing to its appearance in a celebrated trial, the new Powder possesses many properties of note, and a brief answer to the questions, 'What is amberite?—where and how is it manufactured?' may not inaptly be given at the present moment.

Amberite derives its name from its amber-coloured hue; and the primary object in view by its inventors was the discovery of a smokeless powder capable of storage at high temperatures without risk of explosions. Other advantages are claimed for the new powder, chief among which are its power to resist the weakening influence of a moist atmosphere, and the absence of all residuum in the barrel of the gun after firing. An equally important point in favour of amberite is the fact that it burns gradually and at a relatively slow rate, an advantage which will be readily apparent to every sportsman, as reducing the strain on the gun, and consequently minimising the risk of bursting the barrel by spreading the explosive force along the barrel, and not concentrating it at one point by a sudden liberation of all the gases.

In regard to high temperatures, amberite has proved itself capable of bearing a constant temperature of one hundred degrees Fahrenheit for two months without becoming dangerously or even unpleasantly violent. As this prolonged exposure had deprived the powder of the whole of its moisture, it is clear that over-drying cannot render it dangerous.

Having now described the properties of amberite, we naturally pass to some account of the composition of the new nitro-compound, ere concluding our remarks with some reference to its manufacture, and the romantic surroundings of the mills where amberite is produced.

Amberite is composed of gun-cotton, with an admixture of barium nitrate and solid paraffin, to which are added several further substances which are a trade secret, and whose nature is strictly guarded from becoming public. In a similar manner the exact details of the manufacture of amberite and the various modes of manipulation, though secured by patents, are not divulged; suffice it, therefore, to add that the numerous processes involved in the production of the new explosive are carried out in a series of isolated sheds of corrugated iron, spread at a considerable distance from each other, and situated on the picturesque banks of the Glenlean Burn, in a remote and lone Highland valley to the north of Holy Loch, in Argyllshire. This is the sole manufactory of amberite, whose production is alone carried on in this wild and isolated mountain pass. The scrupulous cleanliness and rigid method exercised throughout the Clyde mills are apparent

at every point; whilst the visitor, who has previously surrendered any matches or fuses he may have on him, is only permitted to enter the various sheds by putting on specially prepared boots, kept in readiness at each doorway.

The same stringent care is visible in every arrangement; the sheds are warmed by steam-pipes, whose boiler is nearly a mile away, on the other side of the Glenlean Burn; whilst artificial lighting of every description is absolutely tabooed, a prohibition which shortens the working day in winter to something like seven hours. Motive-power is derived from water-wheels and turbines in the burn below, whose dashing torrents are thus turned to good account, and with the additional advantage of producing neither flame nor sparks.

The testing of amberite forms a feature of the mills of Glenlean; and the visitor who is fortunate enough to gain access to that closely guarded manufactory will find much of interest to note in examining the rigid system of supervision applied to every batch of the new explosive ere it is permitted to leave the gates.

The speed of amberite is tested by a specially designed chronograph, due to Captain Holder. It is foreign to our purpose to describe in detail an instrument of exceptional ingenuity and mechanical perfection; suffice it, therefore, to point out that the speed of amberite is measured by the fracture of wires. A wire is stretched across the muzzle of the gun from which the charge is to be fired, whilst the target consists of a number of parallel wires stretched on a rectangular frame. An electrical current passes both through the muzzle and target wires, which are led into the chronograph house and attached to the instrument. Each wire supports a weight in the instrument by electrical contact. The *modus operandi* is very simple. On the discharge of the gun, the wire across the muzzle is fractured, and the current supporting the first weight being broken, the weight, which is a long copper rod coated with silver, commences to descend. On the shot reaching the target it severs one or more of the target wires, and by similarly breaking the electrical current, causes the second weight to descend. An ingenious arrangement of triggers in the chronograph causes the second weight to mark the first one in its descent, thus indicating the length of time which has elapsed between the release of each weight; the well-known law of the time occupied by falling bodies in their descent, enabling the length of the longer rod to be readily converted into the time occupied by the shot in traversing the distance—forty yards—between the muzzle and the target.

Amberite as manufactured for sporting purposes is guaranteed a minimum speed of 820 feet per second; whilst for the Martini-Henry and new Magazine Rifle the speeds are no less than 1350 and 2000 feet per second.

The strain on the gun due to the firing of amberite is measured by leaden gauges with a surface of one-twentieth of a square inch. The compression of the gauge indicates the pressure on the gun at the moment of firing. The normal strain on a gun from the explosion of

amberite is two and a quarter tons per square inch, and the maximum permitted is three tons. The firing of an amberite cartridge in the dark shows a flame extending about one inch from the muzzle.

Though scarcely a year has elapsed since amberite was placed on the market, its inventors, Mr George G. André and Mr Charles H. Curtis, have every reason to be satisfied with their new explosive, the product of many years of research and experiment.

The advantages to sportsmen of a smokeless powder are too obvious to need further comment; whilst amberite, which combines this desideratum with the utmost safety in all climates and immunity from harm by damp, fulfils every essential required of a powder, and cannot fail to come more and more into use as its inherent qualities become known and appreciated.

MOTHERING SUNDAY (MID-LENT SUNDAY).

'He who goes a mothering finds violets in the lane
—*Old French.*'

A mist of leaves, a maze of light, about the gates of
'Spring

The sweet winds summon exiles home from wintry
wandering;

And down the olden way they haste, whereof thou hast
are fain,

And he who goes a mothering finds violets in the lane.

And underneath the blue-gray sky the sunny paths
grow hot,

The blue-gray buds unful to bloom in each familiar
spot.

The white buds and the blue-gray buds, whose soft
lips gently part.

In rapture such as one may know who hides on
Mother's heart.

The blackbird in the greening elm brings a new song
to day,

The lark uplifts his ecstasy above the meadow's way;

The door stands wide, the wallflower-scent floats in
across the sill,

And there upon the lintel-stone is Mother waiting
still!

Throw open wide Thy doors, O Lord, for souls to
enter in!

The days of exile overpast, the home days shall begin;

Dear hands and lips draw nigh once more to welcome
and to bless,

And all the lovely olden hours renew their loveliness:

Blue violets round the Trees of Life, blue violets at
the brim

Of all the living water-springs where never light grows
dim—

Where tears are dried, and dead hopes raised, and lost
years found again,

And hearts may go a mothering for evermore, Amen!

M. C. GILLINGTON.

* To go a mothering is to visit parents on Mid-Lent Sunday.

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THE LABOURS OF THE EARTH SPIRIT.

How any one can pass through one of our great factories without emotion and a certain feeling of awe, we never could quite understand. Long use, even, has made no difference to our own feelings in this respect. Some industries move us more than others; but through them all we can feel and see, in imagination, some mighty power labouring and striving towards its own end. For want of a better term, we will borrow from Goethe, and call this power the 'Earth-spirit,' for it is a mechanical power, working by physical means, using indiscriminately the energies of winds and rivers, or the stores of fuel hidden by the sun in the heart of the earth. It is not merely the glare of the furnace fire and the clang of steel that inspires this awe of the unknown. The glamour of the unseen sheds a sacred halo over every operation, if the narrow limits of our vision did not hinder our perceiving it. Of the whole gamut of colour our imperfect retinas are affected by little more than an octave; beyond the bright red on one side and the edge of the violet on the other lies a great blank. May it not be even so in other things?

Slow-moving machinery is, perhaps, of all things the most impressive. We could sit all day and watch a really large fly wheel turning slowly and silently in its massive bearings, like the 'Wheel of Fortune' in Mr Burne-Jones's picture. There is hardly anything in the world more restful and soothing than a mill-wheel, where you get the added music of the waters. No one who visits Geneva should fail to see the machinery for utilising the motive-power of the Rhone. After a short walk along the river-bank, you enter the building where the natural forces are at work. Here in the stillness, forty steel arms, each ten feet long or so, move very slowly to and fro. They are actuated by twenty turbines, driven by the swirl of the blue Rhone, hidden beneath the

building. Between them they develop six thousand horse-power, and are used partly for supplying the district with water, partly for pumping water under a pressure of fifteen atmospheres to a reservoir in the hills, to be distributed afterwards as motive-power. One can see nothing of the force that moves these mighty arms and one's imagination has full play. Backwards and forwards they go, slowly, restlessly, relentlessly, moved by the waters from the Earth-spirit's own eternal snows.

The industries in which fire plays an important part are more terrifying, but scarcely give us time to think. Among them the most utter materialist cannot help feeling the presence of some higher executive power. Of the earth itself, perhaps, but outside our knowledge. At an iron furnace one hardly notices the spirits who direct the machinery. There is the great furnace, some ninety feet high, into whose white-hot cavern come thundering large masses of coal, iron ore, and limestone. The hot blast, as it urges the materials to incandescence, seems like the breath of the Earth-spirit himself. Now the sand is removed from the tap-hole, and the viscid lava-like slag runs hissing and spluttering into pans of water. Now the lower tap-hole is free, and from the bottom of the hearth the dazzling white-hot metal runs scintillating into the moulds. A little farther off, a ball of 'puddled' iron is dragged to the steam-hammer, and the spongy metal is beaten together like putty, whilst the impurities are squeezed out. Again, perhaps we may be fortunate enough to see the Siemens-Martin furnace in which scrap-iron is worked up into steel; or to watch the Bessemer Converter at work. The large egg-shaped vessel is full of a seething mass of cast iron, through which a blast of air is driven to burn out the impurities. The workman watches the flames as they issue from the mouth of the converter, with his spectroscope, and, when certain lines appear in the spectrum, a quantity of highly carburetted iron is thrown in sufficient to convert the

whole into steel, for steel is a compound of iron with a very little carbon. Then the great converter is swung on its axis, and the molten steel pours out into the Brodingtonian ladle. Here is material for half the weapons in the Earth-spirit's armoury. Away it goes to the rolling mills to be fashioned into ships' plates, or into girders and steel rails. Who can say that there is no romance in our industries, and nothing but hard facts?

Very few people have any idea of the imposing and imaginative effects that are presented by even a moderate-sized gas-work, especially at night. Entering from the deserted streets, in a few minutes one is at the very heart and centre of the work, watching the exhauster engines with measured throbs pulling the gas from the retorts, and forcing it through the purifying plant into the great 'holders.' Conspicuously placed in the beautifully kept engine-room is a dial with a needle, which responds like an artery to every pulsation of the exhauster. From the engine-room we walk past the station-meters, flying round as they record the passage of the gas; past 'washers,' 'scrubbing towers,' and large purifying-boxes, all looking black and mysterious in the flickering light of the scattered gas lamps, into the pleasant warmth of the retort-house. Here we are confronted by long rows of D-shaped iron discs, grouped in beds of six or eight, each one with its 'ascension pipe,' leading up nearly to the roof. The discs are the covers on the mouthpieces of the long clay retorts, whose ends only just peep out from the firebrick settings. The gas-lights are turned low, and the blackness is broken only by the glow of the furnace under each bed, reflected in the ash-pans, full of water, into which a tray cinder drops with a sharp 'sizzle' now and then. The foreman blows his whistle; the lights are turned up; the stokers troop in, and the 'draw' is about to commence. One of them, armed with an iron bar, loosens the lids of the retorts, and lights the residual gas with a live-coal from the furnace. When this has burnt off, the doors are thrown open, disclosing the yellow-hot retorts, nearly half full of coke. The radiation is so intense that it is with difficulty we stand opposite the end of the glowing tube, and, shading our eyes with our hands, peer down. We see a brilliant vista stretching away, apparently, into endless distance. Up and down its length lurid vapours curl and shimmer, and wreath themselves into fantastic imageries. A stoker, naked to the waist, pushes a long hoe-shaped rake into the retort. It is a picture to make a painter mad with envy and despair. The gleam of the concentrated rays throws every muscle, shining with sweat, into strong relief as he strains and tugs at the iron handle. At each pull, a shower of red-hot coke falls into the iron barrow beneath. Buckets of water are thrown over it, and, with loud mutterings, clouds of steam, reddened by the furnace glare, curl round the group and up to the roof. The Earth-spirit seems all around us as the coal, wrought by the trolls deep down in the earth, goes to light the busy city.

It is the same wherever we go. No operation is too mean, no industry too paltry, to be without its own share of romance. The clatter of the flying shuttles in the power-looms; the clang of the hammers on the steel plates as the rivets are driven home, and the rusty skeleton grows into the ocean steamer; the traffic in the street, the hum of the docks, all tell the same tale. Restless, ceaseless, human energy, guided by a master-hand; mayhap the Earth-spirit himself knows not whither.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XIV.—THE AXMINSTER PEERAGE.

At Geneva, as luck would have it, Arnold Willoughby found a place on a homeward-bound brigantine direct for London. That was all he wanted. He craved for action. He was a sailor once more, and had cast art behind him. No more dalliance with the luxurious muse of painting. In the daily drudgery of the sea, in the teeth of the wind, he would try to forget his bitter disappointment. Hard work and dog-watches might suffice to cauterise the raw surface of the wound Kathleen Hessegrave had unwillingly and unwittingly inflicted.

He did wrong to fly from her, of course, without giving her at least the chance of an explanation; but then, that was exactly Arnold Willoughby's nature. He would have been other than himself if he had not so acted. Extreme modifiability was the key-note of his character. The self-same impulse which had made him in the first instance sink name and individuality at a moment's notice, in order to become a new man and a common sailor, made him also in the second instance rush at once to the conclusion that he had been basely deceived, and drove him to remodel, without a second's delay, his whole scheme of life and activity for the future. Half gentleman, half gypsy, he was a man of principle, and yet a creature of impulse. The instant he found his plans going hopelessly wrong, he was ready to alter them offhand with drastic severity.

And yet, he said to himself, it was never his own individuality he got rid of at all. That alone persisted. All these changes and disguises were forced upon him, indeed, by the difficulty of realising his own inner personality in a world which insisted on accepting him as an Earl, instead of reckoning him up, as he wished, at his intrinsic value as a human being. That intrinsic value Arnold Willoughby was determined to discover and appraise, no matter at what cost of trouble and disillusion; his naked worth as a man, among men was the only kind of worth he cared one jot or tittle to realise.

When he reached London, therefore, he decided to see what steps were being taken in the vexed question of the Axminster peerage, before he engaged for a longer voyage to the northern seas, which he liked best to sail in bracing summer weather. So, on the very

afternoon of his discharge from the brigantine, where he had signed for the single voyage only, he walked into a coffee-house on the river bank and invested a ha'penny in an evening paper. He was not long in coming upon the item he wanted. 'Aminster Peerage Case.—This afternoon, the House of Lords will deliver judgment upon the claim of Algernon Loftus Redburn, eldest son of the late Honourable Algernon Redburn of Musbury, Devonshire, to the Earldom of Aminster. The case is a romantic one. It will be remembered that the seventh Earl, who was a person of most eccentric habits and ideas, closely bordering upon insanity, disappeared without warning from London society'—and so forth, and so forth. Arnold set down the paper with a deeper curl than usual at the corner of his genial mouth. It 'bordered on insanity,' of course, for a born gentleman, who might have spent his time in dining, calling, shooting grouse, and running racchors, to determine upon doing some useful work in the world! So very undignified! Arnold was quite familiar by this time with that curious point of view; 'tis the point of view of nine tenths of the world in this United Kingdom; but none the less every time he saw it solemnly committed to print, it amused him afresh by its utter incongruity. The contrast between the reality and the grasp of life he obtained in his chosen vocation of sailor, with the shadowy superficiality of the existence he had led in the days when he was still Lord Aminster, made such criticism seem to him rather childish than unkindly.

He made up his mind at once. He would go down to the House and see them play this little farce out. He would be present to hear whether, on the authority of the highest court in the realm, he was dead or living. He would watch the last irrevocable nail being knocked into his coffin as Earl of Aminster, and would emerge with the certainty that some other man now bore the title which once was his, and that he was legally defunct by decision of Parliament.

Go down to the House! Then a little laugh seized him. He was thinking of it to himself as he used to think in the days when he had but to order his carriage and drive down from Eaton Place to the precincts of Westminster. What chance would there be for a sailor in his man's dress to get into the House by mere begging for a place? Not much, he confessed to himself. However, he would try. There was something that pleased him in the idea of the bare chance that he might be turned back from the doors of the Chamber to which he hereditarily belonged on the day when he was to be declared no longer living. It would be funny if the Lords refused to let him hear them pronounce their decision of his own death! funnier still if they solemnly declared him dead in his living presence.

So he walked by St Paul's and the Embankment to Westminster, and presented himself at that well-known door where once may, where still he had, by law and descent, the right of entry. It was a private business day, he knew, and their lordships would only be

sitting as a committee of privilege; in other words, half-a-dozen law lords would have come down sleepily, as a matter of duty, to decide the vexed question of the peerage before them. On such occasions, the Stranger's Gallery is never at all full; and Arnold hoped he might be lucky enough to corrupt by his eloquence the virtue of the under door-keeper. The door-keeper, however, was absolutely incorruptible—except, of course, by gold, which was too rare an object now for Arnold to bestow upon him lightly.

'I don't know all the peers by sight,' the official said with some contempt, surveying the new comer from head to foot: 'there's peers from the country that turn up now and again when there's important bills on, that you wouldn't know from farmers. Times like that, we let any gentlemen in who's dressed as such, and who says he's a Marquis. But you ain't a peer, anyhow; you ain't got the cut of it. Nor you don't much look like a Distinguished Stranger.' And the door-keeper laughed heartily at his own humour.

Arnold laughed in turn and walked away disconsolate. He was just on the point of giving up the attempt in despair, when he saw an old law lord enter, whom he knew well by sight as a judge of appeal, and who had the reputation of being a good-humoured and accessible person. Arnold boarded him at once with a polite request for a pass to the gallery. The old peer looked at him in surprise. 'Are you interested in the case?' he asked, seeing the sailor's garb and the weather-beaten features.

Arnold answered with truth: 'Well, I knew something of the man they called Douglas Overton.'

Lord Helvellyn (for it was he) scanned the bronzed face again with some show of interest. 'You were a ship-teller?' he asked.

And Arnold, without remembering how much the admission implied, made answer with truth once more: 'Yes—at least—that is to say—I sailed in the *Saucy Sally*.'

The old peer smiled acquiescence, and waved him to follow to the door of the waiting-room. Arnold did so, somewhat amused at the condescending air of the new made peer to his hereditary companion. In the House of Lords, he couldn't, somehow, altogether forget his traditions. 'Pass this man to the gallery,' the old law lord said with a nod of command to the door-keeper. The door-keeper bowed low, and Arnold Willoughby followed him.

The proceedings in the House were short and purely formal. The Committee, represented by one half-blind old gentleman, read then report of privilege in a mumbling tone; but Arnold could see its decision was awaited with the utmost interest by his cousin Algy, who, as claimant to the seat, stood at the bar of the House awaiting judgment. The Committee found that Albert Ogilvie Redburn, seventh Earl of Aminster, was actually dead; that his identity with the person who sailed in the *Saucy Sally* from Liverpool for Melbourne under the assumed name of Douglas Overton had been duly proved to their satisfaction; that the *Saucy Sally* had been lost, as alleged, in the

Indian Ocean, and that all souls on board had really perished; that amongst the persons so lost was Albert Ogilvie Redburn, alias Douglas Overton, seventh Earl of Axminster; that Algernon Loftus Redburn, eldest son of the Honourable Algernon Redburn, deceased, and grandson of the fifth Earl, was the heir to the peerage; and that this House admitted his claim of right, and humbly prayed Her Majesty to issue her gracious writ summoning him as a Peer of Parliament accordingly.

Algernon Redburn, below, smiled a smile of triumph. But Arnold Willoughby, in the gallery, felt a little shudder pass over him. It was no wonder, indeed. He had ceased to exist legally. He was no longer his own original self, but in very deed a common sailor. He knew that the estates must follow the title; from that day forth he was a beggar, a nameless nobody. Till the report was read, he might have stood forth at any moment and claimed his ancestral name and his ancestral acres. Now the die was cast. He felt that after he had once stood by as he had stood by that day and allowed himself to be solemnly adjudicated as dead, he could never again allow himself to be resurrected. He should have spoken then, or must for ever keep silent. It would be wrong of him, cruel of him, cowardly of him, unmanly of him, to let Algy and Algy's wife take his place in the world, with his full knowledge and assent, and then come forward later to deprive them of their privilege. He was now nothing more than 'the late Lord Axminster.' That at least was his past; his future would be spent as mere Arnold Willoughby.

Had Kathleen proved different, he hardly knew whether, at the last moment, he might not have turned suddenly round and refused so completely to burn his boat; but as it was, he was glad of it. The tie to his old life, which laid him open to such cruel disillusion as Kathleen had provided for him, was now broken for ever; henceforth, he would be valued at his own worth alone by all and sundry.

But no more of women! If Arnold Willoughby had been a confirmed misogynist before he met Kathleen Hessegrave by accident at the Academy doors, he was a thousand times more so after this terrible reaction from his temporary backsliding into respectable society.

He went down into the corridor, and saw Algy surrounded by a whole group of younger peers, who were now strolling in for the afternoon's business. They were warmly congratulating him upon having secured the doubtful privileges of which Arnold for his part had been so anxious to divest himself. Arnold was not afraid to pass quite near them. Use had accustomed him to the ordeal of scrutiny. For some years, he had passed by hundreds who once knew him, in London streets or Continental towns, and yet, with the solitary exception of the Hessegraves (for he did not know the part borne in his recognition by the Valentines), not a soul had ever pierced the successful disguise with which he had surrounded himself. A few years before, the same

men would have crowded just as eagerly round the seventh as round the eighth Earl; and now, not a word of the last holder of the title; nothing but congratulation for the man who had supplanted him, and who stood that moment, smiling and radiant, the centre of a little group of friendly acquaintances.

As Arnold paused, half irresolute, near the doors of the House, a voice that he knew well called out suddenly: 'Hallo, Axminster, there you are! I've been looking for you everywhere.'

Arnold turned half round in surprise. What an unseasonable interruption! How dreadful that at this moment somebody should have recognised him! And from behind, too—that was the worst for the speaker was invisible. Arnold hesitated whether or not to run away without answering him; then, with a smile, he realised the true nature of his mistake. It's so strange to hear another man called by the name that was once your own! But the voice was Canon Valentine's, fresh back from Italy, and the 'Axminster' he was addressing was not Arnold Willoughby, but the now-made peer, his cousin Algy. Nevertheless, the incident made Arnold feel at once it was time to go. He was more afraid of Canon Valentine's recognising him than of any other acquaintance; for the Canon had known him so intimately as a boy, and used to speak to him so often about that instinctive trick of his, 'why, there' as Arnold thought of it, he removed his hand quickly from the lock in which it was twined, and dodged behind a little group of gossiping peers in the neighbourhood just in time to escape the Canon's scrutiny. But the Canon didn't see him; he was too busily engaged in shaking Algy's hand too full of his salutations to the rising sun to remember the setting one.

Arnold strolled out somewhat saddened. If ever in his life he felt inclined to be cynical, it must at least be admitted he had much just then to make him so. It was all a sad picture of human fickleness. And then, the bitter thought that Kathleen had been doing just like all of these was enough to sour any man. Arnold turned to leave the House by the strangers' entrance. In order to do so, he had to pass the door of the peers' robing-room. As he went by it, a fat little old gentleman emerged from the portal. It was Lord Helvellyn, who had passed him to the Strangers' Gallery. But now, the little man looked at him with a queer gleam of recollection. Then a puzzled expression came over his sallow face. 'Look here,' he said, turning suddenly to Arnold; 'I want one word with you. What was that you told me about having sailed with Lord Axminster in the *Saucy Sally*?'

Arnold scented the danger at once, but answered in haste: 'It was true: quite true. I went out on her last voyage.'

'Nonsense, man,' the little fat law lord replied, scanning his witness hard, as is the wont of barristers. 'How dare you have the impudence to tell me so to my face, after hearing the evidence we summarised in our report? It's pure imposture. Douglas Overton or Lord Axminster made only one voyage on

the *Suey Sally*; and in the course of that voyage she was lost with all hands. It was that that we went upon. If anybody had survived, we must have heard of him, of course, and have given judgment differently. How do you get out of that, eh? You're an impostor, sir, an impostor!

'But I left the ship' Arnold began hurriedly, he was going to say 'at Cape Town,' when it was borne in upon him all at once that if he confessed that fact, he would be practically reopening the whole field of inquiry; and with a crimson face, he held his peace, most unwillingly. That was hard, indeed, for nothing roused Arnold Willoughby's indignation more than an imputation of untruthfulness.

Lord Helvellyn smiled grimly. 'Go away, sir,' he cried with a gesture of honest contempt. 'You lied to me, and you know it. You're an impudent scoundrel, that's what you are; a most impudent scoundrel; and if ever I see you loitering about this House again, I'll give orders to the door-keeper to take you up by the scruff of your neck and eject you forcibly.'

Arnold's blood boiled hot. For a second he felt himself once more an aristocrat. Was he to be jostled and hustled like this, with insult and contumely, from his own hereditary chamber, by a new laughed law lord? Next moment, his wrath cooled, and he saw for himself the utter illogicality, the two-sided absurdity, of his own position. It was clearly untenable. The old law lord was right. He was *not* the Earl of Axminster. These precincts of Parliament were no place for him in future. He slunk down the steps like a whipped cur. 'Twas for the very last time. As he went, he shook off the dust from his feet, metaphorically. Whatever came now, he must never more be a Redburn or an Axminster. He was quit of it once for all. He emerged into Parliament Street, more fixedly than ever, a plain Arnold Willoughby.

If Kathleen Hestgrave wished to make herself a Countess, she must fix her hopes somewhere else, he felt sure, than on Membury Castle. For him, the sea, and no more of this fooling! Life is real, life is earnest, and Arnold Willoughby meant to take it earnestly.

(To be continued.)

● THE GOLD QUESTION.

WE explained the difficulties of 'The Gold Question' in special relation to 'the currency of the United States' (*Journal*, September 30, 1893). Congress has repealed the Sherman Silver Purchase Act, and the Treasury is no longer bound to buy four and a half million ounces of silver per month, to be coined into silver dollars which nobody wants, and to be paid for in Treasury notes which must be redeemed, on demand, in gold. In the meantime, the decision of the Indian Government to close the Indian mints against the free coinage of silver that is to say, to stop the exchange of legal tender rupees for silver bullion with all and sundry has not had the effect which those who advocated that course

expected and predicted. It has not kept up the gold-price of the rupee or the price of the Indian coin in sterling money—and it did not stop the imports of silver into India. On the contrary, the shipments of silver to India were largely increased, for a time, at any rate, with the result that what is called the 'balance of trade' was turned against that country. Instead of having a large excess of exports over imports to be paid for in gold, the reverse was the case. The official minimum rate of exchange for the rupee (one shilling and three-pence-farthing) could no longer be obtained; the India Office had to obtain parliamentary powers to borrow up to ten millions sterling in London, in order to meet the obligations of the Indian Government (for interest on bonds, &c.) due in gold in this country; and the gold-price of silver and the gold price of the rupee fell lower and lower. By the middle of February the prices of both were lower than they had ever been in the history of commerce.

By price is here meant the equivalent value in gold, and this is why the present currency and exchange disorders relate to a gold crisis. How far the recent events go to support or condemn the theory of Bimetallism, we shall not here inquire, as the subject is too complex and controversial for our pages. But having recently shown the position of silver, we now propose to examine the position of gold, because so long, at anyrate, as Great Britain remains Monometallic, and perhaps even if she became Bimetallic—it is the yellow metal that dominates the course of exchange and the price of commodities.

Gold, of course, is a commodity and an article of commerce, as well as the medium of exchange; and one reason why gold has such a high value for money purposes is that it has such a high value for a variety of other purposes. An expansion or a contraction in the world's supply of gold is felt in every department of commerce and throughout all human relations. Is, then, the supply now contracting or expanding?

The United States Treasury officials estimated the production of gold in the world during the year 1893 at about 150 million dollars' worth, and the contribution of the United States themselves at 35 million dollars' worth, or about two millions more than in 1892. Another American estimate gives 1,675,000 ounces to Australia; 1,693,111 to America; 1,200,000 to Russia; 1,563,196 to South Africa; and 1,160,000 to 'all other countries' making a total of 7,291,307 ounces, valued at £30,972,044. This is taking the mintage valuation; but in estimating the output of mines, it is usual to calculate at 70 shillings per ounce, to allow margin for refining and contingencies. On this basis the production, as estimated by the Americans, would be about 25½ millions sterling. The American estimate, made at the beginning of the present year, has not been altogether confirmed by London authorities, who, by marshalling the statistics of all the producing centres,

give the following as the world's production of gold and silver in 1892 and 1893 :

	Gold.	Silver.
1893	£26,228,672	£16,351,490
1892	24,008,480	17,795,619
Increase	£2,220,212	Decrease ...£1,441,159

The decrease in the output value of silver is partly explained by the low price to which the metal has fallen, rendering it unprofitable to work all but the best mines. In the United States, for instance, the production of silver in 1889 was to the value of £7,326,760; and in 1890 to as much as £8,416,600; but in 1893 it did not exceed 5 millions. But these figures refer only to the gold value of the silver, not to the quantity, which in 1893 amounted to about 52 million ounces, as against about 58 million ounces in each of the two previous years, when the high water mark of silver production was reached in America.

To return to gold, however. The increase in 1893, as we have shown, was at the lowest estimate close upon 2½ millions sterling, of which increase the United States proportion was something like half a million. Where did the rest come from? From South Africa and Russia. The South African mines yielded £5,622,250 in 1893, as against £4,633,879 in 1892; and the Russian mines £5,391,172, as against £4,811,363; while Australia did little more than preserve its level. The interesting fact is established that South Africa is now the second largest gold producing area in the world—Australia still being first (with £6,560,000); South Africa, second; Russia, third; and the United States, fourth.

The development in South Africa is one of the phenomena of the situation. Seven years ago, the entire output of gold there was under 20,000 ounces, of the value of £70,000. Last year the output was 1,596,177 ounces, of the value above stated. It is predicted that in another year Africa will have shot ahead of Australia, and will be the foremost gold-producing country in the world. In round numbers, South Africa, which previously was not in the running at all, has since 1886 added about 18 millions sterling to the value of the world's stock of gold. In fact, we may say since 1888, for up to that year she had not sent us as much as a million altogether.

To appreciate the significance of this, it is necessary to recall that the prolonged depression of trade and the depreciation of silver have both been attributed to a diminution in the supply of gold since 1874, concurrently with an increasing demand for it. As gold became comparatively scarce, the value of the sovereign—that is to say its purchasing power measured in other commodities—rose. Prices were low because gold was dear, and because the nations could not agree among themselves that silver should be adopted as an alternative, or associated, measure of value. If, then, gold is becoming more plentiful, it would be reasonable to expect, other things being equal, a general rise in the level of prices of commodities, and a gradual abatement in the acuteness of the trouble connected with silver.

Those whose memories can carry them back to the Franco-German War will remember the tremendous 'boom' in trade which followed the conclusion of peace, and the high prices to which both the necessities of life and luxuries rose for a few years. As a single example, let us just mention pig-iron—the foundation of so many industries—which in 1873 reached 115 shillings per ton, while for some years past it has been ranging between 40 and 45 shillings per ton. The decline in prices which began after this inflation has brought us, in twenty years, to a level which would have seemed incredible and impossible in 1873. To what has that decline been due? First of all, to the diminished and steadily diminishing production of gold; next, to the increased and constantly increasing demand for gold for currency and other purposes; and lastly, to the demonetisation of silver by Germany, and the suspension of the Latin Union, explained in a previous article. Of these three causes, unquestionably the greatest was the decrease in the supply of the yellow metal from the mines. Few people realise how the world has been affected by the vicissitudes of gold-mining. After the Australian discoveries, and between the years 1851 and 1860, the average annual production of gold throughout the world was not less than 28½ million, according to Dr Sotheby, an acknowledged authority. But in the next decade the average fell to about 26½ millions sterling; in the next period, 1871-80, to 23 millions; and between 1881 and 1884, to 19½ millions, or a decline of more than one-third from the highest.

Now, it was just in this period, when the supply of gold was falling off, that Germany adopted a gold standard of currency; that the United States resumed specie payments, and that gold became more and more in request among the other nations both for money and for the arts. It is assumed, however, that the consumption of gold for money has now nearly reached its maximum, that the 'reserves' among the great nations are as large as they need to be, and that in the next few years the mintage demand for the yellow metal will be smaller than it has been during the last twenty years. Since 1885, the lowest point of production, three quite new sources of supply of gold have been found. South Africa, as we have seen, which is now yielding 5½ millions per annum; Western Australia, which last year yielded close upon half a million; and India, which is now yielding considerably over half a million per annum. With the increased productivity of the rest of Australia, of Russia, and of the United States, due to the improved methods of mining and of the treatment of ores, the production is once more approaching the annual average of the rich period, 1851-60. Indeed, some experts predict that in the present year the total yield will be considerably more than 30 million sterling.

There is no room for wonder, before these facts, that silver has become so depreciated in relation to gold, that exchanges are disorganised, and that the currencies of silver-using countries have become demoralised. We are passing through a monetary revolution, which, like all revolutions, must be productive of discomfort

and loss somewhere, but which in its ultimate results ought to be beneficial. Within one generation, monetary revolutions of varying severity were brought about by the discoveries of gold in California and Australia, by the discovery of silver in Western America, by the demonetisation of silver in Germany and the suspension of the Latin Union, and by the Bland and Sherman Acts of the United States. The present crisis is in part the result of the discovery of gold in South Africa, and in part the result of the silver policies of the United States and India. (For further explanations on these points, see previous articles, 'What is Bimetallism?' and 'The Silver Question'.)

Commenting on the South African mines, a recent writer in 'The Bankers' Magazine,' says: 'The first great disturbance in recent times of the world's output of gold occurred in California and Australia in the decade of the fifties. The production during the years reached a total of something like 30 millions sterling annually for some years. The inevitable of quartz mining then appeared; veins pinched out, or from various causes, became unworkable, and the production gradually dropped to about 20 million of pounds sterling per annum, or less. This amount would appear to have been about an average production until the last year or two, when the increasing yields of South African and Indian mines commenced an era of increase destined to last the lifetime of the present generation, and probably that of the generation to come.'

The minimum production of gold, then, lasted for about twenty years. But in that period the production of silver reached its maximum, and the present price (in gold) of the white metal (say, half a crown an ounce) is just about one-half of what it was twenty years ago. Of course the Bimetallist says that had the two metals by international agreement been confined in a dual standard, the scarcity of gold would not have been felt, and the prices of commodities would not have depreciated. On the other hand, those opposed to Bimetallism contend that the effects prove their case—that it is impossible to maintain a fixed ratio between two metals of such varying supply, not only in actual quantity, but also relatively to each other. Of course the more scarce gold became, the more valuable it was, and therefore the prices of everything measured in gold went lower and lower. But that simply meant, so far as the masses of the people are concerned, that though they were able to earn less, they could obtain more for their money than in the year of big profits, high wages, and inflated prices.

Prior to the Californian discoveries in 1848, the annual average supply of gold was only about eight millions sterling, and commerce was languishing because the world had outgrown its supplies of the precious metal to adjust exchanges. The Californian discoveries were followed in 1851 by the opening of the Australian fields, and then it looked as if the world were to be smothered in a deluge of gold. So anxiously did some economists then regard the situation, that it was seriously proposed and gravely discussed that gold should be

demonetised, to stop the rise in prices. It is interesting to recall this proposal after forty years, at a time when prices are depreciated, according to some, by the demonetisation of silver, and when it is proposed again, not truly to demonetise gold, but to some extent to debase it by wedding it to the inferior metal. As the production of silver in 1870, when the value was five shillings per ounce, was worth £11,350,000, and as the production in 1893, when it was only worth, say, three shillings per ounce, was £16,350,000, it is evident that the supply of that metal has about doubled in quantity. But no further uses for it have been found in the arts, and it has become of less and less use as money, since the Continental nations decreed that it should no longer be legal tender. On the other hand, the uses for gold are constantly increasing, and while the currency requirements of Europe are now supposed to be satisfied, the United States will still require a large amount, estimated at not less than ten millions sterling, to make up the loss on the silver stored in the Treasury vaults under the Bland and Sherman Acts.

It was estimated by Mr. Seyd that the entire stock of gold coin and bullion in the world serving the purposes of money—not including ornaments and the hoards of Eastern nations—is about 800 million pounds sterling; and of silver coin and bullion, about 720 million pounds sterling. This calculation was made some years ago, and we should be disposed to add half a million to each total as the present approximate sum. Anyhow, there is, roughly speaking, only about £2 of exchangeable gold for every person in the gold-using countries of Europe, North America, and Australasia. In a former article, we estimated the amount of gold annually used in the art, or hoarded, or otherwise not put into currency, at 15 millions. On the present average production, therefore, there will be a margin of 11, and on the anticipated production, a margin of 15, millions available for coinage and as the basis of exchange. Now, looking at the effect which the enormously increased output has had on the value of silver, what are we to expect from this large increase in the supply of gold?

Obviously, a considerable fall in the value of the metal, which means a considerable rise in the prices of commodities and property. What happened after the Australian discoveries may be expected to happen now, though not to so tremendous an extent, nor so rapidly, because there are, as we have shown, many gaps to be filled up before the world can feel anything like an over-supply of gold. It is true that some people predict for the South African mines a yield which will vastly exceed even the highest point reached by the Australian fields; but we prefer not to deal with speculative predictions. It is safe enough to go upon the actual facts of the last year or two, and the immediate prospects as presented in the monthly workings.

It is, of course, curious that while South Africa has already added as much to the gold-supplies of the world as California and Australia did at the outset, we have not yet had the change in values which then almost at once

began. But there are various reasons for this. The world is larger, for one thing, and the area of distribution of gold for money purposes is much greater. The great depreciation in silver is another, for this has had a serious effect on prices in, and exchange with, the East. And the Australian and American commercial crises are other factors accentuating the general problem. But as gold becomes more abundant, silver should, along with other commodities, increase in value measured in gold, and in the ordinary course of events the tribulations of India ought to be relieved, not by the adoption of universal Bimetallism—for that now seems hopelessly impossible of attainment—but, strangely enough, by the new gifts of gold from Africa.

MORE THAN CORONETS.

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

VERA was conscious of only one feeling for the moment, a feeling of intense gladness that she was alone to grapple with the trouble which had come upon her. The discovery of an heir to Deepdene other than Dene de Ros had been like a bolt from the blue; but the latter revelation came like a flash of lightning out of a winter sky. It was worse than misfortune; it was disgrace. Vera had dropped the packet, and wrenched herself free from Ambrose de Ros' detaining grasp, fleeing homeward like Atalanta across the dewy lawn. Not until she reached her own room was she conscious that her stockinged feet were torn and lamed, no thorn by the wayside had troubled her.

The shadow of disgrace hung over her; and Ambrose de Ros knew it, had evidently been aware of it for a long time; and yet he had never swerved in his friendship, never so much as shown by one single sign that he had discovered how cruelly the late owner of Deepdene had deceived him.

Remember, that Vera's life had hitherto been apart from the world; she had lofty ideals of her own, and the rude touch of modern life had not taken the gilt from any idol, showing the feet of clay. Her pride in all her possessions had been great; she had regarded her father as a prince amongst men. How passionately she had admired him when misfortune had come upon them, and he gave way to the interloper without a murmur, and as a dethroned monarch would abdicate his crown. And, in her inmost heart, Vera had despised the degenerate offshoot of the race who had deposed the reigning sovereign. She would not admit that he could have risen to the sublime height attained by her father. And yet, all these years she had worshipped a trickster and a charlatan, an impostor who masqueraded in the armour of a gentle knight of high degree.

It was a harsh judgment for a negative crime committed in a moment of the fiercest temptation; but youth is prone to be hard in its judgments, and it is always those who have known no ungratified desire who are the hardest upon the weaknesses of poor human nature.

It was all over now, Vera told herself; the pleasant days had come to an end; she could

never show her face at Deepdene again. The organ would remain unplayed; she would tell her father of her discovery on her return, and then she would go away, never more to be seen by those who knew her story.

She was thankful that Ambrose had not followed her. All the afternoon she half expected him, but he came not. She never imagined that he was waiting until she could wrestle with and fight down her sorrow before he approached her. And, later on, when she was partaking of tea in solitary state, he arrived, and, unannounced, came into the drawing room. Vera's back was to the light, which was softened and subdued by the palms in the long narrow windows, and he could not see the look of misery in her eyes.

Apparently, he was not in the least embarrassed; indeed, when you came to consider it, there was no reason why he should be. He sat down by the little gypsy table on which stood the quaint service of silver, and begged for a cup of tea. The smile on his handsome, simple face was pleasant to see.

'Well,' he said cheerfully, 'we did better than I expected with those poor fellows. None of them seem to be the worse for their adventure.'

Vera was conscious of a little pang of conscience. For some hours now, she had not given the shipwrecked mariners a single thought. 'I am glad to hear it,' she said in a strangled voice. 'How pleased David must have been. He behaved like a hero.'

'He did his duty,' Ambrose remarked; 'my boy would always do that. And they all turned out and cheered him afterwards till the tears came in my eye. Pity you weren't there as well, because David would have liked it.'

'David does not know everything,' Vera said bitterly, conscious of a little tinge of reproach in the speaker's voice. 'If he did, he would hate me.'

Ambrose made no reply for a moment; he appeared to be raptly contemplating a sportive satyr depicted on the frescoed ceiling. Then a goat-headed Pan seemed to engage his earnest and critical attention. 'David does know everything,' he said quietly, without moving his eyes. 'In fact, it was David who first let me into the secret. You see, some two months ago I happened to be turning out the contents of old Del Roso's casket, when I came upon a bundle of letters—you know the ones I mean.—By the way, my dear, how did you come to discover them? You left me so hurriedly this morning, that I hadn't time to ask you any questions.'

Vera explained. So long as she was generalising upon an abstract bundle of papers, the words came glibly enough. She saw how the lines of the listener's mouth tightened as she proceeded with her story.

'Then Swayne knew all about these letters?' he asked curtly.

'Yes; he had found them there years ago, and had left them for safety. He did not know when they would be useful. There was no opportunity of abstracting them before my father dismissed him; but no doubt Swayne had taken notes of addresses. No wonder that

he found you so easily in Australia. Then he tried to blackmail my father, as you know, without success. Again the letters were useless. But when *you* dismissed this man as well, he saw his way to to— Vera's voice died away to a murmur; she could say no more.

Ambrose took up the broken thread for her; his face was grave, yet his eyes kindly. 'And you read those letters,' he said. 'My child, if what I say seems cruel, remember it is my earnest desire to be kind. You read those letters from my father to yours, telling the latter everything. Yes; I have read them myself. Leslie de Ros wrote to his kinsman here from time to time; but he never told my mother and myself that he had done so—we knew nothing. It was his desire that the succession which he had forfeited should remain in the present hands. He asks your father to perceive that secret. My father dies, and the secret with him. And then Dene de Ros is left absolutely master of Deepdene.' Ambrose concluded with the triumphant air of a man who had absolutely proved his case.

But Vera declined to see it in the same light. 'You have forced me to speak, and I must,' she replied slowly. 'It was wrong. You know it was wrong. My father traded on your ignorance of your proper position to enjoy the property here for twenty years. He assumed to be an honourable man, whereas he was an impostor. Oh! to think I should feel the bitter shame of saying so much of my own father! It was his duty to disregard that foolish wish. We should have found you out and restored you to your own. You shake your head. What would you have done under the same circumstances?' Vera bent forward with fierce eagerness to catch the reply.

For once in his life, Ambrose de Ros was tempted to prevaricate. He looked up helplessly at the goat-headed Pan, but derived no inspiration therefrom.

'Your silence is an eloquent reply,' Vera continued. 'You could not have done such a thing. Oh, I have watched you for this year past. I was prepared to dislike and despise you; but my prejudices have turned to something like affection, because you are a good man and do good things. And when I was getting reconciled to everything, this trouble comes upon me. How can I ever look the world in the face again?'

There were tears in Vera's voice as Ambrose de Ros rose and laid his hands upon her shoulders. When he spoke, his voice was soft and sweet as a woman's. 'My dear,' he said, 'this is your first trouble, and you find it hard to bear. But if we forgive and forget, why should not you? You are not injured at all. There is no one amongst us, man or woman, who has not yielded to some temptations. There is none amongst us without sin to cast the first stone. Your father's temptation was great; he was only obeying the injunction of a dying man. And again, do you think he did not consider you? And then, did he not act honourably when I came forward and claimed my own? He could have bribed Swayne into silence; but his nature abhorred such a deed. My dear, he is your father.'

Vera made no reply for a moment, and yet it seemed as if the great weight about her heart was melting like snow in the genial sunshine.

'We ought to have destroyed these letters,' Ambrose de Ros went on. 'But I did not care to do so, because they were written by the husband of my mother. That is why we put them back in the old casket, thinking they would be safe there. It was a kindly providence that placed them in your hands.'

'A providence destructive of my happiness,' Vera murmured.

'You are wrong,' Ambrose replied. His voice was not devoid of severity. 'It is a lesson from which you will profit. Pride, my dear, is your besetting sin; it hides the perfect, generous woman; it keeps you away from the rest, as if you were a different clay, a thing apart. My dear, that wonderful poet of yours, whose works I am just beginning to understand, tells us that "kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood." Ah! when you come to mix with the world more, you will understand what that means. I am not like you; I lack your advantages.'

'No; you are not like me,' Vera burst out impetuously. 'You are a thousand times better, and I thank you for your kindness. Oh! you dear, kind, generous, simple-hearted man, what a lesson you have given me! I am glad that you came here; I am glad the estates are yours, because you are much more worthy to control them than we are. And the people here are happier and more contented; I can see it in their faces.' Vera covered her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

Ambrose waited until the sun shone out from behind the clouds before he spoke again. 'Now you begin to be yourself,' he said. 'You will forgive your father?'

'Yes, if you wish it,' Vera said with a new sweet humility. 'I will.'

'I have done so long ago, remember. You will meet him as if nothing had happened; and this matter shall never be mentioned between us again. These letters have been returned to the old casket, because it is my fancy that you should take them out and destroy them with your own hand. The secret belongs to three of us. Swayne we shall never see again and it shall be dead asle for ever. You must come up to-morrow.'

Vera nodded; her lip was quivering, and two diamond drops trembled on her long lashes. The tears, so rare with her, seemed to have washed all her pride away. As Ambrose rose, she came to her feet, and taking a single yellow rose and maidenhair from a glass, pinned it on his coat. 'These are my colours, and you shall be my knight,' she said almost gaily. Her voice was still unsteady, but thrilling with happiness. 'You have won your way into my heart against my will; but you cannot say that my capitulation is not graceful. "Sans peur et sans reproche." That is you, sir.'

'I don't know what that means,' Ambrose said simply. 'But if it signifies that you look a thousand times handsomer and sweeter, now you are your natural self, I'm not going to argue the point.'

'And I feel it too,' Vera confessed. — 'Yes, you may kiss me.'

The storm had died away along the deep; the oaks on the crest looked like sentinels; the waves rolled lazily in to the shore. Only the wreck lay on the granite spar, evidence of the tempest of yesterday. Already most of the wrecked sailors had departed for the nearest port of Hull; the wild feeling of excitement had subsided into quietness, for loss of life along that coast was, alas! no novelty.

Vera toiled along up the slope in the bright sunshine. She was on her way to the shore, before calling at Deepdene on the errand which Ambrose de Ros had placed in her hands. As a matter of fact, Vera wanted to view again the scene of David's exploit, to pore upon it sentimentally. Not that she admitted this to herself; she would have been angry had any one suggested it. She had no idea that this indignation would have been a direct evidence of love. But then Vera had no acquaintance with psychological analysis, since her knowledge of the works of Messrs W. D. Howells and Henry James was nil.

It was hard to realise the vivid scene of yesterday in the blue placidness of to-day. A little ridge of white bearded the shore, gray gull floated idly on the water, a shag was gravely fishing off the wreck. Vera smiled at the contrast: her laugh rippled out on the air, and presently brought some one from behind a rock to listen. It was David, grave and courteous as usual.

'You here?' Vera faltered. 'I thought that I should be alone.'

She coloured at the boldness of the speech and the impression it conveyed. But David did not appear to notice anything calculated to wound. He only saw that Vera was wonderfully sweet and fair, and that there was a gentle light in her eyes that had never shone so meekly there before.

'I daresay,' he replied mildly. 'I'm looking for a knife I lost yesterday.'

Vera's laugh rang out loud and sweet. The anti-climax was too ridiculous. But it seemed to remove the feeling of restraint between them. 'Strange,' Vera said, with a little mocking note, 'that a man who is so reckless with his life should think so much of a pocket-knife.'

'It was given to me by a man who is dead,' David explained with a simple directness that reminded Vera of his father. 'Besides, it matters little to any one what becomes of my life.'

'For shame!' Vera cried indignantly. 'Think of your father.'

David laughed gently. By this time they had turned by mutual consent, and were climbing the cliff side by side. 'I do think of my father,' he answered. 'I have nobody else to think of. And yet, from your loftier standpoint, he is nothing but a poor, uneducated man, who occupies a position to which he is not entitled.'

Vera paused a moment, and laid her hand upon David's arm. Her lips were quivering, her eyes luminous with tears. All the pride

seemed to have gone out of her face, leaving it more beautiful than ever, and infinitely more sweet and womanly. 'You are wrong,' she said in a low voice. 'That was my opinion at first; but I have changed my mind. I regard your father as one of the best and noblest of men; and, were he ever so nearly related to me, I could not love him more; and I care not who hears me say so.'

'I am glad to hear you say that,' David replied. 'I always told you what a splendid man he is; and you recognise it at last.'

'I recognised it from the very first,' Vera replied, determined to make her confession full and absolute. 'I recognised it at once; but my foolish pride would not permit me to own it. And my feelings were the same towards you.'

But David refused to be quite pacified. Latterly, he had schooled himself to think nothing further of Vera save in a brotherly way. By this time they were passing through the woods trending down to Deepdene: the flaming torch of autumn blazed on the leaves, casting a red glow on Vera's cheeks. But the scarlet flush there was not all forged by the gleam of nature's turnace.

'That is kind of you,' David said, a little bitterly. 'But you are a thing apart from me. I am not mate for the caste of Vere de Vere.'

Vera made no reply. David cast no look at her as they entered the hall at Deepdene together. He knew why she was there, but he made no effort to accompany her when she turned towards the staircase. He stood before the burning logs on the hearth, his feet upon the hammered iron rail. It seemed to Vera that her pride had gone out and entered his soul.

She hesitated for a moment. A strange timidity had taken possession of her. She pronounced David's name softly, the first time she had ever done so, and he turned swiftly to her, his face alluring, expectant. The purple and amber light flashing from the storied device in the lancet window fell full upon her. There was supplication in her eyes, a warm look of invitation far more eloquent than any words could be. 'David,' she whispered again, 'come along with me; I want you.'

There was no occasion for her to repeat the command; he was by her side directly. He saw that the hand resting on the rail was trembling. Without a word spoken on either side, they passed into the gallery and along the dimly lighted place till they reached the casket of Del Rosa. Vera opened the lid and fell on her knees before it. 'Help me,' she said, 'since you know what I require.'

Presently Vera had the fateful papers in her hand. She clapped them close until David had replaced the parchments; then she broke the string that bound them and dropped them in a fluttering heap on the hearth of the wide capacious grate. As if it were some solemn ordinance, David struck a match and applied it to the yellow pile. Gravely and quietly the twain watched until the sobbing points of flame died down sullenly, and nothing but a pinch of gray feathery ashes remained.

'It is gone, forgotten,' David murmured. 'Let it not be mentioned again.'

'But it must be,' Vera said with glowing eyes. 'David, do you know that I am glad I found those letters? Is not that a strange thing to say?'

'Well, rather,' David confessed. 'I should like to know your reason.'

Vera's face was turned upwards; her eyes were glowing with a luminous light. 'Because they killed my pride,' she murmured. 'They showed me how poor and mean I was; how noble and high-minded you. Forgive me, David; you would not have me say any more!' She held out her white hands to him, her face full of supplication.

David took the fluttering fingers in his own and held them firmly. 'There can be no half-measures between us,' he said almost sternly. 'I must have all or nothing. Vera, do you mean that you are mistaken that you can care enough for me to be my wife?'

'Yes; I ask no greater honour; I covet no dearer happiness. The eyes were clear and steadfast, the eyes full and true.

Very tenderly David took her in his arms and kissed her quivering lips.

Then, with a sudden impulse, Vera burst from him, and, crossing to the organ, played a wild 'Gloria in excelsis,' full of rich triumphant chords. 'It is the "Te Deum" for a soul that is free,' she explained reverently. 'The shadow of the past is uplifted, the morning of content is here. David, I have solved the enigma of Del Ro's poetry. Read it aloud, please.'

'Thy was my ark of refuge here
I found the Eagle be home;
Thy was my home, and here within
Is trouble gone and over'

David quoted slowly. 'I think I can see your meaning, dear-!'

Vera laughed as she laid her head upon her lover's shoulder. 'Yes, this is my home in very sooth,' she said; 'and there, better, I discovered that which caused my trouble to be "gone and over." And now, let us tell your father.'

They passed down the stairs hand clasped in hand; the light, filtered through the device of De Ros, fell upon Vera's face and made it glorious.

NORWEGIAN FOLKLORE.

The stern grandeur of nature in Norway, the monotony of the long dark winters, and the wonderful fertility of the bright summers, have all manifestly contributed to the mythology of the Norsemen. Recent scientific investigations have proved that the Old Norse myths recorded in the elder Edda bear traces of the Christian religion and the Roman mythology transplanted on Northern ground and in a wholly national form. But the Norsemen also drew their ideas of their divinities and their different functions from the world around them; and the wild and beautiful nature-picture in which they dwelt presented a happy hunting-ground for their imagination. On the introduction of Christianity, the old deities disappeared as objects of

worship; but their memory is still a living one on the lips of the people. Our rich folklore shows distinct traces both of the influence of the physical world and the remains of heathen myths. The treasures of poetry living in song and story were well nigh unknown till 'A. Bjørnsen and Moe' in the middle of this century began collecting tales and legends, and thus made the whole nation acquainted with a side of its own individuality hitherto ignored.

The popular imagination peopled nature with supernatural beings with habits and occupations akin to the inhabitants themselves. In the valleys of the interior of Norway, away among the deep woods and rich pastures, the 'huldre' reigns supreme. Those who see her are generally shepherd boys or milkmaids, who tend their flock and herds on the 'sæter' in summer. To them the huldre appears as a tall and lovely woman with golden hair, driving a large herd of well fed kine before her. But her beauty is but skin deep, for in reality she is ugly and disgusting, and her garments cannot hide the emblem of her origin, the cow's tail. So great is the fascination she wields, that those who come under her influence forget everything for love of her. Often when the peasant is cutting trees in the wood, he sees a fair girl sitting on the grass with her knitting, or he meets her driving her cattle. If he follows her, he will be taken into the mountain, and for ever say farewell to the society of men. The only way to save such is to set all church bells chiming, and then the elves must let their victim go. But even when rescued from the enchantment, he who has been in the mountain never loses the impress which his life with the huldre has made upon him; he grows visionary, and never goes anywhere without seeing elves. There is, however, one way of seeing the huldre without harm, and that is if one can only get hold of the cap of invisibility, a most accommodating article of dress. Having this on, one is safe, and can without danger brave everything.

In one of his stories about the huldre, A. Bjørnsen tells the following legend: On a sæter somewhere in Hadeland, it was impossible to tend the cattle, as they got so frightened by strange noises during the night. At last a maid came who was going to be married in the autumn, and whose betrothal feast had already been celebrated. As soon as she appeared, everything became quiet, and there was no difficulty in managing the cattle. She stayed on the sæter, her faithful watchdog her only companion. As she was sitting in the kitchen one Saturday afternoon, a great many women came in bringing with them her wedding dress and all kinds of ornaments, and began to dress her. She thought this very strange, but felt unable to resist them in any way. The dog, however, feeling uneasy, ran off to the farm where her betrothed lived. Suspecting some

thing wrong, he took down his gun and set off for the seters as fast as his legs would carry him. Arrived there, he saw a great many carts standing in the courtyard, and instantly thought of the elves. Being a prudent lad, he first looked through the window, and there caught a glimpse of his bride in her wedding dress, with the bridal crown on her head. She was quite ready, and only wanted a ring on her little finger to give her up to the elves. The lad loaded his gun with a silver bullet, the only telling missile against these folk, and fired into the room. In an instant the door opened, and one ball of gray worsted after another came rolling out; and all the food which the huldre people had brought with them had turned into nothing but mud and toaststools. The lovers of course were married at once, to prevent the elves getting any power over the bride, and the crown is still to be seen at the farm.

As the huldre is met with among the mountains, so the 'nisse' is busy in the stables, and keeps to the house as a domestic spirit. He appears as a little old man with a long gray beard, dressed in gray, and with a red pointed cap on his head. If treated kindly, he is good-natured, and lends a helping hand to the horses which he feeds are always glossy and well kept, and everything thrives under his care. But if he is taken no notice of, he takes his revenge in doing all sorts of mischief, and makes it thoroughly hot for the poor inmates of the house.

As life in Nordland is harder and more exposed to danger than in the southern parts of the country, so the folklore assumes a darker and wilder hue. In the autumn storms, when the fisherman is sailing for dear life through the stormy seas, the shrieks of 'drangen' make his blood curdle, for a look from the drang means death. This evil spirit, so feared by the seafaring part of the nation, appears as an old gray-haired man racing through the waves with the horror-stricken fisherman. Sometimes his hands only are visible, clinging to the thwart, but this is as ominous as seeing him in his large boat.

But not only are there lofty mountains, washed by a wild and stormy sea here in the North, for at the heads of the fjords the birches spread out their green and feathery boughs, and the wild strawberries scent the air. The thought of this delicate beauty has created the tale of a lovely fairyland, floating like an island on the waves. The favoured inhabitants of this island of bliss are fishermen like the less favoured mortals, but the sun there shines on richer meadows and yellower cornfields than elsewhere. Happy the man who, sailing in his boat one day, sees Udrof. There is a story of a poor man called Isac who was out fishing in stormy weather, and who, at last, coming to a beautiful island, went ashore. There were waving barley-fields and soft pasture, and on the coast was a small house, on whose roof a goat with gilt horns was browsing. A little man clad in blue was sitting on a stone in front peacefully smoking his pipe. He asked

Isac where he was going, and would have invited him to enter, but that he did not know what to do on the return of his three sons, as they could not stand the smell of Christian blood. Though rather scared at this, Isac entered the house, where he was treated to a meal the like of which he had never before tasted. Soon afterwards a great noise warned them of the approach of the three sons. Their father had great difficulty in pacifying them; but they ended in getting so friendly with Isac, that they went out fishing together the next day. The first day Isac caught nothing, as he used his own fishing-tackle; but on the two following days, when he borrowed the fishing-net of the old man, his boat was quite filled with the largest cod fish he had ever seen. He reluctantly took leave of the inhabitants of Udrof; and when, next spring, he was to go to Bergen, a large boat, the gift of the elves, lay ready for him. Ever after he thrived well, succeeded in everything, and became a rich man. Though he never saw the elves, yet every Christmas Eve the light shone out from his boathouse down on the sea shore, and the sound of their dancing and music from within was heard.

The clergy have from olden times been considered as peculiarly adapted to dealing with evil spirits. By the aid of the mysterious 'black-book,' they know how to conjure up the evil powers and deprive them of their assumed forms. The Evil One 'Old Erik' plays a prominent part in these encounters with the clergy. He is represented as an ordinary peasant with nothing specially diabolical about him. The only suspicious thing to a close observer is the fact, and here he bears some resemblance to his Scotch kinsman, that his left leg is furnished with a horse's hoof, and that his nails are extraordinarily developed. Old Erik delights in playing all sorts of tricks on people; he plays at cards with the peasants, cheating them disgracefully; places himself in the middle of the road, frightening the horses out of their wits, and does many other things more serious.

The Norwegian peasant has in times past been skilled in music and in the making of his favourite instrument, the violin. But the musician has not learned the sad sweet airs and wild weird dances from a human teacher. Sitting by the banks of a 'fos,' he has been listening to the music of its denizen the 'fossegrim.' He who wishes to profit by the teaching of the fossegrim must go to the river and throw in a large leg of mutton, and then the fossegrim will appear to him in the midst of the 'fos' playing on his violin. His strains are enchanting; at one moment so sad and touching as to make one weep; then, again, merry like a whirling dance, or expressive of wild passionate feeling. Whether the pupil will become a good musician or not depends upon the size of his gift; and if the leg of mutton is a very large one, he will be a true artist.

The belief in these supernatural beings who made hill and dale, fjeld and fjord, alive with their presence, is now fast disappearing, though much of the old superstition still remains, especially in Nordland and in the valleys of Inner Norway. But though the belief in the folklore may pass away, the legends themselves will continue to live in the memory of the people.

for many a long day, and will always form a rich source wherefrom to draw information about the past intellectual life of Norwegian people and their ways of thinking.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE patent for the justly celebrated Bell telephone expired on the 30th day of January last, and it is now open to any one to make these instruments either for sale or for individual use. But it must be understood that this only applies to the hand-receiver, patents governing other parts of the apparatus being still in operation. With a couple of simple receivers, however, it is possible to carry on a conversation over a distance of some eight or ten miles without a battery, the only condition being that a metallic circuit exist between the two correspondents. The wonderful simplicity of Bell's telephone, comprising only, as it does, a bar magnet, a coil of wire, and an iron diaphragm, marks it as one of the most wonderful inventions of a prolific century. We have now become so accustomed to the transmission of actual speech over vast distances, that we hardly realize what a scientific triumph this telephone represents.

Discussion on the new Scottish Fishery Bill has directed attention to the possible cultivation of the mussel as a rival to the expensive oyster. The first-named mollusc has, we fancy, somewhat fallen into disrepute in this country from assertions as to poisonous properties, which have undoubtedly led in more than one reported instance to fatal results. But for many years in France the mussel has been cultivated in such a fashion that disasters of this kind are unknown. The apparatus employed is known as 'buchots,' and comprises stout poles bound together with wattles, to the lower parts of which the spat attaches itself. As the mussels grow, they are removed to the upper wattles, so that at every tide they are bathed in fresh food-bearing water, and run no chance of contamination. It has been suggested that the mussel industry might be carried on profitably on the lower reaches of many of our larger rivers.

Dr William Moor, a physician of New York, has made the discovery that Potassic Permanganate, which is best known to the general public in the form of a disinfectant called 'Condy's Fluid,' is an antidote for morphine poisoning. In the presence of a number of medical men, he swallowed three grains of morphine, which is ordinarily a fatal dose; and he followed this by drinking a solution of four grains of permanganate in six many ounces of water. For five hours the physicians present carefully watched the subject of this bold experiment; but the morphine had no more effect upon him than if he had swallowed the same

quantity of table salt. Dr Moor asserts that the remedy is quite as efficacious with other preparations of opium, if the antidote be acidified with vinegar before administration.

Two miles from Shepton Mallet, in Somersetshire, at a place called Ashwick Court, there is a well which for a long time has yielded water slightly tainted at times with petroleum. In July 1892 a considerable flow of the oil took place during a very dry season, and this has at intervals been repeated, in smaller quantities. Signs of the presence of petroleum have also been detected in other wells of this district. This interesting matter is now being investigated by experts.

An official connected with the Georgia Southern and Florida Railway writes in favour of electric headlights for locomotives in place of the usual oil lamps, and states that the latter will not discover an obstacle on the rails at a greater distance than one hundred and fifty feet, and that it is next to impossible to pull up a train in that distance. The electric light, on the other hand, will illuminate the track for from one half to three-quarters of a mile. A good plea for the adoption of the electric light on the railway in question is afforded by the circumstance that cattle, especially in the rainy season, will stray on the line in the hope of finding a dry spot on which to sleep, and that the claims for slaughtered beasts brought against the company are constant and onerous. Sometimes, when the oil light was in use, as many as thirteen beasts have been killed on one occasion; but since the electric light has been employed, not a single animal has been run down. Therefore, it is surmised that the saving in the matter of stock claims will quite cover the increased cost of the new lights.

Identification by photography has for a long time been an important feature of our police system, and a 'wanted' man has often enough been tracked owing to the publication of his photograph. But this method of identification is not always quite as reliable as might be thought, for although nature does not often turn out duplicate faces, we know that resemblances between persons are occasionally met with. A case occurred lately which shows that the police must be careful to substantiate photographs by other proofs wherever possible. A man was charged with burglary, and pleaded guilty, but denied that he had been before convicted. The police thereupon produced a registered photograph and a description of the prisoner. The photograph certainly bore some resemblance to the suspected man, but the description told of tattoo marks which could not be found, whereupon the previous conviction had to be abandoned.

It is generally well known that an eggshell of the Great Auk is worth something like its weight in diamonds, and the price which was lately realised in a London auction mart for one of these curiosities kept up the tradition, for it fetched three hundred guineas. This particular egg had quite a respectable pedigree. Originally purchased in a curiosity shop in Paris by Yarrall for two francs, it remained in that writer's collection until his death, when

it was sold for twenty guineas. This was less than forty years ago, and it has remained until now in the purchaser's possession. There are only sixty-eight of these eggs which are known to collectors, hence the high price which a specimen commands.

Some months ago we were constrained to inquire why the phonograph, of which such great things were anticipated when it was first given to the world by Edison, had not come into actual commercial operation. Since then, we have been inundated with the clever contrivance, and there must be some thousands in use for exhibition purposes. In our own country the phonograph has not passed this stage. But in America, we understand, it is different, and phonographs there are being used by business men in place of an amanuensis. The plan adopted is either to speak to the instrument so as to make the record, and leave a clerk to subsequently translate the speech into written words; or to send the waxen cylinder by post to a correspondent, who will place it on another phonograph and listen to the words originally spoken. A cylinder will carry about the same number of words as one of the pages of *Chambers's Journal*, and if the communication is only of ephemeral interest, the impression can be shaved off, so as to present a fresh surface for use. This operation can be repeated about fifty times before the cylinder material is exhausted.

A collection of fans which Lady Schreiber has lately presented to the British Museum has a value which is not ordinarily attached to these articles of feminine adornment, for they bear pictures illustrative of the social life and historical events of the time in which they were painted. These fans will therefore form most useful authorities for settling many a question with regard to manners and customs of a period which is far too remote to embrace illustrated journalism, to which we, look in later years for information of the kind.

In a paper read before the London Camera Club, Mr Burchett, a well-known painter, who has for some time been doing good work as an amateur photographer, brought forward a method of using coloured glasses in conjunction with the lens which, according to specimen photographs exhibited by the author, is a distinct help in the better rendering of colour values. It is well known that an ordinary photograph will render blues much lighter than they should be, and that yellows and reds suffer in the opposite manner. This fault has been corrected by the introduction of chemically prepared plates, but Mr Burchett claims to do the same thing by far simpler means. He inserts between the component parts of a doublet lens two screens of glass, the one green, and the other yellow, and these so far modify the light which reaches the sensitive plate that a far more natural effect is obtained than under ordinary conditions. One notable feature of the landscapes shown was the perfect rendering of cloud effects. Lenses prepared according to Mr Burchett's method are being placed upon the market by Messrs Dallmeyer, the eminent opticians of London.

The story of Samson finding honey in the

carcase of the lion is perhaps the earliest reference to a superstition which is referred to by many writers, including Virgil, who in the 'Georgics' describes the whole process of producing artificially a swarm of bees from the dead body of an ox. An American writer, Mr G. H. Bryan, M.A., has done useful service in showing, in 'The University Correspondent,' how the idea originated. There is a remarkable likeness between certain flies of the order 'Diptera' (two-winged insects) and those of the order 'Hymenoptera,' to which bees belong. Of the former, the common drone fly is frequently seen about our houses in the autumn, and from its habit of visiting flowers in company with bees, it has been confounded with the honey-producer. The larvae of this fly are deposited in putrefying animal matter, generally in these days in ditches and sewers; but in times when sanitation was a secondary matter, and when the bodies of animals were left to rot where they fell, the drone fly did not neglect the opportunity afforded, and the swarms of perfect insects which subsequently emerged from the carcase gave rise to the natural misconception which has lasted for so many centuries.

In a Blue-book recently issued appears an account, by one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Mines, of the result of experiments with coal dust collected from several mining districts. The experiments were made in a mine shaft, not in a laboratory, and from them the following conclusions have been drawn: That a gunpowder blast in the presence of dry coal-dust always ignites such dust, and so increases the burning and charring effects of the shot. That a large flame, such as that produced by a gunpowder charge, or by the ignition of a small quantity of fire damp, will cause a dusty atmosphere to explode with great violence; that the explosion will continue throughout the length of that atmosphere, and will gather strength as it proceeds. That coal-dust from certain seams in different districts (named) are almost as sensitive to explosion as gunpowder itself. That, as a rule, the dust is more sensitive to explosion the higher its quality. That a ready supply of oxygen, such as is supplied by a brisk ventilation, makes explosions more probable and more severe; and that certain high explosives are incapable of igniting or exploding coal-dust. In view of these facts, it is recommended that gunpowder be abolished altogether from coal mines, and that high explosives be substituted for it.

In an address on 'The Floor of the Ocean at Great Depths,' which was recently given before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Dr John Murray alluded to a curious observation which was recorded among his researches connected with the *Challenger* Expedition. Certain species of animals, exclusive of Protozoa, were found both in the antarctic and arctic seas, but were missing in the intervening waters. Were they to jump to the conclusion that the same conditions produced the same species of animals from different origins, the Development school would not agree with them: but, if a common origin was to be ascribed to these widely separated forms, where did they get it?

The theory he suggested was this: That the whole ocean at one time was warm, perhaps seventy or eighty degrees, and that then there was a universal fauna. These arctic and antarctic animals might be the relics of that fauna which had been able to accommodate themselves to the gradual cooling at the Poles, while others, unable to do so, were now found in the coral reef and tropical regions.

A public meeting was recently held at Shrewsbury to take into consideration the desirability of erecting a memorial to Charles Darwin, who was a native of that town.

The utilisation of waste products is a subject of paramount interest to every community, and so much has been done in recent years in this direction, that the word 'waste' as applied to manufactures has almost ceased to have any meaning. It is now recognised that the destruction of town refuse by fire is an important aid to efficient sanitation; but even here the heat raised in the process is no longer to be allowed to run to waste. Professor Henry Robinson, in conjunction with the engineer of St Pancras vestry, London, is now carrying out a plan for a combined Destructor and Electric-lighting Station—that is to say, the heat from the combustion of house-refuse will raise steam for producing the electric current. It will be remembered that the vestry named have long ago taken the business of electric lighting into their own hands, and it has proved a great success. Detailed particulars of the entire scheme are furnished in the Report of a paper by Professor Robinson, which is published in the 'Society of Arts Journal' under the title 'The St Pancras Electric lighting Installation'.

In the recent annual Report of the Brooklyn Electrical Subway Commission, it is stated that there have been many discoveries of gas and water pipes which have become corroded through the action of ground-currents. The lead-covering of telephone cables in the subways is also deteriorating from the same cause, and complaints of such injuries from many districts are becoming common. The Peoria Water Company (Illinois) have formally notified the city authorities that their mains are being so injured by the ground current from the street railways, that unless steps are taken to remove this source of injury to their property, they will refuse to make further extensions of mains, or to be responsible for the good condition of those at present in use.

For a long time a great battle has been in progress between the makers of guns and projectiles on the one hand and the forgers of armour-plates on the other: first one side scores a success, and presently victory is given to the other. Projectiles have recently been made of such tough material that after impact against a steel target they show no sign of change. The armour-plates made of toughened or Harveyised steel also seem to bear without injury any blows directed against them. But a difficulty is found in fastening these plates to the sides of the vessels for which they are destined. With ordinary plates, there is no difficulty in cutting and boring the necessary holes to receive the bolts; but these hardened plates offer resistance to the tools, which cannot

be overcome unless the metal is first softened. The difficulty will no doubt be surmounted, but at present it is exercising the minds of naval experts.

THE MINISTER'S WOOING.

It was evening in the manse. Eneas Cameron, elder and session-clerk, had just left. The minister sat like one dazed, his head bowed in his hands, the unfinished sermon by his elbow; for he felt 'sair hadden down.' Come of poor though decent father folk, and brought up to a life for which he was totally unsuited, he became known as 'Fekless Sandy,' until an aunt died and left him her savings on condition that he entered the ministry. So, at an age when other men were settled in manse and had taken unto themselves wives, Alexander McColl set out for Glasgow and the university there. A tall, lanky figure, in ill-fitting homespun, walking to and from the college always alone; for he made no friends amongst the students, partly because he was so much older than they, and partly from shyness, which amounted almost to a physical infirmity.

That was long ago—before his appointment to the little West Highland parish, nestling amongst hills and glen, and inhabited by simple folk, who loved and respected him.

But somehow, gradually there arose a feeling that the minister had neglected his duty. It was only amongst a handful of tradesmen and farmers, and amounted to this that the minister should have taken a wife before now. Almost all of them had sisters and daughters, only too willing to occupy the position. For twelve years he had been with them, and they didn't pretend to find fault with his mode of living. It was meet and right that a minister should not be taken up with women, and should keep them at a distance; and it was known he never spoke to one unless it was absolutely necessary; then he addressed his remarks to the ceiling or the floor. Still, he owed it to the parish to marry, and more especially now that he had been unfortunate in the way of house-keepers. He had tried all kinds—young, old, and middle-aged, each turned out worse than the other, till the climax arrived. His last invitation—a total abstainer and gray-haired—opened the door to the chief elder with a lurch like a seaman's, and cap coquettishly poised over one ear. That clinched the matter. A meeting was held, and it was decided the only way out of the difficulty was to get the minister to marry; and the woman was fixed on—Belle Lauder, the schoolmaster's sister, a fine strapping lass with plenty of common-sense, and not too young. To Eneas Cameron, a man of experience, he having had three wives, was deputed the task of arranging it with the minister.

But the minister was obdurate—said he would prefer to starve on a crust than be driven into matrimony with any woman. Not that he found fault with Miss Belle; she was better than most, being given to minding her own business; but bad's the best, as he knew from his experience of Glasgow landladies and

serving-maids. They might depose or suspend him, and report him to the Presbytery for having a disorderly house—that was his misfortune, not his fault; and he would resign his parish, himself never!

Æneas feared his mission was hopeless; but ere he departed, played his trump card. 'Weel, minister,' he said dryly, with his hand on the door, 'you may tell all that to the lassie; it's no' me that will do it; and she having signified her willingness.'

Truth to say, Belle was entirely ignorant of the plot for her settlement.

'Heaven help me,' thought the wretched man, 'hedge'd in on every hand.—And she seem'd willing! And will be waiting for me to propose.'

Women felt these things keenly. He had heard; perhaps she would feel jilted. To and fro he passed all night, up and down his small room, till the candle flared and spluttered in its socket, and then died out. The dawn broke rosy and beautiful over the hills, but still no peace for him. Then the years seemed to roll back, and he saw himself a schoolboy again, entering by the cottage door, a strappul of ragged books in his hand. Inside, his mother stood by her tub, one foot on the rocker of his little sister's cradle, and crooning to herself the words of an old ballad

For the broken heart it kens
Nae second spring.

Were the words not famous? Had he not heard that Belle once had a romance which ended in sorrow. A medical student passed with honours, and all the world seemed before him; but a cold caught in the dissecting room settled on his lungs, and the poor overworked frame had no fight left in it, and gave up at once to the unequal strife.

Yes; he would go to her that afternoon when school was dismissed. She would refuse him, only she was too proud to enter into it with the elder. And never would mortal man take his refusal so gratefully as he. Locked away in his desk was a little book, often read by him surreptitiously, for was he not a Presbyterian minister? It had been left behind in the old Glasgow days by a Roman Catholic artisan who lodged with him. He took it up now, and read: 'The sting of suffering is extracted when we cease to fight against it.' 'If thou carry thy cross willingly, it will carry thee . . . where there will be an end of suffering.'—'If thou fling away one cross, without doubt thou wilt find another, and perhaps a heavier one.'

Yes, Belle was his cross. Anyway, he would go to her, and not flee from her.

The shadows were lengthening over the common when the minister wended his way to the schoolhouse. By the parlour fire sat Belle, mending an old coat of her brother's for some poor man; the firelight flickered over her face and chased away the wrinkles—she looked almost pretty. At the minister's knock, she jumped up, and apologised for her brother's absence, never taking the visit to herself.

'Plague take the weman! Maiden modesty

was well enough 'twixt boys and girls; but couldn't she give a man a lead?'

'My housekeeper,' he began, 'has proved no better than her predecessors—if possible, worse—although this one was chosen on account of her gray hairs. It is a striking illustration of the depravity of human nature from the cradle to the grave—in females,' he added.

Without defending the stigma on her sex, she quietly offered her assistance in choosing a 'new girl,' as that was evidently what had brought the man. She appreciated the compliment of coming to her instead of to the married women.

Nobly he took the plunge. 'Miss Belle,' he said, 'I'm not a ladies' man, and the manse is but a humble home, though good enough for an old bachelor like me. There came back to me the lines of an old song my mother used to sing:

The broken heart it kens
Nae second spring.

Do you hold with that, Miss Belle?'

Was it the minister who spoke? The man who shunned women? Was the slur of old-maidenhood to be removed for ever? The homely face was illumined as she looked shyly up, with glistening eyes and glowing cheeks: 'Not a second spring, perhaps; but a sort of Indian summer, valued all the more because of coming after cold and gloom and fading hopes.'

He was not, as he said, 'a ladies' man'; but he understood. And if his sacrifice was great, great also was his reward; for with the advent of Belle to the manse, so closed his domestic worries.

A VOICE OF BYGONE DAYS.

COULD I but hear the voice once more
That thrilled my heart in days of yore,
Its sweet, pathetic, tender power
Would soothe my spirit's darkest hour.

Before those notes of joy or pain,
The warbling bird would cease its strain;
And hooting lightly on the wire,
Ecstasied, hear its rival sing.

Oh, wondrous power, sweet gift divine!
For which my wearied soul doth pine;
Oh, may I hear its sounds on high,
'Mid angels' voices in the sky.

HELEN WILKIE.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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AMBER

PRESUMING for a moment that our readers are forgetful of their geography, we invite them to open any ordinary good atlas and turn to a map of the Baltic Sea. If they will now run their eyes down the northern coast of Germany along the shores of the Baltic from west to east, they will observe the name Memel very close to the Russian border. Memel is the most northern town within the dominion of the German Kaiser. The name of the place will doubtless call up the recollection of the vast quantities of timber that are annually exported from that northern town. Ships of every nationality represented on the high seas carry it thence to the four corners of the earth. The timber now so much in demand is pine, and comes from the forests of Lithuania. It forms a timber which seems to be specially adapted for the builder, and at the present day is known in the trade as 'Baltic.' If our readers will again run their eyes southerly and westerly along the northern coast, they will see a lagoon or lake like expanse of water figured upon the map. This lagoon, four hundred and seventy miles long, is called the Kurische Haff, and is separated from the sea by a *Nehrung*, or tongue of sand. It opens into the Baltic Sea at one end of the lagoon by a narrow channel called the Memel Deep, which is only about three hundred feet wide. The word Haff means 'a bay,' and the whole term, the Kurische Haff, means 'the bay of the Cures,' who were an ancient people dwelling on the banks of that lagoon.

Proceeding still farther in the same direction, the Frische Haff or Fresh-water Bay will be observed upon the map, which in a like manner is separated from the sea by another *Nehrung*, and communicates with it in like manner by a narrow channel. Between these two lakes the reader will next observe a sort of peninsula called Samland, having Königsberg as its capital; and at the ultimate point of the peninsula of

Samland stands the well-known lighthouse of the Bruster Ort. From the most western point of the Frische Haff to Danzig the shore curves gently towards the north, forming the Gulf of Danzig. The coast-line of the two bays from Danzig to Memel has much the appearance of the figure 3, having the Bruster Ort as the central point.

The country along this northern coast is about the most dreary in the world. Long barren tracts of blowing sand, and sandhills ever changing, stretch in all directions. Not a tree, not a blade of grass, greets the eye for miles on miles. Everywhere is blowing sand, whose monotony is relieved only by driftwood. Here and there, at long intervals, as you pass onwards from the coast, a spot will be discovered where vegetation may be admissible. But the exception proves the rule. The reign of desolation is here terribly complete. And yet, in this rude, inhospitable place you may find little villages, and village maidens, too, with a strong trace of the mermaid in their nature. 'Can any good thing come out of this truly desolate region. And yet for years this very spot has been called the California of East Germany. The riches of the place do not consist of gold, but of that peculiar mineralised resin called Amber. If we take our stand beside the solitary lighthouse of Bruster Ort, and look east and west along the bays referred to, we shall see the place from which, for centuries, the great supply of amber has been drawn. Although other places and countries have furnished small supplies, no other has yielded a quantity in anywise comparable to Samland.

There is no doubt that this valuable and beautiful substance is the gum of an extinct pine-tree. It must have exuded from the trees while they were still alive and flourishing. The probability is that where the great waves now roll in from the north east of Samland, immense forests of these trees once stood and

waved their fragrant branches. The trees have long since disappeared. Every trace of root and branch and bark and leaf and flower has perished. The beautiful gum only has been preserved, indurated or mineralised by long immersion in the waters.

Amber was long known and highly prized by all nations of the world. The Greeks called it *elektron*, and prized it for the making of ornaments, three thousand years ago. Its singular property of attracting and repelling light objects when gently rubbed has stereotyped the name into that great force, electricity, which bids fair to revolutionise the world. The Turks especially regard it, and manufacture from it pipe stems of marvellous beauty and construction. The bulk of the larger pieces finds its way to Constantinople, North Africa, and the Levant. The smaller portions go to Central Italy, Central Africa, and even to the South Sea Islands. In the latter places, the pieces of amber are generally carved into ornaments for the ladies of those lands. The belles of Timbuctoo, they say, are particularly fond of amber ornaments, the clear colour of the mineral probably contrasting agreeably with their swarthy complexions.

In appearance, amber is hard and resinous. It gives off a resinous odour when rubbed, and burns freely when ignited. Not unfrequently some 'flies of other days' are found embalmed within its lustrous substance. Sometimes a broken leg or dragged-off wing is found in close proximity to the entombed fly, telling a tale some thousands of years old, of the insect's struggle for existence, when the bright mass was viscous. And the flies are just the same as those we see around us here to-day.

For years the obtaining of amber has been jealously guarded by the German Government. Licenses were granted to certain persons to gather amber on the shores. All others, for interfering, were rigorously punished with the merest show of a trial. A Government officer watched the harvest operations, and sold the proceeds by public auction, allowing the men who collected it a certain percentage on the sale. Capital punishment followed any attempt at percolation. A gallows was erected on the shore, as a warning against theft. Since the beginning of the present century, however, the laws have been much modified. The more valuable portions of the coast are now farmed out to contractors, who pay an annual rent to Government for the right to gather all they can.

The method pursued for collecting amber has been threefold—digging in the sand, wading in water to the neck, and diving in deep water in a diving dress. The first method has been abandoned long ago, the result not having been deemed sufficiently lucrative. The modes now adopted are those of diving and wading.

The amber harvest reminds one slightly of the pilchard harvest on the coast of Cornwall. Scouts are placed along the coast to watch for broken weather. When the wind blows in from the sea, it does so often with terrific violence, the boulders are loosened and rolled and tumbled at the bottom. Then great

quantities of sea-wrack are washed in upon the beach. This is the harvest of the waders. Then the men wade out into the water, and clutch and grasp with hooks and hands and nets the drifting seaweed, freighted with its precious burden. Deftly hidden in the roots and branches of the seaweed, lumps of amber may be discovered. The wrack grasped by the men is transferred carefully to the women, who stand in the water as near to them as possible. After a careful search among the tangle and the removal of all amber, the seaweed is cast away. It is a strange precarious livelihood, and a hard life for the poor people, living on a remote and desolate land. Yet they seem happy and contented, and increase and multiply as in other regions of the earth.

The divers wear a similar, and yet differently constructed 'dress' from that which we are accustomed to see about our shores. The helmet is not set square upon the shoulders, but rolls more forward, in order that the diver, who goes crawling about the bottom of the water, may more easily see the pieces of amber in his path. He has to search among a close crop of massive stones and seaweed. The reef not prized for 'fishing' by diving is that a little to the north-east of Sandland Promontory, over which the Bruster Ork sheds its warning light. Here boats are stationed, from which divers descend. As the men below become exhausted, they are hauled up by their companions. The inspector removes the amber secured from the kind of pocket encircling the diver's waist. Then, after a short spell for breathing purposes, the man goes down again. The work is hard, and the temperature of sea and air is often very low; and yet these hardy men in Sandland go on from year to year upon their perilous undertaking, suffering very few accidents, considering the dangers they must brave.

The finds are very variable. The largest piece of amber yet found is now in the Royal Museum, Berlin. It weighs eighteen pounds. The usual finds, however, range from the size of a man's head to little pieces almost like the sand. The large pieces are more valuable, and consequently rare. Loose pieces, probably, that have been rubbed together by the action of the sea, supply the smaller class. The larger pieces are those which have been found jammed in boulders or in tangles. The 'fishers' will remain down for from four to five hours a day, according to the season or the weather. In autumn, although the cold is intense, so hard is the work, that they often come to the top, for their spell, bathed in perspiration. In winter, the seas are blocked with ice, and all operations are suspended.

The annual take of amber is also various. It is hard to make an estimate, as full reports are not always given. The State still exercises a supervision; but that supervision is not carried out with rigour, so far as the Sandland villages and villagers are concerned. Some of the great firms of Königsberg and Memel no doubt declare their output, and their profits may be guessed at. But between these firms and the casual gatherer, dredger, digger, finder, fisher, and wader, there is a great gulf fixed, the depth of the profits whereof no man

knoweth. Traders follow to the beach, and will buy a parcel from a man or woman even before the pieces which compose it have grown dry.

AT MARKET VALUE.

By GRACE ALLEN.

Author of *This Mortal Coil*, *Dead End*, *The Clockwork*, &c.

CHAPTER XV. - IN A CATHEDRAL CITY.

WEEKS passed before Kathleen Hessegrave recovered from the shock of that terrible disappointment. It shattered her nerves for the moment; it left her heart-broken. It was not so much the blow to her love, though that was bad enough—Kathleen was strong of soul, and could bear up against a mere love trouble; it was the sense of being so completely and unjustly misunderstood; it was the feeling that the man she had loved best in the world had gone away from her entirely unconvinced and misreading her character. At the risk of seeming unwomanly, Kathleen would have followed him to the world's end, if she could, not so much for love's sake as to clear up that unendurable slight to her integrity. That any man, and above all Arnold Willoughby, should find her capable of planning a vile and deliberate plot to make herself a Countess, while pretending to be animated by the most disinterested motives, was a misfortune under which, as a girl as Kathleen could not sit down quietly. It loaded her to action.

But as time went on, it became every day clearer and clearer to her that Arnold Willoughby had once more disappointed into space, just as Lord Annameter had disappeared after the Blanche Middleton incident. It was utterly impossible for her even to begin trying to find him. Week after week she waited in misery and despair, growing every day more restless under such enforced inactivity, and eating her heart out with the sense of injustice. Not that she blamed Arnold Willoughby; she understood him too well and sympathised with him too deeply not to forgive him all; for *tout savoir, c'est tout pardonner*. He could hardly have drawn any other inference from Mrs Hessegrave's plain words than the inference he actually drew; and Kathleen admitted to herself that if she had really been what Arnold supposed her, she would have more than deserved the treatment he had accorded her. It was just that, indeed, that made the sting of the situation. She would have despised herself for being what she knew Arnold Willoughby couldn't possibly help thinking her.

Before long, however, many other things supervened to take Kathleen's mind for the present off Arnold Willoughby. Spring had set in over sea in England 'with its usual severity'; and Mrs Hessegrave felt it was time to return from the balmy May of Italy to the chilly and gusty month which usurps the same name in our northern climates. So they struck their tents northward. As soon as they returned, there were the exhibitions to see about, and the sale of Kathleen's pictures and

sketches to arrange for, and the annual trouble of Mr Reginald's finances with their normal deficit. Mr Reginald, indeed, had been 'going it' that year with more than his accustomed vigour. He had been seeing a good deal through the winter of his friend Miss Florrie; and though Miss Florrie for her part had not the slightest intention of 'chucking up her chances' by marrying Mr Reginald, she 'rather liked the boy' in a mild uncommercial fashion, and permitted him to present her with sundry small testimonials of his ardent affection in the shape of gloves and bouquets, the final honour of payment for which fell necessarily of course on poor Kathleen's shoulders. For Miss Florrie was a young lady not wholly devoid of sentiment; she felt that to carry on a mild flirtation with Mr Reginald, whom she never meant to marry, as an affair of the heart, was a sort of sacrilegious homage to the higher emotions an apologetic recognition of those tender feelings which she considered it her duty for the most part sternly to stifle. The consequence was that while she never for a moment allowed Mr Reginald to suppose her liking for him was anything more than purely Platonic, she by no means discouraged his budding affections floral offerings, or refused to receive these dainty buds six-and-a-halfs in best Parisian kid which Reggie laid upon the table as an appropriate holocaust.

So, when poor Kathleen returned to London, distracted, and burning to discover Arnold Willoughby's whereabouts, the very first thing to which she was compelled to turn her attention was the perennial and ever-deepening entanglement of Master Reggie's budget. As usual in such cases, however, Reggie was wholly unable to account arithmetically for the disappearance of such large sums of money; he could but vaguely surmise with a fatuous smile that 'a jolly good lump of it' had gone in cab fares.

Kathleen glanced up at him reproachfully. 'But I *never* take a cab my self, Reggie,' she exclaimed with a sigh, 'except in the evening, or to pay a call at some house entirely off the bus routes. For ordinary day journeys, you know very well, I always take an omnibus.'

Reggie's lip curled profound contempt. 'My dear girl,' he replied with paternal superiority, 'I hope I shall never sink quite as low as an omnibus.' (He was blandly unaware that he had sunk already a great many stages lower.) 'No self-respecting person ever looks at an omnibus nowadays. It may have been usual in *your* time'—Kathleen was five or six years older than her brother, which at his age seems an eternity—'but nowadays I assure you nobody does it. A hansom's the only thing, though I confess I don't think any gentleman ought to rest content till he can make it a Victoria. My ideal is in time to set up a Victoria; but how can a fellow do that on a paltry two hundred?'

Poor Kathleen sighed. How, indeed! That was the worst of Reggie; he was so impractical and incorrigible. At the very moment when she was trying to impress upon him the enormity of owing money he couldn't possibly pay, and coming down upon her scanty earnings to make good the deficiency, he would burst in

upon her with this sort of talk about the impossibility of stewing in the pit of a theatre, and the absolute necessity for every gentleman to have a stall of his own, and a flower in his button-hole, even though it devolved upon other people to pay for them. To say the truth, they had no common point of contact. Kathleen's principle was that you had no right to contract debts if you had no means of paying them; Reggie's principle was that you must live at all hazards 'like a gentleman' even though you allowed a woman to pay with her own work for the cost of the proceedings.

As soon as Reggie's affairs had been set comparatively straight, and as many of his more pressing debts as he could be induced for the moment to acknowledge had been duly discharged by Kathleen's aid, the poor girl set to work in real earnest to discover, if possible, what had become of Arnold Willoughby. She didn't want to see him—not just at present, at least, till this misunderstanding was cleared up, if cleared up it could ever be by her bare assertion. But she did want to know where he was, to write and explain to him, to tell him how deeply and how completely he had misjudged her. It was all in vain, however. She had to eat her heart out with unfulfilled desire. Go where she would, she could hear nothing at all of him. She dived into the recesses of East End coffee-houses, sadly against her will placed where it seemed incredible to her that Arnold Willoughby should be found, and where, nevertheless, many sailors seemed to know him. 'Willoughby? ay, Willoughby; that's the chap that used to make me hand him over my screw, a' soon as it was paid, and send three parts of it home to my missus; and keep the rest for me, for buccy and such-like. Ay, he was a good sort, he was; but it's long—no! I saw him. Drowned, mayhap, or left the sea or summat.' That was all she could hear of Arnold in the seafaring quarter. It seemed quite natural to those hardy salts that a person of their acquaintance should disappear suddenly for a year or two from their ken, or even should drop out of existence altogether, without any one's missing him. 'It's like huntin' for a needle in a bottle of hay, Miss,' one old sailor observed with a friendly smile, 'to look for a seaman in the Port o' London. Mayhap, when the sealers come back to Dundee, you might get some news o' him; for Willoughby he were always one as had an eye on the scalin'.' With that slender hope Kathleen buoyed herself up for the present; but her poor heart sank as she thought that during all these weeks Arnold must be going on thinking worse and ever worse of her, letting the wound rankle deep' in that sensitive breast of his.

One element of brightness alone there was in her life for the moment: her art at least was being better and better appreciated. She sold her Academy picture for more than double what she had ever before received; and no wonder, for she painted it in the thrilling ecstasy of first maiden passion. If it hadn't been for this rise in her prices, indeed, she

didn't know how she could have met Mr Reginald's demands; and Mr Reginald himself, quick to observe where a fresh chance opened, immediately discounted Kathleen's betterment in market value by incurring several new debts with tailor and tobacconist on the strength of his sister's increased ability to pay them in future.

As soon as the London season was over, however, the Hessegraves received an invitation to go down to Norchester on a visit to the Valentines. Mrs Hessegrave was highly pleased with this invitation. 'Such a good place to be seen, you know, dear, the Valentines; and a Cathedral town too! The Bishop and canons are so likely to buy; and even if they don't, one feels one's associating with ladies and gentlemen.' Poor Kathleen shrank from it, indeed, for was it not Canon Valentine, who indirectly and unintentionally had brought about all her troubles by cautiously letting out the secret of Arnold Willoughby's personality? But she went, for all that; for it was her way to sacrifice her self. Many good women have learnt that lesson only too well, I fear, and would be all the better for an inkling of the opposite one, that self-development is a duty almost as real and as imperative as self-sacrifice.

So down to Norchester she went. She had no need now to caution Mrs Hessegrave against opening her mouth again about the Axminster episode; for the good lady, having once hopelessly compromised herself on that mysterious subject, was so terrified at the result that he dared not even breach it afresh to Kathleen. Since the day of Arnold Willoughby's disappearance, indeed, mother and daughter had held their peace to one another on the matter; and that very silence overawed Mrs Hessegrave, who knew from it how deeply Kathleen's heart had been wounded. As for the Canon, now Algy had obtained the peerage, it was more than ever his cue to avoid any allusion to the sailor he had so richly recognised at Venice. He was convinced in his own mind by this time that Bertie Radburn must have committed some crime, the consequences of which he was endeavouring to shirk by shuffling off his personality; and if that attempt rebounded to Algy's advantage, it was certainly very far from the Canon's wish to interfere in any way with the fugitive's anonymity. So he, too, held his peace without a hint or a word. He was willing to let the hasty exclamation wrung from him on the spur of the moment at Venice be forgotten, if possible, by all who heard it.

On their first day at Norchester, Kathleen went down with their host to the Cathedral. There's something very charming and sweet and grave about our English cathedrals, even after the gorgeous churches of Italy; and Kathleen admired immensely the beautiful green close, the old-world calm, the meditative view from the Canon's windows upon the Palace gardens. It was all so still, so demure, so peaceful, so English. 'As they walked round the building towards the great east window, the Canon was apologetic about his hasty flight from Venice. 'I went away suddenly, I know,' he said; 'but then, you must admit, Miss

Hesslegrave, it's a most insanitary town. Such smells! Such filth! It just reeks with typhoid.'

'Well, I allow the perfumes,' Kathleen answered, bristling up in defence of her beloved Venice; 'but as to the typhoid, I have my doubts. The sea seems to purify it. Do you know, Canon Valentine, I've spent five winters on end in Venice, and I've never had a personal friend ill with fever; while in England I've had dozens. It isn't always the places that look the dirtiest which turn out in the long run to be really most insanitary. And if it comes to that, what could possibly be worse than those slums we passed on our way out of the close, near the pointed archway, where you cross the river?'

The Canon burstled up in turn. This was really most annoying. As a matter of fact, those particular slums were the property of the Dean and Chapter of Norwich, and complaints had been going about in the local paper that they were no wholesaler than they ought to be, which made it, of course, all the more intolerable that they should attract the attention of a complete stranger. 'Not at all,' he answered testily. 'There are very good cottages; very good cottages indeed. I can see nothing wrong with them. You can't expect to house working-people in the Bishop's Palace, and to give them port wine and venison every day *ad libitum*. But as working-men's houses, they're very good houses; and I wouldn't mind living in one of them myself—if I were a working-man,' the Canon added in an after-thought, 'and had been brought up to the ways of them.'

Kathleen said no more, for she saw the Canon was annoyed; and she knew when to be silent. But that morning at lunch the Canon enlarged greatly upon the health and cleanliness of Norwich in general, and the Cathedral close and property in particular. It was wholesomeness itself; the last word of sanitation. Nobody ever got ill there; nobody ever died; and he had never even heard of a case of typhoid.

'Except old Grimes, dear,' Mrs Valentine interposed meekly.

The Canon crushed her with a glance. 'Old Grimes,' he said angrily, 'brought the seeds of it with him from a visit to Bath—which I don't consider at all so well sanitated as Norwich; and I told the Dean so at our diocesan synod. But not another case—not a case can I remember.—No, Amelia, it's no use; I know what you're going to say. Mrs Wheeler's fever came straight from London, which we all of us know is a perfect pest-hole; and as to poor old Canon Brooks, he contracted it in Italy.—The precursor! No, no! Goodness gracious, has it come to this, then! that not only do vile agitators print these things openly in penny papers for our servants to read, but even our own wives must go throwing dirt in the faces of the Cathedral Chapter! I tell you, Amelia, the town's as clean as a new pin; and the property of the close is a model of sanitation.'

That evening, however, by some strange mischance, the Canon himself complained of headache. Next morning, he was worse, and they

sent for the doctor. The doctor looked grave. 'I've been expecting this sooner or later,' he said, 'if something wasn't done about those slums by the river. I'm afraid, Mrs Valentine, it would be only false kindness to conceal the truth from you. The Canon shows undoubted symptoms of typhoid.'

It was quite true. He had caught it three weeks earlier on a visit of inspection to Close Wynd, the slum by the river, where he had duly pronounced the cottages on the Cathedral property 'perfectly fit for human habitation.' And now, out of his own mouth, had nature convicted him. For, in his eagerness to prove that all was for the best, in the best of all possible Cathedral towns, for the tenants of the Chapter, he had asked for and tossed off a glass of the lanted water to which the borough sanitary inspector was calling his attention. 'Perfectly pure and good,' he said in his testy way. 'Never tasted better water in my life, I assure you. What the people want to complain about nowadays fairly passes my comprehension. And he went his way rejoicing. But for twenty-one days—those insidious little microbes that he swallowed so carelessly lay maturing their colony in the Canon's doomed body. At the end of that time, they swarmed and developed themselves; and even the Canon himself knew in his own heart, unspoken, that it was the Close Wynd water that had given him typhoid fever. When he made his will, he did not forget it; and the lawyer who opened it eight days later found that in that hasty sheet, dictated upon his death-bed, the Canon had remembered to leave two hundred pounds for the improvement of the sanitary condition of the 'perfect' cottages which had proved his destruction.

One day later, Mrs Valentine succumbed. She, too, had drunk the poisonous water, 'for example's sake, Amelia,' her husband had said to her; and she, too, died after a short attack. It was a most virulent type of the disease, the doctor said; the type that comes of long sanitary neglect and wholesale pollution. But that was not all. These things seldom stop short with the original culprits. Mrs Hesslegrave was seized too, after nursing her two old friends through their fatal illness; and being weak and ill beforehand with regret and remorse for the part she had played in driving away the Earl whom Kathleen wanted to marry (for that was the way in which Mrs Hesslegrave thought of it to the very end), she sank rapidly under the strain, and died within a fortnight of the two Valentines. So Kathleen found herself practically alone in the world, and with Reginald on her hands, except so far as his 'paltry two hundred' would enable a gentleman of so much 'social pretensions' to keep himself in the barest necessities at the florist's and the glover's.

In the midst of her real grief for a mother she had loved and watched over tenderly, it did not strike Kathleen at the time that by these three deaths, following one another in such rapid succession, the only three other depositaries of Arnold Willoughby's secret had been removed at one blow, and that she herself remained now the sole person on earth who

could solve the Axminster mystery. But it occurred to her later on, when the right time came, and when she saw what must be done about Arnold Willoughby's future.

THE FALLS OF THE GLOMMEN.

By CHARLES EDWARDS.

NORWAY south of Christiania towards Gothenburg is not a sensational country. The mountains have sunk until they are merely hills of a trivial elevation. The characteristics of the valleys of the North, each pent in between its high barriers of snow-clad peaks, are wanting here. The country is not prettily broken, nothing more. If it were not for the pine-capped knolls, the charming outlook over the spacious, widening Christiania Fjord, and the very attractive appearance of the crimson-faced farmsteads in the hollows, the journey from Norway's capital to Sweden's second city would be almost dull.

For my part, however, on this January day I found plenty of entertainment in it. The weather was ideally wintry. The reluctant sun had declared itself at ten o'clock or thereabouts, and its radiance strove with the transparent mist over the salt sea. Overhead was the cheerful blue sky, a thought pallid, but still invigorating. The land was about a fathom deep in snow. The pine-trees and firs were weighted heavily with snow. From the rocky banks by which we sped, thick rindles hung in regiment, a weak blue or green in colour. The air was as crisp as fifteen to twenty degrees of frost could make it. And there was not a breath of wind. Such are the conditions under which a winter in Scandinavia is nothing less than charming.

We in our train were very snug. The thermometer marked a temperature of sixty, thanks, of course, to the heating apparatus. The warmth kept the windows clear, so that we had the further advantage of the bright panorama outside. Truth to tell, the train gave us full opportunity to appreciate the landscape. It was the express, but its pace seldom reached twenty miles an hour. At the larger villages it tarried long. The temptation to leave the train and join the Norse lads in their skating on the adjacent pools was hard to combat. This was especially so at the port and arsenal of Fredrikstad. We waited between two reaches of frozen salt water for half an hour. Ships were fast clipped in the ice. Gulls screamed to and fro between the motionless hulls; and little boys, with their hands deep in their pockets, swept about the ice much like the gulls in the air, shouting and singing and hailing us in the train. Fredrikstad, in short, was particularly alluring, and all the counter-attractions of our fellow-travellers were needed to keep us in the train.

These also were considerable. The Norse people appeal to persons of imagination as a rule. They are taciturn, and, like the average Anglo-Saxon, averse to unveiling their individualities to the first comer. We included a young woman with a face that an artist might

have memorialised as a 'Madonna of the North,' she was so placid in her beauty. Her blue eyes were like the wintry Scandinavian sky, clear and free from guile. When she turned them upon us, it was as if she had unlured her soul to us. She was, moreover, shapely and with a complexion of delicate peach-bloom; but that was the most remarkable thing about her. Next to her sat a youth, who was evidently her brother. Her traits, somewhat coarsened, were easily recognisable in him. And well they might have been coarsened, for the youth carried with him a quart bottle of cognac, from which he drank periodically. He once offered his beautiful sister the bottle. It was a sight to stab the soul. But, of course, she rejected the offer, and, moreover, with a sweet, slightly plaintive smile of reproach, as she measured the contents of the bottle with finger and thumb, that consoled the observer in a degree. The hardy Norseman is not an immaculate personage, though romancers have often made him seem so; and among his larger vices that of the love of strong drink must assuredly be included.

Our other companions comprised simple rustics, bashful young women, a student with a Latin grammar, two or three broad-chested adults who expectedated freely, and latterly a troop of the men of the 'Fjeldsarmeen.' Fjeldsarmeen being interpreted means 'Salvation Army.' If these last were types of the regulars in this religious force, their mere aspect might well have served to recommend General Booth's organisation to the dispassionate stranger. They were well built, cleanly, amiable, and with contentment written in every pore of their faces. One was sandy, and might have passed for a Highlander in any part of Scotland. He carried a violin, which he mercifully forbore to play. The others had hymn books and music sheets in their hands, as well as trumpets, flutes, and a drum. They were all in blue serge suits and wore round caps with red bands to them. Without exception they sat unobtrusively among us until they came to the little station whither they had been summoned. The civilian travellers looked at them calmly. They were accepted facts of life—that was evident. Once the Madonna-like young woman held the eyes of the sandy violinist for half a minute at a stretch; then she reverted to the window; nor was there the faintest indication in her face or his that either of them was embarrassed by or interested inordinately in the other.

A few miles more of sunlit snow and rocks fringed with icicles—here, straw-coloured rather than blue or green—and then we are in a more open country. The river Glommen—the Thames of Norse industry—appears, with square acres of ice on its broad, resplendent surface, and countless pine-trunks reposing in its water or on its banks. There is a sudden rush of animation upon our fellow-travellers. It is difficult even for such controlled temperaments as theirs not to burst bounds and exclaim 'Beautiful!' For beyond the river with its marks of industry, the sun has dyed the snow a faint violet hue. The contrast between this and the dark foliage of the pines is more than fascinating.

The train stops again, and the guard cries 'Sarpsborg.' In a moment all thought of this fair phantasmagoria has departed. We are now to see something of nature's handwork of a more thrilling kind. Certainly if the Northmen lack many of the gifts which the Great Mother bestows so bountifully upon Italy and the South in general, they are not left quite in the cold. This Schaffhausen of the North as the local fall of the Glommen has been called—is finer than anything of its kind in Italy. To be sure, Tivoli can charm, and even strike awe. But the falls of the Tevere at Tivoli know nothing of the majesty of such draping and stage-setting of ice and snow as Sarpsborg in winter offers us.

If it had been cold at starting from Christiania in the morning, here, some seventy miles to the south, the atmosphere was much more searching. We stepped from a temperature of sixty degrees to one of but five degrees. For the moment it took the breath away. It nipped to the fingers with extraordinary quickness; then it caught the toes. There was nothing left for it but to run through the snow toward the collection of ducky, wooden houses which compose the modern town—due, it may be said, largely to British capitalists interested in the timber trade. An hotel was near; thither we hastened. A young lady, trim and statue-like, answered our bows with another bow as triged as the Arctic Ocean. To our speech she pleaded ignorance. This was sad, as we flattered ourselves we spoke Norse like a species of native. But the hotel landlady proved herself of abler comprehension. She was not chary of her smiles, and she assured us that her cheese was excellent cow's cheese, and by no means the brown concoction of goat's cream and sugar which had excited such pains in our stomachs at more than one well-appointed hotel in the far North. Also, she had, as she showed us, nuts and apples (Sarpsborg apple), and table napkins with lace edges. By the time we had been to the Falls and thoroughly satisfied our appetite for the wonderful, she would have ready for us a dinner that should content us in another direction. To all this earnest conversation, the trim and statue-like young lady with the gray eyes and haughty chin did not scruple to lend an ear. She viewed us as, if we might have been escaped waxworks who had picked up a couple of souls on the way. But at length her lips relaxed, and her beauty was illumined by a smile that showed her sparkling teeth. She bowed, and we bowed; and again we were in the biting open, with our fingers numbed to insensibility ere we could thrust them into our pockets.

We traversed the town, eagerly gathering upon our tympana the sound of the water's roar which reached us from a distance. It is a dull place, with shops of a meek kind supplied with sordid necessities alone. The two or three photographs in one window, which were the nearest perceptible approaches to luxury, were spoilt and blasted by weather-spots. The cold furthered our dissatisfaction with the town. The Sarpsborg boys had polished their snow pavements into skating rinks of an admirable kind. But even the most gentle-natured of

tourists does not like to stumble and fall several times in the chief thoroughfare of a town, when he knows that a dozen pair of bright eyes are upon him at each moment. We grew indeed very much out of humour with the Sarpsborg boys and the Sarpsborg municipality.

Every one whom we met in the place—hobbling carefully at a snail's pace—had a face quaintly decorated with icicles. The little children and the old men carried them from their noses—of considerable length. Most people had them at the chin. And for our part, we were vastly annoyed to find that if we kept our lips shut for two minutes on end, ice had formed across them from moustache to beard, which it was quite painful to break. It was the same with the eyes. Little stiletto-like points moulded themselves as pendants to our very eyelashes and annoyed us with their stabs. We had not expected such treatment. Even on the yields in the interior we had suffered less inconvenience in these respects than at this southerly sea-level town of Sarpsborg.

Having turned off from the town and descended a little, the imposing suspension bridge over the Glommen declares itself. The thunder of the cascade is loud enough to interfere with conversation; and its spray can be seen in a column rising from the valley. Then we pass a row of red houses, the like of which may be seen in any of our lugubrious British manufacturing towns. They are christened 'Foster Terrace,' in English, if you please, and bear date 1816; and were evidently designed for the operatives at the timber mills, whose high chimneys and lofty buildings may be seen, like the spray of the Glommen, above the river's banks. But whatever their first state, they are now inhabited by thoroughbred Norwegians. The children pushing each other down the snow-slopes near, shout in the vernacular of Christiania; and their parents show true Norse physiognomies as they stand, heedless of the thermometer, gossiping at their doors.

The post-sledge from an outlying village meets us at the extremity of the bridge. His eminence the postman is clad in a fur coat that cannot weigh less than a quarter of a hundredweight. The children look at him respectfully—he is a functionary, and all functionaries in his part of the world are estimable persons, to be saluted either fraternally, if you yourself are a functionary, or with humility, if you occupy no established niche in life. But we, at any rate, do not give this gentleman his due. Neither himself nor his sledge is anything like as interesting as the scene that is before and beneath us.

The Glommen swirls its green waters along through a broad bay until they reach the spot just under the suspension bridge. Then all is chaos: foam, rocks, and spray, with roar upon roar, so that the bridge trembles all day and all night, year after year, with the unintermittent shock. The drop is no less than seventy feet—not perpendicular, but in a sufficiently restricted area to make the spectacle a tremendous one. The width of the river in flood-time is about one hundred and forty feet. With us,

however, it is much less. The ice holds its volume in check, and has narrowed the stream. Nevertheless, the sight is one to thrill every nerve in the body; and the longer we look at it, the sterner is the grip of its fascination. It is just as well the bridge has high railings.

The river bed from the suspension bridge is like a gigantic staircase of huge boulders and semi-detached masses of rock. On this January day all these rocks are thickly coated with ice. Icicles a yard long hang like palisades in places, as large round at the base as a man's body at the middle. The spray descends in minute granules of ice, which give a charmingly crystalline appearance to the surfaces of the boulders. But they much impede and add risk to progress when we leave the bridge and attempt to clamber down over them as near as possible to the sublime kernel of the cascade.

On both sides of the river extensive mills are set. From these, rude bridges of single planks now six inches deep in snow—run out across the various chasms in which agitated fillets of the Glommen hurl themselves along towards the lower level of the stream. Each fillet is made to do yeoman service for the mills. For the present, however, this is out of the question. Machinery and the vats into which the back-water flows are all clogged with ice. Men are breaking it with great wooden hammers; but it seems labour wasted. In such rigour of temperature there can be little hope of getting the wheels to move freely and with much likelihood of long continuance. The few men who move about in the yards are concerned mainly with the sawmills that have been protected from ice. There is thus the noise of whizzing saws added to that of the Glommen. We stand on a dizzy perch, with frozen snow to our ankles, peering into the central abyss until we, like the boulders, are covered with a dust of ice, and until our brains are in some danger of losing their balance.

As may be expected, a Fall of such magnitude has taken toll of human lives in the course of time. Before 1854, when the bridge was built, there was a ferry across the river just above the Fall. One might suppose the ancients of Sarpborg were without nerves. Anyhow, they paid periodically for their temerity. The current of the Glommen would catch hold of the boat, and, despite shrieks and prayers, whisk it and its cargo over and down, down, into its deafening bed. Battered corpses, and a certain amount of wood splintered into the aspect of matches, were the only possible ultimate witness to such a catastrophe.

In 1702 a calamity of an even larger kind happened here. There was then a notable mansion on a cliff over the Falls, with spacious gardens and farm buildings in its precincts. The house, we are told, was double-walled and turreted. Suddenly it disappeared. House and inmates, and two hundred head of cattle, sunk into an abyss formed by the action of the water. The Glommen rushed over all and so it has continued to rush ever since. Fourteen persons were thus engulfed. Of the value of the personal effects thus in an instant appropri-

ated, nothing is known. They all lie deep under the furious river. The idea of digging them out is not to be entertained, even in this age of audacious undertakings.

We left the waterfall with reluctance. Scenes like these throw a spell over the mind. They are ennobling opiates. For the time they compel forgetfulness of the minor, and often exceedingly vexatious, affairs of life. Had we not the lure of dinner before our grosser appetites, I doubt not we should have dallied on these iceclad rocks till sunset.

We did not return straight to our hotel; the church tempted us into a detour. But we were not repaid for the new tumbles that came upon us, or the added length of the icicles from our beards and eyelashes. It is a modern building of red brick, quite unattractive. A gravedigger was picking at the hard earth as if it had been basalt. We marvelled that it was not the custom here, as in the far north, to stack the village dead in an outhouse during the winter and bury them only when the thaw came.

Our dinner was not worthy of a place with such a waterfall. The landlady had exaggerated her capabilities and her kinder. She was assiduous in smiling, and she waited on us herself. But not until the coffee was served did we obtain compensation for the short comings of her cuisine. Then, however, we were invited point blank by the trim and statuesque young lady already mentioned to join her in the parlour, where a large stove and a thicket of semi-tropical plants prepared us for a very warm quarter of an hour. So it was shyness at first, not unbecoming pride in her! She entertained us with pleasant monosyllables and little courtesies that cheered our hearts. And when at length it was time for us to go, she shook us by the hand and wished us 'Farewell' as if we had been her cousins. She was, unless I misunderstood her, the new schoolmistress. I think Sarpborg may be congratulated on two things: its waterfall and its new schoolmistress.

A PRINCE'S LOVE STORY.

By J. MACGREGOR CORRY, Author of *Isabel's Border*, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

'His Royal Highness Prince Hermann' of Schweiningen-Pumpnickel and his suite will stay for the remainder of the shooting at Ardnashiel Castle. Ardnashiel has been lent to the Prince for the time by its noble owner.'

'There, Colonel, what do you think of that?' exclaimed the Colonel's wife, when she had read the astounding announcement from the *Aberdeen Weekly Free Press*, which had just arrived.

'I knew it before,' said the Colonel, stirring his tea and tasting it with the spoon.

'You knew it before, Colonel!' cried the lady, leaning back and swelling with indignation.

'Another lump of sugar, please, my dear,' said the Colonel, holding his cup to her: 'you know I always take two lumps.—Yes,' he continued, while she in deliberate amazement fulfilled his request; 'I read it two or three days ago in the *Times*.'

'And you never told us!' she exclaimed, looking round for sympathy on her two daughters.

'Oh, papa!' chimed in the younger, with an arch glance at her silent elder sister, 'how could you not have told us?'

'You might have read it for yourselves, every one of you,' said the Colonel, 'if you read the news as I do, instead of your tabby-by novels, that you litter up the house with!' And he glanced towards the sofa and the table by the window, which were notably burdened by yellow-covered books.

There was silence for a little, save for the sounds of teaspoons and knives and fork; for the Colonel and his family were at breakfast—not in their own home, but in a house a minister's maids—far up the Deeside Highlands, which the Colonel had rented for the fishing and the fresh air.

'When was it, then, Colonel, may I be allowed to ask,' said the angry wife, 'that you saw the announcement?'

'Oh, on Tuesday or Wednesday I forget what day exactly,' said the Colonel.

'Then he is there by now, in all probability!' exclaimed his wife.

'Very likely he is. You're thinking of calling on him, I suppose?' laughed he.

'Calling on him?' Certainly not. But if he knew we were in the neighbourhood, I have no doubt he would call on us. It's very little company we see here, and he was extremely kind and attentive when we were at Pumpernickel.'

'Oh, at Pumpernickel?' said the Colonel. 'That was another pair of shoes, and another pair of sleeves too, for that matter.' At Pumpernickel, being military attaché, I was in an official position. I represented the Queen and Country in a sort of way, and I was therefore a person of consequence, to whom the Pumpernickel Court, and Prince Hermann among the rest, could not but be civil. Here it is different. He is still Prince Hermann; I am only Colonel Herrie Hay, retired on half-pay.'

'You are extremely fond, Colonel,' exclaimed his wife, 'of belittling yourself and your family.' 'I don't see what good you expect to come of that.'

'Well, my dear,' said the good-natured Colonel, 'no harm can come of our being as we are, instead of pretending to a position we cannot possibly fill. Have you ever heard, my dear, of the disastrous result to a silly frog that tried to swell himself out to the size of an ox?'

'Don't quote your absurd children's fables at me, Colonel! You have two daughters to provide for and establish in the world, and you do not give them a chance!'

'Oh, mother,' said the elder girl at last, 'what is the use of worrying father in that way?'

'You fool!' Her mother did not say the words, but she looked them.

'This is a fine day for the fishing, father,' said the elder girl, glancing out of window towards the rushing, roaring Dee. 'You are going out, of course?'

'Yes,' said he; 'I think I'll have a try.'

Nothing further was said concerning the advent of Prince Hermann of Schweiningen-Pumpernickel; and it may be well to take this opportunity of stating more fully than the conversation over breakfast conveyed, what were the relations of the Herries Hays with His Royal Highness. The Colonel and his family had been little more than six months returned from the capital of the kingdom of Pumpernickel, where the Colonel had been for some time military attaché of the British Embassy. Whilst he was thus serving his Queen and Country, it was in the polite and diplomatic course of things that he and his family should be invited now and then to Court functions. His elder daughter only was old enough to accompany her parents on these occasions; she was a tall, straight, and extremely handsome and intelligent girl; and at a certain Court ball she had the good (or the bad) fortune to attract the notice of Prince Hermann, the second son of the Royal House of Schweiningen-Pumpernickel, who danced with her, and with her alone, and thereby caused much jealousy and heartburning among the noble maidens of the Court. That was the beginning of a few months' friendly intimacy between Prince Hermann and the Herries-Hay household, of which the worthy Colonel fancied himself the provoking cause: for the Prince fondly availed himself of every opportunity of discussing the art of war with the old soldier. The intimacy lasted but a few months, as I have said, for, somewhat unexpectedly and prematurely, the Colonel was retired from his post in favour of a younger man, and neither he nor his family suspected that his removal might have been suggested by the Court of Pumpernickel. He was hurt, but not troubled; for he had saved a little money, and he had his half-pay, and he was very happy with a wife who managed most things for him and kept him in order. He had, however, no mind for extravagant expenditure, there his wife could not prevail over him, and therefore, on his return to his native country, he had taken for a season this Deeside house—at a reduced rate that he might enjoy his favourite leisurely sport, and give his daughters the benefit of the Highland air, scented and made vivifying by the delightful aromatic odour of fir and heather.

His elder daughter, Margaret, he had taught to fish as well as himself; and after breakfast on this morning when our story begins, they went off together, taking their lunch with them. That was the opportunity of the astute and ambitious lady who was wife and mother. She sat silent for a while in the window in an easy-chair, apparently reading the paper. But her gaze, levelled across her buxom bosom, could find nothing but 'His Royal Highness . . . at Ardnashiel Castle.' Soon her gaze wandered from the paper contemplatively through the window. How were Ardnashiel

Castle and the manse to be brought together? If the castle would not come to the manse, the manse must go to the castle. Had she any deep design in that desire? Well, hardly. She had fleeting, floating visions of possibilities. She knew Prince Hermann had been very much taken with Margaret; she had seen more, and guessed deeper, than had her husband and lord; but yet she knew that it was folly to expect a Royal Prince, even if only of a German reigning house, to marry a girl however attractive who had no particular birth to speak of; yet and yet—Princes in the past had done it when they pleased; and Princes in the present had done it now and then, though they had stepped down from their lofty rank to do it. And, after all, if the Prince himself was impossible, would there not be likely young men in the Prince's suite? She returned, however, again and again to the thought of the Prince. The notion of a Royal Prince stooping from the second step of a throne, so to say, for love of her daughter incited her. It appealed to her love of romance more even than to her ambition; for, as her husband was in moments of candour tempted to say, what was not temper in her was sentiment. What should she do? She could not determine; she would be a waiter upon Providence; but she would so far put herself in the way of Providence as to attend the kirk next morning—this being Saturday—with her two daughters.

Presently it was time for herself and her younger daughter to take their pre-lunch drive in the pony phaeton. John Macaulay brought the phaeton as usual, and asked where 'my lady' would like to take her jaunt to this morning.

'Is Ardnashiel Castle far?' asked Mrs Herries-Hay.

'Do ye mean, mem, far west or far south?' asked John.

'I mean,' said Mrs Herries-Hay, inwardly exclaiming against the polite stupidity of the natives, 'is it a long way?'

'It will be a very stey brae up by Ardnashiel for the sheltie, mem,' said John.

'I suppose you mean "steep?"' said the lady.

'Ay, just that,' said John.

'Well,' said she, 'the pony—or sheltie,' she concluded—'is not so hard-worked usually but that he can get up a steep place sometimes.'

'No, mem,' said John; 'he is a very willing beast: there will not be a better-willy beast for a hundred miles round Braemar.'

So John drove the ladies up the steep hill past Ardnashiel Castle. At the lodge-gate the Colonel's wife suggested a rest—the sheltie might be tired, might like a drink; and they themselves would not object to a draught of milk, if the lodge-keeper could accomplish it. John knocked at the door of the lodge; it was opened by the keeper's goodwife, to whom John proffered the request that they might refresh themselves. The goodwife was polite and hospitable, after the manner of Highland folk: she gave John a bucket to get water from the spring; and she said, would not the ladies like to 'come in by and rest them,' and eat a morsel of oatcake and butter or cheese along

with their draught of milk; but she was also curious, and when the ladies entered and sat down to their milk, she questioned John about them—Mrs Herries-Hay being all the while tolerably aware of what was going on. Did she not know, he asked, that they were the wife and daughter of the 'grand Kornel man' that had come to fish the 'watter?' Oh, exclaimed the goodwife, and where did they bide? Where other should they bide, said John, but in the manse, that they rented from the minister while he was away on a long jaunt to the South, and to Edinburgh? And what was their name?—Ah, they had two grand names of their own, for the 'Kornel' was a grand man, and the names were grand Scottish names—and what should they be but Herries-Hay?

Then the goodwife turned to the ladies, and was questioned in her turn. Had the Prince really arrived? asked Mrs Herries-Hay in her most persuasive tone. Oh yes, the Prince had arrived three days ago; and, oh yes, he had a great many gentlemen with him; they were all up the glen that day after the deer.

'We knew the Prince,' remarked Mrs Herries-Hay with a condescending smile, 'in his own country—in Germany.'

'And did ye, indeed, mem?' exclaimed the goodwife with simple cordiality. 'And he is a kind of far-away cousin to the Queen—isna he, mem? And he is a very pleasant young gentleman, and he speaks very good language.'

Mrs Herries-Hay rose to go without having attained the point in particular which she desired. She offered the goodwife money for her entertainment; but the goodwife declined it with a dignified smile; and then she bestowed a penny each upon two lint-haired children that gazed with round eyes on 'the laddies.'

'You have a comfortable place here, I suppose?' said Mrs Herries-Hay.

'Not that ill, mem,' answered the goodwife. 'You see, my man is coachman.'

'Coachman, is he?' exclaimed the lady, who greedily seized upon the fact as likely to serve her. 'Just now,' said she, 'he'll have little to do except on Sunday.'

'Just that, mem. But the Sabbath's a hard day when the Earl's at hame, because the castle gangs to the kirk at Crathie on account o' the Queen.'

'Crathie is a long way,' said Mrs Herries-Hay sympathetically. 'But surely the Prince won't go so far as Crathie. Your husband ought to prevail on him to come to our kirk,' she continued with a smile; 'we call it ours because we are staying at the manse, you know.'

'I know, mem,' answered the woman. 'And it would be easier, whatever, for my man to drive there and back.'

Mrs Herries-Hay left the lodge with the sure and certain hope that something would come of her suggestion; for she knew how the great have their indifferent movements regulated from below, and she knew, moreover, what a talent Highland people have for polite dictation to those whom they serve.

Mrs Herries-Hay's hope did not go unfulfilled; for next morning there drove up to the kirk-yard gate the carriage from the castle; and there

strode into the kirk a stalwart young man, with fair moustaches sticking out about six inches on either side, followed by two other young men and a middle-aged one. The Colonel and his family recognised them all: the Prince; his bosom friend, the Count von Saxe; his equerry, Colonel von Stultz; and his Chancellor or governor or secretary, the Herr Cancellarius von Straubensee, who represented the king of Pumpernickel, and who accompanied the Prince to keep an eye on him. The last was a benevolent-seeming gentleman, with a stiff gray beard and moustache, and a foolish-looking, fluffy white head. Colonel Herries-Hay's family were considerably perturbed by this magnificent influx of people whose names were in the *Almanach de Göttinge*. The mother was exultantly conscious of having succeeded in her motherly design. Margaret, the elder daughter, could not refrain from blushing; and Nancy, the younger, shyly glanced from the one to the other. As for the Colonel himself, he was devoutly reading, by the aid of his glasses, the dedication at the beginning of the Bible, 'To the Most High and Mighty Prince James.'

When the service was over, the Colonel and his family, being near the door, reached the kirkyard before the royal party; but they were quickly overtaken by the Prince. The Colonel was in the act of walking off for he was a shy old gentleman—when a hand was laid on his shoulder.

'How do you do, Colonel?' said Prince Hermann in a loud voice and with a certain stiffness of accent. he spoke 'very good language,' as the goodwill of Ardusnahel bodge had said. 'It is very nice to see you again and your amiable family.' He included all the ladies in a bow—which they returned with courtly curtsies—but his bright, vivacious eye was on Margaret. 'Some of my people have said, "The Herr Colonel Herries-Hay lives close by, and goes to the kirk;" and so I have come also to see you.' Mrs Herries-Hay looked consciously down her nose. 'Ha, ha,' laughed the Prince. 'It is very nice to see you again—very nice, indeed!' But his eyes were fixed on Margaret's face, whose colour kept changing from pale to red.

'The pleasure is ours, your Royal Highness,' said the Colonel, 'as well as the honour.'

'And are you also here to shoot the deer, Colonel?' asked the Prince.

'No, sir,' answered the Colonel. 'I am too old to stalk the deer; I content myself with fishing in the river.'

'And the Fraulein Herries-Hay, what does she do?' asked the Prince, at length addressing Margaret both with eye and tongue.

'I also fish a little with my father, sir,' answered Margaret.

Presently the Prince and his suite moved off to their carriage—the suite bowing low to the ladies whom their Prince delighted to honour. The country-people gazed with respect and curiosity on the old Scotch 'Kornel' with whom a Royal Prince—a kind of far-away cousin of the Queen—was so familiar; and the Herries-Hay household returned to the manse with very mingled feelings.

That was the beginning of it.

Next morning, after breakfast, the Colonel stood on the bit of green before the manse practising with his salmon gull as if he were driving at golf, in order to supple the muscles of his arms, when a dogcart drove up and stopped before him.

'Good-morning, Colonel,' cried a cheery voice—Prince Hermann's!

The Colonel was too astonished to reply at once to the greeting. He merely stared while the Prince and his bosom friend, the Count von Saxe, jumped from the vehicle, and then drew from its interior fishing-boots, fishing-rods, and other appliances for sport in the river. That done, the Prince said a word to the man in charge of the dogcart, and the vehicle was driven away.

'This is not a day for the deer, Colonel,' said the Prince. 'I will go to fish with you: you will teach me your fishing of the salmon. It will be very nice and agreeable for me and my friend Von Saxe. You remember Von Saxe, Colonel?'

'I remember the Count von Saxe perfectly, sir,' said the Colonel.

The ladies were all flustered to receive such distinguished visitors in their morning-gowns; but Margaret slipped away and quickly reappeared, ready to accompany her father on his fishing. She looked extremely handsome, Amazonian, and fascinating in her short skirt and the rest of it; and the Prince put her the ardent compliment of his eyes. The Colonel agreed with no great show of good-will—his wife declared he had no manners—to teach the Prince his method, and the four set off to the fishing together. But they had not been in the river long when, somehow, the Colonel found himself in the company of the Count von Saxe, and saw the Prince a little way off taking his lessons from Margaret.

When the fishing was over, they tramped back to the manse in excellent spirits, all four. The Prince discussed fishing with the Colonel, and the Count discussed anything with Margaret. When the Prince and his companion had doled their fishing boots, they sat down to tea in the most friendly manner with the flurried ladies. Mrs Herries-Hay looked a little heated; but she asked the Prince, with perfect self-possession, if he took sugar—and cream. (A lady who is in the way of serving tea would probably ask these questions if she were at the tea-table within an hour of her excretion.) The Prince gladly took both, and bread-and-butter and cake; for he was young—he was only four-and-twenty—and he was enjoying himself as much as a schoolboy out of bounds.

'Ha, ha,' he laughed in sheer glee. 'This is very jolly—very jolly, indeed!'

Mrs Herries-Hay observed that it was exceedingly pleasant to receive His Royal Highness on a friendly footing in their humble abode.

'Yes,' said His Royal Highness, absently, for both eyes and thought were fixed on Margaret. But he bestowed himself to be affable and 'nice' with her father. 'You know, Colonel,' said he, 'I think fishing is far better sport than deer-stalking. I agree with you: it is much jollier. I will fish, instead of hunting the deer.'

Then he turned to Margaret, and expressed the hope that she had not forgotten Germany, and especially Pumpernickel. He glanced at the piano, and asked if she played any German music now. Would she play something—something from Schumann or Beethoven? She rose and went to the piano; and he rose also and leaned his tall form over her to turn her music. He looked through her books and sheets of music, found something, and asked her if she would play and sing *that*. She answered with a smile that she would play the accompaniment if he would sing. He accepted the offer, and sang in an excellent baritone voice, 'Kennst Du das Land wo die Citronen blühen?'

Then the dogcart came to carry the Prince and his companion back to the castle. The Prince said he would have liked to stay much longer; he hesitated; he lingered a little; but finally he said his adieux and drove away.

When he was gone, Mrs. Hennes Hay turned to her husband and declared again he had 'no manners'; had he not seen that the Prince wished to stay to dinner? Why had he not asked him to do so?

'Look here, Mary,' said the Colonel. 'The Prince is a very good-natured, manly, young fellow: I like him very well; but I will not be thought to encourage him to hang about my family too much, to the neglect of the duties and—the amusements that belong to his high station.'

But the Prince and his friend came again next day. They came partly on the pretext of bringing to the family an invitation to witness the Highland dances and such like that were to be held by torchlight at the castle on Friday evening.

THE LIFE-GUARDS.

WE Londoners of to-day are so accustomed to see the six-foot troopers of the Life-guards about our streets, and to regard their existence as a matter of course, that it occurs to few of us to inquire into the origin and history of the two regiments which, with the Royal Horse Guards, form the Household Cavalry Brigade, and are the premier cavalry regiments of the British army.

To get at the origin of the Life-guards we must go back some two hundred and thirty years, to the Restoration of King Charles II. in 1660; and it is to the 'Merry Monarch' that we owe the formation of these famous regiments. When Charles was restored, he selected from the cavaliers who had followed him into exile eighty gentlemen, to form, under the command of Lord Gerard, a body-guard modelled on the French 'Garde du Corps,' and styled 'His Majesty's Own Troop of Guards.' Within a month of its formation, Lord Gerard's troop was a regiment six hundred strong, and these earliest Life-guards headed Charles's entry into London.

Macaulay, in his 'History of England,' gives the following account of the first Life-guards: 'The Life-guards, who now form two regiments, were then distributed into three Troops, each of which consisted of two hundred carabineers,

exclusive of officers. This corps, to which the safety of the king and royal family was confided, had a very peculiar character. Even the privates were designated as Gentlemen of the Guard. Many of them were of good families, and had held commissions in the Civil War. Their pay was much higher than that of the most favoured regiment of our time, and would in that age have been thought a respectable provision for the younger son of a country Squire. The three Troops were known respectively as 'The King's Own,' 'The Duke of York's,' and 'The Duke of Albemarle's,' and of these one Troop was invariably raised in Scotland. The Duke of York was, of course, Charles's brother, afterwards James II.; and the Duke of Albemarle was General Monk, who had been mainly instrumental in bringing about the Restoration. The Captains of the three Troops were Lord Gerard, Sir Charles Berkeley, and Sir Philip Howard, and their commissions all bear date January 26, 1661.

The uniform of the troopers consisted of gold-laced scarlet coats with wide sleeves, slashed in front, and having lace from wrist to shoulder. They wore cuirasses and iron caps or 'pots,' the latter hid by the broad-brimmed, heavily-plumed cavalier hat; buff boots reaching to the middle of the thighs; and arms according to the 'Regulations' of Charles II., dated March 5, 1665, as follows: 'Each horseman to have for his defensive arms back, breast, and pot; and for his offensive arms a sword and a case of pistoll, the barrels whereof are not to be under fourteen inches in length; and each Trooper of Our Guards to have a carbine, besides the afore-mentioned arms.' They must have made a brave show, these royal troops, even as do their descendants of the present generation, and, like their descendants, they could fight well when necessity arose.

From the first pay-lists of the royal army (preserved in the Record Office) we learn that the pay of the troopers was four shillings a day; that of the trumpeters and kettle-drums, five shillings a day; and of the corporals, seven shillings a day in the King's Troop, and six shillings in the others. Apropos of these corporals, of whom there were four to each Troop, it is worthy of note that the rating of corporal still maintains in the Household Cavalry to the entire exclusion of that of Sergeant. Sergeant, Troop-sergeant-major, and Regimental-sergeant-major are replaced in the Household Cavalry by Corporal-of-horse, Troop-corporal-major, and Regimental-corporal-major.

The first public duty of the Life-guards appears to have been that of separating the hostile factions of France and Spain on the quarrel for precedence between the respective ambassadors, on which occasion the troopers had to charge, sword in hand, 'to preserve the peace.'

On the 16th of September 1668 we find, from Pepys's Diary, that 'the Duke of Monmouth do to-day take his command of the King's Life-guard by surrender of my Lord Gerard;' and the diarist further states that Lord Gerard received twelve thousand pounds for his commission.

At the Duke of Albemarle's death (January 3, 1670), his Troop of Life-guards was made the 'Queen's Troop,' thus becoming the Second Troop, and taking precedence over the Duke of York's Troop. The Queen was Catherine of Braganza, and her Troop of Life-guards wore facings of sea-green, Her Majesty's favourite colour.

The first war-service of the Life-guards was at Maestricht in 1673, in the war with Holland; and in 1685 they were among the troops which defeated Monmouth at Sedgemoor. It was at the head of the Scots Troop of Life-guards, too, that Claverhouse rode against the Covenanters at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge. The First Troop were at the Battle of the Boyne; and from 1692 to 1697, both Troops were busy fighting in Flanders.

Amongst the domestic changes in the regiment about this time may be noted the following: On James II.'s accession in 1685, their title was altered to 'Troops of Life-guards of Horse'; and in 1698 they discarded their cuirasses. In 1678 a division of mounted Grenadiers was added to each Troop; and in 1693 these divisions of Horse Grenadiers were embodied into an independent Troop. In 1702 a Troop of Horse Grenadier Guards was raised at Edinburgh and attached to the Scots Troop.

At Dettingen (1743) and Fontenoy (1745), the Life-guards rendered good service; and all through the Peninsula War they maintained their high reputation. By their charge at Vittoria there fell into the hands of the English one hundred and fifty-one guns, four hundred and fifteen caissons, forty thousand pounds of gunpowder, two million cartridges, the enemy's military chest, and Marshal Jourdan's baton! A very good haul!

Prior to the Peninsular campaign, however, the Life-guards had been reconstituted. In 1746, the Third Troop had been disbanded; and in 1788, George III. ordered his Life-guards to be formed into two distinct corps under the titles of 'First' and 'Second Regiments of Life-guards.' The pay and privileges of the troopers were both abridged, and they were enlisted as for the rest of the service. A few of the 'private gentlemen' continued service under the new regulations; others accepted commissions in the line; but the majority appear to have retired on pensions. The uniform at this time consisted of long scarlet coats, faced with lapelled with blue, and laced across the waist, and on the collars, cuffs, and skirts with gold; cocked-hats with white plumes, leathern breeches, and jack-boots.

After the Peninsula, the Life-guards proceeded to the Netherlands, and there took part in the crowning victory of Waterloo. The charge of the Household Cavalry with whom were the 1st Dragoon Guard—is an event of history, and will be remembered as long as history lasts.

Then ensued a long interval of seventy years, occupied with the peaceful duties of State ceremonies; and the only changes which took place were those of dress and equipment. In 1817, steel helmets superseded the brass ones which in 1812 had replaced the cocked-hats; and in 1821, at the coronation of George IV.,

these in their turn gave way to bearskin caps, similar to those of the Grenadiers, with a white plume on the left side passing over the crown. For this function, also, steel cuirasses were again issued, and have never since been discarded. The present carbines were adopted at the same time as the helmets; and the long muskets with bayonets and large horse-pistols were deposited in the Tower.

And now we arrive at the last act—up to date—in the history of the Life-guards. In 1882 they, in conjunction with the rest of the Household Troops, were ordered to Egypt; and croakers were found who prophesied that the long interval of peace would have spoilt the efficiency of the Guards, and foretold the failure of the 'drawing-room soldiers.' How entirely wrong these prophets of evil were the results soon showed; and not only by the famous midnight charge at Kassassin, but by their whole record throughout the campaign. The Guards proved that they were, as they had ever been, 'first-rate fighting men,' and that, whenever called upon, they might be relied on to do their duty as valiant men and true.

THE WISE WOMAN.

It was a wintry evening about fifty years ago. The snow had ceased for a little while, but there was evidently plenty more to come in the dull gray clouds that hung low over the moor. A little cottage stood all by itself, the snow thick on its low thatch; behind it stretched the lonely moor, with a few old oak-trees on one side of it, the outposts of the forest, which showed a dark purple line against the horizon. Outside, all looked dreary and desolate; but inside the cottage it was cozy enough; the fire was burning with a clear red glow; a great tabby cat was lying in front on the warm red bricks, purring drowsily; and an old woman was sitting in a big wooden arm-chair, her hands folded in her lap, her head poked a little forward, her dark intelligent eyes looking into the fire. On the shelves of the little corner cupboard behind her stood long rows of bottles and jars containing ointments, nettle tea, elderberry wine, cordials and medicines; for she doctored the whole parish, which was an outlying one, with no doctor living within several miles. But all the country people said 'they didn't want no doctor; the Wise Woman was worth ten o' they.' She nursed them when they were ill, too, and advised them in all their affairs; and they always said, 'to tell the Wise Woman a secret were like droppin a stone into a well—you was sure you'd never hear o' it again.' She was a very old woman, though exceedingly hale and active. No one knew exactly what her age was.

Her mother was a gypsy; and from her she had learned a slight knowledge of surgery and the medicinal qualities of herbs. She would wander for miles in search of these. All the flowers, too, in her little garden had their uses. Now, however, there was nothing in it save a few cabbages sticking out of the snow.

As the room grew dark, the Wise Woman rose

and lighted a candle, putting it in the window, where it was always placed as a beacon to guide people across the moor. She had scarcely lighted her candle when there was a loud tap at the door. 'Come in,' she called; and the door opened, letting in a keen rush of icy air and a shower of snow-flakes, and a man entered.

'It be snowen fast agen,' he said, going to the fire and shaking the snow off himself. 'You'll be pretty nigh snowed up.'

'Ah! I dessey there'll be some in to dig me out, if I be,' said Mrs Warne comfortably.

'I'll warn't there will,' replied the man. 'We couldn't get on without you no sense; and I be come now to ask you what I be to do about my hedge. You knows my beautiful hedge? Wull, now, he be gotten odd; the wood in un be nice for burnen; and some in comes every night pretty handy and pulls it out; and I can't find out who 'tis; and if you can't tell me, I'll set up all night, but I'll find out.'

'No need fur that, Bill,' said Mrs Warne, after having thought for a moment. 'You just listen now. You get out there to-morrow and make-prence as you be amending the hedge; and you take a gimlet and bore little holes in the wood, and fill 'em w' gunpowder, and I'll warn't you won't be troubled no more.'

'Eh! mother but you be a noted woman fur cleverness, that you be!' said Bill admiringly, bringing his large hand down with a smack on his knee. 'I'll be off at once down to shop and get some powder.' He took a leather bag from his pocket and brought a shilling out of it, which he laid on the table. 'I be ter'ble obliged to ye,' he said.

'You're vurry welcome,' replied Mrs Warne as he went away.

She stood watching the snow fall softly against the window till her eye was caught by a light in the distance that rapidly grew larger, and disclosed itself to be a lantern. The bearer of it came hurrying along and opened the door without stopping to knock. 'Oh, Mother Warne!' he began, 'John Long hev fell off a ladder and hurt himself ter'ble!'

'Dear, dear! Any bones broke?'

'I don't rightly know; but he groans dreadful!'

Mrs Warne bustled about collecting a roll of bandages, a pot of ointment, and a small bottle; then she put a long knitted purse in her pocket, bundled herself in a big shawl and bonnet, and said: 'Now I be ready to start.'

'It don't sim hardly right to ask ye to come out such a night,' the man said; 'but then we don't know what to do fur him, and Mis' Long be in a ter'ble twitter!'

'Bless me! Harry, anybody 'ud think you was talking to a old woman!' said Mrs Warne briskly.

The man laughed. 'Well, 'tis true,' he said. 'Many a young woman med be glad to be as peart as you be!'

'How did he do it?' asked Mrs Warne.

'He was cutten hay fur the horses, and the ladder were slippery, and he fell right from top o' it.'

They were well out into the moor by this time, and further conversation was impossible, for the fine snow blew straight into their faces and took their breath away. Around, above, nothing was to be seen but the dancing snow-flakes; but

presently the lights of the cottage began to show through them.

'Wull, I bain't sorry to hev got here,' said Mrs Warne as she entered the cottage.

The door of the inner room opened, and a woman put her head out. 'Here be Mother Warne!' she said; and instantly the watchers round the bed gave a sigh of relief. The man was keeping up a low moan of pain.

'Well, John, let's see what you've done to yourself,' said Mrs Warne cheerfully as she went up to him. She found his injuries to be a badly bruised shoulder, a sprained wrist, and cut head. In no time the wrist and head were bandaged and ointment put on the bruises, while she propped him up comfortably with pillows. In a few moments the strained look of suffering on his face relaxed. 'That ointment be powerful soothing,' he said.

'Ah! that be some o' my own making,' said Mrs Warne complacently.

'How long shall I be led up?' he asked.

'I dunno for sure. Maybe a few days, maybe longer. But you musn't talk, and I be goin to give you some poppy water to send you to sleep.'

'John be goen on nicely,' she said, going to the outer room, where several of the neighbours were still waiting; and I shall bide the night, so there's no occasion fur you to stop.'

When they were gone, the two women at talking softly. 'How long will he be laid up, really?' asked Mrs Long.

'Well, I'm afraid he won't work again fur some time, fur he've sprained his wrist pretty tight-h.'

'Oh dear, what shall us do? And only a fortnight to Christmas too; and the childun, poor things, hev bin looken so forward to it; they'll hev but a pinched Christmas now!'

'Bless me, Mary, don't meet trouble half-way! Summat all turn up afore then, I don't doubt. Hev ye got anything in the house?'

'Scarcely anything. W' so many childun, the money goes out as fast as it come in.'

'Well, then, you take this,' said Mrs Warne, turning out the contents of her purse. 'Tain't much, but it'll help you on fur a bit.'

'Oh! mother, I don't hardly like to take it from ye!'

'Nonsense! You can pay me back some day, if you like; and if you don't, I shan't quarrel w' you! And I don't doubt I'll manage the childun's Christmas somehow, though I don't know how, now.'

Mrs Warne had not been home long the next evening when she heard scuffling footsteps approach; the door burst open, and an old man rushed in. 'Lor-a-mussy! Mother Warne, lor-a-mussy!' he ejaculated, 'if my fire bain't bewitched! Come and say summat over it, fur the love o' murey, or I'll be blowed up!' It was an old man who lived in a tumble-down cottage on the other side of the moor. He was a wretched, half-clad old creature, though he was reputed rich, and indeed was very comfortably off, though as miserly he would not spend a penny if he could help it.

'Wait a moment, Sammel,' said Mrs Warne, putting on her shawl with an expression of triumph. 'I'll come and see to it, sure 'nough!'

When they got outside, the moor stretched ghostly in the light of the stars, which were shining brilliantly, for it was freezing hard. When they reached the cottage, the fire had burnt down somewhat, but the old man brought some fresh fagots and put them on it, Mrs Warne taking good care to station herself on the other side of the room. In a minute or two the fire certainly did begin to pop and explode in the most extraordinary manner. Bill Holmes had well powdered it, and it flew all over the room. 'Lor-a-mussy!' began the old man again, his knees shaking under him.

'Samuel Simmons!' said Mrs Warne solemnly as they stood outside listening to the fire popping away, 'twas by no good means you come by they fagots. Evil spirits wouldn't have no powers over 'em if you had, and it's pretty plain to see as they has now!'

'Oh! Mrs Warne, whatever shall I do? I da'n't stay here wi' them goin on like that!'

'I tells you what tis; you must take all they fagots you has left; you best knows how you come by 'em - over to the cross-roads and chuck 'em away.'

'You must come wi' me, then, or I'd be afear'd out o' my life.'

'No; twouldn't do no sense if I war to go too; you must do as I says, and go alone, or I want answer for it!'

'Law sakes! I can't go there by my self,' said Samuel, oppressed by his guilty conscience.

'Yes, you must; and I must stay here and watch the fire. You want come by no harm if you does as I tell you, Mother Warne condescended to add.

At last she persuaded him to start, giving him a final injunction to say 'Avaunt thee, Satan!' three times as he threw the fagots away.

He went off, holding the bundle at arms-length.

'The old rascal!' she chuckled to herself as she re-entered the cottage. 'I'll warrant he'll have a good fright, and serve him jolly well right!'

She began to have a good look over the old man's room. At last, in a corner of the cupboard she discovered a box hidden, to which she gave a vigorous shake. It was answered by a loud rattle of money. She put it back in its place with a satisfied expression. 'I allus *did* want to know if he'd got money put away, as they said he had,' she murmured. In the little back room she found a small basket of coal, which Mr Holmes had intended to last him at least a week; but she put them all on at once, soon having a blazing fire. Now she placed the little kettle on it, and going to the cupboard, took from it some tea and made herself a cup of it. Then she sat down by the fire, warming her feet and sipping her tea with an expression of complete contentment.

Meantime, the old man, spurred by his guilty conscience, was hurrying over the moor, that showed ghostly in the pale light of the stars. Something white rose in front of him and startled him; but it proved to be only a stunted moor-tree with the frozen festoons of snow hanging from it. By-and-by he got off the open moor, where walking was easier; but as he neared the cross-roads his heart beat faster and faster. A tall tree, hung with white, stood by the cross-

roads. He stopped suddenly, fancying he heard something moving; but it was only a mass of frozen snow blown from the tree. It struck him on the face; and then close on it came another sound that made Samuel's knees give way under him. Perhaps it was but a bough creaking, but he could have sworn that on the wind came a faint rattle and clang of chains from the old gallows-tree. He cast the fagots wildly from him, shrieked out, 'Avaunt thee, Zaten!' and then turned and darted off, half falling in his haste. He ran into the cottage, and stood gazing at Mrs Warne, speechless with indignation.

'Well, Sam,' said Mrs Warne affably, 'come and set ye down by the fire after your cold walk, and take a cup o' tea to keep the cold out.'

'Ye old witch!' said Samuel furiously, 'how dare ye come into my house and take *my* coals and *my* tea like that!'

'Now, Samuel, don't ye get becalen me; fur, as I set here, it were borne in upon me that they fagots were stole out o' Bill Holmes's hole! And if ye get abusen me, I'll go and tell him.'

'No; don't ye, now,' said old Samuel, nearly collapsing under this last stroke. 'Fur, if I did, I've a bin punished fur it; fur, as sure as you stand there, I heard the ghostie; and I've had a terrible walk home.' 'Oh dear!' And 'twas because I be so poor, I can't afford nare bit o' food.'

'Poor! wi' all that money put away,' said Mrs Warne contemptuously. 'No, Samuel, don't you get gammonen me. Do you think I can't tell when you be spoken truth or no? I tell you what tis, unless you gives me five pound, I'll go over to Bill's this very night and tell him!'

'Five pounds! I ha'n't got five pounds in the world! I'll give you five shillins, and be pretty near roomed down it!'

After some wrangling, he at length consented to give a sovereign; he fetched it reluctantly, grumbling and grinning all the time.

'Well, go d-might to 'ee, Sam; thank ye fur a very pleasant evening,' were Mrs Warne's parting words as she left him and made her way through the snow, chuckling to herself now and then. She did not go straight home, but turned off to the road that led to Mrs Long's. Mrs Long came to the door holding a candle in her hand, which she lifted high to see who it was. 'Why! 'tis Mis' Warne!' she said. 'Whatever's brought you out so late?'

'Well, Mary, didn't I say summat 'ud turn up! And so it has!' said Mrs Warne triumphantly.

Mrs Long's pale tired face brightened as she saw the money. She had put out her hand to take it, then drew it back again. 'I didn't ought to take it from ye, Mis' Warne,' she said.

'Taint fur you at all; 'tis fur the childun. I shan't say how I come by it; but this I will say, 'tis all right, sure 'nough.'

'Well, you be good, mother,' said Mrs Long gratefully as she took the money.

'No; I bain't that,' said Mrs Warne, remembering her treatment of Samuel. 'I'm feared I be a terrible cratty old woman!'

As Mrs Warne went to see her patient the next day, every person she met stopped her to give his impressions of the ghost Jim March had seen, including him himself, who, looking very red and excited, told her that 'just as he

got to the cross-roads last night with the horse's new harness that he'd been to fetch, he heard a voice call out "I be Zaten!" and then a terrible scuffling noise; whereupon he had turned round and run back to his brother-in-law's house as fast as his legs could carry him, where he had spent the night. 'It bain't amany as can say as they've a heard Zaten,' he finished with some pride; 'but I can, and a terrible ugly voice he ve a got too! It be like the scroopen o' a ungreased wagon wheel!'

'I shouldn't wonder at all, Jim, if it warn't a warning to ye not to stay so long at the "Horseshoe," evenings; and if you takes my advice you'll never be home later nor nine o'clock again,' said Mrs Warne, remembering that Mrs March had been to her a little time back to complain that Jim was 'too fond o' his glass o' an evening.'

'I'll warrant I never will!' said Jim; and he never was from that time.

The moon was darkening, and the sunset crimson had died out of the west, when Mrs Warne returned to her cottage. She was overtaken, as she reached her garden, by the milk-maid from the farm. 'I want you to give me a charm to hang on Brindle's horn,' she said. 'There never was such a nasty cow!' She kicked the bucket over only this afternoon. I think she's possessed by summat evil.'

'Curry well, I'll give you somethin' as all cure her if 'tis she's possessed by summat evil. But if 'tis only a bad temper, I can't do nothing, or I'd a made my fortune long ago!' chuckled Mrs Warne, going into the cottage and bringing out what looked like a string of very ordinary brass buttons cut from a man's coat; but the Wise Woman said they were charms, and every one believed her. She drew one off and offered it to the girl.

'Missus said I was to bring you some milk fur the charm,' she said, taking it, and bringing out a little can from under her shawl.

Presently a shepherd came to warm some milk for his lambs by her fire. 'Tis treezen harder nor ever,' he said as he came in. 'There be such a bitter wind comen athwart the moor, and the stars be so thick, and glintens like di'monds.'

'Ah! 'tis amany years since I've known it so cold—not since I were a young maid, when we had such a hard frostie they'd pick up the heares and rabbitts friz dead by it.'

'How many years ago were that, Mis' Warne?' asked the shepherd curiously.

'Amany, many years ago long afore you was borned, Fred,' answered Mrs Warne indefinitely.

'I've brought you a fagot o' fuz,' said the shepherd, dropping his prickly burden on the hearth.

'Put a bit on the fire, and I'll warm you some elderberry wine,' said Mrs Warne, bustling into the other room and fetching a bottle of wine, which she poured into a little saucepan and set on the fire, that was now blazing, crackling, and flaring up the wide black chimney, lighting up the shepherd's clear-cut, thoughtful face and every detail of his clothing—his long frieze-coat, corduroy trousers strapped in at the knee, his white linen jacket and great thick lace boots and making the face of the dignified old woman

opposite him look more lined and strongly marked than ever.

'It be cold out in fields now, Fred?'

'Ah! I'll warnt it be!' said Fred, drinking off his hot wine at a draught. Then he stood up, straightened himself, took his crook and milk-can, and departed. When he had got to a little distance, he looked back at the lonely cottage with its one bright window and the bleak line of moor behind it. 'Tis a terrible lonely place fur a single 'oman,' he thought. 'But there no one wouldn't do nothin' to she.'

Mrs Warne came to the window and watched him go, a dark figure, save where the light from his lantern caught him. It threw a wide brilliant light on the sparkling snow. Away and away he went till the light was but a speck, and then the darkness hid him. A few minutes after, there came a loud knocking at the door. She opened it to see old Samuel outside, waving his arms and shaking his fist. 'You sly, cratty, old thing!' he cried furiously. 'Who was it told Bill Holmes to put gunpowder in his 'ood?'

'I did,' replied Mrs Warne amiably.

'Oh! you knows it bain't no good to deny it, with Bill boasten about all over the place, and you comen and gunnomen me— Oh, you awful old thing! And I believes now as how you knowd I'd money put away was because you went and found it when you'd sent me away.'

'Quite right, Samuel: so I did.'

'Oh, you old witch! But I'll sarve you out, that I will! I'll tell everybody about you.'

'Be you agen to tell everybody as you stole Bill's fagots, my son?'

Samuel stopped short in his gesticulations, and looked down into the room for a moment. The strong gusts of wind coming in blew the candle, and by its wavering light Mrs Warne looked more witch like than usual as she peered up at him. The cat's eyes in the dark chimney corner looked like round green globes; and the bunches of herbs on the table swinging backwards and forwards cast long fantastic shadows on the wall. Then he turned and walked slowly off, shaking his head and grinning. 'Oh! you be a wicked old 'oman! that you be!'

'No, Samuel,' Mrs Warne called in bland accents after him. 'You means a wise old 'oman!'

FALLING LEAVES.

It was the noontide, and a solemn peace
Brooded o'er dale and down, o'er wood and wold;
The autumn sunshine quivered on the trees
And kissed their locks of gold.

Alas! too soon will all their glory fade:
The sword of death hath leapt from out its sheath;
And it shall strew their leaflets, torn and frayed,
Upon the earth beneath.

Yet ere their little lease of life be done,
Ere the blasts rend them from their foster trees,
Their dying hours are cheered with warmth and sun,
And wrapt in perfect peace.

R. C. K. E.

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THE LAPWING'S ARTIFICE.

It was an evening in early June. The day had been bright and warm; but as the sun made its course toward a setting over the Ochil Hills, the sharpness of the east wind became perceptible, and we quickened our pace along the path that lay by the north shore of the Forth. Our walk was at that part of the Firth where the channel narrows, and becomes more like a beautiful inland lake than an arm of the sea; where the rich fields, pasture lands, and woods grow down to the edge of the waters, save in some spots on the Fife side where ancient piers, ruminating over the past, occasionally rouse themselves to supply coal to old-fashioned schooners that hail from the Netherlands.

We had come out to think over what we had been reading, but found, as we have frequently done, that the attractions of nature were too strong to be resisted. It seems impossible to think out any other subject while nature entices with her beauty. We feel compelled to attend to her. Scarcely had the walk begun, when a mass of yellow crowfoot attracted attention. Over it flew two blue-winged butterflies, and as one alighted on the flower and closed its wings, an opportunity was afforded of seeing the under tint of brown with its white and red spots. The sea-daisy, growing in tufts of grass on the rocks, looked inviting, and we could not refrain from plucking the flower and renewing our acquaintance with its honeyed smell. From the neighbouring wood came the singing of many birds. We tried once more to interpret the refrains in the song of the chaffinch and the yellowhammer; and the delightful fullness of the rich round notes of the blackbird wooed us finally from the object that had originally occupied our mind.

Coming to a bay from which the water had receded, we felt puzzled as to the appearance of some birds wading on the edge of the outgoing tide. The waters and the mud had

borrowed a grayish colour from the sky, and objects at a distance could not readily be defined. We thought at first that they might be whistling plovers, whose notes are not unfamiliar in this district; but a closer survey showed they were the common gull or seamew. They moved about silently, and would have excited little interest but for a carrion crow which stood on a weed-covered rock just left bare by the tide. He flapped his wings and cawed so vigorously that we paused to consider as to his noisy clamour. His motive was not apparent, and the mud-shore precluded our making close inquiry. Was he instructing the seamews as to our appearance? If so, they gave little heed to his warnings. Suddenly he caught sight of two crows flying over him, one chasing the other, which had a large piece of food in its mouth. Instantly our black-coated friend left the rock, gave chase; and the last we saw of the trio was their disappearance over the old dovecot that stands among the elm and plane trees. Amused at the roguishness of the bird, we pursued our way, recalling many instances of his waggery, and thinking that in him we had found a subject for our evening's homily. But it was not to be so.

Leaving the shore pathway, we turned up the steep farm-road that led to the higher fields. Still thinking of the crows and their ways, our attention was gradually drawn to a bird that hovered over us, and whose reiterated call of 'Peewit' told that we had been met by the Lapwing. He was an old acquaintance. Regularly as we walked this way, he came from his home in the large pasture-field and greeted us with his 'Peewit.' But his notes were not a greeting of joy. Since like, they were meant to deceive and decoy us from the field where his young were sheltered. The repeated call of the bird drove the remembrance of the crows with all their drollery from us, and we could not help feeling interested in the solicitude shown by the lapwing for the safety of his progeny.

The bird lingered, again cried 'Peewit,' then flew leisurely over the field of beans that lay to the right, disappeared, and was silent. This was his first move. 'Why not follow me through these bean stalks! You are sure to find my young among them,' he seemed to say. Unfortunately for him, we had previous experience, and knew that the direction taken by the bird was the last that ought to be followed by him who would see the nestlings. He still remained silent. We could not understand the reason for it. He, so clamorous at our approach, now to cease his cry as we got nearer the field where lay his progeny. Was experience making him wiser? Had the partridge taught him something of its cunning as he lay flat on the same field only to move when his presence was certain to be found out? Had he resorted to a new device, and planted himself in silence among the beans, so that we might be effectually thwarted in our supposed evil intentions on his nestlings? No; that could not be. His voice was heard in the distance. He had got over to the pasture-field, and his cry of 'Peewit' could be heard, as if giving warning to all whom it might concern that a stranger was approaching. Back again he came, flying over the bean-field; but he never uttered a note. He moved in all directions except the right one, was still silent, and flew at leisure, as if he desired to indicate a total indifference at our appearance. At last it became too much for him. Our steady pace forward showed him that he had not a notice to deal with. He could restrain his voice no longer. He dropped his manoeuvring, and with a sharpness in his cry that seemed to indicate business, he flew direct for the pasture-field.

Approaching the entrance and seating ourselves on the crossbar gate, we discovered him, with crest erect, standing among some tall grass. A further survey showed that he was not alone. Other birds were moving about, and apparently ready to join in a wailing chorus should we proceed to walk over the field. Jumping off the gate on to the grass, the lapwings at once rose, and approaching, so roused our interest by their reiterated 'Peewit,' that we decided to cross the field and look for those objects, the care for which was so exercising the parent birds. It was late in the first nesting period, and we did not expect to see any of the black, blotched, cone-shaped eggs, or find the young birds as mere fledglings. Had that been the case, the old birds would not so readily have risen in the air, but tried some manoeuvre, such as the artifice so common with some birds, of pretending that they had a broken wing.

We commenced to cross the field; and the lapwing that had first met us raised his mournful protest in well-accented notes. His call was repeated by the others. As we proceeded, the cries became more vigorous. Two birds in particular cried out; other two moved around excitedly; while the remaining pair took it easy, as if our progress were just what they desired. The cry became a wail in the minor key: a cry of distress. They came nearer, then flew off, as we knew, in a direction different from that from which their young were hiding. The mares browsing on the field

two brown ones and a gray one—held their heads up; and their clear, intelligent eyes indicated that they wondered as to what all the uproar was about. The cows paid little heed to it, and continued with their evening meal.

The first lapwing appeared to have undertaken the principal duty of decoy. He again returned to the bean-field, settled down, erected his crest, and, walking away, repeated twice his cry of 'Peewit.' We made a movement as if to proceed toward another field where the corn was yet green, and where there was too much yellow charlock (*Scotlier*, skelloch), or what is popularly known as 'mustard,' to please the farmer. He immediately forsook the bean-stalks, soared over us, and uttering his 'Peewit' with a sharp cry, tumbled in the air, and flew before us, as if to confirm our decision. It was no use. We had only made a feint in order to see what the bird would do. The corn-field was not our destination.

Advancing up the face of the field, the birds flew around, prolonging their melancholy tone on the first note, and allowing it to sub-side on the second and final note. They seem to have two distinct cries: one ending on the high note, the other on the low note. They flew so low that a good view was obtained of the silvery plumage on their breasts. For a time they came so close that it looked as if they meant to attack us. But that could not have been their intention. In their anxiety to divert our steps and save their young, they were prepared to risk their lives. One flew so close, flapping its heavy wings—from which action the bird receives its name of lapwing—that a stroke from a stick might have brought it down. The bird's infinite fondness for its young led it to expose itself thus. It is difficult to realise what tears and troubles enter the breast of the lapwing at such a time, and with what terror it may look upon the face of man.

We had searched over a large part of the field and as yet found nothing. Many places were noticed where nests had been, not merely of lapwing but of skylark. The parent birds still hovered by, uttering their distressful if not distracted cry. These lapwings have not the artifice of some other birds. The pheasant will crouch down on the field, keep silent; and it is difficult, except to experienced eyes, to distinguish the game bird from a stone or mole-hill. Had the lapwing not come to meet us, we would never have thought of him, and continued our walk by the lane where the rose-buds are ready to burst, for the season is phenomenally early, and June has come in to find her garment already prepared. Here we were, however, in the centre of the field, looking at all the brown spots we could see and trying to discover the bird's progeny.

As the search was continued, it was curious to note that the voice of the lapwing went gradually away. It looked as if they had got tired of their wailing, and, giving up hope, had left us to our devices. We sauntered over the grass, knowing well that the young must be near, for the terror of these birds is shown at its greatest when the stranger is farthest from the nest. A sudden whir startled us. It was the rise of a partridge. We went over and looked at the spot. There was nothing. The

bird had only been resting, and resting how quiet, and crouching how low! We were close to it and did not notice the bird. We might have passed it; but evidently the bird felt that our approach was becoming too dangerous, and it ought not to incur further risk of discovery. Again pursuing the search, we were frequently deceived by the brown bare patches where nests had been. The long grass lent itself to the deception. A lark rose, we thought, from its nest, but, going forward, we only found a bare spot. But what was that crouching amid the tall grass and white, honeyed clover? It was a bird. We approached it gently, desiring to discover what kind of a bird it was before it flew. We got nearer, yet it never moved. It was not a small bird. It had a dark-brown, yellow-marked back; but nothing more could be seen. By stealthy steps we got closer, and at last looked over the bird. It did not stir. We bent down cautiously, placed our hand on it, and raised the bird. A young lapwing! Where were the parents? Why were they not here now, crying and screaming, like the mournful 'Peewit,' and making us feel empty and melancholy at our daring? There was not a voice near us. A distant note could only be heard at the lower end of the field. The young bird was of fair size, but it lay motionless in our hand. It was just large enough to fill the hollow we had lifted it from. That bare spot could not have been the original nesting place. It must have been a larger one that held the four nestlings, that usually form the brood. The parent birds always choose a spot for the nest where they can see all round them. They are content with as bareness, and have no desire to become master-builders. Nor are they particular as to the removal of their eggs. Should any of them be taken, they will make good the loss and complete the quartet. The exposed condition of their nests makes them liable to many dangers. They may be trampled upon by the foot of beast or man. The ploughshare may turn over the nest of the first arrivals, for these birds are migratory. They leave at the end of autumn, it is said, for the Emerald Isle, and come back, some as early as February, their return being generally followed by a storm known as 'the lapwings' storm.' Nor does the bird so readily forsake its nest when disturbed, as most birds will. The ploughman when crossing the field has stopped his team when he saw a nest in danger, lifted the eggs, and placed them on the newly turned soil. The birds appreciate the kindly act, and take possession of their new home.

We laid the young bird down on the spot where it had taken shelter, and left it there to recount its experience to its fond parents. We knew that the other members of the brood could not be far away, and that they would speedily gather themselves together at the call of the parent bird. Like chickens, the young lapwings run about immediately on leaving the shell, sometimes even with a portion of that maternal home clinging to them. Thus, on the approach of a stranger, being unable to fly, they crouch under cover, and use an artifice that appears to forsake them in their later years.

Looking carefully round, we discovered at some distance another of the brood. On raising it, it kicked out its legs, then lay perfectly quiet. We put it back, and went in the direction of the other field, or, more properly speaking, the northern slope of the same field; for it is only a tall white hawthorn hedge that makes a partial division. Near to the hedge we came across another young lapwing. It remained perfectly quiet in our hand; but on laying it down, we were amused to see it rise and run off. Like the others, its breast was covered with soft, white, downy feathers, which as yet gave no indication of its coming beauty. It raised its half-formed crest, and every now and then it would pause in its flight, turn round its head, and look inquiringly as to our movements. There must have been some feigning on the part of the other birds, more especially the first. It was fully the size of this last one, but it never moved itself after we replaced it; and one who did not know the ways of these birds would have thought that the bird was helpless, and as yet unable to move about. Doubtless, the bird thought that its only safety lay in being perfectly quiet.

As we gained the northern part of the field, and stood by the hawthorn bush, the sun was setting behind a great dark cloud that hid the Ochil range, more like an autumn than a summer sunset. On the waters of the Forth were reflected the delicate tints of the evening sky, the ruddy orange lying by the circle of trees that marked where the churchyard lay by the shore. The larks were singing in a further field, and their flood of melody came as a welcome relief to the distressful cry of the lapwing.

R. A. M.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XVI.—WITHOUT SECURITY.

As soon as the funeral was over, Kathleen returned to town to prove her mother's will. Mrs. Hosslegrove had little to leave, and her pension died with her. Her own small property, a title scarcely worth considering, she divided in equal shares between Kathleen and Reginald. But Mr. Reginald was not a little surprised at this equitable arrangement. 'Of course, I don't grumble,' he said magnanimously to his sister, as she turned her pale face up to him from her newly-made mourning; 'but it's beastly unfair; that's what I call it; and I confess it isn't quite what I'd have expected from the Mater.'

Kathleen stared at him with tears in her eyes. It shocked her inexpressibly to hear him speak of their mother at such a moment with so little feeling. 'Unfair!' she exclaimed, taken aback; 'why, how do you make that out, Reggie? We're both to share alike. I don't quite see myself how anything could well be made very much fairer!'

But Reggie plumed himself on the sense of

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what Aristotle describes as 'distributive justice.' 'I don't at all agree with you,' he answered with vigour, digging his hands into his trousers pockets doggedly. 'I'm a man; you're a woman. That makes all the difference. A man's needs in life are far greater than a woman's. He has society to think of. A woman can live upon anything, her wants are so few; a man requires much more—cigars, cabs, theatres, an occasional outing; a Sunday up the river, a box at the opera.'

In which chivalrous theory of the relations of the sexes, Mr Reginald Hessegrave is kept in countenance by not a few of his kind in London and elsewhere.

'I don't see why a man should have all those things any more than a woman—if he can't afford them,' Kathleen answered with more spirit than she was aware she possessed. 'Because so many women are content to scrape and slave for the sake of the men of their families, I don't see that that entitles the men to suppose every woman is bound to do it for them. Why should you be any better entitled to a box at the opera, if it comes to that, than I am?'

'Oh, well, if you've no sense of family dignity,' Reggie interjected obliquely, taking the enemy by a flank movement at the weakest point, 'and would like to see your brother sit stewing in the pit among a promiscuous pack of howling cads, or wearing a coat that would disgrace an office-boy, why, of course, there's no answering you. It's wasting words to argue. I was taking it for granted you had still some sense left of sisterly affection, and some decent pride in your relations' position. But I suppose you'd like to see me sweeping a crossing.— Besides,' he went on after a brief pause, 'you've your painting to fall back upon. You can earn money at that. It's a jolly good profession. The Mater ought to have considered the differences in our positions, and have "governed her self accordingly," as we say in the City.'

'But *you* have your salary,' Kathleen exclaimed, distressed to hear him question so lightly her mother's sense of justice; for, like most good women, she was more loyal to her mother than her mother (to say the truth) had ever deserved of her. 'That's something fixed and certain; you can always count upon it; while my work's precarious: I may happen to sell, or I may happen to make a failure. And then, too, you're a man; and what's the use of being a man, I should like to know—a superior being—a lord of creation—if you can't be trusted to earn your own livelihood better than a woman could? If there's to be a difference at all, surely it's the women, the weaker of the two, and the less able on the average to take care of themselves, who ought to receive the most! A man can work for his living; a woman can't so well; more doors are closed to her: and I think all that ought to be taken

into consideration in arranging inheritances as between sons and daughters.'

'My salary!' Mr Reginald repeated, with supreme scorn in his voice. 'My paltry salary! A beggarly two hundred! How can you expect a man brought up with the tastes and feelings of a gentleman to live upon a miserable pittance like that? You don't understand these things, that's where it is; you're not in society. You go and paint half your time at some place or other in Italy'—Mr Reginald had a profound and impartial contempt for all foreign countries 'and you don't understand the needs and requirements of a man about town. They don't come home to you. Why, neckties alone! there's an item for you! I'm distracted with the difficulty of providing good neckties. And flowers, again! How can one do without flowers? I don't suppose I should ever have a chance of rising to be an Authorised, if Jones were to see me without a gardenia in my button-hole!'

'Rising to be a what?' Kathleen inquired, looking puzzled.

'An Authorised,' Reggie replied with a superior smile. 'Oh no; I didn't expect you to understand what I meant. It's a beastly vulgar slang, the slang of the Stock Exchange; but what can you expect? If a man's put by his people into a hole of a stockbroker's office, instead of into a cavalry regiment, where his appearance and manners entitle him to be, why, of course, he must pick up the vile lingo of the disgusting hole he's been stuck in. An Authorised is a clerk, a superior clerk, a sort of Trusted Servant, who pays a special subscription to the House, and is entitled to act on his employer's account exactly like a broker. He gets a jolly good screw, an Authorised does, in a good firm. I hope in time, by my merits, to rise to be an Authorised. I'll make things hop then, I can tell you, Kitty: Threadneedle Street won't know me.'

'And who's Jones?' Kathleen inquired once more, never having heard till that moment of this mysterious personage.

'Why, our senior partner, of course,' Reggie answered with gusto.

'But I thought he was a Greek, with a very long name,' Kathleen answered, much puzzled.

'So he is,' Reggie replied. 'His full name's Ioannipulides. Now, no Christian body can be expected to say "Mr Ioannipulides" fifty times over in the course of a working day—which is only eight hours so we call him Jones for short. It's every bit as effective, and a deal less expensive on the vocal organs.'

'I see,' Kathleen replied, and was silent for a moment.

'However,' Mr Reggie continued, returning to the charge, unshattered, 'it doesn't much matter how the poor Mater *left* the money, don't you know, one way or the other: that's neither here nor there. The long and the short of it is, whether you like it or whether you lump it, you'll have to fork over your share to me as soon as we've got clear through with this beastly probate business; for I want the tin, and, to put it fair and square, I can't do without it.'

Kathleen stood aghast at the proposal. 'What,

all dear Mother left me!" she cried, thunder-struck. "You expect me to give it up to you?"

Mr Reginald assumed a severely logical expression of face. "I don't *expect* anything," he replied with conscious moderation. "In this world, I know one's exposed to perpetual disappointment. People are so selfish, that's the fact: they never think at all of other people's situations. They won't put themselves in their shoes. All I say is this; I *expect* nothing; but if you want to see your brother hauled up in the Bankruptcy Court—liabilities, seven hundred and fifty odd: assets, four-and-tuppence—the bankrupt was severely reprimanded by the learned Commissioner, and did not receive his discharge"—why, of course, you're quite at liberty to look on and enjoy that charming spectacle. It don't matter to me. I'd soon get used to it. Though I *would* have thought mere family affection, to say nothing of family pride—for I perceive you haven't got any—

"But Reggie," Kathleen cried, horror-struck, "you don't mean to tell me that with an income of two hundred a year you're more than seven hundred pounds in debt. It *is* really true, is it?"

Reggie gazed at her contemptuously. "What a storm in a teapot!" he answered with gentlemanly scorn. "Maybe six hundred and fifty. Maybe eight hundred. A gentleman doesn't generally trouble himself about the details of these matters. He buys what he can't possibly do without; and he pays for it by instalments from time to time as occasion offers. His tailor says to him: 'Would it be perfectly convenient to you, sir, to let me have a few pounds on account within the next six weeks or so? For, if so, I should be glad of it. I'm sorry to trouble you, sir; but you see your little bill has been running on so long!' and he rubs his hands apologetically. And then you say to him in a careless way: 'Well, no, Saunders; it wouldn't. I don't happen to have any spare cash in hand to waste on paying bills just at the present moment. Asot coming on, don't you know, and all that sort of thing; but I'll tell you what I'll do for you; you can make me a couple more suits, tweed dittoes, and knickerbockers!' That's the way to manage tradesmen; they don't mind about money as long as they get your custom; though, as a consequence, of course, one doesn't always remember exactly what one owes within a hundred and fifty pounds or so."

"Reggie," Kathleen said firmly, "I call it wicked of you wicked!"

"So one's people generally remark," Reggie answered with perfect unconcern. "I was talking over this subject with Charlie Owen yesterday, and he told me his governor made precisely the same remark to him last time he struck for an increased allowance. It's astonishing how little originality there is in human beings!"

It was useless being angry with him; so Kathleen began again. "Now, Reggie," she said in a serious voice, "I'm not going to make you a present this time of anything. You must find out what you owe, and show me the bills; and then perhaps I may be disposed to lend

you what you need, on note of hand, you understand, till you're rich enough to pay me."

"Oh dear, yes, I understand," Reggie answered with alacrity. "I understand down to the ground. Notes of hand are my *speciality*. Almost all this that I want to clear off just now is on note of hand, Kitty. Fact is, I'm in a hole; and it's no good denying it. Of course, if you choose to leave your brother in a hole, like Jacob's sons, for the Midianites or somebody to pull him out and sell him up, you're perfectly at liberty, I admit, to do it. But a hole I'm in; and it's notes of hand have put me there. You see, I expected to come in to whatever private property the poor Miter had; and I expected it to turn out a good deal more than it actually has done. I'm a victim of misapprehension. I flew a kite or two, making em payable within six months of well, you know, what they call a post-obit. And now I find I can't meet 'em, which is awkward; very; and unless the members of my family come forward and help me, I suppose I must go into the court—and lose my situation."

"That was a good trump card, and Mr Reginald knew it."

"But you solemnly declared to me, only six months since, you hadn't a debt in the world except the one I paid for you!" Kathleen exclaimed reproachfully. "Why didn't you tell me then the exact amount of your indebtedness?"

"No fellow ever *dare* tell his people the exact amount of his indebtedness," Reggie answered with airy candour. "It's a trait of human nature." Which was no doubt quite true, but not particularly consolatory to Kathleen in the present emergency.

"It's very, very wrong of you, Reggie," she said again, trying to be properly stern with him.

"Oh, that's all rot," Reggie answered, with his usual frankness. "It's no good pitching into any chap because he behaves exactly the same as every other chap does. I told you there's precious little originality in human nature. I've gone on as all other young men go on in a decent position; and you've gone on in the ordinary way common to their people; so now suppose we drop it all, and get forward a bit with the business."

And get forward with the business they did accordingly. After a great many subterfuges and petty attempts at deception, Reggie was at last induced to furnish Kathleen to the best of his ability with a tolerably complete list of his various creditors and the amounts he owed them. Every item, he explained in detail, was "simply unavoidable." These gloves, for example, were necessities; most undoubted necessities: any judge would pass them, for a fellow in his position. Those flowers were naturally part of his costume; hang it all, a man must dress! if people appeared in public insufficiently clad, why, as a matter of common morals, the police interfered with them. As for that fan, put down at fifty shillings, Florrie Clarke had bought that one evening when she was out with him; and he said to the shopman, "Put

it down to me!"—as also with the bouquets, the brooch, and the earrings. "But what could I do?" he pleaded plaintively. "She said she wanted them. I was a man, don't you see? I couldn't stand by and let a woman pay for them."

"It strikes me you're going to let a woman pay for them now," Kathleen put in with just severity.

Reggie smiled his graceful smile (and as he did so, Kathleen couldn't help admitting that, after all, he was a very good-looking boy, Reggie).

"Ah, but that's quite a different matter," he answered, laying one brotherly hand on her shoulder, with a caressing glance. "You see, *you're* my sister!" And what a creature a woman is! How inconsistent! How placable! That one fraternal act made Kathleen overlook all Reggie's misdeeds at once and for ever. I regret to have to chronicle it; but she stooped down and kissed him. The kiss settled the question.

Reggie swept the field in triumph. Before he left Kathleen's rooms that afternoon, he had extracted a promise that on his producing his bills, and stating the precise amounts of his funded debts in the way of notes-of-hand with his various creditors, he should receive a sufficient sum in ready cash to settle in full and begin life over again. He meant to turn over a new leaf, he said, cheering up at the prospect. And so he did—in the ledger. A clean sweep of all his bills would allow him to start afresh with increased credit—since his creditors would now conclude he had come into money. Indeed, he instantly formed, in his own imaginative mind, a splendid scheme for inviting Florrie and her Mamma down to Richmond on a drag, with Charlie Owen to assist, and a few other good fellows to help drink the dry Monopole. What's the good of getting your people to pay off all you owe, if nobody but the beastly tradesmen is to derive any benefit from their generous behaviour?

So convinced was Mr Reginald of this truth, indeed, and so firmly determined not to let Kathleen's kindness be wasted for nothing, that on his way down town again from his sister's rooms he turned casually in to his tobacconist's in passing. "I say, Morton," he observed in an easy tone, "will you just let me have your little bill to night? I'm thinking of paying it."

"Oh, certainly, sir," the sub-servient tobacconist answered with an oily smile, wondering mutely to himself whether this was a dodge to obtain fresh credit.

Reggie read the thought in his eye, and gave a nod of dissent, to correct the misapprehension before it went any further. "No, it ain't that *this* time, Morton," he said briskly, with charming sociality. "No larks, I promise you! I'm on the pay just now; come into a little oof, and arranged with my people." (That impersonal form sounds so much more manly, and so much more chivalrous, than if one were to say outright, "My sister!") "But I want some weeds, too, now I come to think of it, so you may send me round a couple of boxes of those old Porto Ricos." But if you like, you

needn't deliver them till after the bill's paid. Only," he added, looking his purveyor very straight in the face with a furtive yet searching glance: "I'd like you to put them down on the bill, don't you know; and if it's all the same to you, I'd like you to antedate them—say last February—or else I expect my people won't pay, and will cut up rusty."

The tobacconist smiled a meaning smile. He was well acquainted long since with such threadbare little ruses, which, after the fashion of gentlemen doing a risky trade with young men about town, he condoned as in the end very good for business. "All right, sir," he answered with a nod: "I quite understand. They shall be entered as you wish. We deal as between men. And just to show you, sir, that I trust you down to the ground, and have perfect confidence in your honour as a gentleman—there need be no trouble about waiting for payment; I'll send the cigars up to your rooms this evening. Will you take a weed now, sir? I can offer you a really very nice Havana."

Reggie was so delighted with the encouraging result of this first attempt, that he ventured to go a single step further in the same direction. It's convenient, don't you know, for a gentleman to have a little spare cash in hand for emergencies like the proposed visit to Richmond. "And look here, Morton," he went on, evasively: "*could* you mind just doing me a *very* small favour? I'm in want of ready cash; no rhino in hand; but my people, I'm proud to say, are behaving like bracks. They're paying up everything. They'll settle anything in reason I bring in just now as part of my embarrassments. They're prepared for a lump of it. *Could* you make it convenient just to lend me a mere trifle of twenty-five quid for the immediate present a nominal loan, don't you know, not to take effect till I've paid my debts—but antedate the IOU, say, from last December or January? It'd give me a little ready money for current expenses, don't you see—which is really an element "making for virtue," as Charlie Owen says, because it prevents one from getting into new debt the very day one's out of the old one!"

Morton hummed and hawed; to antedate the IOU was a felonious act, he rather fancied; but in the end he gave way; and the net result of Mr Reginald's day was finally *this*—that he had indeed poor Kathleen, out of the slender patrimony which was all she had for certain to count upon in the world, to pay off his debts for him; and that he now found himself with twenty-five pounds of her money in pocket, with which to begin a fresh campaign of silly extravagance. But if you think these proceedings gave Mr Reginald Messelgrave a single qualm of conscience, you very much misunderstand that young gentleman's character. On the contrary, meeting Charlie Owen on the way down the Strand, he begged that like-minded soul to partake of dinner with him forthwith at a first-class restaurant, triumphantly confided to him in the course of the meal, without extenuating "aught or setting down aught in malice, the whole of these two dialogues, and finally extended to him a

cordial invitation to share a boat up the river with him and the Clarkes, some day very soon, out of the remainder of poor Kitty's plundered money.

BREATH-FIGURES AND DUST PHOTOGRAPHS.

It has long been known that under favourable conditions objects bearing designs in low relief give rise to more or less perfect impressions on polished surfaces near which they are placed, and this curious phenomenon has now and again occupied the attention of scientific men, as a sort of mild philosophical recreation. The designs are known as 'Breath Figures' from the fact that they are made visible by breathing on them.

As far back as 1840, Professor Karstens of Berlin, by electrifying a coin laid on glass, produced a latent image, which revealed itself when breathed upon; and about the same time, others found that similar impressions could be obtained with simple paper devices, and that these could be fixed so as to be always visible. In 1842, Moser of Kongsberg attributed the results he obtained to the action of light, and compared them with those of Daguerre. Moser indeed expressed the opinion that light acts uniformly on all bodies, and that all bodies depict themselves on others, though extraneous circumstance govern the possibility of the images becoming visible. This assumption is certainly a great one, though perhaps not quite unjustified in view of certain facts of modern photography; but the multitude of images would lead to confusion, and only freshly polished surfaces, on which no more than one definite impression had been made, could be free to show it.

For the production of the most perfect breath figures it is necessary to call in the aid of electricity, and the following method has been found most successful. A glass plate six inches square is put on a table for insulation. On it is placed a coin, with a strip of tinted paper from it to the edge of the glass; and above this, again, is put the glass to be impressed, which should be about four or five inches square. Above the glass a second coin is laid. The glass should be scrupulously clean, and dry-polished with leather. The coins may be chemically cleaned or not, and may be of any metal without affecting the results. The poles of a Wimshurst electrical machine, giving three- or four-inch sparks, are connected to the tinfoil and the upper coin, and the handle turned for two minutes, during which one-inch sparks must be kept passing. On examining the glass thereafter, no change is visible to the eye, even with the help of a microscope; but when either side is breathed on, a clear frosted picture appears of the side of the coin which faced it, so minutely perfect, that even a sculptor's mark below the head can be read. The breath appears to adhere to the parts of the glass answering to the sunk portions of the device, making these appear white. There is a fine gradation of shade, corresponding to the depths of the cutting, and the raised parts of the coin appear black. The microscope

shows that there is a deposition of moisture over the whole surface; and the size of the minute water granulations increases with the darkening of the shade of the picture. The disc is surrounded with a black ring about a quarter of an inch broad, and this is sometimes marked with radial lines, caused by the milling on the edge of the coin.

If carefully protected, such figures remain permanently distinct, but are generally soon obscured by the dust which gathers after they are often breathed on. After more than two years, some have been found still clear and well defined. Rubbing with leather while the glass is moist effaces them, but not readily; and several plate bearing figures may be laid together to preserve them without their being blurred by the contact. It may be noted that in the production of breath figures in this way there is no actual contact between the coin and the glass, for in unworn coins the rim keeps the device clear of the surface, and the most perfect pattern is perfectly reproduced.

The arrangements may be modified in various ways. Several coins placed side by side touching each other give beautiful results, and there is no necessity for each coin exactly facing one on the other side of the glass. Coins and glasses may be piled up alternately, and by regulating the application of electricity, perfect images may be obtained on both sides of each glass. If several glasses are superposed, and coins applied to the outer surfaces, images appear only on the outside pair. Sometimes, when electricity has been applied in excess, the impressions come out wholly black, and in such cases rubbing the glass when dry with leather reduces the excess; while, if this is not done, the image may appear as it were to develop by time, so that the over-exposed glass usually gives a clear picture after a day or two.

Photographs have been taken of breath-figures, and these have been rendered visible by sitting finely powdered red-lead on the plates, instead of breathing on them. Some experimenters have succeeded in fixing the figures by etching the glass with hydrofluoric acid. Experiments tried to ascertain the effects of various gases showed very little variation, except that oxygen gave the best results. No figures could be obtained in a vacuum.

The polish of the surface which it is desired to impress appears to be the chief essential of success. The glass used may be either sheet or plate glass, and of any thickness; and probably any polished surface may be susceptible of taking the impression. Quartz plates give perfect images, which remain fresh longer than those on glass. Mica and gelatine do not give such good results, owing to the impossibility of giving the necessary fineness to the surface-polish of such materials. Metal surfaces give fairly good impressions if oiled paper is put between them and the coins.

The use of electricity appears only to hasten and perfect the production of breath-figures, as these may be obtained in certain circumstances by mere contact and light pressure. It is a familiar fact that a coin resting for a while on glass will give an outline of its disc, and sometimes faint traces of the pattern when the glass

is breathed on. If a coin is lightly pressed for thirty seconds on the new surface of a freshly split piece of mica, a breath-image is left behind. A piece of paper printed on one side, placed between two plates of glass and left for ten hours or so, either in the dark or in daylight, and weighted with a small weight, unless the glass is heavy, will yield a breath-impression of the print on both pieces of glass. That which faced the blank side will, of course, read directly; and that which was in contact with the print, inversely. This experiment is not always to be relied on to yield perfect results, as atmospheric conditions appear to have some influence on the molecular activities involved. The impressions also vary in appearance. Sometimes one or both may be white, sometimes black; or one part may be white, and another black. They may even change while being examined.

Other experiments of this kind are simple, and easily succeed at any time. Stars and crosses of paper placed for a few hours below a plate glass yield clear white breath-figures of the devices. A piece of paper folded several times each way to form small squares, then spread out and placed under glass, gives white breath-traces of the raised lines of the folds. Writing on paper with ordinary ink and well dried, leaves a very lasting white breath-image after a few hours' contact with a piece of glass. If the writing is traced on glass with an ivory point, using light pressure, a black breath-image may be got at once, which reads directly, while the white image reads inversely. Inverse impressions, if looked at through the glass from the other side, of course read directly.

If glass plates are allowed to lie for some hours on a table-cover bearing flowers or other patterns worked in silk, they yield strong white breath-images of the various patterns, which may be increased in clearness by warming the glass. Curiously enough, variations in the materials have been found to cause differences in the images. Wool and cotton give black; silk, white.

It has been supposed that these curious figures are due to the presence on the surface of the glass of dust or other impurities, which form nuclei for the condensation of the moisture of the breath into minute droplets of various sizes. It is probable that there is also some kind of molecular bombardment between the impressing and the impressed surfaces, which is intensified by electrification.

There is another class of somewhat analogous figures, known as 'Dust Photographs,' which are observed in special circumstances, and are doubtless due to similar causes. One example was observed in a London hotel, where a window had on the inside, but not in contact with it, a ground glass screen, bearing the words 'Coffee Room,' in clear, unfrosted letters. When the screen was removed, these words were left plainly visible on the window, and no amount of washing could obliterate them. In another case, the same words were noticed, on misty days, on the window of a room in a London lodging, which on inquiry was found to have been a hotel two or three years previously, when this particular window had been

fitted with brown gauze blinds, bearing in gilt letters the inscription which had left this natural photograph of itself.

Mr W. T. Thistleton Dyer communicated to *Nature*, in December 1892, an account of a remarkable instance observed by him in the Victoria Street Station of the District Railway. An arrangement for informing passengers of the destination of the next train consists of a shallow box with glass sides, into which boards are let down bearing the names of the stations in white letters on a blue ground. The board with the words 'Inner Circle' is most frequently exposed. The box is illuminated at night by a lamp at each side. On the occasion referred to by Mr Dyer there was some uncertainty as to the destination of the next train, owing to dislocation of the traffic, and the box was empty. Glancing at it sideways, he saw the words 'Inner Circle' on the glass in quite clear dark letters, on a pale illuminated ground; and a platform official, on his attention being called to it, remarked that he thought he had seen it before. At ordinary times, there would be little opportunity of seeing it, as the box would not be empty. The explanation suggested by this observer was, that the light of the lamps had caused some molecular change in the paint of the notice board, affecting the blue and white differently; while there might be a different electrical condition between the board and the glass, which would cause a bombardment of particles of the blue paint on to the glass, to which they had adhered. These particles, by scattering the light, would produce the effect of a pale illuminated ground; the spaces occupied by the letters being clear, would stand out relatively dark.

There may be often noticed on the inner side of a glass which has lain above a picture for years, being kept out of contact by the mount, an outline of the picture, which is visible without breathing on it. This appears to be a dust-figure, easily removed, and caused by the loosening of fine paint particles by heat and light, which have been drawn up and attached to the glass by the electricity generated by rubbing the outer side to clean it. Unless the picture has been well framed, so as to be practically air-tight, dust and damp get in and spoil the effect.

There have been frequent instances noted in which the deposits of soot from lamps have been so distributed as to map out on the ceilings of large rooms the outlines of the joists, the laths, and sometimes even the heads of the nails supporting the laths, and, in the case of large cornices, the supporting bars. Two possible explanations have been given of this phenomenon, which suit respectively those examples in which the soot marks out the lines of the joists and laths, either by accumulating over these, leaving the spaces between them light in colour; or by accumulating in the intervals, indicating the positions of the joists and laths by leaving them comparatively free from deposit, which is more frequently observed. In the former, the soot appears to be deposited by the molecular action which drives dust out of warm air to settle on all cool surfaces; the woodwork, where it is in contact

with the plaster, keeping the latter cool by conducting the heat away from it, while the portions of the plaster which have no backing of wood are warmed to the temperature of the room, and receive no coating of dust. On the other view, the soot gathers over the inter-spaces of the woodwork, because the porous plaster acts as a dust-filter on the warm air which streams upwards, more or less freely, through its porosities, into the open space above, while the wood prevents this action where it touches the plaster. Why the one action should take place rather than the other is no doubt due to local circumstances—the nature of the plaster, the heating of the room, or more obscure conditions. The presence of actual smoke is not necessary for the phenomena of dust-deposition to be observed. Ceilings are blackened even above incandescent lamps—the cleanest of all forms of lighting—by the up-streaming warm air parting with its dust contents to the cooler surfaces.

Hoar-frost has been observed to bring out figures of the same kind. On a smoothly boarded gate, the parts behind which the bars of the framing ran were marked out by a much thicker coating of hoar frost than the rest; and similarly, on a wooden pier, the planking was crossed by broad belts of white, which exactly outlined the supporting timbers. Such appearances are probably due rather to differences in the rate of melting than to an increased deposition of frost; the parts thickened by the supports taking longer to warm up and melt the frost-covering, when the temperature of the air rises.

A PRINCE'S LOVE-STORY.

CHAPTER II.

THE Prince delivered that invitation as if it were the business he had come upon; but he again went fishing, again left the Count in the Colonel's company, and made himself the devoted pupil of Margaret; and again took tea with the ladies when the fishing-day was over. But more than that; Mrs. Herrie-Hay somehow or other managed to get her way, and the Prince and his companion stayed to dinner; for the dogcart did not come for them till nine o'clock.

When his distinguished and perturbing guests were gone, and his wife and younger daughter were preparing for bed, the Colonel asked Margaret to go for a walk with him. Father and daughter went out and walked through the fine, fresh, fir-scented air, made musical with the distant sound of rushing water. They walked a little while in silence: they were good comrades, these two, and they completely understood each other.

'If I'm not mistaken, father,' said Margaret presently, 'you have something to say to me?'

'I have, my dear,' answered the Colonel. 'What about Prince Hermann?'

'What about him, father?'

'Well, my child, let us be frank. It is quite plain to me, and I will not do you the discredit to think it is not plain also to you, that he is coming here daily after you.'

'Frankly, then, father,' said Margaret, 'I think so too. But what can I do? I cannot hinder his coming.'

'No, my dear. But tell me truly: do you care for him? It occurs to my memory that we saw a good deal of him in Pumpernickel; and it is possible that some sort of liking may have sprung up between you there, without my suspecting it. Are your affections at all engaged with him, my child? Do you love him?'

'He has not said a word of love to me, father,' answered the maiden, somewhat evasively.

'But he makes love with his eyes and his behaviour. Do you care for him? Answer me truly, Meg.'

'I like him very much, father.'

'Now, let me point out to you how very dangerous it is to let this go on—to let your affections get committed to him more. He is a very nice, manly fellow, I grant you; but he can never marry you.'

Margaret was silent a moment; then she said reluctantly, 'I suppose he can't,' quite as if she had been turning over in her mind the question whether there really were any insuperable barriers to marriage.

'It is said he is engaged to the Princess Erine-tine of Starkenburg, and has been these two years. Besides, even if he be not engaged to anybody, he is a Royal personage, and therefore he cannot marry any one but a Royal Princess without losing his rank and such chance as he may have of the throne—unless, of course, he marries morganatically. And a morganatic marriage, as I dare say you know, from an English point of view is about as bad as no marriage at all.'

'I certainly should not like a morganatic marriage,' answered Margaret.

'Then,' said the Colonel resolutely, 'I must have a talk with him: I must ask him what his intentions are.'

'But, father, just think. He has not said a word to me yet, and he has only been coming to see us two days: will it not look rather absurd to ask a gentleman—a Prince—what he means by coming to see us two days running?'

Yes, the Colonel dolefully admitted, it would look rather premature and foolish; and it was therefore agreed to let things take their course for the present.

About the same time, or a little later, a conversation of similar character was conducted between the Prince and his friend, the Count von Saxe. The two were smoking cigars in a room of the castle which looked eastward. The Prince strode to the window, flung it open, and leaned out. The end of his cigar glowed like a coal between his fingers, the rive sang its hoarse monotonous song below, and eastward he could descrie the little spire of the little kirk piercing the still clear air. He guessed at the position of the manse, but there was no light visible, and he turned into the room again. 'Saxe,' said he, 'I love that girl.'

'That is very evident, sir,' said Von Saxe.

'She is a most adorable creature. You do not know, Saxe, how different she is from any other woman, particularly a German

woman. She is handsome, beautiful, everything, Saxe; but what I like most in her is that she can be a comrade to a man. Oh, she is delightful, adorable! Now, Saxe, I and you have always been bosom-friends: tell me, what do you think of her?

'I have told you before, in Pumpernickel, sir, that I agree with you. She is handsome, adorable.—But what do you propose, sir?'

'I shall marry her, Saxe.'

'Morganatically, sir?' queried Von Saxe.—The Prince was silent, and chewed his cigar.

'The English, sir,' continued Von Saxe, 'so far as I have learnt, do not have morganatic marriage: they do not like morganatic marriage; they prefer marriage complete, or nothing at all.'

'You are dull to-night, Saxe; let us go to bed,' said the Prince.

The next day was again a fine day for the fishing: would the Prince again appear, or would he not? That was the question considered at breakfast-time by the Herries-Hay household from varying points of view of curiosity, anxiety, hope, and exultation. He came, as usual, breezy, cheerful, and self-confident; what reason can a Royal Prince ever have for doubt or hesitation even in his love affairs? As Thackeray says, it must be hard for a man with ten thousand a year to consider himself 'a miserable sinner'; so must it be well-nigh impossible for a Prince to believe he cannot have the love of any woman he deigns to regard with favour. He came, and the Colonel looked gloomy and anxious. They all went out fishing as of old-time; and, in spite of the Colonel's determination to keep his eye on the Prince and separate him from Margaret, the Prince managed to evade him—perhaps, if the truth be told, with Margaret's connivance. And hence arose a critical accident.

Both the Prince and Margaret were wading on the margin of a deep pool above a swirling rapid of the river. The Prince was paying more attention to his fair companion than to his fishing-rod: there came a tug at his line; he stumbled, missed his footing, fell souse into the deep water; and before Margaret could guess how it had happened, he had risen to the surface on the dangerous edge of the rapid. The Prince could swim, but he did not know the stream; he was being swept away into the roaring torrent below, when Margaret, who knew every step of the bottom, plunged towards him, and was just in time to lay hold of the waistband of his jacket with the hook of her gaff. She drew him in till he regained his footing. Both were dripping wet; and without a word, they waded out, Margaret winding in her line the while the Prince's rod was away down stream with the fish that had tugged at it. When they reached the bank, the Prince burst into laughter.

'Ha, ha, ha!' he cried. 'That was very droll—very droll indeed! A great fish like me to plunge into the water and make the salmon afraid!'

But Margaret was pale, wide-eyed, and serious. 'You might have been drowned, sir!' said she. 'Another second, and nothing could have saved you, short of a miracle!'

Then, looking on her, he became serious also. 'I have to thank you, Miss Margaret,' said he, 'very, very much! You have saved my life!'

'Now we must run up to the house, sir,' said she hurriedly, 'and put on dry clothes.'

So they ran up to the house, which was not very far off. There was no one at home save the servants. Mrs Herries-Hay and her younger daughter had gone out for their morning walk or drive. Margaret considered the Prince with a practical eye for an instant: he was about the height and build of her father; therefore she ran to her father's room before she changed her own wet things, and set out dry clothing for the Prince. Then, having shown him her arrangement for his comfort, she went to her own room to change.

In a little while they met again below. It was an embarrassing moment for Margaret. She had stood in the presence of the Prince before, but never before alone and unoccupied, as now. Moreover, she saw him in the familiar clothes of her father, and somehow his Royal rank fell from him, and she saw only a man, agreeable, handsome, and manly, who (she believed) desired her love, and who she could not doubt—had just been saved by her from drowning. That last fact worked a subtle change in her feelings: it gave her a new sense of personal interest in him, of tenderness and possession. Therefore was she embarrassed; and being embarrassed, she turned to the piano to give her hands occupation. She lightly fingered the keys, and he came and stood by her.

'How very clever you are!' he said. 'You fished me from the water; you brought me in the house; and you found for me clothes. I could not have found clothes without my valet!'

Margaret laughed. 'My father, so far as I know, has never had quite what you would call a valet, and certainly I have never had a maid! I am used to looking after myself.' She saw something in his eye that made her head swim. 'Shall we go out again to the river?' said she, making as if to rise; but she could not rise without pushing him aside.

'I have had enough of the river to-day,' said he. 'Besides, my rod is gone.' He leaned still nearer her. 'Let us stay here. You have saved my life,' he continued. 'It is yours. Will you not give me something else in return?'

Now Margaret saw where she was. She recognised anew that this was a Royal Prince who was addressing her; she understood they were both on the brink of love-confession, and that, she perceived, with wild alarm, might be as disastrous for both as the plunge into the pool had well-nigh been for the Prince.

'Please, your Royal Highness,' said she in a hurried voice, scarce knowing what she said, 'let me go!'

'Are you afraid of me, Miss Margaret? I am sorry, indeed, if you are, for you are the only woman I wish to see interested in me.'

'You do me too much honour, sir!' panted Margaret. 'Please, let me go!' She insisted

upon rising, and so compelled him to fall back a little.

'You are afraid of me,' he complained with sparkling eyes. 'Why? Because I am a Prince? I do not care to be a Prince! I will not be a Prince! I wish to be only a man to you, Miss Margaret; but you do not care!'

She cast a glance on him; she saw he was sad; and she was moved with pity for him. 'I only fear that I care too much,' she said, and so escaped from the room.

Margaret had barely retreated and left the Prince somewhat at a loss how to behave, when the Colonel and the Count von Saxe returned. The Colonel, being anxious concerning the close association of the Prince with his daughter, and having lost sight of them, had insisted on looking for them; not finding them by the river, but only a stranded fishing-rod which the Count recognised as the Prince—he had hastened home in fear of what might have happened. His daughter met him at the door, told him the whole story, and led him to understand that she had just descended from her room after making a change of dress.

'And I, Colonel,' said the Prince, 'am wearing *your* clothes.'

'You are very welcome, sir,' said the old man 'to them,' he added inwardly, 'though not to my daughter.'

'I think,' said the Prince, with politeness, 'I ought to return to the castle to put myself into clothes of my own. But there is no carriage, and five miles make a long way to walk.'

'If your Royal Highness,' said the Colonel, 'cares to accept the use of the pony phaeton belonging to the manse, it is at your service.'

The Prince flushed, and his eye flashed: he did not expect to be thus taken at his word, and to be treated so inhospitably.

'Thank you, Colonel,' said he; 'I will take the pony phaeton.'

And thus, through a foolish question of clothes, and the anxious touchiness of the Colonel, the Prince avoided a frank explanation regarding his desires towards Margaret; and thus also Margaret herself, who heard the passage of dialogue and who exclaimed to herself, 'How *can* father!' postponed any revelation of what had passed between her and the Prince. And thus also I come to have some story to tell: for, if an immediate understanding had been arrived at among these three, there would have been almost no story, at all; there would have been only to chronicle something like—

The parson told the sexton,
And the sexton tolled the bell.

The Prince drove in the pony phaeton to the castle in a fume of huff; and Mrs Herries-Hay, when she returned from her walk and heard what had happened, informed her husband again that he had 'no manners.' But the Prince, being at bottom a good tempered, manly fellow, forgot his huff as soon as he had sent back the pony phaeton with the Colonel's clothes, and forthwith was as much in love with Margaret and her family as ever. He passed all tiffing the halls of the castle humming scraps of music, roaring love-songs, and slamming doors.

'He is a whirlwind; he is a tornado: he is a mountain storm!' exclaimed the Herr Cancellarius, who encountered him once in his perambulations and who heard him throughout.

A second time, on leaving the library of the castle, the Herr Cancellarius met the Prince. The Prince stopped at sight of him, as if the Cancellarius had provoked an idea, and drew him back into the library.

'Herr Cancellarius,' said the Prince, 'I wish to have a few words with you; let us sit down here.' He motioned the Herr Cancellarius to a high-backed chair; and the Cancellarius set down, and smiled benevolently, for he had been somewhat prepared by the Count von Saxe for what he guessed was coming.

'Herr Cancellarius,' said the Prince, 'I beg to inform you, as my father's representative—the personage whom my father has put over me in this country—that I am about to ask a young lady to be my wife.'

'Soh! your Royal Highness!' exclaimed the Herr Cancellarius.

'And I wish you,' continued the Prince, 'to accompany me to her parents in my father's name.'

'Who is the privileged young lady, your Royal Highness?' asked the Herr Cancellarius.

'She is the elder of the two daughters of Colonel Herries-Hay.'

'If I do not make a mistake, sir, she is the same young lady as your royal father the king thought you were too attentive to in Lumper-nackel.'

'You are right, Herr Cancellarius—she is the same.'

'It is unfortunate, sir,' said the Cancellarius, 'that you should have met her again—and here.'

'I call it exceedingly fortunate,' said the Prince, bending on the Cancellarius a fine frank brow.

'Your Royal Highness will find it difficult, I believe, to arrange a marriage morganatic in this country,' said the Cancellarius. 'In all my reading' and he glanced round the library—'I have not come upon any mention of marriage morganatic; and Sir Walter Scott, I am sure, makes no mention of it.'

'I do not intend to offer morganatic marriage,' said the Prince quietly.

'And the Princess Ernestine, sir?'

'Of course, I cannot marry her; you will write to my father to that effect.'

'Your Royal Highness will understand that I cannot stir at all until I have written for instructions to His Majesty.'

'You can go with me to Colonel Herries-Hay,' said the Prince, 'and write to my father afterwards.'

'Your Royal Highness will pardon me; but I cannot,' said the Herr Cancellarius. 'It would be such a gross breach of duty as I cannot allow myself to commit.'

'Then, Herr Cancellarius,' said the Prince, 'you must telegraph.'

'The telegraph is public, sir, and the telegraph is liable to make mistakes. I remember, your Royal Highness, a terrible mistake made by the telegraph. It was on the War year—'

The Prince interrupted him. 'What is the

use of the telegraph if it does not serve for writing when you are in a hurry? If you do not telegraph, I shall telegraph myself.'

'It shall be so, then, sir; I shall telegraph.'

But the Herr Cancellarius was a man of craft, and of conceit as well; and if his craft was as deep as his conceit was high, then was there no reaching the bottom of it. Why should he trouble His Majesty of Pumpernickel with this very matter, which had been afore-time entrusted to him to arrange? He would manage it triumphantly all by himself, and so would he gain great credit with his master the king; and he would telegraph also oh yes! he would telegraph! Ha, ha! He would appeal with a statement of the case to Her Majesty of England, to remove the obnoxious Herries-Hays family from the neighbourhood, and, if possible, pack them out of the country. But it was not etiquette for him to send direct to the Queen, who was only a few miles off at Balmoral. He telegraphed to the Schweiningen Pumpernickel ambassador in London; who called upon the English Foreign Minister; who replied instantly that, owing to freedom of the British subject, &c., the Herries-Hays could not be moved, but who promised to communicate with Her Majesty the Queen. The Schweiningen Pumpernickel ambassador telegraphed back to that effect to the Herr Cancellarius. It was after noon on Thursday when the Herr Cancellarius received the ambassador's reply. It was not very promising: it seemed that he must expect from the English Government or the Queen no aid in the removal of the Herries-Hays; he must trust to his own admirable knowledge and craft.

He sat in the library of the castle and thought; he paced to and fro and looked at the backs of his favourite books; and he evolved a scheme which, he conceived, had seldom been equalled for daring and originality.

NAVAL TITLES AND SEA PHRASEOLOGY.

To a seafaring nation such as we belong to, whose vessels are on the surface of every ocean throughout the known globe, and in whom so large a proportion of the community is more or less interested, either by relation ship with their crews or passengers, or in the cargoes they are carrying, a study of the origin and growth of our sea-terms and habits should be both interesting and instructive. We can trace the gradual growth of these from the earlier days of the existence of our navy, bringing home the fact to our knowledge that nearly in all things we are a composite people—in race, habits, customs, manners, and language. Even in the present age, with a changed system of ships' materials, equipments, and propulsion, the process is still going on.

In modern steam-vessels and war ships many old terms have become obsolete; but in sailing-vessels they are still in common use. The bulk of the following explanations refers to the vessels of the Royal Navy. Many of our sea-terms have

peculiar derivations; a large section of them originated from military ones, as in the earlier days of our naval organisation, vessels of war had double crews, a military one for fighting purposes, and another of mariners for navigating duties. In course of time, alterations gradually took place, which ended in a ship-of-war combining the duties of both under one crew. But many of the terms used under the former dual system were still retained.

In the early days of our fleet, the rank of Admiral was unknown; the chief officer of the squadron was called a Constable or Justice. The term admiral as now used is derived from the Arabic 'amir' or 'emir,' a commander (as in 'Amir-al-Bahr,' commander of the sea). The early English form was 'amiral,' and is still preserved as such by the French. The Spanish and Portuguese forms are 'almirante'; the Italian, 'ammiraglio.'

The title Captain is not a naval but a military one. Under the older organisation, the real captain of the ship was a Master; but a military officer was placed on board, although he knew nothing about nautical matters. As the captain became bigger and bigger, the master became smaller and smaller, until, as at the present day, he fulfils a subordinate position, which is gradually becoming obsolete, being replaced by an officer under the style and title of a Navigating Lieutenant. Commodore comes from the Spanish 'comendador.'

The title of Lieutenant, borrowed directly from the French, is more modern, and is meant as a place-holder, or one who took the place of the captain when absent. Sub lieutenant is still more modern, and at the same time a misnomer, as he never was a sub lieutenant, but merely a mate, or one who assisted. In former days we had no Cadets, but Volunteers. However, with the gradual advance of politeness, the more seemly term of cadets was borrowed from the French, and adopted as a title for the young gents in our navy. In place of Paymasters, the ships of old had Purser, who looked after the provisions. The naval purser did more; he had charge of the stores of the ship and the money-chest.

Surgeons and Surgeons' Mates fulfilled the duties of doctors. Chaplains are of modern introduction. Naval Instructors and Schoolmasters ruled in their stead. The term Mate was rather a universal one, and applied to all branches. Many yet exist; the master, purser, surgeon, gunner, and boatwain, and even the cook, all had mates or assistants; the last four still retain them.

The Gunner of old now replaced to a certain extent by the modern Gunner Lieutenant—whose chief qualifications used to be that he must be a good helmsman, and having charge of the guns, had to steer the ship as to be able to fire a concentrated broadside into the enemy. From the gunner comes the gunroom, which was his quarters, and is now the cabin of midshipmen and cadets. The Boatwain, from Saxon 'swain,' a servant, or the boat's servant. Next to the Master, he was the most important sailor of all, having charge of the boats, sails, rigging, cables, anchors, flugs, and cowlage. Coxswain, similar to boatwain, is also derived from 'cock,'

a boat, and 'sweine,' and denotes the chief boatman or boat's-servant.

The term Quartermaster, as used in both the army and navy, appears to be confusing and anomalous. In the army it is the title of a commissioned officer who performs important and responsible duties. In the navy he is simply a warrant officer directing subordinate duties. In old ships and under former arrangements, his position was a more important one, so much so, that he was considered to be the fourth part of the Master; hence the term quartermaster, being principally engaged in assisting him in the navigation of the ship. Even at the present day they have charge of the steering gear and the men at the wheel.

Other terms accentuate the fact of the original military predominance on board our war ships in early days. One of these still exists under the title of Captain. There are captains of the quarterdeck, fore-castle, fore-top, hold, maintop, mainmast, mizzen-mast, mizzen top, &c. The ship's Cook was once a great man on board ship; and there are instances on record of his being promoted for efficient preparation of food.

Up to the reign of Charles II., the two most inferior ratings on board a man-of-war were those of 'Swabber'—that is, one who swabbed or mopped up the inside of the ship—the other being the 'har,' who held the lowest of all, as he was not permitted to meddle with the inside of the ship on any pretence whatever. Another old-time official existed, the Caterer, now known as the 'Ship's Steward,' who looked after the division and issue of the men's food.

As regards terms connected with the ship, its hull, masts, decks, and rigging, they are innumerable; and, singular to remark that, as our military terms are derived from the Normans, the greater number of our naval ones come from the Saxon and Dutch, such as ship, boat, boom, &c. The terms larboard and starboard come from the Italian 'questa borda' and 'quella borda,' which by rapid delivery became starboard and larboard; but owing to the strong similarity of sound, have been changed into starboard and port (Latin 'porto,' to carry), the use of the terms in the original form having been the cause of many accidents.

Quarterdeck originated from the arrangement that the portion of the deck so called was about one-fourth of the whole space. Fore- or forward-castle received its name as being the principal part of the ship in which the fighting took place, being raised much above the level of the other part of the deck, and holding a commanding position. Poop, the raised after-part of the ship set apart for officers, both in meaning and derivation comes from the Latin.

Gangway has been handed down from the days of the ancient galley of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans, it having been a board which ran along the whole length, serving as a passage for the rowers to and from their seats. It was also utilised as a resting-place for the mast and sail when not in use. The term now denotes a place of exit or entrance from or to a vessel, generally from the shore by means of a long plank or platform.

The Cockpit—in the lowest part of the vessel, below water, used during action for the treatment of the wounded—is derived from the old days

of the English sport of cock-fighting; but this has been modernised, and is now known as the 'flats;' why, no one can explain.

Booms—long spars used to stretch out sails to their utmost—are now unknown in war-ships, except those extending from a ship's side to suspend nets upon, as a protection against torpedoes. In the days of sailing-ships, nearly every yard and spar had its special boom for one purpose or another. From boom comes the term 'boom-boat,' for the sale of luxuries and fresh provisions to the crew; the reason why it was so called being that its owners were only permitted to secure it to one of the lower booms specially used for boats alongside.

Lubber (Dutch), a lazy, cowardly fellow, from whence we also have 'lubber's hole,' through which nervous, pluckless fellows creep into the tops, in preference of climbing the 'lubber shrouds' in a proper seaman-like style. Anchor comes from the Latin 'ancora' or 'ancora,' which, up to 600 B.C., consisted simply of a large stone with a hole through it.

The peculiarity of so many portions of a ship's rigging bearing names derived from the trappings of a horse can only be accounted for from the fact, as already mentioned, of the early war ships being manned by soldiers as well as sailors, the natural consequence being that they, the soldiers, adapted some of their terms to meet the requirements of their changed employment. Amongst the various ropes, &c., will be found ladders, whips, bits, stirrups, &c.

The names of sails agree with the masts to which they belong, rising from the largest to the smallest: fore, main, or mizzen, with top, topgallant, and royal sails. Supplementary sails were often used in a fair wind, called stunsails, or, more properly, stacking or extending sails. Another form of supplementary sail is known by the name of stay-sails, triangular in shape, and fixed to the supporting or main-stays between each mast. In very calm latitudes, where light winds blow, another class of additional sails are used aloft, and above the ordinary royal sails; these have received peculiar but appropriate names, and are called sky scrapers and moon-takers.

Reference must not be omitted to the old and well-known sea-term, grog, which was originated as a term of derision and disgust when Admiral Vernon, in 1745, introduced the wise innovation of making his crew drink their spirit ration diluted with water, instead of neat, as they had hitherto done. Jack did not like this watery business, and in revenge nicknamed the admiral as 'Old Grog,' and his diluted mixture as 'grog,' from the fact that he generally wore an overcoat of a colour then known as grogram gray.

The days of towering wooden walls with their clouds of snow white canvas spread to the wind, and moving over the bosom of the ocean like a thing of beauty, are gone and past. No more 'tacking' or 'wearing,' great circle sailing, 'bouting ship,' with the stentorian commands of 'Tacks and sheets!' 'Main-sail haul!' These are now all levelled down to 'Full steam ahead!' or 'Astern!' The crew of an ironclad would be rather astounded, if not flabbergasted, if some captain of the past made his appearance and gave the order to 'hoist the starboard foretopmast

studding sail,' or 'clew up your lee garnets,' and 'stand by the jigger-fall!'

Yet, with all these changes, 'Britain still rules the sea.' Long may she do so!

A FIGHT WITH THE NAVAJOES.

'THAT is the mark of an Indian arrow, a Navajo arrow,' said the Colonel as he applied a lighted splinter of cedar to his cigar. This was said in answer to my remark, calling attention to a dark red scar on his right arm about two inches above the wrist, which was revealed as he stretched out his arm towards the fire to light the chip of wood.

The Colonel and I, with our host, were sitting round the stove one evening in October when the nights were getting chilly. We were living at a ranch which was situated among the foot-hills of a range of mountains lying in New Mexico to the east of the Rio Grande. The Colonel had driven thirty miles that day in his two-horse buggy, and having as far again to go before he reached his destination, he had stopped at the ranch for the night, availing himself of that hospitality which is so freely offered to travellers by all ranchmen in the Wild West.

'Tell us the story, Colonel,' said our host, relighting his pipe, and leaning back comfortably in the rocking-chair.

The Colonel was an old Indian fighter, and had seen some rough work in the 'winning of the West.' With the usual preliminary 'Well,' which seems the usual way for an American to begin a story, the Colonel commenced.

The Navajoes, a powerful tribe to the west of the Rio Grande, had for long been on the war-path, robbing and murdering white settlers, more especially at isolated mining camps, until most of the mines were left tenantless, the owners having either been 'wiped out' or obliged to flee to the towns or more settled districts. The Government was at length roused to take steps to put an end to this state of things. A strong force, composed principally of cavalry, was sent out against the Navajoes, marching through their country, destroying their towns, and killing many of the tribe in numerous engagements and skirmishes. Finally they returned, escorting about eight thousand prisoners. I was there with the — th Cavalry, and a pretty busy time we had of it rounding up these redskins. They were marched to Fort S—, and located close to the fort, being kept within their camp by cavalry patrols. In spite of our utmost vigilance, several small parties of Indians escaped. As the force at the disposal of the Commandant was not large enough to follow all the scattered bands of fugitives, I got orders to raise a company of scouts, in order to patrol the range of mountains lying between the fort and the Navajo country.

After a considerable time and no end of difficulty, I got together a band of as thorough

ruffians as it was ever my lot to see. These were hunters, trappers, scouts, miners, Indians, half-breeds, ruined gamblers, and scamps of every kind and nation, but all well used to Indian fighting and Indian ways. I may mention that this was the band which my old friend, Mayne Reid, calls the 'Scalp-hunters.' After the expenditure of a good amount of time and temper, not to mention physical force, I managed to get them into some sort of discipline. With this band I was camping out on the east side of the mountains, when news was brought from the fort that a band of six hundred Indians had escaped, and were making their way westward. They would be obliged to cross the mountains by one of three passes. We were encamped at the centre pass, and the passes on either side of us were eighty miles apart from each other. After consulting with my chief scout, a Mexican called Santos, we agreed that they would probably make for the North pass, and would likely send a small party on ahead to see if the coast was clear; so we resolved to make a reconnaissance in that direction.

Leaving the main body of the men, with orders to watch the South pass as well as the Centre one, I rode off with Santos, taking two led mules with us. As we expected, we found the trail of the scouting party, and soon came in sight of them, or rather of the cloud of dust which they raised as they made their way towards the mountains. Keeping well out of sight, we passed them, and made for a spring where I expected the Indians would camp. We rode hard all day, and towards sunset arrived in the neighbourhood of the spring. Halting about a mile from it, Santos dismounted and crawled forward among the sage-bush. On examining the ground, he saw that the Indians had not been there. We accordingly watered the horses, and then retired to a canon about two hundred yards from the spring. It soon became quite dark; and as there was no sign of the Indians, we went to sleep.

At daybreak next morning I went up the side of the canon, and crawling through the sage-bush, I examined the neighbourhood with my glass. I discovered the Indians encamped about two hundred yards from the spring on the farther side. They had arrived after dark, and so had not discovered our trail. As I was watching them through my glass, and trying to make out their numbers, I saw a sudden movement in the camp. They began to move towards their horses, at the same time gesticulating and pointing in our direction. Looking behind me, to my dismay I saw a column of smoke slowly rising in the air. I knew at once what had happened. I had many a time expostulated with Santos about his habit of smoking at inconvenient times; and now, after lighting his cigarette, he had managed to set the grass on fire. I at once crawled back through the sage-bush; and as soon as I was out of sight of the Indians, I rose to my feet and ran down to our camp, where I found Santos vainly endeavouring to beat out the fire.

'No use now,' I said. 'We are discovered, and must run for it.'

We mounted our horses, and leading the mules, set off at a gallop, the Indians keeping on our left, to cut us off from the fort, where they supposed we were going. They did not actually chase us, but just kept along parallel to our course; and so we raced along over the plain, which was of sand and gravel, with a scanty growth of gramma grass, with here and there a cactus or soap-plant. All day long we kept on, sometimes stopping to change the saddles from the horses on to the mules, or back again to the horses, and on again in that monotonous gallop, parched with thirst and covered with dust.

Towards evening, we were nearing the Mid Pais, that great lava-bed which stretches for seventy miles along the plain. The lava is piled up in great ridges, cracked and fissured in all directions, broken up into huge blocks, which here and there are upheaved forty and fifty feet above the plain, with grass and small trees growing in the interstices. Most of the bed is quite impassable for horses; but I remembered one pass, of which I had taken advantage on a former occasion. Skirting the lava-bed to the right, we came to a high piled-up block, which I knew indicated the whereabouts of the pass.

At length we reached the place where the path led over the lava. Leaving Santos to watch if the Indians were following us, I took up the pass. My limbs were rather cramped after our long gallop; and I had taken my right foot from the stirrup, and had crossed my leg over the horn of the saddle, and was leading the mule with my left hand. The path was so narrow that the mule had to follow in the footsteps of the horse. In my right hand was my repeating rifle, at that time a novelty, resting across my right knee. I had nearly gained the highest part of the pass, and was advancing between two walls of lava, when my horse suddenly threw up its head, and looking down, I found myself looking right into the muzzle of a rifle. I instinctively drew back, tightening the rein, and causing the horse to rear. At the same moment a shot was fired, and the horse fell with a bullet through his head. Almost at the same instant several other shots were fired, and I fell with the horse, wounded in the left shoulder and right thigh. As I fell, I threw up my right hand with the rifle, and received an arrow in the arm, which left this scar. The mule was tugging at the rope as I lay stretched out with my left leg under the dead horse, and my left arm stretched beyond my head by the backing of the mule, the lance being still held in my hand, and partly twisted round my wrist. At this moment an Indian appeared just before me. I can see that man still; every feature is stamped on my memory. I thought my last hour had come as he stepped towards me clutching his knife. I raised my wounded arm, holding the rifle like a pistol, and fired point-blank at the Indian, who dropped dead on the spot. Then the mule gave a scream and reared up, dragging me from under the horse, wrenched himself loose, and galloped down the pass. My idea at the time was that an Indian had attempted to get at me from behind, but find-

ing the mule in the way, had thrust his lance into it. My surmise was probably correct, as the mule eventually arrived at the fort with a lance wound in its flank.

My repeating rifle evidently disconcerted the Indians, and although I fired several more shots into the bushes, I never caught sight of them again. They fired once or twice, and now and then an arrow fell near me; but they were careful never to expose themselves.

It was now quite dark; and I managed to drag myself into a corner among some high blocks of lava, and sat, leaning against them, with my rifle across my knees, expecting every moment to be attacked. I extracted the arrow, and the blood began to pour over my hand. Getting out my knife, I ripped up my sleeve. I felt the blood coming in jerks, and knowing by that that an artery must be wounded, I improvised a tourniquet by tying a knot on my handkerchief, and, with my unwounded hand and my teeth, banded the arm and stopped the bleeding. I began to feel rather done up, and was leaning back against the rock, when I heard a slight rustling over my head. On looking up, I could see between me and the sky the bushy head of a soap-plant being thrust over the edge of the rock. This was evidently a ruse on the part of the Indians to see if I were on the alert. I instantly fired upwards, and the soap-plant disappeared. I dared not go to sleep, and I felt comparatively happy. I remember distinctly, on repeating poetry to myself; and rather appropriately, Burns' poem, 'Man was made to mourn,' kept running through my head. My sense of hearing seemed to be intensified, and I could hear the slightest rustle of a bat, which I often took for the stealthy tread of a toe.

About three o'clock, as near as I could judge, I heard what I at once recognized as the sound of metal striking a stone. It was very faint, and seemed a long way off; but I felt sure that it was caused by the iron shoe of a horse; and if so, it was probably the horse of a white man, as the Indians almost never shoe their horses. I listened intently for a repetition of the sound; and shortly afterwards heard another sound, which I knew by experience to be caused by the rush of a number of horses over an *arroyo*; and then all was silent again. I waited for some time, and then heard faintly the unmistakable tramp of horses galloping. The sound gradually became more distinct, and then suddenly ceased. Soon I heard voices, and recognised those of Santos and the lieutenant of my troop. At last I heard the order given to advance. I cried out: 'Look out. There are Indians all round!'

'My God!' I heard the lieutenant say, 'he's still alive.'

Just then I heard a rustling all round me, caused by the Indians making off; and, to my intense relief, I saw the lieutenant and a number of dismounted troopers coming towards me. As I could not sit on a horse on account of my wounds, as soon as it was daylight they constructed a horse-litter, and conveyed me to the fort, where I lay for something like three months. I was told that Santos, hearing the shots when I ascended the

pass, and no answering call from me, concluded that I was killed or a prisoner, and rode off to the fort, returning with help just in time for my rescue.

CREAM-OF TARTAR TREES.

NATURE'S laboratory is ceaselessly working, developing and storing up products for the use of mankind at large. In the vegetable kingdom this is especially noticeable; and if man sometimes only succeeds, after much experiment and work, in making the plant give up its useful properties, at other times—and these are of frequent occurrence—he finds the product already manufactured, and requiring but a small amount of preparation to render it fit for utilisation. To this latter category of plants yielding ready-made products, the Cream of Tartar Trees may be said to belong; they are members of the genus 'Adansonia,' of the natural order 'Bombacee.' Until within the past few years, it was thought that only one species could rightly claim the title of the cream-of-tartar tree—the 'Adansonia Gregorii,' the gouty-stem tree of Northern Australia. Recent researches have, however, proved that the Baobab ('Adansonia digitata') of Senegal contains nearly 20 per cent. of free tartaric acid, and nearly twelve per cent. of bitartrate of potassium. The acid is found in the farinaceous pulp surrounding the seed, and has at all times been highly esteemed by travellers, who mix it with a little water in order to make a refreshing beverage.

Until the discovery of the Mammoth Tree of California and the Eucalypts, the Adansonia was considered the largest tree in the world. Its height is from forty to seventy feet, and its diameter near the base very often thirty feet, whilst the top is over one hundred and eighty feet across. A Venetian who has left us the most ancient description of the tree, tells us that in 1454 he found one at the mouth of the Senegal with a circumference of one hundred and twelve feet. The tree is very disproportionate, as may be gathered from the fact that Gregory after whom the Australian species is named—saw one eighty-five feet in circumference at a height of two feet from the ground. A missionary in Madagascar, writing some years back, speaks of the 'Adansonia madagascariensis,' an allied species, as the ugliest specimen of a tree he had ever beheld, and likened it to a fat two-gallon bottle the neck of which had been knocked off, and a few birch twigs placed there instead. The lower branches of the 'Adansonia digitata' are very long, and at first horizontal, extending, perhaps, sixty feet; the consequence of which is that they bend down to the ground, entirely hiding the trunk, and giving the tree the appearance of a huge mass of verdure.

Not the least curious feature about these trees is the age some of them are supposed to have attained. From inscriptions Adanson discovered cut into the trunks of some trees in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, he computed—judging from the depths of the cuts, which were covered with new layers of wood, and from the comparison of the thickness of

trunks whose various ages were known—that the trees having a diameter of thirty-two feet were 5150 years old. Dr Livingstone, too, has paid a tribute to the wonderful vitality of the trees. He says: 'I would back a true Mowana [the name given to the tree in the neighbourhood of Lake Ngami] against a dozen floods, provided you do not boil it in salt water; but I cannot believe that any of those now alive had a chance of being subjected to the experiment of even the Noachian deluge.'

Dr Duchassaing, some years back, recommended that the bark should be used medicinally in the place of cinchona bark; but, for some reason, his suggestion was never followed up. The bark contains a remarkably strong fibre, which in some parts is made into ropes, and in others woven into cloth. Experiments have been made in this country with a view of utilising it for paper. All who tried it agreed that the bark possessed magnificent properties; but it cannot be imported in sufficiently large quantities to make it of any commercial interest.

A bitter principle, to which the name of 'Adansinin' has been given, is extracted from the bark. It appears in fine white needles of a smell similar to that of aloes or gentian, and is extremely bitter in taste. It is interesting from the fact that it is the only product known up to the present that has an antagonistic action to the Strophanthus arrow poison, a deadly poisonous seed used by the natives on the west and east coasts of Africa, to insure their arrows inflicting a fatal wound. Although both Adansonia and Strophanthus grow in the same vicinity, the natives seem to be unaware of the antidotal properties of the former.

A DAY IN APRIL.

SHIFTING shine and shifting shadows
Pressing o'er the crocus lines,
Drifts of daisies in the meadows
Nodding to the eulandias,
Tassels on the larch-boughs swaying,
And the sound of rushing rills;
And the merry south wind playing
With the yellow daffodils,

Catkins on the hazel bushes,
When the blackbird warbles high,
And the songs of larks and thrushes
Blending with the cuckoo's cry;
And the fragrant hawthorn breaking
Into foam in sheltered dells,
Where the violets are waking;
And the gold on gorse fells;

Cherry boughs 'neath snow-flakes bending;
Apple-buds of white and pink;
Lines of primroses unending
Blooming by the river brink;
And the myriad flowers beaming
By each lonely roadside way;
And the distant blue sky gleaming—
Make a perfect April day.

MAUDALEN ROCK.

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'MORE LIGHT.'

From the cradle to the grave, the supreme object of man's exertion is, or ought to be, 'More Light.' The daintily reared infant comes in its laced *bureau* at the gleam of a dimmed lamp. The workhouse child hushes its wailing in ecstasie contemplation of a flaring gas jet. The aged pauper, staring at the dull unchanging stone, craves, like the dying philosopher, for 'more light.' Each is most pathetically unconscious that the darkness is within as well as without, yet to each is light, life; darkness, death. Through all the changing scenes of life from the ethical researches of the philosopher and the investigations of the scientist, down by minute degrees to the credulous inquirers into futurity by cards and gypsies all are seeking 'more light.' Man, it has been said, dreads death as a child dreads the dark; and for the same reason ignorance of what it hides. To enter a dark, unknown room is puzzling to the brave and experienced; to childhood, it is appalling, simply, for it is peopled to the full with imaginary possibilities and horrors—possibilities and terrors, which, for thousands of years, have peopled the hours of darkness with ghost and spectres—hallucinations, which even those who see do not believe in; any more than Hamlet believed that he had been visited by one from that bourn from whence, as he himself said, 'no traveller returns.' No; though one and all are bound for that new and unexplored country, to whose borders friendly hands and fond words have accompanied us, there comes a moment when fond words are unheard, friendly hands unfelt, and the unclothed spirit departs alone to the place appointed. But what that place may be like, or what are the powers, privileges, or deprivations of the new estate, not one scintilla 'with lessening ray' has pierced the darkness that shrouds the mystery of Death to enlighten us; no more than if a single ghost-story had never been narrated. If

there be, as we believe, 'no darkness but ignorance,' then, in the matter of death, the ignorance and the darkness are co-equal. Even to the imagination it is painful to think of leaving 'the warm precincts of the cheerful day;' for, to be cheered by light and depressed by darkness are alternations only unrealised by those who have been blind from their birth.

But while darkness may be irksome or terrifying, even light, if unalloyed, is capable of destroying instead of aiding vision—of producing discomfort instead of delight. The mere glare of publicity is utterly repugnant to shrinking, timid souls, whose happiness lies in keeping themselves and their concerns in decent obscurity. They may not precisely prefer darkness; but they can see to make up their minds by the light of brighter intellect than their own, and will even prefer to live in the shadow cast by another man's lofty reasoning, than go to the trouble and expense of lighting their own private candle of common-sense. The saying that neither the Sun nor Death can be looked at steadily, is only true for such as will not use a piece of smoked glass, or habituate themselves to the contemplation of a mortal putting on immortality. If these devices be practised, the desire for more light and the ability to support it will grow together. Even the various metaphorical phrases in daily use demonstrate how admirable and desirable is more light. To get a side-light on a dark page of history, to hear a master of the art throwing a light on a difficult subject, is equivalent to finding sunshine in a shady place, or to watching the 'netted sunbeams' dance for our delight. How a man's face lights up if he be pleased; and when a whole nation rejoices, its ordinary method of showing its elation is by having an illumination. As early as the eighth century, books and missals adorned with colours and gilding were said to be illuminated. And France, Germany, Spain, and Belgium, have all, at various periods,

rejoiced in Societies of learned or quasi-learned men who styled themselves 'Illuminati.'

Thus it would seem that in all ages—from Homer's shepherd downward—men have agreed in blessing the useful light, whether it be that of sun or moon, or the light of knowledge, or the serener ray of an untroubled conscience—shedding its mild light over poverty and disease, age and loneliness. To have light is to have life and something more than mere vitality. As a plant placed in the sun-line thrives and puts forth its best of leaf and blossom, so a soul that is enlightened expands day by day, and yields pure thoughts, good deeds, puts on that beautiful behaviour which is the very perfume and offspring of 'light.' So conscious are all of the advantages of light, real and metaphorical, that but to intimate that 'more light' is required for any course of action, argues a certain amount already in the possession of the seeker. Any one who cannot 'see his way' to this or that proceeding—to taking a share in a new company, to granting a favour, to acceding to a request, to lending money, to apologising, to eating humble pie—has only to state that he is waiting for 'more light,' to be justified in his own and others' opinion for the delay. So praiseworthy a desire of course covers many specious or at least doubtful, as well as earnest and honest, aspirants with its decorous mantle. As when, not long since, the son of an acquaintance who had received a 'call' to a larger congregation, replied to our question if his father were going to accept it: 'Well, father, praying for more light; but,' added the youth, with an indignantly knowing look—'but nearly all the furniture's packed!'

That science has in recent years shed abundant light on paths leading to the material comfort and well-being of mankind, we all gratefully acknowledge. Our homes are brighter and healthier, our friends are brought nearer to us, age and disease are being fought with a vigour that is the admiration even of the unscientific; and if the plague-spot of poverty remain, it is neither despised nor ignored. If this were all, it were well. But among the many inventions sought out by man, it is not merely the beneficent that boasts disciples and devotees. Hundreds of human beings are spending their lives in devising means of destroying in the quickest and most wholesale manner—life. And how many are sacrificed yearly to the incidents and accidents attendant on experiments made with engines of destruction? More than this, the invention is no sooner what is called 'perfected,' than it is pirated, and turned by ignorant hands against a fancied or real enemy. No matter that the innocent die an agonised death, with or in place of the offender; here is the fiendish invention to hand, and opportunity and recklessness combine to use it. And more light results in greater darkness—at least for a time.

Again, the vessel, designed, doubtless, to protect the friend no less than to overawe or destroy the enemy; the structure armed cap-a-pied, and filled with well-instructed ardent souls; full of the light of scientific

inventions also, makes trial of herself, and encounters—not the human enemy against whom she was so fully armoured, so improbably furnished, but precisely that that had been overlooked in her enlightened construction—a rough and tumble game with the winds and waves. Did souls perish, how fearful would have been the resulting loss! How grievous the sacrifice, not made to virtue or to justice, to patriotism or to nobleness, but to a mistake! a misapprehension of the power of nature and the caprices of a storm!

It is legitimate, while smugling under such and similar experiences, that we lament the apparent decadence of national aims and ideals. To be wise, noble, just, and free, is to have an ideal of goodness that is immortal; to be strong, smart, bright, highly accomplished in the art of destruction, to be powerful in wiping out men and cities, in putting back the hand of the clock of civilisation a century or two, is to possess an aim and an ideal as mortal as the rivalry and emulation of which it is composed. Vaulting ambition outsteps itself, when the aim of a nation is to be the first in power, instead of first in right of the justness and nobility of its intentions and actions. The same flaw runs through all the phases of existence. To grasp at power, place, station, at wealth and dignities, instead of seeking after goodness, truth, beauty, after integrity and dignity, is to substitute a lower ideal in the place of a higher and simpler one. More light should enlighten, not dazzle and blind. Even in architecture, in the every-day building of every-day houses, what a huge mistake are the enormous plate-glass windows which have replaced the diamond-paned elements of our vicer ancestors. True, the former admit 'more light'; but in a climate of which four or five months are chartered by cold winds and low temperature, it is not merely 'more light' that is admitted through these huge sheets of glass; cold is allowed to enter with 'more light'—just as in some instances the chill of scepticism makes its way into the broadly lighted halls of knowledge, made 'dark with excess of bright.'

Yet so convinced are human beings of the power of knowledge, that their familiar proverb attributes potential sovereignty to the devil himself provided he can tell the unknowable—the unknowable, that is, to them. Doubtless, the greatest goal to the search after nature's secrets is this same restless curiosity, which continually demands, and here and there obtains, 'more light' on the process called cosmic. Thronging the two great highways that lead to knowledge—the scientific highway, that examines nature, and the ethical highway, that does justice and loves mercy, and walks humbly—thronging these two broad roads, and mixing with the crowd of anxious, earnest seekers, are the wild herd of rash, inconstant ones, who madly assail every 'no thoroughfare' and furze-barred gate, who, because their desire is for 'more light,' because their intentions are good, imagine they have got the 'open sesame' of both science and virtue; and who, when thorn-pricked and bleeding, retire, wailing loudly, from the contest. Or else, victims to some

marsh-light of their own imagining, they shout ignorant triumph at what a few hours of patient investigation would have proved, even to themselves, to be a phosphorescent failure. Nothing short of a life long devotion to science on the one hand, or an equally life long continuance in well-doing on the other, entitles or obtains for a human being the 'more light' for which it is at once his privilege, his burden, and his glory to crave.

AT MARKET VALUE

CHAPTER XVII.—THE HEART OF THE DECOY DUCK

It was about those same days that the brand-new Lord Axminster, strolling down the Row one afternoon arm in arm with his important friend Captain Bouchier, noticed a little familiarly to a very pretty girl on a bench. But more, he captured by a glimpse of the starling in the postability. Lord Axminster, who was too easy-going, indeed, to be taken in by a bow; it reminded rather the high school boy with which one touches one's hat to some men acquaintance. But the pretty girl captured a recognition, no matter how faint, from a man in Lord Axminster's position, too important a matter to be casually thrown away; and, rising in her moment, she drew near to the rails, and exclaimed in a soft yet happy voice, 'Well, how goes it this morning?'

'Oh, all right,' Lord Axminster answered in a nonchalant tone. 'Are you going to the Graham Pringles' hop this evening?'

'I don't think so,' the pretty girl responded with a careless smile. 'Too hot, you know, for dancing.' Which was a graceful way of covering the unacknowledged truth that she had not in point of fact received an invitation.

Lord Axminster asked a few more of the usual useless society questions, and then stilled a yawn. The pretty girl stroked her mare's glossy neck, and with an easy nod went on her way again, rejoicing in the consciousness that she had attracted the attention of the loungers by the rail—the acquaintance of a genuine nobleman. As soon as she had gone, Captain Bouchier turned to his friend. 'I say, Axminster,' he observed with a tinge of querulousness in his voice, 'you *might* have introduced me. I call it beastly mean of a man to keep all his good things to himself like that. Who is the young woman? She's confoundedly good looking.'

'Yes, she is a nice little thing,' Axminster admitted, half grudgingly. 'Nothing in her, of course, and a kind of sleepy Venus; but distinctly nice-looking, if you care for them that way. A trifle vulgar, though; and more than a trifle silly. But she's good enough for a trip up the river, don't you know? The sort of girl one can endure from eighteen to eight-and-twenty.'

'Who is she?' Captain Bouchier asked, looking after her with obvious interest.

'Who is she? Ah, there you come to the point. Well, that's just it; who is she? Why, Spider Clarke's daughter. You've heard of her; the Decoy Duck.'

Captain Bouchier pursed his lips. The news evidently interested him. 'So that's the Decoy Duck?' he repeated slowly with a broadening smile. 'So that's Spider Clarke's Decoy Duck? Well, I don't wonder she serves her purpose. She's as personable a girl as I've seen for a twelvemonth.'

'She is pretty,' Lord Axminster admitted in the same grudging fashion.

'Any brothers?' Captain Bouchier asked, as though the question were one of not the slightest importance.

Lord Axminster smiled. 'Ah, there you go straight to the point,' he answered, 'like a good man or business.' That's just it; no others. She's the only child of her father, and not a moment longer—I admire you, Bouchier, for the frank and straightforward way you put your finger on the core of whatever suspect you deal with. No blating about the loss of innocence—any sentimentality about a dear boy! She *has* no brothers; she represents the entire revolutionary interest at fourteen per cent. in the Spider Clarke's industry.'

Captain Bouchier assumed at once an apologetic air. 'Well, you see,' he said candidly, 'if one's looking out for him, it's such a great point to find the ten combined with a young woman who isn't wholly and entirely distasteful to one. I don't go in for sentiment, as you justly observe; but hang it all, I don't want to go and fling myself away upon the very best young woman that ever turns up with a few thousands to her name, irrespective of the question whether she's one-eyed or hump-backed, a woolly-headed nigger or a candidate for a lunatic asylum. Now, this girl's good looking; she's straight and well made; and I suppose she has the ood; so, if one's going to give up one's freedom for a woman at all, I should say the Decoy Duck was well worth inquiring about.'

'Very possibly,' Lord Axminster replied, as one who dismisses an uninteresting subject.

'Well, has she the dibs?' That's the question,' Captain Bouchier continued, returning to the charge undismayed, as becomes a cavalry officer.

'Spider Clarke is rich, I suppose,' Lord Axminster answered with a little irritability. 'He ought to be, I know. He's had enough out of *me*, anyhow. I'm one of his flies. He did all these bills for me, before anybody believed my cousin Bertie was really dead; and as it was very speculative business, of course he did them at a heavy discount. He feathered his nest from me. His kites must have swallowed up five years at least of the Mimbury rent-roll. I should think, before he was "through with it," as that American girl says. I know he's left me pretty well cleaned out. And Florrie will have it all, I suppose. The girl's name is Florrie.'

'Do you think Lady Axminster would ask me to meet her?' Captain Bouchier inquired tentatively.

The new peer raised his eyebrows. 'I'm sure I don't know,' he replied with a doubtful air, like one who could hardly answer for Lady Axminster's conduct. 'They're not exactly the sort of people my wife cares to ask—not even before we'd got things set straight with them financially. Her acquaintance with Miss Florrie and Miss Florrie's Mamma was always of the most formal and perfunctory description. Besides, if you want to know the girl, there's no need to approach her as if she were a Duchess. It's easy enough for anybody with a stiver to his name to pick up Florrie Clarke's acquaintance.'

'Oh yes, of course; I can see that for myself,' Captain Bouchier went on with the same cynical candour. 'It's plain enough to any one she's the sort of young lady who's directly approachable from all quarters. But that's not what I want, don't you see? I want to be introduced to her, fair and square, in the society way, and to judge for myself whether or not she'll do for me. If she does do, then I shall have put things from the first upon a proper basis, so that her father and mother will understand at once in what spirit I approach her. Hang it all, you know, Axminster, when a man thinks it's on the cards he may possibly marry a girl, why, respect for the lady who may in the end become his wife makes him desire to conduct all his relations with her from the beginning decently and in order.'

Lord Axminster's lips curled. 'I appreciate the delicacy of your feelings, my dear boy,' he answered, with a faint touch of irony; 'and if Ethel doesn't mind, you shall meet the girl at dinner.'

It was a proud evening indeed for Mr. Clarke and Florrie when first they dined at Lady Axminster's. To be sure, their hostess put up her tortoise-shell eye-glasses more than once during the course of the dinner, and surveyed the money-lender's wife through them with a good long stony British stare, for all the world as if she were a specimen of some rare new genus, just introduced from Central Africa into the Zoological Gardens of English society. But Mrs. Clarke, who was too stout to notice these little things, lived on through the states in the complacent satisfaction of the diamonds that glittered on her own expansive neck; while as for Florrie, with her short black hair even more frizzed and fluffy than ever, she was too deeply taken up with that charming Captain Bouchier to notice what was happening between her Mamma and their hostess. Captain Bouchier, she felt, was quite the right sort of man: a perfect gentleman. He was older than Reggie Hessegrave, of course, but very neatly as good-looking; and then, he was well connected, and held such delightfully cynical views of life—in fact, disbelieved in everybody and everything, which, as all the world knows, is so extremely high-toned. Miss Florrie was delighted with him. He wasn't rich, to be sure; that Papa and Mamma had heard; but she was the son of an Honourable, and the first-cousin of a peer, not to mention remote chances of succeeding through his mother to a baronetcy in abeyance. Florrie felt at once this was a very different case from poor dear Reggie Hessegrave's; and

when at the end of the evening Captain Bouchier gave her hand the most delicately chivalrous pressure imaginable, and trusted Mrs. Clarke would allow him to call some day soon at Rutland Gate, Florrie realised on the spot this was genuine business, and responded with a maiden blush of the purest water. That dainty little baby face was always equal to such an emergency; for Miss Florrie had the manners of the most shrinking *ingénue*, with the mind and soul which might reasonably be expected of Spider Clarke's daughter.

And yet not wholly so, as things turned out in the end; for, after Captain Bouchier had called once or twice at Rutland Gate, and had duly poured into Miss Florrie's ears his tale of artless love, and been officially accepted by Miss Florrie's Papa and Mamma as the prospective inheritor of Miss Florrie's thousands—a strange thing came to pass in the inmost recesses of Miss Florrie's heart; a thing that Miss Florrie herself could never possibly have counted upon. For when she came to tell Reggie Hessegrave that she had received a most eligible offer from a Captain in a cavalry regiment, and had accepted it with the advice and consent of her parents, poor Reggie's face grew so pale and downcast that Florrie fairly pitied him. And then, with a flash of surprise, the solemn discovery burst in upon her in spite of Papa and Mamma, and the principles they had instilled, she and Reggie Hessegrave were actually in love with one another.

It was true, quite true; so far as those two young people were capable of loving, they were actually in love with one another. The human heart, that very measurable factor in the problem of life, had taken its revenge at last on Miss Florrie. She had been brought up to believe the heart was a thing to be lightly stilled in the interests of the highest bidder, social or mercantile; and now that she had accepted a most eligible bid, all things considered, she woke up all at once to sudden consciousness of the fact that her heart, her heart too, had a word to say in this matter. What she had mistaken for the merest passing flirtation with Reggie Hessegrave, was in reality a vast deal more deep and serious than what she had been taught to regard as the grave business of life with Captain Bouchier. She had feelings a little profounder and more genuine than she suspected. The soul within her was not quite so dead as her careful upbringing had led her to believe it.

In point of fact, when real tears rose spontaneously, at the announcement, in Reggie Hessegrave's eyes, real tears rose to meet them in Miss Florrie's in turn. They were both astonished to find how much each thought of the other.

Not that Florrie had the faintest intention—just as yet—of throwing overboard her eligible cavalry officer. That would be the purest Quixotism. But she recognised at the same time that the cavalry officer was business, society, convention; while Reggie Hessegrave was now romance—a perilous delight she had never till that moment dreamed of. As romance she accepted him, therefore, and much romance she got out of him; risky romance of

a sort that stirred in poor Florrie's sleepy, sluggish heart a strange throbbing and beating never before suspected. She was engaged to Captain Bouchier, of course, and she meant to marry him; one doesn't throw overboard such a chance as that of placing one's self at once in the very thick of good society. But week after week, and month after month, while she met Captain Bouchier from time to time at dance or racecourse, she still went on writing in private most passionately despairing letters to Reggie Hestlegrove whom she could never marry. As she put it herself, she was dead stuck on Reggie. Week after week, and month after month, she made stolen opportunities for meeting him, unawares, as it seemed, by Hyde Park Corner, or saving a few hurried words to him as she passed in Piccadilly. Then the interviews between them grew bolder and bolder; Florrie pencilled a few hasty lines, 'Will be at the Academy with Mamma tomorrow at ten; meet me, if you can, in the Architectural Drawings; it's always empty. I'll leave Mamma in one of the other rooms; she doesn't care to go round and look at all the pictures.' And these fleeting moments grew fiercer and ever dearer to Florrie Clarke's mind; they came as a revelation to her of a new force in her bosom; till she got engaged to Captain Bouchier, she had never herself suspected what profound capacity for a simple sort of every-day romance existed within her.

Moreover, 'tis a peculiarity of the thing we call love that it gets out of every man and every woman the very best that is in them. Reggie Hestlegrove began to feel himself in his relation to Florrie quite other than he had ever felt himself in any other relation of his poor wasted existence. He loved that girl, with a love that, for him, was very nearly unselfish. He thought of her and he dreamt of her. He lived day and night for her. He risked Kathleen's money recklessly for her sake on impossible outsiders, and backed the favourite at race after race, in utter disregard of worldly circumstances, in order to win her a princely income. That was about the highest point Reggie's industry, affection, and unselfishness could reach; in his way, he was raised above his own normal level; for Florrie he would almost have consented to wear an unfashionable coat, or to turn down his trousers when Bond Street turned them up, or to do anything, in fact, that a woman could wish—except curb his expenditure and lay by for the future.

So, for about eighteen months, things went on in this way; and then, flying rumours began to flit about town that Spider Clarke of late had not been doing quite so well in his money-lending as usual. His star was waning. It was whispered at the clubs that, emboldened by his success with Algy Redburn, whom he was known to have financed during the tedious course of the Axminster peerage case, he had hunched out too freely into similar speculations elsewhere, and had burnt his fingers over the monetary affairs of a very high personage. With bated breath, people mentioned his Serene Highness the Duke of Saxe-Weissenichtwo. Whether this was so or not, it is certain at least that Spider Clarke was less in repute in

St James's than formerly; the ladies who returned Mrs Clarke's bows so coldly at the theatre, returned them now with the very faintest of possible inclinations, or affected to be turning their opera glasses in the opposite direction, and not to notice her. Even Captain Bouchier himself, whose suit had been pressed hard and warm at first, began to fancy it was a precious good thing that innocent-looking little Decoy Duck had played so fast and loose with him; for, as things were turning out now, he was confoundedly inclined to doubt whether the man who got her would get enough pickings with her to make it worth his while to give up that very mysterious entity he called his liberty. Henceforth, he was seen less and less often at Rutland Gate, and affected more and more at the Flamingo Club to speak of his relations with the Spiderette as a mere passing flirtation, that had never been meant to come to anything serious.

So matters went on till the end of the season. Meanwhile, the less Florrie saw of the accepted lover, the more and more did she see of the clandestine and romantic one. As for Reggie, he began to plan out a mighty scheme for winning himself fortune at a single stroke—a heroic investment of every penny he could raise, by pledging his slender credit, on a famous tip for the coming Osu-witch. He intended to be rich, and to cut out that beastly Bouchier man, and to make himself a swell, and to marry Florrie. On the very afternoon when the news of his fortune was to reach London by telegram, however, he received a despatch at his office in the City which considerably dispirited him. Just at the first blush, to be sure, he thought it must be meant to announce the triumph of Canterbury Bell, whom he had backed for his pile; but when he opened it, what he read was simply this: 'Come round to night to see me; ask for me at the bell door; important news; must speak with you. FLORENCE.'

Mr Reginald wondered much what this message could portend. He determined to go round to Rutland Gate at the earliest possible moment, as soon as he had satisfied himself that Canterbury Bell had behaved as he had a right to expect of such a filly, and that he was indeed the possessor of a marrying competence.

THE AUSTRALIAN MEAT TRADE.

A REMARKABLE statement appeared among the Australian telegrams in the daily newspapers a few months ago. It was to the effect that during the year 1892 the number of sheep in New South Wales had decreased by three and a quarter millions as compared with the previous year. This decrease was ascribed, not to drought, which has so often committed havoc among the Australian flocks and herds, but to the increased demands of the boiling-down establishments and the growth of the frozen-meat trade. Whether or not cause and effect were correctly represented, the statement was sufficiently noteworthy, and is worth following up.

The exportation of frozen meat from Australia has only attained large dimensions within the last few years; but it dates back to about 1880, prior to which year Australian beef and mutton reached us only in tins. But since the invention of mechanical refrigerators, and the fitting-up of steamers specially for the conveyance of fresh meat—in a state of what one may call suspended animation—from the Antipodes to Europe, the business has become so enormous, that huge freezing establishments and several fleets of large steamers are kept constantly employed. The supply has created a demand in the English markets to such an extent that it has been found most profitable on the Australian runs to shear the sheep for three or four years, and then to kill them for export as frozen carcases. In the third or fourth year, it is said, the maximum of quality and quantity of both wool and meat will be secured. So many run-owners have acted on this principle, that the flocks of New South Wales have been depleted as above mentioned; but this, of course, is a method of eating into capital—of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs—not to be commended as a permanent policy. If the frozen meat trade is to continue one of the staple industries of Australia, the pastoral capital must be maintained.

About the beginning of 1893, a dinner was given by the Agent-general of Queensland in London, to celebrate the inauguration of a new development in the industry of that colony. Until quite recently, the exports to this country from Queensland of fresh meat were comparatively small; but as the colony possesses some twenty million sheep and some six million cattle, it was resolved to make a great effort to secure some of the purveying of the mother-country and dependencies. Thus, in 1893, depôts and freezing-stores were established at Gibraltar, Aden, Ceylon, Hong-kong, Singapore, and at other naval stations and ports of call, with the object of supplying fresh Australian meat to the garrisons and to British vessels. At the dinner given by Sir James Garrick, the Agent-general, in London, all the meat served was imported from Queensland.

The sheep-stock of Australia in 1889 numbered about 85 millions of sheep, which yielded about 340 million pounds of wool, realising in the English market something like 18 millions sterling. It is not easy to grasp these figures. Besides these 85 millions of sheep, there were no fewer than eight millions of cattle.

Yet Australia as a sheep-raiser is barely a hundred years old. When Captain Cook landed on •'Terra Incognita Australis,' whoever may have been before him, there was neither in Australia, in Tasmania, nor in New Zealand, any animal in the remotest degree related to the sheep. It is a curious fact that the greatest mutton and wool raising area in the world is the only pastoral area that has not had native sheep. In Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, there have been distinct breeds of wild sheep; but Australasia, upon which we now so much rely for food and wool, had to import the stock

from which the present immense flocks have descended. The first convict fleet that sailed for Botany Bay in 1787 called at the Cape of Good Hope for supplies, and there took on board some sheep, and these were the first to land on the Australian continent. That is just one hundred and seven years ago.

There came a time when wool ceased to pay, because the flock-masters were producing more than the home markets could absorb. It is said that the price fell as low as sevenpence-halfpenny per fleece on the run, and that sheep were sold by the thousand at a shilling a head. This was in 'the forties,' before the gold discoveries, and stock holders were on the verge of ruin many of them indeed were actually cleaned out when a Sydney gentleman suggested that sheep might be slaughtered and boiled-down for their hides and tallow. Most of the large flock-masters acted on the hint, and thus Australian tallow appeared in the market, bringing some twenty-five pounds per ton in the colony, though fetching some forty pounds per ton, after payment of freight and duty, in London.

About 1862, a trade was begun in salted mutton, which those who engaged in it found profitable; but the market for it was necessarily limited, being for the most part confined to the shipping. A few years later, a hint was taken from America, and 'canning' was commenced. But soon after mechanical refrigeration began to be adopted on the Transatlantic steamers for the transport of fresh meat, a new vista opened before the colonies. The credit for the new method belongs, we believe, to the late Mr J. J. Coleman, the inventor of the Bell-Coleman Refrigerator, first adopted by the American steamers for muttons.

When the mechanical process had been thoroughly tested on the Atlantic, it only required the fitting-up of steamers on the Australian and New Zealand lines, with the requisite machinery for the longer voyage through the tropics, to bring the colonies into direct relations with the London meat market.

New Zealand was the first of the colonies to go extensively into this business, perhaps because the New Zealand sheep are fatter and more fit for the butcher than the Australian—and by the year 1889 was already exporting frozen meat to the value of £780,000. There are now some twenty-two freezing-works in New Zealand alone, capable of freezing about four millions of sheep per annum; and in Australia, some seventeen establishments, capable of freezing about three millions annually.

The business is now almost entirely in the hands of highly organised companies, some of which have also their own steamers for direct transport of the meat from the colonial ports. A refrigerating work capable of treating and holding ready for shipment one thousand sheep a day costs about twenty thousand pounds, so that a large capital is locked up long before the shipment begins. The farmer receives about twopence per pound for sheep in good condition, not over seventy pounds in weight, receiving back the skins and fat. The cost of slaughtering, freezing, &c., preparatory to shipment, and putting on board the homeward steamers, is rather less than one halfpenny per pound. The

freight and other charges amount to three-half-pence more; and the total prime cost of Australian and New Zealand mutton landed in London is thus about fourpence per pound.

Unfortunately, a large proportion of it is sold—as the recent Report of the House of Lords' Committee on Foreign Meat shows—as Scotch and English mutton, and the consumer has not as yet obtained the full benefit of the bountiful supplies from the Antipodes. No doubt, the large imports have had the effect of cheapening home-grown meat; and the above-mentioned Report says, that the best New Zealand mutton is quite equal to the best British mutton.

When the steamers arrive in London, they discharge the contents of their 'cold chambers'—storage-spaces in which the temperature is kept uniformly just above freezing-point all through the voyage into barges in waiting. These barges then proceed alongside one of the new meat warehouses, which are among the most wonderful of recent developments in the river-side enterprises of London. There the carcasses are not taken in at the front door, so to speak, but are sent by outside elevators up to the roof, the reason being that, as warm air rises and cold air sinks, it is desirable to have the freezing chambers at the bottom, and the doors at the top of the building. On the top-most flat, the carcasses, as they are received in their wrapping-sheets, are sorted according to their brands and qualities, and quickly despatched to the storeroom to which their quality entitles them. As expedition is necessary to prevent injury to the meat, everything is arranged to take in and store as quickly as the largest ocean-buoy can deliver by day and night.

In the freezing chambers the carcasses are piled in long, high rows in a temperature kept uniformly at twenty degrees Fahrenheit. This temperature is provided by means of a series of pipes running the whole length and across the chamber, through which is driven, by powerful machinery, compressed ammonia, which passing through minute apertures in the pipes, suddenly expands, and produces the cold current required. To keep the cold current in circulation, ventilators are employed, and men have to be constantly on the watch to see that the pipes do not become clogged with hoarfrost.

In these chambers the meat can be preserved for an apparently indefinite time without injury to the fibre and flavour. Certain it is that storage for upwards of twelve months, after the passage from Australia, has found it as good as ever when thawed. When required for market, the carcasses are sent up to the top flat again, and from there sent down by outside lifts to the waiting vans and trucks. The delivery usually begins at midnight, to be in time for the early Smithfield market; and tens of thousands of carcasses are every week thus sent in and out of these cold stores.

The machinery required for all this is very elaborate; and to show the extent to which the trade has now grown, we may mention that in 1893, 2,514,541 carcasses of sheep and 171,610 quarters of beef, were received from Australia and New Zealand; besides which there were 1,373,723 carcasses of sheep from South America.

The chilled meat from the United States and Canada comes mainly into Glasgow and Liverpool; and the imports last year came up to about 80,000 tons. This was beef, in competition with which the colonies have not yet made large progress, although Queensland is making vigorous efforts.

To show the extent of the entire chilled and frozen beef-trade we append the imports for 1893: Fresh Beef—from Australia, 225,000 cwt.; New Zealand, 15,000 cwt.; River Plate, 37,000 cwt.; United States, 1,170,000 cwt.; Canada, 100 cwt.; other countries, 52,900 cwt. Total, 1,800,000 cwt., or 90,000 tons. Queensland as yet has appliances for treating only about one-fifth of such a quantity, and some mistake was made in the earlier shipments, which rather prejudiced people against the colonial beef. But the cargoes sent forward in the later part of last year were found of such excellent quality that the demand grew rapidly, and Queensland frozen beef has now, to use an Americanism, 'come to stay.'

It is mutton, however, to which Australia and New Zealand owe their reputation; and the extent of their shipments may be seen in the following list of imports at London and Liverpool last year. Fresh Mutton: From Australia, 605,322 carcasses; New Zealand, 1,893,001 do.; Falkland Islands, 16,425 do.; River Plate—at London, 109,808 do.; at Liverpool, 1,263,915 do. Total, 3,889,444 carcasses. Australia and New Zealand together have thus very nearly three-fourths of the trade in frozen mutton, and their share will doubtless go on increasing. But this does not represent all the business of the colonies, for large quantities of meat are now being shipped direct to Continental ports and to British coaling-stations and ports of call abroad.

It is almost a astounding the rapidity with which this fresh-meat trade has developed—all within about twelve years. In 1880, for instance, only four hundred carcasses of fresh mutton were imported into this country from Australia, and none at all from the River Plate. Year by year the quantity has gone on increasing; and on summing up the annual totals, we find that the carcasses of no fewer than 22,073,141 sheep and lambs have been imported into this country, and sold as fresh meat, since 1880 and up to the end of 1893. Of that enormous quantity, 2,253,093 came from Australia, and 11,321,879 from New Zealand.

It is almost impossible to measure the value of this boon to the mass of the population; while it is probable that but for this new trade in meat, Australian and New Zealand sheep-farmers would have been completely ruined under the low prices which have prevailed for wool. It is estimated that the meat consumption of the United Kingdom amounts to 2,122,000 tons per annum; and of that quantity, quite one-third is now imported. This is not only a large proportion in itself, but is important in view of the fact that the home production of beef and mutton does not increase so rapidly as the population; and that the foreign supplies are capable of almost indefinite extension. It is practically only a question of storage and carriage; and as for carriage,

there are now eighty-eight full-powered steamers fitted with refrigerating machinery, with an aggregate carrying capacity of 6,700,000 carcasses per annum, or nearly twice as many as were imported last year. Of these vessels, sixty-seven are engaged in the Australian and New Zealand trade with London, and twenty one in the River Plate trade with Liverpool and London.

The Australian mutton has not hitherto been ranked so high in the home markets as the New Zealand, but has competed more with Argentine mutton in point of quality. But as experience has been gained in the trade, stock-raisers and shippers are learning what is most wanted here, and in the quality of the meat and size of the carcasses are coming nearer and nearer to British prejudices. So far, lambs have come mostly from New Zealand, the Australian shipments of lambs last year not having been very well selected. It is not generally known, perhaps, that fresh lamb can now be obtained out of the refrigerating stores all the year round, although the traditional respect for 'seasons' is still preserved.

As the agricultural returns for the United Kingdom show a material falling off in the number of cattle and sheep, the development of the dead-meat trade with Greater Britain is of direct importance to all of us. Of course we ought to have the benefit of the low cost, which, according to the Special Committee on Foreign Meat, is mostly swallowed up by the middlemen. That will doubtless be remedied when the whole business is more thoroughly regulated, as is proposed. But in the meantime it is interesting to know from this Committee that only experts (and not always they) can distinguish between home-grown and imported meat; that the home consumer does not suffer (except in pocket) if he is supplied with imported instead of home-grown; and that the average quality of imported meat is as high as the average quality of home-grown meat, while being more free from any suspicion of unhealthiness.

The Committee reported that the balance of evidence was in favour of the increase in popularity of imported meat as it becomes better known. 'While the Committee believe that it will be impossible to place before the consumer meat equal in quality to the best that can be grown in these islands, and that, consequently, such meat will continue to command the top price, they think that there is a large quantity of meat produced in Great Britain of less good quality, which is inferior to the beef imported from America and the mutton imported from New Zealand. The ultimate result, therefore, will be that the meat will come to be divided into four general classes, with considerable variation of price. First, the best home-grown meat; secondly, the best imported meat; thirdly, the second-class home-grown meat; and lastly, the inferior meat, both home-grown and imported.'

The Australasian colonies have gone through so many vicissitudes, and have especially been smitten so severely by financial storms during the past year, that all must rejoice in the establishment of a sound regular industry of such promise, such capacity for expansion, and of such interest and importance to the mother-

country. But care will be needed in the colonies to preserve the industry from all suspicion, and to cultivate the approval of the home consumer.

A PRINCE'S LOVE STORY.

CHAPTER III.

THE Prince had not appeared for the fishing on Thursday; and Margaret, in spite of her admission to herself that it would be best that she should not see him again, was rather sad. In the gloaming, before dinner, she wandered a little way along the road to Ardnashiel Castle. Suddenly a man appeared from the gloomy pine-wood on her right, and stood before her. 'You will be Miss Herries-Hay, Miss Margaret Herries-Hay--I'm thinking?' said he.

'Yes,' said she; 'that's my name.'

'I've something for ye trae ye ken wha,' said the man. With a grin, he handed her a letter, and turned and disappeared again in the wood.

The letter, thought Margaret, was of course from the Prince! She hastened back to the manse and to her room to read it. She looked at the supercription: she had never seen the Prince's handwriting before; she hesitated about opening it: a letter thus secretly conveyed to her to break the envelope flap seemed like committing herself to a dangerous course; and to read the protestations of love which she was certain it must contain seemed as if it must be an acceptance of the Prince as a lover. She thought she heard her sister coming, and she crammed the letter into her pocket. No one came, and she drew it out again and tore it open. It contained only a line or two: 'Meet me in the Summer-house at the entrance of the Castle Garden at eight o'clock of Friday evening. I have to say to you something very important.'

There was no signature; but Margaret could not doubt that the note came from the Prince. The dinner bell rang, and she put the note in her pocket and went down stairs. When dinner was over, she asked herself whether she should tell her father of this latest incident. But she had said nothing yet to him of her moving interview with the Prince; perhaps there would be no need that she ever should, for the Prince might now only wish to disclaim any intention of making love to her, and in that case the whole matter had better be plunged in oblivion. Neither that night, therefore, nor the next day did she mention what had occurred.

After tea on Friday afternoon, the Herries-Hay family all set off to Ardnashiel Castle, the Colonel on horseback, and the ladies in the phaeton: and in something of a temper; for the Colonel had refused to let them stay to the supper and the dancing within doors, which were expected to follow the demonstration without. It was growing dusk as they passed the lodge where Mrs Herries-Hay and her younger daughter had been entertained; but between the tall firs of the avenue it was almost dark. A considerable company had assembled in the

castle courtyard, and on the green-sward before it, to witness or to join in the dancing. There were gentlemen and ladies; there were friends of the house, and tenants and clansmen, the latter all in Highland dress. When the pipes played and the pipers strutted and the clansmen marched, bearing torches, the scene became lurid, impressive, and warlike; and such on-lookers as had not seen the like before—among them Mrs Herries-Hay—declared it reminded them of something they had read in 'Waverley' or the 'Legend of Montrose' or somewhere else in Scott's novels.

The Prince came and talked a little with the Herries-Hays after their first greeting, and Margaret blushed when he addressed her. She admired, while she wondered a little at, his apparent unconsciousness of the impending interview between them. He was still talking with the Herries-Hays when the white-headed gentleman whom Margaret had seen on Sunday morning at the Kirk came and carried the Prince off to talk to some one else; and in a little while Margaret, furtively glancing at her watch, discovered it was upon half-past eight.

It was not difficult to slip out of the line of spectators into the darkness behind. Margaret found it quite easy; but when she was in the deep shade of the trees, she was at a loss; for though she had thought she would easily find the summer house, at the entrance of the garden, she now was sure she could not. She was standing still a moment to consider which way she ought to turn, when a man in Highland dress appeared before her. 'You will be wanting the summer house, Miss Herries-Hay,' said he, and his voice sounded familiar 'and I will just be here to take you there.'

Without question or demur, she committed herself to the guidance of the man. He led her away among the trees. They continued for some time in silence until she began to be alarmed; it was very dark among the trees, so that she could not tell in what direction they were really moving, yet she had a feeling that she was being led altogether away from where she conceived the garden was; moreover, the sound of the pipes was dying away behind them. She stopped.

'Where are we going?' she demanded.

'We'll be there in a blink, my dearie,' said the man.

His familiarity alarmed her. 'Who are you that speak to me like that?' she demanded. 'Take me back. I insist. You are leading me wrong.'

'Now, himmy, dinna be frightened,' said the man, laying a controlling hand on her.

At that she took violent alarm. She struck his hand away, and turned to flee; but he had hold of her again, and whistled 'loud and shrill.' In a second or two, another man appeared, also in Highland dress. Margaret set herself to scream; but the first man clapped his hand on her mouth, while the second seized her arms.

'Nane o' that, my leddy,' said the first. 'Just ye gang with us, and there's naething'll harm ye. But ye mustna skelloch.' She tried to scream again, when he insisted on gagging her with a cork and her own handkerchief—

which he drew from her pocket—while the second bound her hands with a scarf. 'It will be a pity, my leddy,' said the first man, 'if we should hae to carry ye. Will ye gang, or will ye no gang, on your ain feet? Gang ye must. We hae our commands, and we must obey them. And it will be a pity for a fine bonny young leddy to be carried by twa orn men. As sure as death, there's nae wrang will come to ye; so now, like a braw young leddy, step it out yourself.'

Resistance Margaret saw was useless; she was hot, ashamed, and indignant; but she sensibly submitted to walk between the two men, rather than be carried by them. They had gone but a little way when they came upon another man, not in Highland dress, who held a pony by the bridle. The pony was furnished with a side saddle, into which it was girthed to Margaret that she must mount. She mounted; and the three led her away through the wood till they came out upon the mountain side and saw the lights of the castle below them. On they marched by difficult mountain paths, and still on, till the castle was left far behind, and then her captors were moderate enough to remove the gag from Margaret's mouth.

Meanwhile, in the courtyard and on the grass, the pipes piped and the dancers danced and 'hoed,' and the spectators looked on with interest and enthusiasm, especially the German spectators. The Herr Cammermann exclaimed to a neighbour, 'But the Scottish "hoed" is just the German "hoed"! That is so!' and he declared his intention of causing a monograph to be written on the subject on his return to Pumpernickel. Colonel Herries-Hay looked on with the critical eye of one accustomed both to military and Highland pageants. At intervals he glanced round with a half-absent eye for Margaret. At length he said to his wife, 'Where is Margaret?'

'Where is Margaret?' echoed Mrs Herries-Hay, gazing round her without any alarm. 'Isn't she here? Oh, well, I daresay she's trying to find a better point of view than ours. Don't worry. Perhaps she's with the Prince. I saw him over there a few minutes ago with a lady.'

'With the Prince?' The Colonel did not like the suggestion, though in common civility he could not resent it. And the pipes piped, and the dancers danced, and the Colonel looked on, but with a wandering eye that sought the figure of his daughter or of the Prince.

Presently the Prince turned up at his elbow. 'You will stay for supper with my friends, will you not, Colonel?' asked the Prince, while his eye seemed to seek something beyond the Colonel.

'I hope your Royal Highness will excuse us for going away before supper, but we have a long way to drive. It may seem a foolish question, sir,' continued the Colonel, 'but—have you seen my daughter Margaret? We must be going soon, and I have missed her for some time.'

'No,' answered the Prince; 'I have not seen her since the moment after you came.—But I

will go and find her,' he added briskly, and went off, with the Colonel's request not 'to trouble' sounding in his ears.

The Colonel watched the Prince working steadily round the crowd, and then he himself started off to work round in the opposite direction. In a little while they met.

'Have you seen her, sir?' asked the Colonel.

'No,' answered the Prince; 'I have not. It is strange—is it not? But she must be all right.' Their eyes met, and they considered each other a moment. 'I wish to talk with you, Colonel,' said the Prince, 'to-morrow or the next day, and to bring the Herr Cancellarius with me.'

The Colonel heedlessly murmured that he would be pleased to see the Prince and any of his friends; but he was thinking anxiously of his daughter: where could she have gone?

'You will forgive me, sir, but I cannot help wondering what has become of my daughter. She cannot have gone home: the distance is too great to walk and at night. But may she not have wandered into the wood and lost her way?'

'She may, Colonel—certainly she may,' said the Prince. 'I will at once send some men with torches to see.'

'And I will go with them, sir,' said the Colonel.

By that time the piping and the dancing were almost at an end; and the Prince, after directing some of the bearers of torches to attend Colonel Herries-Hay, went to receive his supper-guests. Now, it so fell out—whether by chance or by design, I will not suggest—that the Herr Cancellarius was by when the Colonel told the torch-bearers what he desired them to do. Hearing the Colonel's words, the Herr Cancellarius came forward and addressed him. 'Perhaps, Herr Colonel,' said the Herr Cancellarius, 'the young lady has wandered into the forest and has been carried off by banditti!'

'Carried off by banditti?' exclaimed the Colonel. 'What banditti? There are no banditti, sir, in Scotland! You must be thinking you are in the mountains of Italy or of Greece!'

'But you have your Highland clans, Herr Colonel—your caterans, your robbers! They are here to night; they are everywhere. To-night they are good friends, but they are not always. That is so, eh?'

'You are strangely mistaken, Herr Cancellarius,' said the Colonel, in wonder and suspicion. 'The Highland clans—such as are left of them—are not robbers or caterans. The clansmen you have seen to-night are decent farmers and work-people. I venture to say they have never robbed or fought with weapons in their lives.—Eh, what say ye?' he appealed to the torch-bearers, who protested 'No, no!' and laughed prodigiously when they had fully understood the suggestion of the German gentleman.

'But,' said the amazed and perplexed Herr Cancellarius, 'have you not your Rob Roy and his people and the Dougal Creature and all that kind of men in your Highlands? Have you not?'

'I perceive,' said the Colonel, compelled to laughter, 'that you have been reading Sir Walter Scott, Herr Cancellarius, and that you have forgotten—or have not known—that even when Sir Walter wrote—and that's more than sixty years since—the state of the Highlands which he set down had ceased to exist.'

'Is that so?' exclaimed the Herr Cancellarius.

'Certainly, that is so,' replied the Colonel.

'And now,' said the Herr Cancellarius, in a tone of lamentation, 'there is no romantic thing in your Highlands—no robbers, no Rob Roys? Hein?'

'No more Rob Roys now in the Highlands,' answered the Colonel, 'than there are snakes in Iceland.'

'Then I was wrong!' dolorously exclaimed the Herr Cancellarius.

By that time they were moving with their torches about the wood, starting from the point where Margaret had stood with her parents, and the Herr Cancellarius followed, murmuring, 'Yes, I was wrong! The torch-bearers spread without hesitation about the wood, with the features and tracks of which they were perfectly familiar. Presently one of the foremost called out, and the Colonel, followed by the Herr Cancellarius, hurried up to him. 'Here is a letter, Colonel,' said the man, 'that I found on the ground. And ye can see there has been a hantle o' scuffling feet hereabout.'

'Let me see,' said the Colonel, taking the letter.

He looked at it: it was addressed to Miss Herries-Hay! (It must have been drawn from Margaret's pocket with her handkerchief when her captors bound her.) He took the letter from the envelope and read it: it was the anonymous note that we know.

'No signature!' exclaimed the Colonel. 'This is a scoundrelly trap!—This is sufficient explanation. We need not search any more, my friends. Thank you for your assistance. And now, sir,' said he, turning to the Herr Cancellarius, who had remained at his elbow throughout, 'I shall be obliged if you will conduct me to your master and secure me a private interview with him.'

It was a strange scene that the tall fir-trees of the wood looked down upon—the gray and lean old Colonel, pale and trembling with fury, which he was politely trying to keep down. Opposite him, the white-headed, round-bodied Cancellarius, clearly much disturbed, but striving to assert his own dignity and the royalty of his master; and the torch-bearers around, bound by overwhelming curiosity, and holding high their lights to see the combative pair clearly.

'His Royal Highness, Herr Colonel,' said the Cancellarius, 'will not be able to grant a private interview to-night. He is now engaged with his guests, and thereafter he will retire to his private apartments.'

'His Royal Highness must see me alone at once!' exclaimed the Colonel.

'*Must*,' Herr Colonel,' said the Cancellarius, 'is not a word you should permit yourself to use.'

'Do not presume, sir,' exclaimed the furious Colonel, 'to lecture and bully me! I am not

a subject of your absurd kingdom of Pumpernickel! I am a Scotsman, and a British subject, and I would have an explanation, and— and reparation to-night, were the Prince of Pumpernickel a Prince of the Blood Royal of England! So lead on, sir, or I will myself bring your Prince out from his supper party!

The Herr Cancellarius, therefore, made a little stiff bow, and led on out of the wood, back to the castle.

In a few minutes the angry Colonel stood face to face with His Royal Highness in the library. The Prince looked surprised, but completely alert.

'You demand a private interview with me at once, Herr Colonel!' said the Prince.

'Alone, your Royal Highness,' said the Colonel, glancing at the Cancellarius.

'Leave us, Herr Cancellarius,' said the Prince. The Cancellarius went out, 'Now, Colonel!'

The Colonel stated briefly how they had begun to search for his daughter, and had found a letter addressed to her lying on the ground.

'Will your Royal Highness look at the letter?' The Colonel handed it to him.

The Prince glanced at it, started, frowned, and read its few words through. 'Well, Colonel, I have read it,' said the Prince.

'You are a young man, your Royal Highness,' said the Colonel, 'of such lofty station that few people would be inclined to apply to your conduct the ordinary standard of behaviour. But, sir, I am an old man, who have seen a great many young men, and I must say, sir, I had expected different conduct from you; moreover, I am her father. What have you done with my daughter? Where is she?'

'It may seem pre-emption in a young man, Colonel,' said the Prince; 'but permit me to say you prove yourself a gentleman *sans peur et sans reproche*, as I was sure you were. At first, Colonel, I will confess I have thought different thoughts from those I think now. And this letter well, why should he not pay for his own folly?' That was mostly as Greek to the Colonel; but when the Prince went to the door and called 'Herr Cancellarius,' the Colonel was bewildered. The Herr Cancellarius entered, and the Prince at once addressed him volubly in German, which the astonished Colonel toiled to follow. This is how the Colonel hurriedly translated to himself. 'Herr Cancellarius,' said the Prince, 'what is this you do? Thus'—holding out the letter—'is your foolish and absurd handwriting! Why do you interfere thus in my affair? You are a swine, a Jew, a creature entirely without sense of fitness! What have you contrived, and where have you put the young lady?'

There followed quick question and answer—sharp as the 'tention!' 'shoulder arms!' of the parade ground—which the Colonel's diplomatic knowledge of German did not permit him to follow with understanding. At length the Prince turned to him and explained.

'The Herr Cancellarius,' said the Prince, 'confesses himself the person responsible for the disappearance of your daughter! Not that he has abducted her for himself, but that he meant to abduct her from me; and he hopes

on that ground to be forgiven!—Permit me to explain, Colonel. I love your daughter, and I desire to marry her: so much as that it was necessary for me to say, two days ago, to the Herr Cancellarius, who represents with me my father the king, so that the Herr Cancellarius might communicate with my father the king. But the Herr Cancellarius took upon himself to relieve me of the young lady your daughter. He wrote this letter, and arranged that she should be carried off! But why did he think that any one should believe she was carried off? Ha, ha! you must laugh with me, Colonel, and forgive him!—The Herr Cancellarius, in his old age, had read Walter Scott, and he believed there were Rob Roys in Scotland to-day, and that Rob Roy and no one else would be blamed when your daughter disappeared! He thought every one would say: "Rob Roy! Rob Roy has carried her off into his mountain fastness!"'

'Where is my daughter, then?' asked the Colonel, who was not yet prepared to laugh.

The Prince turned to the Herr Cancellarius and asked a question, and then turned again to the Colonel with a reply. 'The Herr Cancellarius declares that no harm has happened to her; but he is foolish to the last, for he does not know the precise place beyond the mountains to which she has been taken by the men he engaged to do his work! But he shall discover!'

The Prince turned and uttered an order; and the Herr Cancellarius with a humble bow went out.

A GREAT RAILWAY'S JUBILEE.

THE 'One Hundredth Half-yearly General Meeting' of the Midland Railway Company was held at Derby in February this year; but the actual date of the Jubilee of the great corporation is a little later, for it was on the 10th of May 1844 that the Midland Railway was formed by the amalgamation of the Midland Counties, the North Midland, and the Birmingham and Derby systems of lines. And the condition, extent of, and work done by the Midland Railway now is a striking proof alike of the clear views of its early promoters, and of the vast growth of the railway interest in the half-century. It is well known that the first beginnings of what is now the Midland Railway were in the formation by 'a few enterprising coalowners' of a modest little line. It was in 1832 that the Leicester and Swannington Railway was opened, and the opening brought down the price of coal in Leicester. The colliery proprietors of Nottinghamshire district felt it needful to take steps to protect their own industries, and meeting at the 'Sun Inn' at Eastwood in August of the year just named, they decided to construct a railway from their own coalfields to Leicester; and thus began the Midland Counties system. The North Midland, and the Birmingham and Derby, were creations of George Stephenson; and between the three lines a keen competition began, ending in the amalgamation we have spoken of, and justifying Robert Stephenson's axiom, 'where combination is possible, competition is impossible.'

After the formation of the Midland Railway, a series of amalgamations enlarged its boundaries rapidly. The Birmingham and Gloucester, the Bristol and Gloucester, the Leeds and Bradford, and other railways, were successively taken in by the Midland; but it is better known perhaps by the branches it has constructed than by those it has purchased. It felt the need for an entrance of its own into the metropolis, and formed a line from Bedford through St Albans to St Pancras; it made a branch from Chesterfield to Macclesbury; and by the expenditure of some four millions, it sent out a line of seventy miles long, the Settle and Carlisle branch, which gave it, by its ally, the Glasgow and South-western, a direct access into Scotland. Over the half-century since the formation of the Midland Railway, the policy of extension has been enterprisingly followed, and now the line of this great company stretches from London and Bournemouth to Carlisle; and from Cambridge to Morecambe; and from Swinton to Swansea. Nor is its line complete. This year it will open for passenger traffic a costly branch that, starting from Dore to the south of Sheffield, pierces the Peak of Derbyshire, and reaching Chinley, will not only serve to open out a new scenic country, but will greatly expedite the traffic to Manchester from the south and south-east (see *Chambers's Journal*, June 1, 1892).

The Midland Railway is a wonderful outgrowth. The little line of 1844 had 181½ miles of permanent way; the latest official Report states that the miles of railway now constructed and owned by it are 1330; and in addition there are 595 miles of which it is the joint owner with other railway companies. Over its own and other railways its engines now run for 1998 miles. Its capital is enormous: the total authorised by Parliament is £101,594,266; and though a small part of this sum is a nominal addition to enable stocks to be reduced to one of common dividend, yet it must not be forgotten that much of the stock stands at so high a premium that its value is far above the nominal. The last half-year was one in which the Midland lost £708,000 of traffic through the deplorable strike in its district; but even then its revenue for the six months was the large sum of £4,190,462. In another way, the extent of the area and of the duty done, and the possessions of this great railway, may be indicated by the statement that it is compelled to pay close upon seven hundred pounds for each day for 'rates and taxes.' It needs 2217 locomotive engines, 4653 carriages, and 112,712 wagons and trucks to do its work on the line; there are the auxiliaries of 4339 horses and 4230 drays and carts; and for the last six months of 1893 it paid an average of £42,000 monthly for the coal and coke it needed for locomotive power. And it may be said in concluding this statistical statement that, apart from season-ticket holders, the Midland Railway carries each month about 105,000 first-class passengers, and 3,337,000 third-class passengers. The naming of two classes only is a reminder of the fact that it is to the initiative of the Midland Railway that we owe the addition of

third-class carriages to all trains; and that a later date witnessed on it the commencement of the abolition of second-class passenger traffic.

It would be vain to attempt to give an idea even of the variety of the districts and the industries that the Midland Railway serves. The 'Official Guide' to the railway points out that it serves many of the health-resorts of England, cathedral cities, ruined abbeys, baronial halls of the past and present; the homes of Bunyan, Cowper, Byron, Isaac Walton, the Brontës, George Eliot, and a score of others who gave literary interest to the reality of the life of the line. It is the greatest of our railway carriers of coal and probably of beer also. Distinctive industries, such as the straw-plait manufacture of Luton, the sugar-refineries of Bristol, the chocolate productions of Birmingham, the cutlery of Sheffield, the porcelain of the Potteries all mingle on its line with the cotton of Lancashire, the woollens from Yorkshire, the shoes from Northampton and Leeds, and the lines from Barnsley. Its own needs cause it to become a creator of industries; and thus its vast works for locomotive, carriage, and wagon building are marvellous in extent and in industry, whilst no attentive observer can pass through the great stations of the Midland without noting how it has become the parent of trades. The line of which Ellis, Thompson, and Paget have been chairmen, and Allport, Noble, and Turner general managers, is widely different from the little line of fifty years ago. Its operations and aid have permitted the upgrowth in many parts of the country of vast industries; have drawn together great populations; and may be literally said to have changed the physical face of a large part of England, so that the jubilee of its history would have been well worth celebrating.

MISS AGATHA.

Nothing could have been trimmer than the garden of Bramble Cottage, except, possibly, the two old ladies who tended it. The house lay well back from the high-road, and was almost surrounded by orchards, so that you came on it quite unexpectedly. It had green lawns about it and pleasantly shaded walks, and in the south corner a little colony of beehives. Hardly any sound of the outside world reached the place, and the postman was the centre of excitement; even he was an unofficial-looking person, who carried a heavy stick, and generally had a dog at his heels.

It was a pleasant sunny afternoon in early autumn; and a letter had just been left at Bramble Cottage, addressed, in a very pretty hand, to Miss Agatha Musgrave. She sat down by an open window to read it, with Miss Deborah opposite her. The difference in age between the sisters could not have been great; but the advantage lay with Miss Agatha, who carried herself with an air of greater authority than the other, and took the lead in all matters

of propriety and household management. They were both comely ladies, with kindly eyes and delicate well-bred faces, that had a sort of second bloom upon them. Miss Agatha's eyes were dark, and had not lost the power of flashing with a very pretty, dangerous light; Miss Deborah's were blue, and gleamed with the pleasantest simplicity and tenderness. As yet, there was no touch of gray in the hair of either.

Miss Agatha opened her letter carefully and spread it out upon her lap. Miss Deborah laid down her needlework and watched her complacently. The laden bees were coming home, and went past the window with a pleasant hum.

'Well,' said Miss Deborah, 'what has Lucy got to say to-day?'

'Give me time to read the letter first, sister. Don't hurry me.' Miss Agatha read it through twice; at the end of the second perusal she handed it, with a frown, to Miss Deborah. 'There is a good deal too much about Captain Danby,' she said. 'It begins and ends with Captain Danby. I don't like it at all.'

Miss Deborah did not appear in the least disturbed. She handed back the letter with a smile. 'Well,' she said, 'I believe Captain Danby to be a very pleasant young man. His father, you know, was a brave soldier, and a most intimate friend of ours many years ago.'

'I'm afraid you don't quite realise the situation, Deborah,' said Miss Agatha. 'When young people are thrown together as these two appear to have been, the very worst consequences may be apprehended, and there is no denying that Lucy is a most attractive child. The only good thing about it is that she seems quite candid, and does not try to conceal her liking for him.'

Miss Deborah took up her needlework again and bent over it. She was secretly pleased by the letter. She remembered this Captain Danby when he was a boy, and what a brave, sturdy little chap he had been. Indeed, she had been fully aware that he was to be one of the guests at the country house where Lucy had been staying. Perhaps, he felt a little penitent that she had not acquainted her sister with the fact.

'There can be no harm done,' she said, after a pause; 'Lucy is very young.'

'That is precisely the reason why harm should have been done,' said Miss Agatha. 'She has no knowledge of the world, and may have grown to love this man unconsciously.'

'And would it be so very terrible if she had?' asked Miss Deborah with a boldness that made her blush.

'My dear Deborah,' said Miss Agatha sternly, 'you have had no experience in such matters.' Miss Deborah bowed her head a little lower over her work, but said nothing. 'I have had some insight into the heartlessness of men. I do not wish to speak about myself, but I can never forget my own trouble.'

Miss Deborah put down her work once more and went and stood by her sister's side, resting one delicate little hand upon her shoulder. 'My dear,' she said, 'we will not speak of that. But I am afraid we cannot always hope to keep Lucy with us.'

'Nor would I wish to do so,' said Miss Agatha, softened. She had had a very great disappointment in her early life. She had loved once, wholly and unreservedly; and then her lover had left her suddenly, without having declared himself, and leaving no message behind. She heard of his existence occasionally from distant parts of the country, but never a word addressed to herself. This had not soured her; she was cast in too fine a mould for that; but though the wound was healed, it had left a general theoretical mistrust of mankind behind, that made itself apparent in her judgment of male sentiment.

'She will be coming back in three days' time,' said Miss Deborah. 'Do not let us spoil the poor child's pleasure by shortening the visit.'

'I cannot help thinking it would be wiser to send for her at once.'

'Three days can make no difference,' pleaded Miss Deborah.

'Well,' said Miss Agatha, 'have your own way. But remember, that you will be responsible for any unpleasant consequences that may follow.'

Miss Deborah smilingly undertook the responsibility, and it was decided that Lucy should not be recalled.

When she came back, the old ladies were in the garden, waiting to welcome her. They were both very much excited, and Miss Deborah was in an almost pitiful flutter of expectancy. She felt sure, as the girl ran towards them with a flushed and happy face and outstretched hands, that there was something in her eyes that had not been there before. But neither of them said a word about the subject which had been discussed between them until the evening, when they were all sitting in the parlour together, with the window open to the lawn. Lucy was in a low chair between them, her hands clasped behind her head. She was a beautiful girl, with dark eyes like Miss Agatha's, and a wonderful crown of brown hair that held the sunlight in it. She looked straight before her into the garden, down a path flanked on either side by standard roses. Every now and then she tapped with her foot upon the floor, as though beating time to a tune.

'You are not sorry to be back, dear?' said Miss Agatha, frowning across at her sister.

'No,' said Lucy; 'I am not sorry. Of course I enjoyed myself very much; but Bramble Cottage is the dearest place in the world.'

Miss Agatha looked relieved; Miss Deborah went on quietly with her work. She was waiting for something more.

'They were all nice people, I suppose?' queried Miss Agatha, trying to catch her sister's eye, and failing utterly in the attempt.

'Oh yes,' said the girl, 'delightful! Didn't I tell you all about them in my letters?'

'You told us a great deal about one of them,' said Miss Agatha; 'I think his name was Captain Danby.'

Lucy started and blushed. That was exactly what Miss Deborah had been waiting for; she was quite sure now. She looked at the girl with what was intended for encouragement;

but her glance quailed under the rebuke of Miss Agatha's frown.

'Is he a very agreeable sort of person?' asked Miss Agatha.

Lucy looked first at her and then at Miss Deborah; there was a smile of approval on the younger lady's face that was unmistakable. She took Miss Deborah's hand, and was rewarded by a caressing pressure of the fingers.

'Very,' said Lucy, after this little pause.

'He is a son of Colonel Danby's, is he not?' continued Miss Agatha.

'Yes. He was in the Egyptian war. He distinguished himself very much. He is a V.C. I saw it!'

'Oh!' said Miss Agatha. 'I suppose he told you all about himself?'

'He never told me a word: I heard it all from other people. He showed me his Victoria Cross; but I asked him to let me see it!'

'My dear child!' ejaculated Miss Agatha.

Miss Deborah squeezed Lucy's hand again, and then patted it gently. She felt that it must be coming now—and so it was.

'Aunt Agatha—Aunt Deborah,' said the girl, 'I want to tell you something.'

Miss Agatha sat up very straight in her chair and said nothing; Miss Deborah nodded her head with a smile.

'Captain Danby and I saw a great deal of each other. I liked him very much from the first time I met him. He—he has asked me to marry him!'

'Good gracious, child!' cried Miss Agatha. She could not have been more surprised by a proposal addressed to herself. To have her very worst fears put into a single sentence like this was overpowering. It took her some time to recover; then she turned herself sternly to her sister.

'I was sure something dreadful of this kind would happen, Deborah.'

'I don't see anything very dreadful in it!' said Miss Deborah, keeping tight hold of Lucy's hand, as much for her own support now as the girl's.

'Of course you refused him?' said Miss Agatha, ignoring her sister's remark.

'No; I didn't,' said Lucy, 'because, you see, I love him. I told him that I must first get your consent.'

'But you are only eighteen, child! How can you possibly know your own mind at that age?'

The girl blushed at this, and Miss Deborah felt her hand tremble. She hastened to interpose.

'I think we must not press Lucy too closely on that point,' she said. 'She must consult her own feelings in the matter.'

'He is coming to see you next week,' said Lucy; 'and oh, Aunt Agatha, I do hope you will be kind to him, and— and judge him fairly.'

'Coming here!' cried Miss Agatha.

'I am sure we shall be very pleased to see him,' said Miss Deborah.

This was too much for Miss Agatha. 'Your Aunt Deborah,' she said severely to Lucy, rising, 'is most impractical. I will speak to you *alone* to-morrow morning about this. In the meantime, my dear, don't trouble yourself about it; you may be sure I shall do what

seems best for your happiness.' And although this was said very judiciously, she kissed the girl with the utmost affection, and went upstairs with a warm glow at her heart and an unusual moisture in her eyes.

'Do you think,' said Lucy, putting her arms round Miss Deborah's neck, 'that Aunt Agatha is really angry with me?'

'She is more angry with me than with you,' said Miss Deborah, stroking the girl's hair. 'I am sure when she sees Captain Danby it will all come right. She has the kindest heart in the world, and wishes, above, everything, to see you happy. And you know, dear, that I am on your side.'

'I knew you would be,' said Lucy, kissing her.

It happened, however, that when Captain Danby came, he found the opposition much less than he had expected; and this is how it came about.

Two or three days later, Miss Agatha was in the garden alone. Miss Deborah and Lucy were out together, and the elder sister was busy about her rose bushes. She had a wide-brimmed straw hat on her head, and her hands were protected by brown leather gauntlets. The day was warm, and she worked slowly, pausing often to watch the sunlight striking through upon the apples in the surrounding orchards. Overhead, tiny fleets of white cloud were being piloted across the blue by a light breeze. Presently she heard the gate click. She looked up with some surprise, wondering who her visitor could be. She saw a tall, grave-looking man, with a heavy gray moustache and a slight stoop, approaching the house. At first, she regarded him with some curiosity; and then she suddenly let her pruning scissors fall with a clatter to the ground. 'It's John Temple!' she said with a gasp.

He looked up and saw her. For a moment he stood quite still. Appearing to recover himself, he approached her bareheaded, bowing as he came.

Miss Agatha did not move a step to meet him; she was too utterly astonished to stir; and, more than that, there began a strange fluttering at her heart, that she vainly strove to conquer.

'You remember me?' he said, holding out his hand.

She took it, and looked him full in the eyes. She had expected that he would show some sign of embarrassment; but he returned her gaze without a tremor of the eyelid. What little change had come to him in all that time! It was the same earnest, almost appealing, look that she had known so well many years before.

'Yes,' she said, 'I remember you.'

'I happened, quite by accident, to be in this part of the country, and I could not deny myself the pleasure of seeing you once more.'

'It was very good of you,' she said, and there was not even a touch of scorn in her voice. The little fire of resentment that she had hoarded for so long against him burnt very low in his immediate presence; indeed, it seemed inclined to die out altogether. She had believed, all these years, that he had treated her with unpardonable heartlessness; and yet,

when he stood before her, the belief grew very dim and faint.

She invited him to go indoors; the sun was hot, and possibly a glass of wine might refresh him. He accepted; and as they walked towards the house, he offered her the conduct of his arm. This she declined, immediately repenting, however, when he bowed, drawing his lips tightly together. She set a decanter and glass, before him with her own hands, but he made no move towards them. He sat for some time with bowed head, she watching him. It was the very chair which he had so often occupied thirty years before, and the recollection returned so sharply upon Miss Agatha that she could have cried out. Presently he looked up, and, filling a glass with a hand that clearly trembled, raised it to his lips, setting it down again, however, almost untasted. 'May I,' he said, 'ask you a question about something that happened a long time ago?'

Miss Agatha's head swam. The room and the strangely familiar figure in it she saw through an unreal mist. Her own voice sounded very distant as she answered: 'You may ask, but I cannot promise to answer you.'

'Well,' he said, 'I could not hope for more. Why did you not answer my last letter? It seemed to me then that it was unkind in you not to give me any reply at all.'

This was not the question which she had expected. All at once she began to see clearly again, but the sense of unreality remained. The fluttering at her heart grew worse, and she leant heavily with both hands upon the arms of her chair. 'What letter?' she asked. 'To the last one I received from you, I did reply.'

John Temple started and looked at her. His face suddenly grew a little pale. 'Was it,' he said, 'a letter of any importance?'

'Of no more importance,' she answered, 'than many letters I had received from you.'

He rose and paced the room. Once or twice he paused and tried to speak, but could not—his lips trembled and his breath came hurriedly. After some minutes, by a great effort he mastered himself. 'I am afraid,' he said, 'there has been a terrible mistake. Is the apple tree still standing where we used to hide notes to each other in the old days?' He blushed as he said this, in spite of his gray moustache. Miss Agatha blushed too.

'Yes,' she said.

'May I go and see it?' he asked. 'Thirty years ago—it was a warm summer night, and all the lights in this house were out. I placed a note, addressed to you, in the hollow of the old tree. I never had any reply. From your silence, I concluded that I had been mistaken after all. I went away. I was too proud in those days again to offer what I thought had once been scorned. To-day, I come back, and find that my foolish pride may have cost more—more than I dare to think of.'

Miss Agatha rose; she felt such pity for herself and him that tears were in her eyes. 'Let us go and look,' she said.

As they crossed the garden to the tree which had played so large a part in both their lives, she did not refuse the offer of his

arm, but leant upon it heavily. The green lawns about them lay unshadowed in the hot sunlight. The wind had fallen almost dead, and not a bird sang. Neither of them spoke until the familiar spot was reached. It was a very old apple tree, covered with lichen, and almost fruitless, with a hole on the garden side large enough for the insertion of a hand. John Temple explored the space with eager fingers.

'The whole trunk is hollow now,' he said. 'I do not think it used to be so. It is possible, however, that it may have commenced to go even then. The night was dark, and I could not see to place the letter carefully.' He turned to Miss Agatha. 'I believe,' he said, 'that this tree holds my secret still. May I search further?'

'Yes,' she answered.

He struck the tree near the base with his foot. The wood crumbled and the branches above quivered. He went down upon his knees and broke away the rotten bark with his fingers. In a few minutes there was a hole large enough to admit his hand. Miss Agatha turned away; his face moved her too strongly. When she looked again, he was on his feet, with a piece of folded paper in his hand.

'Here it is,' he said, holding it out to her—'it is yours. If you will read it now, it may make things clearer to you.'

She took it. The paper was stained and oiled with dirt and damp, but upon the cover she could still read her name. She opened it, and saw the words that had been intended for her eyes so long ago. In it, the man before her asked her to be his wife. He loved her that was all. She had lived for thirty years believing him untrue, and all that time in her own garden had been the record of his true and honourable love.

The memory of her own suffering did not strike her then; her only thought was to do him justice, though so late. But he was at her side before she had time to frame a word.

'If it is not too late,' he said, 'read that letter as though the ink were not yet dry. To-day it is all as true as it was then. I have been faithful to you all these years. I have, if I may say so, grown gray in your service. Give me the reward of faithfulness.'

'My dear John,' she said, holding out her hand, and with tears running down her face—'my dear John, if you still wish it, I have not a word to say. I have loved you always.'

He kissed her gently, with a delicacy and love that made her heart go out to him in one low cry. The thirty years of waiting were blotted out.

When Lucy came in, Miss Agatha sought her in her own room and begged for her forgiveness. 'My dear,' she said, 'you shall marry any man you love. If it is Captain Danby, you shall marry him. I have to-day learnt the best lesson of my life.' And then followed a sudden burst of confidence that left Lucy glowing with unexpected happiness.

Thus it was that all opposition was suddenly withdrawn; and of the three ladies in Bramble Cottage, two were married on one day. Miss

Deborah alone remained; but she was quite content in the happiness of the other two. Perhaps she had strong reasons for remaining single, but if she had, she never told them not even to Miss Agatha.

A NEW MATERIAL FOR BARRELS.

THE disadvantages inherent to the construction of barrels from wood have long been admitted, for the evaporation and absorption of such material, as well as its liability to leak, are well known; it is not, therefore, surprising that many efforts—as the records of the Patent Office abundantly testify—have been made from time to time to find some suitable substitute for the manufacture of an article so universally in demand. Hitherto, such attempts have been confined to the production of iron drums—namely, of vessels perfectly cylindrical in shape and lacking the customary bilge. These drums proved too heavy for practical purposes, and the absence of the bilge proved a serious drawback, for it rendered them difficult to handle and roll, and generally militated in no small degree against their introduction. An effort was subsequently made to mitigate the disadvantages due to loss of bilge by the introduction of external hoops specially adapted to facilitate the rolling and transport of the casks; these, however, only added to the weight without increasing the internal capacity, and generally failed to improve matters.

At length, however, the introduction of mild steel placed at the disposal of the barrel manufacturers a material which combined all the valuable qualities of iron with greater strength; or which, in other words, would yield equal strength for considerably less weight of metal. The difficulty, however, was not yet solved, for although steel would bend in such a manner as to form the much-desired bilge, as opposed to iron, which could not stand such curvature without serious risk of failure, machinery had to be invented which would turn out steel barrels not only of the highest workmanship, but at such a cost and in such numbers that they would hold their own in the market. This has at length been accomplished, and the steel-barrel manufacture now ranks as one of the industries of the country.

Steel can now be produced of such excellent quality that the barrels made from sheets of it only one-sixteenth to one-quarter of an inch in thickness stand every strain and rough usage possible. The remarkable lightness arising from the employment of such thin yet strong material needs no further comment. The body of each cask being rolled from a sheet of steel, has one longitudinal seam, which is welded together by a special electrical process, which closes the joint in a manner at once absolutely sound and tight. The ends are stamped out of sheet steel in the required circular form, each having a circular flange or turned-up edge to form connection with the body of the barrel already described. The flanged ends are then fitted into the barrel body, and are securely jammed between an inside and an outside, steel hoop, thus making

four thicknesses of metal to form the 'chimb' or end-edge. These being all fused together electrically, form one solid steel 'chimb,' which cannot possibly move or become loose.

A special feature in this process is the formation of the bilge from cold steel—namely, the metal does not require to be heated ere being rolled and stamped to the shape of the body of a cask, and consequently, any risk of one portion of the sheet becoming thinner and weaker than another is entirely obviated. On completion, the barrels are tested by hydraulic pressure to forty pounds on the square inch, so as to ensure an absolutely sound job ere they are permitted to leave the factory. Both bungs and bung rings are similarly stamped out of steel, the ring for the central bung being welded on the inside of the barrel, to avoid any outside projection.

Many incidental advantages accrue in the adoption of the new steel barrel; thus, the gauging and taring, when once properly done, remain correct, and do not require readjustment. Wood-barrel, on the other hand, gradually acquires weight through absorption and impregnation, and their capacity, moreover, changes with every repetition of the process of rehooping.

In regard to the rates charged for freight and insurance, steel barrels should effect considerable alterations; for at present, ship-owners regard many light volatile oils, spirits, acids, chemicals, &c., as sources of risk when stored in wood casks, and charge correspondingly for their carriage, whilst many lines of steamers absolutely refuse to carry them.

In cases, moreover, where influences of climate and the ravages of rats, mice, and insects have to be specially guarded against, steel barrels undoubtedly will command a large business.

It is indeed difficult to overrate the many useful purposes to which a barrel at once cheap, strong, and durable can be applied, when constructed of impervious and practically indestructible steel. But enough has been said to demonstrate that the new invention now occupying our attention has all the elements in it of great success, and of undoubtedly conferring considerable benefit on all classes of the community.

MID MAY.

A W. H.

Is long, lush grass the deep-hued bluebells blow
Above, the foliage Summer's glorious green
Chastened by Spring's last touches; and between
The tremulous network glimpses of the snow
Of little wandering cloudlets, sailing slow
Across the pure cerulean; silver sheen
Of hawthorn all around; the air serene
Suddenly throbs to a lark's wild music's flow.
Some lives are Aprils with a few bright days,
A few fair flowers by weary searchings found,
And dark clouds threatening ere the sunny rays
Can kiss the leaves, or glint upon the ground.
But be thy joys unsought, thy life like May's
Deep lavish woods full of sweet sight and sound.

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THE ROMANCE OF ORCHID COLLECTING.

SOME FACTS ABOUT A FASHIONABLE CRAZE. •

THERE is no real justification for surprise at the sometimes fabulous prices paid for Orchids. The cost of obtaining them is so great, both in money and in human life, that the wonder really is they are so cheap. And some orchids are cheap. You can stock a greenhouse with specimens of a hundred varieties bought at an average of half-a-crown apiece. But you can also spend as many guineas as there are days in the year on one ugly little bulb which is the sole representative of a new species or variety; or which is a departure from the established type of a known variety, either in colour or in some other detail. These are the orchids which daring men seek in almost unknown regions. The adventures attending the search would fill many books. Generally Germans, but sometimes Frenchmen or Englishmen, the collectors must have the patience of Job, the courage of Nelson, the lingual fluency of a courier, and the knowledge of a professor of science; combined with power to endure years of hardship.

Some years ago, a collector for an English firm was sent to New Guinea to look for a *Dendrobium*, then very rare. He went to the country, dwelt among the natives for months, faring as they fared, and living under very trying conditions, and he found about four hundred of the plants. He loaded a little schooner with them; but he put into a port in Dutch New Guinea, and the ship was burnt to the water's edge. He was ordered to go back for more, and he did. He found a magnificent collection of the orchids in a native burying-ground, growing among exposed bones and skulls. After much hesitation, the natives allowed him to remove the orchids, some of them still in the skulls, and sent with the consignment a little idol, to watch over the spirits of the departed. Little wonder that

these plants sold at prices ranging from five up to twenty-eight guineas each.

The dangers of the collector's task are terrible. Eight naturalists seeking various specimens in Madagascar once dined at Tananarive, and in one year after there was but a single survivor. Even this favoured person was terribly afflicted, for, after a sojourn in the most malarious swamps, he spent twelve months in hospital, and left without hope of restored health. Two collectors seeking a single plant died one after the other of fever. A collector detained at Panama went to look for an orchid he had heard of, and the Indians brought him back from the swamps to die. A man who insulted a Madagascar idol was soaked with paraffin by the priests and burnt to death. Mr Frederick Boyle shows that these dangers must be encountered invariably, if rare or new orchids are to be found, for he speaks of one which 'clings to the very tip of a slender palm in swamps which the Indians themselves regard with dread as the chosen home of fevers and mosquitoes.'

And the difficulties of the work are as great as its dangers. One collector was known to wade up to his middle in mud for a fortnight seeking for a specimen of which he had heard; another lived among Indians for eight months, looking in untracked forests for a lost variety. To obtain the orchids which grow on trees, the collector must hire a certain area of woodland with the right to fell the timber. The natives cannot be trusted to climb to the summits and gather the plants, and the collector cannot spare the time. So the wasteful plan of felling the trees is adopted; natives are employed to do the work, and the collector gathers his specimens from the fallen trunks. This, however, generally takes place far inland; the plants have then to be brought home. In one case they have to be carried six weeks on men's backs from the mountains to the Essequibo River; then carried six weeks in canoes, with twenty portages to Georgetown,

then to England over the ocean. Mr Boyle talks of a journey to the Roraima Mountain as quite easy travelling, yet it involves thirty-two loadings and unloadings of cargo; and in another direction 'one must go in the bed of a torrent and on the face of a precipice alternately for an uncertain period of time, with a river to cross almost every day.' Moreover, after all this trouble, the specimens often die on the journey, and the speculator has to risk the loss of one thousand pounds on a single cargo. What wonder that orchids are often dear?

Yet it is not so much the difficulty and danger which make them dear as rarity or peculiarity. Amongst a lot of the commonest orchids, some years ago, was found a plant similar to the rest in every characteristic except the colour of its stem, which was green instead of brown. When it flowered, the bloom should have been green; but it was golden, and the plant became in consequence practically priceless. It was divided into two parts, and one was sold to Baron Schroeder for seventy-two guineas; the other to Mr Measures for one hundred guineas. This latter piece was several times divided, selling for one hundred guineas each time; but Baron Schroeder's piece was never mutilated, and is now worth one thousand guineas! It would bring that sum, say the authorities, in the public saleroom. The good fortune of orchid buyers is sometimes remarkable. Bulbs which have not flowered, and give no sign of peculiarity, are often treasures in disguise. An amateur once gave three francs on the Continent for an *Odontoglossum*; it proved to be an unknown variety, and was resold for a sum exceeding one hundred pounds. Another rarity, bought with a lot at less than a shilling each, was resold for seventy-two guineas to Sir Trevor Lawrence, who has one of the finest collections, if not the finest, in England. A *Cattleya*, developing a new and beautiful flower, at once advanced in value from a few shillings to two hundred and fifty guineas; it was afterwards sold in five pieces for seven hundred guineas. Simply because its flower has proved to be white instead of the normal colour, two hundred and eighty guineas have been given for a *Cattleya*; and hundreds of guineas are available at this present moment over and over again for rare or extraordinary orchids either in private collections or in the market. A plant no bigger than a tulip bulb has been sold for many times its weight in gold; and 'a guinea a leaf' is a common, and often inadequate, estimate of the worth of rarities.

Only quite recently there was something in the nature of a pilgrimage of orchidists to the hothouses of Messrs Sander & Co., of St Albans, where a wonderful new orchid was on view. It is named '*Miltoniopsis Bleni Nobilis*,' and carried sixteen blooms, each nearly five inches in diameter. The colour is a flesh white, two rose wings of colour spreading laterally, and in the centre of each blossom is a blotch of cinnamon tint with radiating lines. But it is altogether indescribable in the exquisite beauty of its hues. Nature has rarely been so lavish as over this gem. It is the newest and probably the most magnificent of all orchids.

The orchid mania is not diminishing; on the contrary, it is more active now than ever it was. In spite of the constant risk of loss, and the inevitable difficulties and dangers of the enterprise, one nurseryman in this country devotes himself entirely to the orchid trade. He deals in nothing but orchids, and trusts to the high price which the collectors will pay for a rarity to recompense him for the expenses of the collector's journey, and the losses which occur in the transfer of the plants from one continent to another. And there must be rarities for many years to come; because, although there are some two thousand varieties of orchids in cultivation, it is estimated that there are probably ten thousand in existence, could they all be found.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XXIII.—PRECONTRACT OF MATRIMONY.

THAT night was the most eventful of Mr Reginald's life. For some weeks beforehand, indeed, he had lived in a perfect ferment of feverish excitement, intending, in his own expressive dialect, to 'pull off a double coup' on the day when *Canterbury Bell* provided him at one stroke with a colossal fortune. To say the truth, he held in his pocket, against this foregone contingency, a most important Document, which he designed to pull forth and exhibit theatrically to the obdurate Florrie at such a dramatic moment of triumph that even Florrie herself would have nothing left for it but to throw overboard incontinently the cavalry officer, and fly forthwith to love in a cottage with her faithful admirer. Mr Reginald had planned this all out beforehand in the minutest detail; and he had so little doubt of *Canterbury Bell's* ability to land him at once in fame and fortune, that he pulled forth the Document many times during the course of the day and read it through to himself once more with the intensest satisfaction.

Still, it's hard to wait for hours, slaving and toiling in an office in the City, when you know full well—on the unimpeachable authority of a private tip that wealth and immunity are waiting for you all the while—to a moral certainty—at a bookmaker's at Newmarket. But necessity knows no law; and Mr Reginald nathless so endured till five in the evening. By that hour he had reached the well-known office in the Strand where he was wont to await the first telegrams of results from the racecourses of his country. As he approached those fateful doors, big with hope and apprehension, a strange trembling seized him. People were surging and shouting round the window of the office in wild excitement. All the evil passions of squalid London were let loose there. But Mr Reginald's experienced eye told him at once the deadly news that the favourite must have won—for the crowd was a joyous one. Now, the crowd in front of a sporting paper's office on the evening of a race day is only jubilant when the favourite has won; otherwise, of course, it stands morose and silent before

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the tidings of its failure. But Canterbury Bell was what Mr Reginald himself would have described in the classic tongue of the turf—the muddy turf of Fleet Street—as ‘a rank outsider,’ for it is only by backing a rank outsider at heavy odds, ‘on unexceptionable information,’ that you can hope to haul in an enormous fortune at a stroke, without risking a corresponding or equal capital to start with. So the dreams of delight from the crowd that danced and yelled outside the office of the sporting paper made Reggie’s heart sink ominously. Could his tipster have played him false? It looked very much like it.

Worse and worse, as he drew nearer he could catch the very words of that jubilant cry: ‘The Plunger! The Plunger!’ A hundred voices echoed it wildly to and fro in their excitement. The whole air was fairly rent with it, ‘The Plunger! The Plunger!’

Now the Plunger was the name of that wretched horse, the favourite! Reggie came up with bated breath. His heart stood still within him. ‘What’s won?’ he asked the cormonger who was shouting with the rest. And the man, giving him a cool stare, made answer at once: ‘Wy, can’t you see it up there, you imago? The Plunger! The Plunger!’

Reggie raised his eyes at once to the big lime lit transparency on the front of the sign-board, and read there his doom. It was the Plunger!

‘And Canterbury Bell?’ he gasped out, half clutching the man for support.

‘Canterbury Bell!’ the cormonger responded with an instinctive gesture of profound contempt. ‘You haven’t gone and risked yer money on Canterbury Bell, ave yer? Wy, Canterbury Bell was never in it at all. I could’a told you that much if you’d’a axed me aforehand. Canterbury Bell’s a bloomin’ fraud. She want meant to stay. She want never so much as in it.’

Reggie’s brain reeled round. With a sickening sense of disillusion and disappointment, he clutched the Document in his pocket. Then all was up. He could never marry Florrie. The bubble had burst. He had chucked away his bottom dollar on a ‘blooming fraud,’ as the cormonger called it. Life was now one vast blank. He didn’t know where to turn for consolation and comfort.

His first idea, in fact, was to slink off, unperceived, and never keep the engagement with Florrie at all. What use was he now to Florrie or to anybody? He was simply stone-broke. Not a girl in the world would care for him. His second idea was to fling himself forthwith over Waterloo Bridge; but from that heroic cowardice he was deterred by the consideration that the water was cold, and if he did, he would probably drown before any one could rescue him, for he was a feeble swimmer. His third and final idea was to go and tell Florrie every word of what had happened, and to throw himself, so to speak, on her generosity and her mercy.

Third ideas are best. So he went, after all, to Rutland Gate, much dispirited. A manservant in a mood as dejected as his own opened the front door to him. Was Miss

Clarke at home? Yes, the servant replied still more dejectedly than ever; if he liked, he could see her. Reggie stepped in, all wonder. He rather fancied that man-servant, too, must have lost his all through the astounding and incomprehensible victory of the Plunger.

In the drawing room, Florrie met him, very red as to the eyes. Her mien was strange. She kissed him with frank tenderness. Reggie stared wider than ever. It began to strike him that all London must have backed Canterbury Bell for a place, and gone bankrupt accordingly. Argentines were nothing to it. He had visions of a crash on Change to-morrow. But Florrie laid his hand in hers with genuine gentleness. ‘Well, you’ve heard what’s happened!’ she said; ‘you dear! and still you come to see me?’

‘What? The Plunger?’ Reggie ejaculated, unable to realise any save his own misfortune.

‘The Plunger!’ Florrie repeated in a vague sort of reverie. ‘I’m sure I don’t know what you mean. It’s this about poor Papa. Of course you’ve heard it!’

‘Not a word,’ Reggie answered with a pervading sense that misfortunes, like twins, never come single. ‘Has anything dreadful happened?’

‘Anything dreadful?’ Florrie echoed, bursting at once into tears. ‘Oh Reggie, you don’t know! Everything dreadful! everything!’ And she buried her fluffy head most unreflectingly in his shoulder.

Reggie was really too chivalrous a man, at such a moment, when beauty was in distress, to remember his own troubles. He kissed away Florrie’s tears, as a man feels bound to do when beauty flings itself on him, weeping; and as soon as she was restored to the articulate condition, he asked, somewhat tremulous, for further particulars. For ‘everything,’ though extensive enough to cover all the truth, yet seems to fail somewhat on the score of explicitness.

‘Look at the paper,’ Florrie cried with another burst, all sob. ‘Oh Reggie, it’s too dreadful. I just couldn’t tell you it.’

She handed him an evening journal as she spoke. Reggie glanced at the place to which her plump little forefinger vaguely referred him. The words swam before his eyes. This was truly astonishing. ‘Arrest of the Well-known Money-lender, Mr “Spider” Clarke, for Fraud and Embezzlement. Alleged Gigantic System of Wholesale Forgery. Liabilities, Eighty Thousand; Probable Assets, Nil. The Spider’s Web, and the Flies that filled it!’

Reggie read it all through with a cold thrill of horror. To think that Florrie’s Papa should have turned out a fraud, only second to Canterbury Bell, in whom he trusted! It was terrible, terrible! As soon as he had read it, he turned with swimming eyes of affection to Florrie. His own misfortunes had put him already into a melting mood. He bent down to her tenderly. He kissed her forehead twice. ‘My darling,’ he said gently, with real sympathy and softness, ‘I’m so sorry for you! so sorry! But, oh Florrie, I’m so glad you thought of sending for me.’

Florrie drew out a letter in answer from her pocket. ‘And just to think,’ she cried

with flashing eyes, handing it across to him with indignation; 'that dreadful other man - before the thing had happened one single hour - the hateful, hateful wretch he wrote me that letter. Did ever you read anything so mean and cruel? I know what to think of him now, and, thank goodness, I've done with him!'

Reggie read the letter through with virtuous horror. As poor Florrie observed, it was a sufficiently heartless one. It set forth, in the stiffest and most conventional style, that, after the events which had happened to-day before the eyes of all London, Miss Clarke would of course recognise how impossible it was for an officer and a gentleman and a man of honour to maintain his relations any longer with her family; and it therefore begged her to consider the writer in future as nothing more than hers truly, **PONSONBY STREFFELD BOURCHIER.**

Reggie handed it back with a thrill of genuine disgust. 'The man's a cad,' he said shortly; and, to do him justice, he felt it. Meanness or heartlessness of that calculated sort was wholly alien to Reginald Hessegrave's impulsive nature.

'Thank you, Reggie,' Florrie said, drawing nearer and nearer to him. 'But you know, dear, I don't mind. I never cared one pin for him. After the first few weeks, when I thought of him beside you, I positively hated him. That's the one good thing that has come out of all this trouble; he won't bother me any more; I've got fairly rid of him.'

Reggie pressed her to his side. 'Florrie dear,' he whispered chivalrously, 'when you talk like that, do you know, you almost make me feel glad all this trouble has come - if it has had the effect of making us draw closer to one another.'

And that it had that effect at that present moment was a fact just then visibly and physically demonstrable.

Florrie laid the frizzy curls for a minute or two on his shoulder. In spite of her misfortunes, she was momentarily quite happy. 'I always loved you, Reggie,' she cried; 'and I can't be sorry for anything that makes you love me.' And she nestled to his bosom with the most confiding self-surrender.

This confidence on Florrie's part begot in return equal confidence on Reggie's. Before many minutes, he had begun to tell that innocent, round-faced girl how narrowly he had just missed a princely fortune, and how opulent he would have been if only Canterbury Bell had behaved as might have been expected of so fine a filly. 'And it was all for you, Florrie,' he said ruefully, fingering the Document all the while in the recesses of his pocket. 'It was all for you, dear one! I thought I should be able to come round to you to-night in, oh such triumph! and tell you of my good-luck, and ask you to throw that vile Bouchier creature overboard for my sake, and marry me offhand - because I so loved you. And now it's all gone smash - through that beastly wretch, the Plunger.'

'Did you really think all that?' Florrie cried, looking up at him through her tears, and smiling confidently.

'Do you doubt it?' Reggie asked, half drawing the Document from the bottom of his pocket.

'N-no, darling, I don't exactly doubt it,' Florrie answered, gazing still harder. 'But I wonder . . . if you say it just now, so as to please me.'

Reggie's time had come. Fortune favours the brave. He held forth the Document itself in triumph at the dramatic moment. After all, it had come in useful. 'Read that!' he cried aloud in a victorious voice, like a man who produces irrefragable evidence.

Florrie gazed at the very official looking paper in intense surprise. She hardly knew what to make of it. It was an instrument signed by the Right Reverend Father in God, the Archbishop of Canterbury; and it set forth in fitting terms his archiepiscopal blessing upon a proposed union between Reginald Francis Hessegrave, Bachelor, of the Parish of St Mary Abbott's, Kensington, and Florence Amelia Barton Clarke, Spinster, of the Parish of Westminster.

Florrie gazed at it, all puzzled. 'Why, what does this mean, dearest?' she faltered out with emotion. 'I don't at all understand it.'

That was a proud moment for Reggie - about the proudest of his life. 'Well, it's called a special license, dear,' he answered, bending over her. 'You see, Florrie, I took it for granted Canterbury Bell was safe to win - as safe as houses - so I made up my mind to try a *coup* beforehand. I went to the surrogate and swore a declaration' -

'A what?' Florrie exclaimed, overcome by so much devotion.

'A declaration,' Reggie continued. 'Don't you know, a sort of statement that we both of us wished to get married at once, and wanted a license; and here the license is; and I thought, when Canterbury Bell had won, and I was as rich as Croesus, if I brought it to you, just so, you'd say like a bird: "Never mind my people; never mind Captain Bouchier. I've always loved you, Reggie, and now I'm going to marry you." But that beastly fool the Plunger plunged in and spoiled all. If it hadn't been for him, you might perhaps have been Mrs Reginald Hessegrave to-morrow morning. Mrs Reginald Hessegrave is a first-rate name, darling.'

Florrie looked up at him confidently. She recognised the adapted quotation from a well-known poet. 'And it's no good now,' she said plaintively, 'since the Plunger put a stop to it!'

A gleam of hope dawned in Reggie's eyes. He was in a lover's mood, all romance and poetry. 'Well, the license is all right,' he said, taking Florrie's hand in his and smoothing it tenderly. 'The license is all right, if it comes to that. There's no reason, as far as the formalities go, why I shouldn't marry you, if you will, to-morrow morning.'

'Then what stands in the way?' Florrie inquired innocently.

'You,' Reggie answered at once with a sudden burst of gallantry. 'You yourself entirely. Nothing else prevents it.'

Florrie flung herself into his arms. 'Reggie, Reggie,' she sobbed out, 'I love you with all my heart. I love you! I love you! You're the only man on earth I ever really loved.'

With you, and for your sake, I could endure anything—anything.

Reggie gazed at her, entranced. She was really very pretty. Such eyes! such hair! He felt himself at that moment a noble creature. How splendid of him thus to come, like a modern Perseus, to the rescue of beauty of beauty in distress at its hour of trial! How grand of him to act in the exact opposite way from that detestable Bouchier creature, who had failed at a pinch, and to marry Florrie offhand at the very time when her father had passed under a serious cloud, and when there was some sort of merit in marrying her at once without a penny of expectations! Conduct like that had a specious magnanimity about it which captivated Reginald Hessegrave's romantic heart; the only point in the case he quite forgot to consider was the probability that Kathleen, unconsulted on the project, might be called upon to support both bride and bridegroom.

He clasped the poor panting little Decey Duck to his bosom. 'Florrie dearest' he murmured, 'I have nothing; *you* have nothing, we have both of us nothing. We know now it's only for pure, pure love we can think of one another. I love you. Will you take me? Can you face it all out with me?'

Florrie hid her face yet once more in Reggie's best white waistcoat. He didn't even stop to reflect how she tumbled it. 'Darling, darling,' she cried, 'how unselfish! how noble of you!'

Reggie drew himself up with an ineffable sense of having acted in difficult circumstances like a perfect gentleman. He was proud of his chivalry. 'Then to-morrow,' he said briefly, 'we will be married with this license, as the Archbishop directs, at St Mary Abbott's, Kensington.'

Florrie clung to him with all her arms. She seemed to have a dozen of them. 'Oh you dear!' she cried, overjoyed. 'And at such a moment! How grand of you! How sweet! Oh Reggie, now I know you are indeed a true gentleman.'

Reggie thought so himself, and stood six inches taller in his own estimation; though even before, Heaven had granted him a fairly good conceit of himself.

(To be continued.)

A ROYAL RESTING PLACE.

DAYBREAK on a glorious March morning in North-western India. The clear blue of the glassy sky melts on the horizon into a tender blush of softest pink. Palm and peepul glitter with heavy beads of the drenching dew which bathes the dusty highway, whence green rice-fields extend to the sandy bed of the sacred Jumna. A tall crane, his dark form silhouetted against the brightening glow of dawn, stands fishing in the blue current, shrunken by winter drought; and gaily-clad natives dip brazen 'lotus' in the stream, scattering the precious drops far and wide in the mystic incantations with which their ancient creed hallows the coming day. An intense hush lingers over the silent land; but as

the rosy eastern clouds deepen to crimson, and stretch like flaming wings across the sky, a faint indefinable sense of waking life stirs the solemn silence of the radiant dawn. A bright-eyed monkey throws a bunch of unripe nuts at the 'gharry,' as we pass under the overshadowing branch to which he clings with one wrinkled hand; white oxen draw creaking wagons across the verdant plain, and bronze-hued women with jewelled nose-rings, and arms laden with clanking bangles, leave palm-thatched huts to draw water from the well.

We halt before a noble red sandstone gateway in a huge machicolated wall, where a little town nestles under the shadow of the ruddy battlements. The business of daily life is already in full swing, and we are at once surrounded by a picturesque crowd, offering for sale amulets, charms, and mosaics, pictures of the famous Tomb we have come to see, and of the beauteous Queen who rests within it. Dewy wreaths of purple 'grave-flowers'—the common name of the Bougainvillea in India—are pressed upon us; but with the Taj Mahal as the goal of our journey, the parasitic town which has sprung up around it fails to interest us, although at any other time the brilliant colouring of the fantastic groups would be worthy of notice. For a moment we pause before the majestic portal, and look upward at the wreathing inscription in Persian character, which reminds us that 'Only the pure in heart shall enter the Garden of God.' These solemn words, which consecrate even the threshold of the outer courts surrounding the Taj Mahal, seem like a talisman which guards the sacred shrine of a deathless love from every profane and curious gaze.

As we pass into the shadowy gloom of the vaulted roof between the double arch, turret and watch-tower, pinnacle and cupola, rise on either side to accentuate the importance of the great memorial temple, to which this noble architectural group forms the mere outer porch and vestibule. Before us rise the green avenues of a grand and shadowy garden, a veritable Eastern paradise, full of dreamy coolness and repose. The freedom and space of woodland and wilderness combine with the highest degree of cultivation to produce a scene of unrivalled beauty. A dark aisle of towering cypresses extends for nearly a mile before us, framing a marble bank of clearest water, from which rises a long row of sparkling fountains, each one darting a slender jet high in air. On the farther side of each cypress wall, a broad road, shadowed by luxuriant foliage, ascends gradually to a marble terrace built round the central fountain half-way down the avenue, where vases of tropical flowers make a focus of gorgeous bloom. As we rest on the marble seats placed here as a halting-place for the pilgrims, even the exceeding beauty of woodland, lake, and fountain is at first but dimly realised, for at the end of the noble vista in front of us, on snowy marble terraces, rising tier above tier between the garden and the holy river, a glorious dome soars upward like a pearly cloud, its ethereal whiteness spiritualised into still more dream-like beauty by a faint rose-flush reflected from the morning sky. Arrowy shafts of ivory whiteness, and clustering cupolas like foam-bells tossed in mid-air, surround this

majestic vision, which suggests the evanescent loveliness of some atmospheric illusion. We might almost expect to see the cloudlike dome detach itself from the perforated marble arches of the main fabric, and mount upward to the blue heaven of which it seems a part.

Four sky-piercing minarets white as driven snow stand one at each corner of the spacious marble platform, to remind the pilgrim that the Taj Mahal is a place of perpetual prayer. This idea is enforced by the presence of an immense sandstone mosque on either side of the sacred temple of death; and the snowy purity of this crown and flower of Mogul art is emphasised by the ruddy domes and minarets which flank the white terraces on which it stands. As we approach the great flights of marble steps, a nearer view reveals the fact that dome and cupolas, walls and minarets, of the Taj Mahal are richly inlaid with an intricate mosaic of precious stones and costly marbles, which, instead of detracting from the general effect of dazzling whiteness, only enhance the almost transparent delicacy of the fairy fabric. Rock crystal and coral, garnet and sapphire, amethyst and turquoise, gleam amid agate and cornelian, jasper and lapis-lazuli, from the many coloured marbles which relieve the background of all-pervading white. Diamonds still glitter round the inaccessible heights of the dome, though many of the most valuable jewels were picked out of their settings by successive conquerors of Agra. The jewelled embroidery of the Taj is one of the most exquisite refinements of the art which, in obedience to Moslem creed, refrains from the exact representation of any natural object, while suggesting with marvellous fidelity every variety of tropical vegetation in a manner which indicates the spirit rather than the form of leaf and flower.

Let us pause outside the low doorway in the fretted arch which gives access to the shrine, and call to mind the love-story which it immortalises. The fairest queen of Mogul India sleeps beneath this mighty dome. Legends of her surpassing beauty and of the devoted love which has rendered the name of the Mogul Emperor, Shah Jehan, more famous than the memories of war and conquest, are still told to the traveller who visits the halls of the royal Zenana within the Fort of Agra. We should hardly look for the highest type of conjugal love in the union of an Eastern despot and his favourite wife; but 'the wind bloweth where it listeth,' and the divine fire, which with divine impartiality is sometimes bestowed like the sun and rain alike on just and unjust, was lit in the Mogul monarch's heart, raising him above the apparently insuperable barriers of creed and custom, and making him for all time a supreme example of constant affection.

The traditional portraits of Arjamund, his idolised Persian wife, convey the idea that some intangible charm of voice, manner, or smile must have stirred the statuesque repose of the delicate aquiline face which looks out at us with dark heavy-lidded eyes from a cloud of ebon hair roped with pearls. We can scarcely believe that the imperial Zenana with its galaxy of loveliness furnished no more brilliant type of beauty than that which belonged to 'The Exalted of the

Palace,' the chosen queen of the Emperor's heart and life, on whom he conferred this title of honour. The face of Arjamund expresses simplicity and sweetness; but the soft loveliness and tender colouring in no way resemble the darkly glowing beauty of the Hindu, or the rose and lily fairness of Georgian and Circassian. The union of Shah Jehan and his Persian bride was for many years like one long summer day of perfect happiness. The wealth and power of the Mogul Empire made the life of the Indian Court a gorgeous pageant, resembling a dream of Arabian Nights rather than the reality of an earthly kingdom; but the sun was sinking below the horizon: the myriad slaves who lived but to serve the Persian queen, the armies to whom her name was the watchword of victory, and the passionate devotion of the Emperor, were alike powerless before the Angel of Death. The dread fiat had gone forth, and with the submission of Oriental fatalism Shah Jehan bowed his head to the divine decree. His heart and thoughts were fixed henceforth upon the mysterious world whither the soul of Arjamund had fled, and one labour of love yet remained to be accomplished. The fabulous wealth and inexhaustible resources of the empire were put into immediate requisition, in order that the burial place of this Queen of queens should immortalise her memory and her husband's love.

In 1630 A.D. the Tomb was begun; it is said to have occupied twenty thousand workmen for seventeen years, at the end of which it was completed at a cost of three millions sterling. India, China, Tibet, Arabia, and Persia were ransacked for the gems and marbles which formed the material of this temple of love and sorrow. Armed caravans, with their long trains of horses, camels, and elephants, crossed desert, river, and mountain frontier in every direction, laden with treasure from all the kingdoms of the East. Might was right in the days of Shah Jehan, and every disputed demand was enforced by fire and sword. Even the labour was forced, and the curtailment of the workmen's allowance of food resulted in frightful distress and mortality. The sacrifice of human life represented by the erection of the Taj Mahal casts the one dark shadow over the memories which it recalls. Even the architect was assassinated by imperial command, on the completion of the Tomb, as a precaution against any future repetition of the design, which might hereafter detract from the unique glory of Arjamund's resting place. The ideal love interwoven like a golden thread with the oppressive tyranny of Eastern despotism is a strange anomaly in the complex character of Shah Jehan. The room in the palace of Agra into which he was carried in his dying hours, in order that his last look might rest upon the finished beauty of the Taj, is still shown to the visitor. The arched window frames an exquisite view of the pearly dome and minarets rising from the shadowy trees which border the polished terraces laved by the blue Jumna. Across the sacred river which gives an additional sanctity to the spot, the Emperor was at length borne from the palace to the Tomb, where he rests by the side of Arjamund, 'The Exalted of the Palace,' whom in death he raised to a higher pinnacle of fame in the sight of a wondering world.

The narrow doorway, through which only one at a time can pass, prevents any unseemly crowding into the burial hall of the royal pair. A low chant from a dervish, prostrate before the perforated marble screens, like veils of filmy lace around the shrine, is repeated in a musical echo which loses itself in the vastness of the dome; otherwise, all is still. The shadowy heights of the soaring sphere rise in mysterious beauty above us, with the gleam of gems shining through the translucent whiteness of the milky marble. The same exquisite elaboration of geometrical and floral design is visible within as without. Legends and mottoes in Persian character, the sacred language of Mohammedanism, and the native tongue of the Mogul queen, encircle dome and walls with fantastic scroll-work. As the beautiful texts with their poetic imagery are translated to us, we recognise in their solemn words those great central truths which are not only the common property of Moslem and Christian, but which form the basis of every known religion that has ever crystallised itself into a creed. The contrast between time and eternity, the reward of virtue, the joys of heaven, the vision of God, and man's dependence on the divine will, are all set forth in the sacred writings of ancient Persia. The beauty of scroll and flower and gem culminates round the shrine of Arjuman, the pearl which the casket contains, and the climax of its loveliness.

The marble network of screens around the Tomb is relieved by cornices and panels in a floral mosaic of many coloured jewels. A white arch enriched with the same lavish decoration pierces the central screen, and rises high above it. On three mosaic steps which surmount a marble dais, inlaid with conventionalised jasmine, lily, and rose, stands the alabaster Tomb of the Mogul Queen, wreathed from base to summit with Persian scrolls and jewelled flowers. The intricate and delicate Persian characters seem the very poetry of calligraphy, and it would be difficult to find a more beautiful inscription than that which encircles the alabaster slab of the monument. The literal translation is said to give but a faint idea of the expressive power which belongs to the original language; but even in its English interpretation the legend retains a solemn and impressive beauty: 'This world is only a bridge; therefore cross over it, but build not upon it. The future is veiled in darkness, and one short hour alone is given thee. Turn every moment into a prayer, if thou wouldst attain unto heaven.'

In the stillness of the domed and vaulted hall, the words come to us like a message from the dead. A wandering breeze steals through the low doorway, and stirs the tendrils of the purple wreaths which lie on the steps of the Tomb. The melancholy call of the ringdoves in the banyan trees outside echoes softly through the marble silence, and the murmur of flowing water tells where the river hastens on its way to the thrice-holy spot where the sacred streams of Jumna and Ganges meet.

At the side of the central tomb, and raised a little higher from the floor, to show that it is an Emperor's monument, is the plain marble sepulchre of Shah Jehan; but it is to the Queen that the post of honour belongs in this fair memorial temple. The entire subversion of

Moslem custom and precedent shows the intensity of the feelings which proved powerful enough to supersede them both. Western prejudice is such a frequent hindrance to any just appreciation of Oriental character, that even the identity of our common humanity is apt to be forgotten. The ideal love recorded on the marbles of the Taj Mahal is revealed to us as a heavenly inspiration, which attained to greater heights than those reached by the majority of mankind, even when raised by a purer creed and a higher moral code into a social atmosphere infinitely superior to that which environed the Mogul rulers of India. A pilgrimage to the Taj may still claim a sanctifying power, if, by widening Christian sympathies, it helps to bridge over the great melancholy chasm which yawns between East and West.

When we leave the shadowy twilight of the marble dome the sun has mounted far above the horizon, and the great building is sharply outlined against the blinding blue in a transfiguration of glittering light. Presently the yellow brooding heat of noon, which clings in almost tangible form to the sun-baked land, silences land and breeze, and lies heavily on the drooping flowers. Shady paths thread the dense gloom of tropical woodlands to a kiosk, where the hot hours may be spent in the comparative coolness, more correctly described as modified heat, in this blazing March weather. As the afternoon shadows lengthen, the delicious breeze which precedes the sunset fans the garden with its balmy breath—the mournful cypresses, unmoved by the soft air which flutters palm frond and bay leaf, cast their slender shadows across the marble tank, and through the long vista the Taj appears under a new aspect. The Indian sky flames with amber and carmine glory, as though a vast conflagration were raging in the heights of heaven, and into this sea of fire the great dome floats like a sphere of burnished gold. Shaft and minaret are pointed with flame; and the snowy whiteness and solidity of the main building separate it from the visionary dome with the sharp line of demarcation which divides an earthly reality from a celestial dream. All too quickly the magical colouring fades, and the 'purple peace' of the Indian evening darkens over garden and Tomb; but the last and loveliest vision is yet to come.

As the yellow moon rises above the dark line of woods and throws a flood of light upon the Taj Mahal, the majestic fabric is idealised into the semblance of a spiritual creation, an aerial temple 'not made with hands'; the arched facade with its fretted marbles and delicate tracery shimmers with an opalescent gleam, as though it reflected light from within; minaret and pinnacle sparkle like spires of frosted silver; while suspended high above them, a diaphanous orb of silvery mist melts into the violet sky. The wonderful lightness of effect given by the elaboration of ornament is supposed to account for the mysterious moonlight beauty of the Taj. The ineffaceable impression produced by this mystical vision is deepened by the surrounding silence, only broken by the ripple of fountains and the low murmur of the Jumna.

Some dark figures crouch on the marble terraces, as they watch a twinkling lamp which floats far away on the silver tide, probably some

Hindu offering to the divinity of the holy river. As we leave the darkness of the garden and turn for a parting look at the fairest of earthly monuments, we accord to some words which originally referred to the founder of a Christian cathedral a wider application than they were intended to bear, for surely of the Mogul Emperor, Shah Jehan, we may say in the presence of the Taj Mahal:

He dreamed not of an earthly home,
Who thus could build.

A PRINCE'S LOVE-STORY.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

'COLONEL,' said the Prince impulsively, when the Herr Cancellarius was gone, 'the time is growing late; you are tired, and your family must be tired. Rest all of you in the castle to-night, and let me ride over the mountains and bring your daughter back.'

'Your Royal Highness,' said the Colonel, 'must permit the remainder of my family to return to the manse; and I myself, sir, her father, will ride over the mountains to bring my daughter back.'

'Colonel,' said the Prince, turning pettishly aside and kicking a foot-stool, 'you will not trust me.'

'It is a dangerous thing, your Royal Highness,' said the Colonel, 'for a young lady of middling station to be loved by a Prince.'

'At least,' said the Prince, 'you will permit me to ride with you.'

When the Herr Cancellarius returned with the knowledge which he had gleaned from the friends of his agents of the place to which Margaret had probably been taken, the Colonel and the Prince prepared to set out together in pursuit. First, the Colonel sent his wife and younger daughter home, and then he and the Prince mounted two sure-footed ponies and with a Highland guide set out over the mountain.

That midnight ride through the heather was embalmed in the memory of the two men. It made them better acquainted with each other than all former meetings, for by its means they got at the bones of each other's thoughts and views of life. The Colonel persistently told himself that his companion would be the finest, manliest, most desirable young man in the world, if only he were not a Prince, and he steadily refused to entertain any of the arguments with which the Prince urged his suit for the hand of Margaret. The Prince pleaded with all the fire and recklessness of youth; and the Colonel replied with all that wisdom of experience which hot youth regards as little as the thistle-down. This is the way their argument went on.

'I have understood, sir,' said the Colonel, 'that you are bound to the Princess Ernestine.'

'That was only a political arrangement,' said the Prince, 'which I can cast aside as easily as I throw away this cigar.'

'That is dangerous, sir,' said the Colonel: 'that might set the heather on fire.' And he dismounted and turned aside to tread the cigar

out. 'Permit me, sir,' said he, when he had remounted, 'to draw you a lesson from that. Your thoughtless repudiation of your engagement with the Princess Ernestine might cause a political conflagration. The king and the people of Sturkenburg would take it as an insult. And permit me to point out that your royal rank entails upon you duties to your father and your country which do not fall upon a private gentleman.'

'I shall become a private gentleman,' answered the Prince. 'I shall give up my royal rank. What is my royal rank? I am second son only, and my royal rank only serves to wall me in and to control all my actions. I have no freedom. I command a regiment, it is true. But I could command a regiment better if I were only a Herr Graf, or a plain soldier like yourself, Colonel.'

'You cannot, sir,' maintained the Colonel, 'get away from the fact that you are bound by all kinds of subtle ties to your position, and the cutting of one or two of them would irritate instead of relieving you.'

'I shall cut them all. I shall withdraw from Pumpernickel and Germany altogether,' declared the Prince. 'I shall become an English subject; and I shall offer my sword to the Queen of England.'

'And ten years afterwards,' said the Colonel, 'you would bitterly regret it. No, sir; no woman is worth so much sacrifice. And I will not permit it for my daughter.'

While the Prince and the Colonel were gone upon their expedition of recovery, the Herr Cancellarius von Straubensee was not idle. He had been defeated in one skirmish, he told himself, but he had not yet been defeated on the main issue. He knew his Prince well enough to believe that he was capable of sending for a chaplain or minister as soon as the young lady was brought back, and he had no reason to think that the Colonel would oppose the marriage. As soon, therefore, as the supper party was got rid of, he made preparations for continuing his campaign hotly on the first line of its inception. This time he hesitated at nothing that would help him to success. He sat down and prepared a long telegram to Prince Hermann's father at Pumpernickel, begging him to exert all his influence to prevent so disastrous an alliance as that contemplated by the Prince. He wrote a telegram also to the Pumpernickel Minister in London, begging him anew to exert all his influence with the English Government. Then he had a nap in the library of an hour or so while a carriage was being got ready to drive him to Ballater to the telegraph office. His nap over and a morsel of food eaten, he set forth on his long drive through the still and dark hours of the early morning.

He insisted upon waking the telegraph official at Ballater before his time, and his messages were soon speeding over the telegraph wires by way of Aberdeen. His telegraphic business accomplished, he got fresh horses put into the carriage and galloped back to Balmoral; for, in his desperation, he had brought his astonished white head to disregard etiquette and to plead for the Queen's immediate assist-

ance. He was accorded the extraordinary favour of an audience as soon as Her Majesty had breakfasted. What passed at that audience I cannot tell, even if I would; but the Herr Cancellarius left the castle with victory shining on his jocular face, and a German Prince of the Queen's own immediate connection sitting beside him in the carriage. But his victorious career was not yet over; for the carriage turned aside from the direct way of its return to Ardnashiell, so that the Herr Cancellarius might deliver a message from the Queen to a Royal Prince, one of her own sons, who was staying in the neighbourhood; that message requested him also to join in remonstrance with Prince Hermann and to exert his influence. And all this to prevent a young man from marrying a young woman with whom he was in love!

'That,' said the Herr Cancellarius to the German Prince, as they whirled by the manse, 'is the house where the preposterous Colonel and his objectionable family dwell!'

The Colonel himself stood on the green before the door practising golf-stroke with his salmon gaff, as was usual with him after breakfast. He glanced towards the carriage as it drove by, but he recognised neither it nor its occupants. He was waiting for his daughter Margaret to wake, that he might have a long and serious talk with her. She had been found at a lonely shieling over the mountains in the charge of an old Highland dame. The Colonel had bargained with the Prince that no word of love should be uttered when she should be found; the Prince might explain that the letter had not been sent by him, and that her abduction was not arranged by him, but no more. In spite of that undertaking, however, the Prince found opportunity to whisper a word or two as they rode back all three through the heather. She was too weary and shaken with her strange adventure, however, to attend to the Prince's love-making. Her father was more considerate with her than the Prince, and did not trouble her with talk, except the most casual and ordinary, even when they were being driven from Ardnashiell to the manse. And therefore he was waiting, when the Herr Cancellarius drove by, to have that talk with his daughter which he had so patiently postponed. He was the more anxious to have it over, that the Prince before they parted had reiterated his intention of calling that day in the formal company of the Herr Cancellarius, and he wished to be sure of his position before he met them.

At length Margaret awoke. The Colonel heard her bell ring, and he went in and sent up word to her that he wished to have a talk with her immediately in her room.

'I daresay you guess, my dear,' said the Colonel, as soon as he had sat down, 'what I am in a hurry to talk with you about. Perhaps you heard the Prince say when we parted from him that he was coming here to-day?'

'I did hear him say something of the sort,' answered Margaret, with a blush.

'Well, I shall tell you plainly what his declared purpose is in coming: he means to formally ask your hand of me in marriage.'

'It is very early to talk of marriage, don't

you think, father,' said Margaret, with a rather forced laugh, 'before there has been any courting?'

'That, my dear,' said her father, 'is the way royal marriages are conducted.'

'Royal marriages!' exclaimed the girl.

'Don't let us fence, my dear,' said the Colonel, 'and waste time. Your marriage would be a royal marriage, if it came off.'

The girl emitted from her bright eyes a quick glance of surprise and disappointment. She was in that state of feeling which many young ladies find so delightful: she would and she wouldn't; she amused herself with the possibility of possessing a royal lover, and perhaps a royal husband, though, in her toying with the question, she had scarcely yet considered properly the issue of marriage; and therefore it caused her the cold shock of something real and fateful to hear her father hint a doubt of the likelihood of anything coming of all this.

'You will oblige me very much, Meg,' resumed her father, 'if you will tell me whether you have ever had any kind of spoken understanding with the Prince?'

Then Meg frankly told her father what had passed after the ducking in the river—that the Prince had said such and such things, evidently implying love, and that she had given one small answer and then made her escape.

'Hum!' said the Colonel, looking on her very seriously. 'So you do care for him?'

'I care for him a great deal, father,' answered Meg boldly: 'I cannot help it.'

'That's a pity,' said the Colonel simply, 'because nothing but vexation or disaster can come of it.'

Meg's face grew hard when he said that, and she scarcely heard him when he went over the old ground of the Prince's rank, and his engagement to the Princess Ernestine.

'To do him justice, however,' continued the Colonel, 'he declares he will cast off rank and everything only to have you.'

'He has said that?' exclaimed the girl.

'Then he is a lover in a hundred thousand!'

'But we cannot let him do anything of the kind,' said the upright, matter-of-fact Colonel. 'It would completely ruin him: he would for ever regret it.'

Margaret did not believe a word of that. The fire of devotion had seized both heart and head, and she heard no more that her father said. She only knew that before her father went, she had agreed to a formal refusal of the Prince's suit; but that did not trouble her, for her whole nature was glowing with the fire of devotion. As soon as her father was gone, she jumped up and hurriedly dressed, and sat down in the heat of her feeling and wrote a few lines at a great rate: 'DEAREST PRINCE You are the noblest lover in the world. I have heard of your devotion, of all you would give up for me. I am yours. I have promised to refuse your formal offer of marriage. I must leave it to you to make that of no avail.—Yours ever, MEG HERRIES-HAY.'

She would not venture to read over what she had written lest she should be ashamed of it, or repent of it; she hurried it into an

envelope, and hastened forth with it in her pocket to find a messenger to bear it to its destination. By good luck she found the gillie who commonly attended her father and herself when they went fishing; he was wandering disconsolately around, 'looking at the weather,' as he said, being in want of an occupation; and he gladly undertook—for the handsome consideration which the young lady pressed into his hand—to carry the letter with all expedition; he knew, he said, where he could borrow a sheltie.

Meanwhile, Prince Hermann at Ardnashiel Castle was surrounded by great people, 'exerting their influence' to make him forego his intention of marrying the Colonel's daughter. There were the German Prince who was a near connection of the Queen; and the Royal Prince who was the Queen's own son; and another German Prince whom the Queen's own son had brought with him: all were 'exerting their influence' and bringing it to bear. Moreover, as the day wore on, there came by special messenger a telegram of dissnative advice from the representative in London of His Majesty of Pumpernickel; and on the heels of that a telegram from His Majesty of Pumpernickel himself, containing German words of great length and angry and threatening import. While the Prince was thus sore bested, there was handed to him Margaret's impulsive note. He read it, and flushed with the triumph of love.

'Mes-sieurs,' said he to the Princes who were exerting their influence, 'I have heard you patiently all the morning. I now ask one thing of you in return: come with me and see the lady.' They hesitated; they demurred. 'It is the only reply I can make at present to the interest you take in this matter, and to your kind professions of regard for me.'

Finally, they agreed to go to see Miss Herries-Hay. The four Princes set forth in one carriage, and the Herr Cancellarius and the Count von Save—for Prince Hermann insisted that they should go also in another. The Herries-Hay family were sitting down to tea when the carriages appeared before the manse door.

'Gracious!' exclaimed Mrs Herries-Hay; 'who can all these be? I hope there are cups enough!'

Presently the door was opened, and the flustered servant ushered in Prince Hermann and his friends and attendants.

'Do not go away,' said the Prince to the servant.

The servant stood by the door, Colonel Herries-Hay—who recognised all the Princes—rose in bewilderment, and all the family wondered, but not for long. Prince Hermann stepped directly up to Margaret and took her hand. 'Permit me,' said he, looking round upon his friends and attendants, and including also the servant at the door in his glance, 'to introduce to you all—my wife!' There was a dead pause of astonishment and bewilderment. 'I know,' he continued, glancing at the Colonel in a flash of triumph, 'your Scottish law. I have declared your daughter my wife in the presence of witnesses, and so she is my wife!'

Margaret stood pale and trembling, with her hand in the Prince's. The Colonel recovered his wits the first of the bewildered company—at any rate he spoke first.

'It is nobly and generously intended, your Royal Highness,' said he; 'but I cannot permit it!' The Princes pricked their ears and gave all their attention. 'Whether your declaration is good in law or not, neither I nor my daughter can hold you bound by it.'—The Prince pressed Margaret's hand. '—On our conscience, we cannot, sir!'

'What does the lady say?' queried the Prince, the Queen's own son.

At that Margaret started and drew her hand from the Prince's, and looked about her. She paused and let her eyes drop before she replied, 'Let this unexpected declaration of Prince Hermann,' said she at length, 'go for nothing. But if he returns at the end of two months and claims me as his wife, I shall not repudiate him.'

In two months Prince Hermann returned as the Count von Angemar. He had dropped his royal rank, as he had declared he would; the offer of his sword had been accepted by the Queen of England; and he had become a British subject. He returned and claimed his betrothed. They were married in the little church adjoining the manse. Whether or not he regrets what he has done, it is yet too early to say.

GREAT GRIMSBY PONTOON.

GREAT GRIMSBY PONTOON, in the early morning hours of a midsummer day, presents a scene of unrivalled activity. Long before the sun rises, the Estuary of the Humber is all alive with myriad craft. Dugy funnelled steam-trawlers, their holds packed to overflowing with a multitudinous variety of fish, glide swiftly into dock; while in their wake come the sailing snacks, bearing a no less rich cargo. As the sun rises, the damp mists begin to disperse, and the ruddy sails lend colour to the picture; while the still dripping nets and slippery decks glisten by reason of the silvery fish-scales which cling to them like newly fallen snow-flakes. These vessels, innumerable as they seem to be, form but a part, and a very small part, indeed, of the great fishing fleet which makes Grimsby what it is, the largest and most important fishing port in the world. The fleet numbers 819 vessels all told, including 695 trawlers and 124 cod vessels, with a registered tonnage of 56,998, and carrying crews to the number of 4591 men, and with a fish traffic of 73,650 tons per annum—a decided increase since the year 1851, when the tonnage was only 453. All these vessels, large and small, iron built or wooden, steam or sail, ply between Grimsby port and that happy hunting-ground of the North Sea fishermen, the Dogger Bank.

By six or seven A.M. the vessels have all come to anchor alongside the covered pier which stretches parallel with the shore for nearly a mile, and is known everywhere as the famous Grimsby Pontoon. Then the excitement of the day begins. The Pontoon loungers,

one and all, seem suddenly galvanised into preternatural activity, and with one bound the boats are boarded and the unloading begins. The fish have been carefully packed in ice compartments down in the hold; now they are unshipped, and are carried in boxes, tubs, and trolleys, to be laid in shining rows along the Pontoon. The casual visitor must keep a sharp lookout, otherwise he might easily take a header into the water, which at low tide is not exactly redolent of the briny ocean. It takes some experience to thread one's way between the jostling, pushing crowd, the slippery fish, and the huge blocks of ice and sacks of coal which stand in readiness for embarkation.

At length the fish are sorted; the small haddocks, plaice, and soles are laid in long rows, and are flanked by huge halibut and turbot, looking coldly conscious of their superiority to the smaller fry. It must be very ignominious to be landed together with the common herd and sold wholesale in a box; but quite otherwise is it to be a majestic halibut, whose mighty proportions tax the strength of a couple of men to lift on to the trolley and push along the Pontoon to the place of sale. Lemon-spotted fish are there in abundance, which the London fishmonger will possibly introduce to his customers as 'lemon soles,' but which the Grimsby fishermen call simply plaice.

The far-famed English sole, for which the New York epicure in vain sighs when at home, is growing fickle, and is forsaking its North Sea haunts, much to the sorrow of the Lincolnshire fishermen. Nevertheless, the North Sea sole holds its own in the market, and, not unlike certain warm-blooded animals, is living upon its reputation. The Grimsby soles are still to be seen in Billingsgate Market; but the majority of them have been caught in St George's Channel, and have made a slight detour via Grimsby, en route from Milford Haven to London, by this little strategy very much enhancing their market value.

Next the auction sale opens; and the busy crowd is reinforced by a more leisurely contingent, who can afford to saunter down by eight o'clock. The delicate but very definite lines which separate the aristocracy from the democracy in the fish-world are here emphasised. All fish, such as cod, halibut, and turbot, which have been caught by hook are put up to regular auction, and are honoured by the presence of a duly authorised auctioneer; but the humbler net-fish, which have been captured in shoals, are ignominiously sold 'downhill' by Dutch auction; while all cod, halibut, or turbot which have been so misguided as to slip through the meshes of the net must pay for their temerity by being bid for in the rapidly descending scale.

Long before noontide, the Pontoon has been cleared of fish; and the trucks which the railway company run down to the water's edge have been filled, and are speeding on their way, some to the Midlands, and others to the north country, but by far the larger proportion to the London markets.

Grimsby is indeed intersected by a perfect network of rails, and it owes its more recent

prosperity to the enterprise of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, who own the docks upon which the trade of the port depends, and who have done much to increase their area. Originally, the company built its line skirting the town; but the population has grown so rapidly, that now, in American fashion, the line runs through the very centre, searing the nervous stranger who finds himself compelled every few minutes to traverse some level crossing. Much to the credit of the company, however, no public-house for the sale of intoxicants in any form is permitted upon the Pontoon. A bright, clean-looking Coffee Tavern does a brisk trade; and boys with baskets of substantial pies and other viands are at readiness the moment the boats come in to supply the fishermen at moderate prices.

During the summer season, many of the vessels remain at the Dogger Bank for as long as six weeks at a stretch; their catchings are transferred to 'carriers,' which ply to and from the shore at regular intervals. How grateful, then, to the eye and to the palate it must be, after these long weary weeks of rough ship life, to find baskets of fruit and nicely cooked food brought down to the boats; and how much this excellent system must deter from drunkenness!

July is the busiest season of all, for the herring shoals from the northern seas are due off the Yorkshire and Lincolnshire coasts. The scene then becomes exceedingly animated, for the women and girls of the ports are called into requisition. They board the boats, and help the men to sort and salt and ice-pack the shiny, scaly herrings, which in a good season almost overwhelm the fisher folk, and the prompt disposal of which taxes their resources to the utmost.

The curing houses used to be close by; but the wooden huts having been burnt down, brick buildings were erected; and here it is that the work of preparing and curing is almost entirely carried on by women and girls. Poverty Dock is the point to which all those vessels gravitate which stand in need of repairs. There 'Lord Salisbury' finds herself laid up side by side with 'Gladstone,' or 'Little Jessie' gently rocks alongside the 'Scottish Chief,' and 'Hebe' and 'Diana' lie close by 'Isaac Watts' or 'Oliver Cromwell.' Mythology, hymnology, history, and fiction are all pretty equally represented in the names with which the boats have been christened. The nets must also be seen to; and many of the men set to work to mend them as soon as the fish have been landed. There is indeed an amount and variety of work in this seafaring life of which the landsman is barely cognisant.

Certain fish make sad havoc with the nets; and during the winter months, and the autumnal and vernal equinoxes, when the winds and waves are most boisterous, many a boat comes back minus its nets, and alas! too, often boats and crew are also missing.

The old household system of net-making is a thing of the past; and just beyond the Pontoon, scores of women and girls are employed by the Salt and Tanning Company in their

long, narrow, and well-ventilated factory. Net-making, or 'net-bruiding,' as it is technically called, involves considerable muscular power; but it is clean and wholesome work; and the girls who, with a rapid jerk, knot the thick cord into its meshes, are as a rule tall and shapely, and endowed with more than the average good looks and health. It would be difficult to find a finer set of girls than these, as they sit or stand in long rows in their pretty cotton blouses, their neat skirts, and charmingly arranged hair.

In the summer, work is usually slack; but during the busy season, working by the piece from eight A.M. to five P.M., girls can earn from eight to eighteen shillings per week according to skill. And it is pleasing to find here an airy, comfortable, furnished dining-room, provided with excellent culinary conveniences.

The Pontoon with its surroundings, although of chiefest interest to the passing visitor, forms but a small portion of the port, which from its Royal, its Union, and its Alexandra Docks, despatches a fleet of fourteen powerful steamers to Hamburg, Antwerp, Rotterdam, and many other of the principal European ports.

SYMPATHETIC INKS.

SYMPATHETIC or secret ink may be defined as 'any liquid with which we may write invisible letters that will not appear until some particular agent is employed to give them colour.' There are several varieties, requiring different treatment: one merely needing exposure to the air; another, to fire; a third, the application of a certain vapour; and so on. Ovid, in his 'Art of Love,' teaches young women to deceive their guardians by writing their love letters with new milk, and to make the writing appear by rubbing coal-dust over the paper. Any thick and viscous fluid, such as the glutinous and colourless juices of plants, aided by any coloured powder, will answer the purpose equally well. A quill pen should be used. The most common method is to pen an epistle in ordinary ink, interlined with the invisible words, which, doubtless, has given rise to the expression 'reading between the lines' in order to discover the true meaning of a communication.

Letters written with a solution of gold, silver, copper, tin, or mercury dissolved in aqua-fortis, or, simpler still, of iron or lead in vinegar, with water added until the liquor does not stain a white paper, will remain invisible for two or three months if kept shut up in the dark; but, on exposure for some hours to the open air, will gradually acquire colour, or will do so instantly on being held before the fire. Each of these solutions gives its own peculiar colour to the writing: gold, a deep violet; silver, slate; lead and copper, brown; but all possess this common disadvantage—that in time they eat away the paper, leaving the letters in the form of perforations. There is a

vast number of other solutions that become visible on exposure to heat, or on having a heated iron passed over them; the explanation being that the matter is readily burnt to a sort of charcoal, simplest among which we may mention lemon juice or milk; but the one that produces the best result is made by dissolving a scruple of sal-ammoniac in two ounces of water.

Writing with rice-water, to be rendered visible by the application of iodine, was practised successfully in the correspondence with Jelalabad in the first Afghan war. The letter was concealed in a quill. On opening it, a small paper was unfolded, on which appeared the single word 'Iodine.' The magic liquid was applied, and there-with appeared an important despatch from Sir Robert Sale.

In the course of a trial in France last year, a letter was read from a man named Turpin, a chemist, under sentence of five years' imprisonment as a spy, giving directions to a friend with a view to establishing a secret correspondence with him while in prison. This led to an official inquiry on the subject by the French authorities, and some strange revelations were obtained from some of the convicts. It appears that when information has to be conveyed to a prisoner, a formal letter, containing apparently nothing but a few trivial facts of a personal nature, is forwarded to the prison. This is read by the governor, who stamps it, and allows it to be handed on to the man to whom it is addressed. The latter, however, is aware that there is another letter to be read within the lines, this being written in milk, and being easily decipherable on being rubbed over with a dirty finger.

Perhaps the most dangerous of its kind is one that was described in a French scientific journal at the beginning of 1883, at least it might prove so in unscrupulous hands. It consists of an aqueous solution of iodide of starch. In four weeks, characters written with it disappear, preventing all use or abuse of letters, and doing away with all documentary evidence of any kind in the hands of the recipient. But a recent discovery by Professor Braylants of the University of Louvain, surpasses all, inasmuch as no ink at all is required in order to convey a secret message. He lays several sheets of note-paper on each other, and writes on the uppermost with a pencil; then selects one of the under sheets on which no marks of the writing are visible. On exposing this sheet to the vapour of iodine for a few minutes, it turns yellowish, and the writing appears of a violet brown colour. On further moistening the paper, it turns blue, and the letters show in violet lines. The explanation is that note-paper contains starch, which, under pressure, becomes hydrous, and turns blue in the iodine fumes. It is best to write on a hard desk, say a pane of glass. Sulphurous acid gas can make the writing disappear again, and it can be revived a second time.

By digesting zaffre in aqua regia, by which is obtained the calx of cobalt, we get a secret ink by means of which pretty scenic effects may be produced. It was thus described many years ago by Macquer, known as the author of

the 'Chemical Dictionary:' 'This ink may be applied to the drawing of landscapes, in which the earth and trees destitute of verdure, being drawn with common ink, give a prospect of winter; and which may be made to assume the appearance of spring by exposure to a gentle heat, which covers the trees with leaves and the earth with grass, by rendering visible those parts of the landscapes which are drawn with this sympathetic ink; and as the solution of regulus of cobalt or zaffre in spirit of nitre acquires a reddish colour by the application of heat, the red solution might be contrived to represent the fruits and flowers.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE British Association will meet this year at Oxford in the second week of August, under the Presidency of the Marquis of Salisbury. The Presidents of the various sections have been appointed; and Sir Douglas Galton will be proposed as President for the meeting of 1895, which will take place at Ipswich.

It is said that Mr Edison has completed his 'Kinetoscope,' about which various absurd reports have been current during the past year. This instrument is for the purpose of photographing figures in motion, so that by afterwards combining the pictures in a projection apparatus, the movements are apparently reproduced. This is no more than was done some time ago by Muybridge of California, Anschutz in Germany, and by Marey at Paris. But there may possibly be some novelty in Mr Edison's apparatus which does not at present appear.

Mr G. J. Symons, F.R.S., in the course of a paper which he lately read at the Society of Arts on 'The Rainfall Records of the British Isles,' spoke of a very curious observation which he had made. He said that thirty years ago he had noticed that for many years two rules seemed to have prevailed—(1) That every year ending with the figure 4 had less than the average rainfall, except when that rule was interfered with by another, which was—(2) That every twelfth year back from 1860 had more than the average rain. This rule appears not to have been broken since the year 1812. Mr Symons also pointed out how irregular was the occurrence of rain in the metropolitan district, the rainfall varying from six inches in one particular month to less than half an inch in another. He also alluded to the phenomenal fall of rain on June 23, 1878, when three and a quarter inches fell on London in one hour and a half, a fall which would mean three hundred and thirty tons' weight of water on every acre of ground. In conclusion, the lecturer spoke of the large army of unpaid workers who are now engaged in making rainfall records all over the country.

On the 5th of March last a brilliant meteor was seen by various observers in different parts

of England. The luminous body must have been of vast size and great brilliance, for it was observed in bright sunlight. It is described as moving from a north-westerly direction, and as having the appearance of a second-magnitude star.

Shuman's process of embedding wire in glass so as to form large sheets of transparent material for the glazing of hothouses and the like, has recently been brought to great perfection at the works of the American Wire-glass Manufacturing Company at Tacony, Philadelphia. The idea of associating wire with glass is by no means new, as many a specification in the English Patent Office will testify; but there are points in the Shuman process which get over difficulties which no previous inventor was able to surmount. The method adopted is briefly as follows: Molten glass is poured upon a heated cast-iron table, and is rolled, to a thickness previously determined upon, by a heated metal roller. A sheet of wire network of the same size—also heated—is now brought upon the surface of the molten glass, and a ribbed roller passes over it so as to embed it in the plastic mass. A smooth roller now removes the furrows caused by the previous one, and the result is a sheet of transparent glass supported by an inner metallic skeleton. A few hours in an annealing oven completes the process of manufacture.

A correspondent of the *Times of India* points out that the burrowing wasp it watched at work will furnish a sight quite as full of hints for the sluggard as the busy bee or the industrious ant. Watching one of these intelligent insects, he saw it dig a hole in the soft earth much as a terrier will accomplish the same work, but with a more definite object in view. Having made the hole to its apparent satisfaction, it went away to a little distance, and dragged to the grave the body of a large spider, which it had evidently killed previously. The corpse of the spider was thrust into the hole; and after being treated to a few stings, to make sure that it was dead in earnest, the wasp carefully restored the earth to its place, and ran several times backward and forward over the newly-made grave, with the apparent intention of obliterating all trace of its work, so that no marauder should steal the delicacy buried below.

So many are interested in the use of oil-fuel for heating steam-boilers, that a few particulars relative to its employment in lieu of coal at the Chicago Exhibition will not be out of place. During the time for which the Exhibition remained open there were used between ten and eleven million gallons of oil, which was supplied by contract at about three-farthings per gallon. The boiler-house comprised two hundred and ten burners, which atomised the oil beneath fifty-two huge boilers, and required the attendance of forty-two men. To produce the same amount of energy by means of solid fuel, between five hundred and six hundred tons of coal per day would have been required, or seventy thousand tons in all. It has been pointed out in a recent Report upon the subject, that this vast amount of coal could not have been handled expeditiously in the limited

space available except with great danger to life and property. The saving by the use of oil-fuel instead of coal is calculated to have been about twenty-seven per cent.; the engines worked from start to finish without a break, and the smokelessness and absence of odour was a matter of common remark.

A curious question came before the law-courts the other day, when an inventor was sued by an engineer for the price of certain work upon a machine which would not work. The engineer pleaded that he never guaranteed that it would work, for it was a machine for producing perpetual motion. In the course of the proceedings it was stated that there were several thousand inventors engaged in attempting to solve this old problem. An extremely curious circumstance, if we reflect that half an hour's study of the modern doctrine of conservation of energy would demonstrate its impossibility to any reasonable mind. History repeats itself, and the search for the philosopher's stone which ruined so many enthusiastic workers in medieval times is with us still under another name.

A very curious natural provision for the protection of certain trees growing along the swampy southern portion of the Ganges delta, is described in an interesting article in the 'Journal' of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal under the title of 'The Blind Root-suckers of the Sunderban.' Many of the trees of this locality are furnished with these root-suckers, which take the form of woolly processes proceeding from the whole length of the roots, and growing in an upward direction, they grow until they reach the highest level of the tides, and thus form a kind of network around the tree stems, and so protect them from being uprooted in the most violent wind. These root-suckers never produce buds, and are furnished with air-chambers for the aeration of the roots.

Professor Redwood, and Mr Topley, the Government geologist, have reported upon the recent discovery of petroleum on the Ashwick estate, Somerset. They believe that the oil exists in sufficient quantity to warrant further expenditure in boring; and at their suggestion, a few charges of a high explosive were fired in the well, in order to liberate the oil from the contiguous rock. This had the desired effect, and the water came up thickly coated with oil. The oil seems to be of good colour and quality generally, having the odour of refined rather than crude petroleum. It has a very high flashing-point.

A prize worth about one thousand pounds sterling is offered by a Russian Count for an efficient means of protecting from, or the curing of horned beasts suffering from cattle disease, the prize to be awarded by the Curator of the Imperial Institute of Experimental Medicine at St Petersburg, with the help of a Committee of experts. The competition is open to the world, members of the above-named Institute only being ineligible; and a description of the remedy must be sent in before the 1st of January 1897. In order to give time to test the efficacy of the remedies proposed, the award will not be made until two years have elapsed from the above date.

A very interesting paper on 'Forging by Hydraulic Pressure' was lately read before the Institution of Civil Engineers by Mr R. H. Tweddell. After giving a brief history of the development of the process since the year 1810, when the proposal was first made to work hot or cold iron under the Bramah press, the author pointed out the advantages of the hydraulic press over the steam hammer. He showed that the power of the former was practically all exerted upon the forging under treatment, and not dissipated in shocks to framing and foundation, quoting the axiom that noise and waste of energy were convertible terms. More work, he asserted, could be turned out by the press than by the hammer in a given time; while dies were uninjured, and some were employed that could never be used under the hammer. The effect of the latter was momentary; but with the hydraulic press the same rate of working per hour could be maintained; and the effect of the continued pressure was to increase the homogeneity of the forgings under treatment.

The 'Photoret' is an apparatus formed like a watch, and is perhaps a trifle larger both in diameter and thickness than the railway time-keeper carried by guards and engine drivers. But its duty is not to mark the flight of time, but to take photographs. This is brought about by a simple slot movement to change the position of a circular film of sensitised celluloid inside the apparatus; and pressure upon the knob of the handle gives a rapid exposure while the Photoret is held in the hand. Six exposures can be made on one film, each little picture being about half an inch square, but capable of after-magnification. The ingenious device emanates from a New York firm, for whom the London agents are Messrs Bigham & Sheldon, 102 Fore Street, E.C.

London's 'Eiffel' Tower, which, when complete, is to be one hundred and fifty feet higher than its Parisian prototype, is now complete to its first stage, and it is already a notable object, which can be seen from many miles around Wembley, which, by the way, is not far from Willesden Junction. There are two hundred men employed upon the work, which has occupied nine months of the two years allowed for the completion of the Tower. The total height of the erection will be 1150 feet, or about three times the height of St Paul's Cathedral, and its weight is estimated at 7500 tons.

An ingenious manner of obtaining a photograph of the gorilla without too close an approach to that ferocious animal, was lately described to an interviewer by Professor Garner. The Professor set his camera in a likely locality, and focused it upon a bait in front, which, by means of a string, was attached to the instantaneous shutter of the instrument. The gorilla in seizing the bait could not fail to pull the string and have his likeness taken.

We trust, now that it is shown how a little money may be wisely spent in directing attention to improvement in common things, that others will come forward with their purses open in a like manner to tempt inventors to seriously review some other outlets for their ingenuity. Cannot, for instance, some improvement be made in the design of the common

suburban villa?—we mean those houses which are tenanted mostly by the superior artisan class, and are built in rows which are hideous in their regularity, and an eyesore to the landscape. Into the details of these and other houses we dare not venture, for they are so full of things open to improvement. They want windows which will not rattle, door-knobs which will not come off, walls which will hold a nail, and cement which will not peel. These are a few of the things which are, like the London cabs, decidedly open to improvement.

Some years ago, in a then popular novel, a scheme was jokingly described for collecting sawdust and compressing its particles once more into solid wood. What was stated in joke then, has become a reality now, in the product known as Nylolith, or wood stone, which is being manufactured on an extensive scale by Messrs Otto Sening & Company of Pottschappel, near Dresden. The material is made by mixing sawdust with magnesia cement, or calcined magnesite, saturating the compound with a solution of chloride of calcium, and finally subjecting it to a pressure of one thousand pounds to the square inch. After drying in the air, the sheets into which the paste mass has been compressed can be sawn, planed, or otherwise dealt with by ordinary wood-working tools. Nylolith is very hard, unflammable, can easily be rendered waterproof by paint, is amenable to any kind of decoration, and is so useful in various ways, that it is coming into extensive employment for many purposes.

A tramway company at St Louis, United States, America, are adopting an air-brake on their cars much of the same pattern as that in use on our railways. But in the absence of steam as the compressing force, the pump is worked by the revolution of the wheel axle. In running a distance of two hundred feet, the maximum pressure of forty pounds to the inch can be easily obtained.

In a recent lecture by Professor Mall, F.R.S., of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, a somewhat unfamiliar subject was broached in the consideration of life on the surface of water. Such a situation afforded certain special advantages to that class of plants able to occupy such a position, and these were principally free access to air and sunlight, for from such sources plants derived an important part of their nourishment. But against these advantages was the danger of overcrowding, for it was obvious that the surface of water, having no depth, was limited in its accommodation. As a typical instance of the tendency to overcrowd in the case of large-leaved plants, the huge water-lily, the 'Victoria regia,' was named. A leaf of this plant would support the weight of a man, and when crowded by its neighbours, it shot out a rim, and thus defended itself from overlapping. The leaf was fiddled with what might be called pin-holes, so that rain could not accumulate on its surface.

The Board of Trade Report for 1893 on the working of the Explosion of Boilers Act has recently been published, and it shows that a goodly number of the accidents reported upon are preventable. A large proportion of

the explosions of boilers used for heating purposes take place in frosty weather, and are directly attributable to faulty fittings of the domestic hot and cold water supply.

SOMETHING ABOUT LEAF MINERS.

WHILE the glory of autumn colours gratifies our sense of the beautiful, another aspect of the leaves appeals to our interest and curiosity. The great army of leaf-miners which produce the effects alluded to may be looked upon as a connecting link between the numerous insects which feed outside the leaves and those which require the plant to provide them a special food and shelter, like the gull-flies. For while they do not, like these latter, cause any abnormal growth on the plant, they yet feed and lodge *within* the leaf. The adult insect is a fly which pierces the skin—botanically, the epidermis—of the leaf and lays an egg beneath. When the grub is hatched, it does not, like that of the gull fly, cause a special growth round itself; it merely eats away the green substance of the leaf lying between the epidermis and the veins. It thus forms a little dwelling for itself, sheltered from the weather with a roof formed by the leaf-skin. This eating away of the leaf shows itself externally as brown, greenish white, or white patches, and markings of various shapes. As the grubs are hatched and at work during the summer, the markings on the leaves begin to make themselves conspicuous in the autumn.

Looking round the garden, we note rather large brown patches on many of the leaves of the lilac tree. These are not merely touches of the general autumnal decay, as might be supposed at first, but the result of the work of a species of leaf miner. Lift up carefully the brown shrivelled skin, and you see—ah, no; there is nothing there! Try another. In this there is a small caterpillar, with its head towards the outside of the eaten-out patch. It is busy eating—the one object of its life. The little tomtit knows all about these inhabitants of the lilac leaves, and one of the interesting sights of autumn is to see him hunting for them. There he is, clinging by his feet to the very end of a leaf, engaged in eager search. If there is a caterpillar in that leaf, its chances of escape are small. Perhaps Mr Tomtit had been at that one we found empty, or perhaps the caterpillar had left the leaf itself; for at times they may be seen hanging by their silken threads from the leaves, evidently descending to the ground. Hence it is to be supposed these leaf-miners do not, as some others do, pass their chrysalis stage within the leaf.

On the leaves of the raspbush the work of the leaf-miners shows as light whitish green patches. Holding them up to the light, a light-coloured caterpillar with a dark head is seen. Its head is at the circumference of its eaten-out dwelling.

On other leaves the work of the leaf-miner shows itself in a more picturesque fashion. Irregularly winding, narrow tunnels, gradually increasing in breadth, show themselves on the surface, something like, the mapping of very

meandering rivers. These caterpillars have eaten out tunnels of which the increasing widths correspond with their increasing appetites. Sometimes the course of the tunnel turns round and crosses itself—in this unlike a river. Such tunnels are abundant on the leaves of the snowberry, and may be seen also on those of the primrose, columbine, and other plants. By the roadside they occur frequently on the cow-parsonip and honeysuckle. The grub is found at the end of the tunnel on lifting the epidermis, unless it happens to have left the leaf.

Certain leaf-miners emerge from the leaves as perfect insects, leaving behind them their chrysalis robes as evidence. On this leaf of alder, for example, the space between two of the parallel veins on the under side of the leaf is occupied by a brown patch where the leaf-substance has been eaten out. At the end of the old caterpillar dwelling, the empty chrysalis case is standing at right angles to the leaf. The white patches which mark the insects' work on the oak-leaves have each a dark body in the centre. On examination, they are seen to be empty chrysalis cases. When we remember the various abnormal growths produced on the oak by gall-flies laying their eggs on it, the fact that the eggs and young of the leaf-miners produce no such effect is not a little strange; for on the very same leaf as the white patch of the leaf-miner, with the black chrysalis-robe in the centre, are several little round galls.

Certain leaf-miners in their tracings on the leaf form a transition between the tunnel and patch producers. A narrow tunnel winds about for a short distance, and then spreads out into a patch. They may be compared to short rivers expanding into lakes; and as a lake may have several streams feeding it, so many of these patches have more than one tunnel leading to them. Here are some good examples on the leaves gathered from a young laburnum tree in the garden. The beginning of each little river is marked by a brown spot. Sometimes the lake has expanded so as to obliterate its river. The brown spots mark where the eggs were laid, and where the caterpillars began to eat themselves dwelling-places in the leaf. When we see more than one tunnel leading to a patch, we infer there has been more than one caterpillar at work forming it; and on removing the epidermis, we find two or more caterpillars sharing a common dwelling. Sometimes so many caterpillars have been at work that little of the leaf remains intact. This is the case with one of our laburnum leaves. The tunnels are all obliterated, though the brown spots where each caterpillar commenced work are still discernible.

Such are the means by which the leaf-miner obtains board and lodging in one. A strikingly convenient and economical arrangement. With man, the possession of a noble appetite is not exactly conducive to the enlargement of his dwelling; but the more the leaf-miner eats the more spacious becomes his abode. He cannot 'eat himself out of house and home,' but rather eats out a house for himself. His diet is perhaps monotonous, and he is perforce always confined to the house; yet these are but trifling drawbacks to a happy state where eating, instead of tending to poverty, only serves to enlarge his borders.

In the above remarks we have merely skirted the fringes of a large subject. The number of leaf-miners is legion; and it is a branch of entomology much less completely worked out than are butterflies and beetles. Hence, there is so much the more scope for the young entomologist who wishes to win his spurs and cover himself with the glories of original discovery.

WINTER'S GONK.

Come with me, my Phyllis dear,
Where the linnet's loudly singing;
See, the skies are bright and clear.
And the woods with joy are ringing.
Everything is glad and gay.
Now that winter's passed away.

Bring you hat; but twine it round
With a spray of April roses,
While I pluck from sheltered ground
Early flowers most meet for posies.
Then, indeed, you'll look like one
That lives in love of sky and sun.

'Many a day I've watched them spring,
Snowdrop white and primrose yellow
Violet, shyly blossoming,
And the crocus, gorgeous fellow.
But this morning forth they came
To do full honour to your name

How the linnets pipe and trill!
Will they know that winter's over.
Yonder, 'neath the copse-crowned hill,
Cattle crop the bursting clover,
While the plough-ox, full of mirth,
Sings to see the smiling earth.

Here are lambs, not three days old,
Nestling 'gainst the patient mother;
Here are others, grown more bold,
Gambolling with one another;
Fearing neither shower nor storm
While the sunlight's bright and warm

Come with me, my Phyllis dear,
Where the woods with joy are ringing,
Where the skies are warm and clear,
And the earth to life is springing.
What care we for work to-day?
Is not winter passed away?

J. S. FLETCHER.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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BORDER SCENERY.

To the thousands who annually visit the border district of Scotland, from the States and Canada and almost all parts of the English-speaking world, the chief attraction is not the expectation of seeing scenery finer than anything that can be seen elsewhere. Such an expectation, if it were entertained, could hardly fail to result in disappointment. What draws their feet thither is the charm which Scott in his ballads and poems and romances has thrown around it. Names that otherwise should touch in us no chord of emotion, have become, by their legendary or romantic associations, 'steeped in the stream of harmony.' To men and women of a poetical and imaginative cast of mind, and familiar with the Border ballads, with the poems of Leyden and Scott, and with the weird and witching strains of the Ettrick Shepherd, the Borderland is full of living memories. To such, its very names sound like poetry, its hills have garlands of song about their brows. The haunted Eildons, half shrouded in mist, look to them like the confines of some mountain barrier that guards the entrance into Faeryland. The hush and ripple of the Tweed as it rolls along the valley, sound like strange dirgeful melodies for those men that are no more. The pines that congregate upon the mountain-slopes seem brimful of a story they will only tell in whispers. The gaunt gray ruins that stud the plains, and stand forth above the crags, are peopled with pilgrims from the world of spirits—are haunted by the disembodied souls of deathless men that will not sleep in grave. To what are we to attribute this wonderful fascination which the Border country has for many? Is it not to the wealth of weird and fateful associations from the Past which Time with mystic fingers has woven around it?—that Past which made itself a visible thing to the eye of Scott, and revealed itself in song to the Ettrick Shepherd.

*The geographical line which for nearly seven

hundred years has separated the kingdoms of England and Scotland from each other is as much a natural as a political division. The long range of the Cheviot Hills forms for thirty-five miles this line of separation; and it must be noticed that the country to the north of the watershed is very different in character from that to the south of it. This is due partly to the geological formation of the hills, their front or steep side being towards Scotland, and so contributing essentially different features to the northern landscape. On the south, or English side of the hills, though facing the sun, the country is yet so high and exposed and barren, that a certain tameness of feature inevitably follows. The Cheviots here present fewer bold ridges, but slope gradually and almost imperceptibly, in long shelving moors, down into the very heart of Northumberland. Great part of the scenery in that county is therefore bald and tame; in many districts hardly a single tree is to be seen; nothing but endless stretches of desolate gray moor, dotted here and there with thin flocks of straggling sheep. Yet this country is not wholly without its purple patches to the imaginative wanderer; for there, on one of these long bleak moors sloping down to the vale of Rede, was fought, in the weird moonshine of an autumn night, the stern fight of Otterbourne, when the Douglas was buried 'by the bracken bush,' and the Percy 'led captive away.'

On the Scottish Border, however, the type of scenery is essentially different. Here there is no longer the same dead level of monotony, but every variety of beauty and interest which a country of mingled hill and valley can present. The Cheviots now stand out bold and picturesque, lifting peak after peak into the clear air, their sloping sides of emerald green blending into each other in lines of rounded softness. Touching these hills on the west is the great chain of the Southern Uplands, its higher summits rising to nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea. All this

mighty mass of mountain and moor is scooped out and gashed by innumerable streams, bursting from lonely well-head and mountain tarn, and carving their way ever downwards and outwards, till they merge themselves in the great river-valleys below. On the west you have the valleys that trend towards the Solway Firth—Liddesdale, and Eskdale, and Annandale. On the eastern side of the range you enter the classic precincts of Ettrick Forest and of Yarrow, whose passes sweep down to the distant landscape of Teviotdale and the great valley watered by the silver Tweed.

All these vales are beautiful in themselves, apart altogether from the song and story that have touched their names into golden prominence. Beautiful also are those great mountain ridges standing out against the sky-line in innumerable forms of majesty and strength, from rounded peak and jagged cliff to long low moor and pastoral knoll. Beautiful it is even when we enter the vast solitude of their summits, where the stillness is only broken by the occasional scream of the moor-bird, or the drowsy hum of the mountain bee—among the wastes of withered bent and quaking bog, where it almost would seem as if the chilled hand of Nature had dropt the pencil of beauty for ever, were it not for the stray milk-white flowers of Parnassus, and the bright green mosses that fringe the pools. Beautiful it is to gaze on that sea of hills, either when their billow-like ridges are touched into bold relief by the westering sunlight, or bathed in glory by the morning ray. And beautiful it is to follow downwards in the track of some hill-burn, with its brattling shallows and shimmering pools, where the birches and alders sigh in the summer wind, and plume-like ferns spread shining fronds in the spray of the falling waters. And that hill-burn is sure to lead you down into scenes made memorable by warrior or by bard, whether it be to where the sunny Tweed broadens along the plain, or where the shades of gloaming gather over mournful Yarrow.

There are two ways of observing scenery such as that of the Borders. In the first place, it may be looked at with the eye of an artist, when the mental impression produced will depend upon the beauty of form or of colour, or of various combinations of both, as presented to the spectator, irrespective of locality or of antecedents. This capacity of observation, this delight in the mere externals of scenery, when possessed in its higher and more exquisite manifestations, will give us an artist like Turner, or a poet like Shelley. But, on the other hand, we may so regard the landscape that, while not failing to be impressed with the external beauty that delights the artistic observer, we enrich our conception of the whole, and widen our range of feeling, by recurrence to those personal or historical associations which the sight of that landscape calls up in the mind. This, a much higher intellectual gift than the other, was never perhaps exhibited to greater perfection than in the genius of Sir Walter Scott.

It was in the Border country that Scott first gave expression to his consciousness of this faculty. When about thirteen years of age, he

went to reside for a time at Kelso, and 'to this period,' he says, 'I can trace distinctly the awaking of that delightful feeling for the beauties of natural objects which has never since deserted me. The neighbourhood of Kelso, the most beautiful, if not the most romantic village in Scotland, is eminently calculated to awaken these ideas. It presents objects, not only grand in themselves, but venerable from their association. The meeting of two superb rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, both renowned in song—the ruins of an ancient Abbey—the more distant vestiges of Roxburgh Castle—the modern mansion of Fleurs, which is so situated as to combine the ideas of ancient baronial grandeur with those of modern taste—are in themselves objects of the first class; yet are so mixed, united, and melted among a thousand other beauties of a less prominent description, that they harmonise into one general picture, and please rather by union than by concord. I believe I have written unintelligibly upon this subject, but it is fitter for the pencil than the pen. The romantic feelings which I have described as predominating in my mind, naturally rested upon and associated themselves with those grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents or traditional legends connected with many of them, gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom.'

Much that gave a certain weird charm in scenery to our forefathers is gradually being lost to us. Chief of this was the prominence which they yielded to the supernatural in their legends and beliefs. Hill and wood and stream were to them a kind of mysterious other-life than their own, and storm and thunder-peal and darkness were but some of the more terrific and awesome manifestations of that life. But Science comes in, with its balances and measuring-rods and dry light, and the whole of these manifestations become understandable and familiar. The electrician tells us whence and why the thunder and lightning are. The botanist explains to you the nature of the growth of certain fungi, and away go the fairies and the fairy rings. And as you gaze on the deep ravine down which the mountain stream dashes with terrific force, through a dismal chasm which you imagine must have suddenly burst into existence amid the throes of an earthquake, the geologist takes you by the hand, leads you up the bed of the stream, and you see for yourself that it is true what he tells you, that these waters have by their own power, exerted through unknown icons, slowly worn out for themselves that roaring channel through the solid rock.

It may be a question how far scientific explanations of natural phenomena—useful as they are to the race—are calculated to enhance the pleasure which may be derived from the contemplation of nature as associated with man. The tendency of education is at present so strongly anti-supernatural, that it might seem as if there would soon be no room left for poetry, or the indulgence of the poetic instinct. The nymph has been chased from the fell, and the naiad from the flood; the

satyr has ceased to haunt the forest, and the fairy to dance along the glade; the banshee's shriek no longer curdles the blood at midnight, nor does the water-wraith sit gibbering over the drowned traveller at dawn. The terrible and the beautiful phantasies of our fathers are alike extinct. As Coleridge, amplifying a fine idea of Schiller's, puts it:

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms, and watery depths all these have
vanished:

They live no longer in the faith of reason.

It is but too true; and possibly the result is inevitable in an age of advancing enlightenment and knowledge. Yet it can scarcely be contemplated by a certain order of minds without experiencing some degree of regret, which, though perhaps sentimental, is none the less real.

J. R.

AT MARKET VALUE.

By GRANT ALLEN,

Author of *This World and the Next*, *The World as It Is*, &c.

CHAPTER XIX.—RUFUS MORTIMER.

It's an easy enough matter getting married in London, when you're carrying a special license for the purpose in your pocket: it smooths over the ingenious obstructions placed by English law in the way of matrimony; and Reggie, having once decided to perform, as he thought, this magnanimous action, saw no reason why he should not perform it at once, now the crisis had come, with the utmost expedition. So he despatched an imaginative telegram to the office in the City next morning, announcing with a lordly disregard of historical truth—that he was prevented by serious indisposition from attending to his work in Chapel Court that day; after which little excursion into the realms of fiction, he met Florrie by appointment at the church door, where, accompanied only by Charlie Owen, who undertook the arduous duty of giving away the bride, he was duly married at St Mary Abbott's, Kensington, to blushing little Florrie in her plain white flannel. (It came in quite handy, Florrie said, to be married in.)

Reggie was aware that he was performing a noble and generous act; and he looked fully conscious of it. As for Florrie, she thought nobody had ever been so heroic and so chivalrous as Reggie; and she felt prouder that morning, in her simple white frock, with her stockbroker's clerk, than if she had married the Commander-in-chief himself, let alone a mere Captain in a distinguished cavalry regiment.

As soon as the ceremony was over, and Charlie Owen had evaporated, Reggie began to reflect seriously upon the lions in the path—the question of ways and means—the difficulties of supporting a wife and family. Stern critics might suggest that it was perhaps a few minutes late for taking that branch of the subject into consideration; but being now

a married man, Reggie determined to face the duties of the situation as became his heightened dignity. He made up his mind at once to look out for some better-paid post, and do his best to earn an adequate livelihood for Florrie. Meanwhile, however, and just as a temporary expedient, he decided to ask a little passing assistance from his sister Kitty.

It was always so. Master Reggie danced; 'twas poor Kitty's place to pay the piper. Not that very day, of course. Hang it all, you know, a man may be allowed three days of honeymoon with the wife of his youth, before busying himself with the sordid mundane affairs of pounds, shillings, and pence, mayn't he? So Reggie resolutely determined to live in future a quiet and saving life; and endeavoured to distract poor Florrie's mind in the interim from this horrid crash in her Papa's affairs by spending the few remaining pounds he had still in pocket from last quarter's salary in taking her round to all the best burlesques then going on at the theatres. It didn't so much matter spending these few stray sovereigns like that, don't you see, because he meant to put his case plainly before Kitty next week, and get her to make him a last final loan on the strength of his new good resolutions, as security; after which, he said to himself with the utmost firmness, he meant to reform altogether, and strike out a new line of economic action. Reggie was magnificent at good resolutions. The bother of it was, they all went to swell that nether pavement.

Now, it so happened that during those days Rufus Mortimer, too, who had been over in America for a year and a day, in part to distract himself from the effects of his disappointment, and in part to look after the ancestral engineering works, had returned to London, and had written to ask Kathleen's leave to visit her once more at her lodgings in Kensington a smaller set, which she had occupied since her mother's death, and her consequent reduction of available income. Kathleen always liked Rufus Mortimer. She knew he was genuine. She recognised his goodness of heart and his true American chivalry; for where women are concerned, there is no person on earth more delicately chivalrous than your American gentleman. So, with sundry misgivings, she allowed Rufus Mortimer to call on her again, though she hoped he would not reopen the foregone conclusion she had settled that day on the Lido at Venice. And Rufus Mortimer for his part arrived at her rooms with a firm determination in his own mind not to ask Kathleen anything that might possibly be embarrassing to her feelings or sentiments. This first visit at least should be a purely friendly one; it should be taken up in discovering, by the most casual indications of straws on the wind how Kathleen now felt towards her rejected lover.

But have you ever noticed that if you set out anywhere, fully determined in your own mind to conduct a conversation upon certain pre-arranged lines, you invariably find yourself at the end of ten minutes diverging

entirely from the route you planned out for yourself, and saying the very things you had most earnestly decided wild horses of the Ukraine should never tear from you? It was so with Rufus Mortimer. Before he had been ten minutes engaged in talk with Kathleen, he found conversation had worked round by slow degrees, of itself, to Venice; and when once it got to Venice, what more natural on earth than to inquire about old Venetian acquaintances, while, among old Venetian acquaintances, how possibly omit, without looking quite pointed, the name of the one who had been most in both their minds during that whole last winter on the *Fondamenta delle Zattere*? Rufus Mortimer felt there was no avoiding the subject. Like the moth with the candle, he circled round and round, and at last dashed right into it 'And Willoughby?' he asked after a pause, with a furtive side-look; 'have you never heard anything more, Miss Hessegrave, about Willoughby?'

Kathleen's face flushed rosy red, but she gave no other sign of her suppressed emotion as she answered with a quiet resignation of manner: 'No; I've heard nothing more of him since he left Venice that April.'

Mortimer leaned forward eagerly. A bright light gleamed in his eye. 'What! he hasn't ever written to you?' he cried. 'Do you mean to say he hasn't written?'

Kathleen gazed at him pleadingly. 'No, Mr Mortimer,' she answered in a very sad voice. 'He went away from Venice under circumstances which I can't quite explain in full to you; and from that day to this'—her lips quivered visibly—'I've never heard anything more of him.'

Mortimer clutched his two hands in one another nervously. 'Oh, how wrong of him!' he cried, with a timid glance at Kathleen. 'How unkind! How cruel! Why, Miss Hessegrave, I should never have expected such conduct from Willoughby.'

'Nor I,' Kathleen admitted frankly, with a little burst of unreserve. It was such a relief to be able to talk about him to anybody who could understand, were it even but a little, her position. 'But then—oh, Mr Mortimer, you don't know all. If you knew how unhappily and how strangely he was misled, you wouldn't be harsh in your judgment of him.'

'By—your mother?' Mortimer inquired, with a flash of intuition—one of those electric flashes which often occur to men of the nervous temperament when talking with women.

Kathleen bowed her head. 'Yes, by my mother,' she answered softly.

There was a long deep pause. Then Mortimer spoke once more. 'That was eighteen months ago now,' he said, in a gentle undertone.

Kathleen assented. 'Yes, eighteen months ago.'

'And you've heard nothing more of him in any way since, directly or indirectly?'

'No, nothing,' Kathleen answered. Then she paused for a second, doubtful whether or not to utter the thought that was in her. 'Though

I've tried every way I knew how,' she went on at last with an effort.

Mortimer turned to her gently. He was more like a woman than a man in his sympathy. 'You've been pressing this trouble down unconfessed in your own heart, Miss Hessegrave,' he said with strange candour, yet strange gentleness of manner; for he came from one of those old Pennsylvanian Quaker families in which a certain feminine tenderness of nature may almost be reckoned as a hereditary possession. 'You've been pressing it down too long, till the repression has done you harm. It has told on your health. Why not confide in me frankly? You know me well enough to know that if there is any way in which it's possible for me to help you, I shall be more than repaid by the consciousness of having served you.'

'You're too good, Mr Mortimer,' Kathleen answered, the tears rising fast to her blinded eyes. 'I haven't deserved this from you. But you don't understand. You never *could* understand. For—well, for *his* sake, I could never explain this matter to anybody. You see, it would be a real breach of confidence. There are points I can't explain, because—they're *his* secret.'

'And yet, he has left you!' Rufus Mortimer exclaimed. 'While I—oh, Miss Hessegrave!' He looked at her and held his peace. He was more in love with her than ever.

Kathleen rose and faced him. 'Dear Mr Mortimer,' she said, with a faint tremor in her voice, 'we are no longer boy and girl. Why shouldn't I speak freely to you? You are very, very kind, more kind than I deserve; but—you mustn't talk like that to me. I love him still; I mustn't allow any other man to say such things to me about him. I like you, oh, ever so much, for all your kindness and sympathy; but I can't listen to you when you talk like that of *his* conduct. Please, please, don't do it.'

Mortimer leaned back again in his chair and looked hard at her. 'If *you* wish it,' he answered, 'I'll speak, or I'll be silent. Your will is law to me. I will do as you wish me. But I didn't come here to plead for myself to-day. All that shall be buried. Only, let me know whether it would help you to see him again. If it would, I'll hunt him out, though I have to tramp on foot over Europe to do it.'

'Yes, I want to see him again!' Kathleen answered, 'just once—if no more to explain to him. He went away under a misapprehension—a terrible misapprehension that *she* had impressed upon him. So unjust! so untrue! And it's breaking my heart. I can't stand it, Mr Mortimer.'

'I shall find him out,' Mortimer cried, rising; 'if he's to be found, I shall find him. In Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, I shall find him. Wherever he is, I'll track him. Miss Hessegrave, I'll catch him by the neck and bring him to you.'

'You can't,' Kathleen answered. 'He has gone, like a shooting-star. He has left no trace behind. But I'm none the less grateful to you. You have always behaved to me as

nobody else could have done.' She paused again for a second. 'If it were not for him,' she began; then she broke off, faltering.

'Thank you,' the American replied in a very low voice, supplying the missing words for himself without difficulty. 'I appreciate your kindness. I will do my best to find him. But if he never turns up again— if he has disappeared for ever— oh, Miss Hessegrave, is there no chance— no hope for any other man?'

Kathleen gazed at him fixedly. 'No, no hope,' she answered with a visible effort. 'Mr Mortimer, I like you; I respect you ever so much. But I love Arnold Willoughby. I could never give my heart to any man but him. And unless I gave my heart'—

'You are right,' Mortimer broke in. 'There we two are at one. I care for nothing else. It is your heart I would ask for.'

Trembling, he rose to go. But he held her hand long. 'And remember,' he said with a lump in his throat, 'if at any time you see reason to change your mind, I too have loved one woman too well in my time ever to love any other. I am yours, and yours only. One motion of your hand, and be sure I shall understand it! He may die out of your life. You can't die out of mine. I shall always hope on, though no good come of hoping.'

He grasped her hand hard; Kathleen allowed him to grasp it. He stooped down and imprinted one kiss on the soft palm; she did not resent the action. She felt too well in what spirit he did it to feel called upon to prevent him. She had pity for his despair. Then he hurried down the stairs. His heart was too full for him to remain any longer. He could hardly hold back his tears, so deeply was he agitated.

On the doorstep, he knocked up by accident against Reggie. The head of the house stopped the stranger quite eagerly. 'Hallo,' he exclaimed in some surprise; 'are you back again in England?'

'Yes, so it seems,' the American replied, trying to calm himself outwardly. 'I got back on Tuesday.'

'Last Tuesday as ever was?' Reggie cried.

'Yes; just so: last Tuesday.'

'And lost no time in hunting Kitty up?' Reggie went on, with a broad smile. This was really most promising. He knew the American, though an artist by choice, was reputed one of the richest business men in Philadelphia. It looked extremely healthy that he should have been in such a hurry to hunt up Kathleen.

'My first visit was to Miss Hessegrave,' Mortimer answered with truth, feeling on his side the immense importance of conciliating Kathleen's only brother and sole surviving relation.

Reggie drew a long breath. Could anything have been more opportune? How, pat comes fate! The moment had just arrived when he stood in sorest need of a wealthy brother-in-law; and now, in the nick of time, on the very crest of opportunity, here was chance itself throwing the pick of wealthy brothers-in-law right in his path, as it were, like a grooked sixpence: for, though Rufus Mortimer tried to look and speak as unconcerned as

he could about his visit to Kitty, there was something in his voice and manner which showed Reggie quite clearly the nature of his errand at Kensington that morning. Reggie had suspected as much, indeed, since the first summer Mortimer spent in his own hired house in London; but it was plain as the sun in the sky to him that moment what he meant: if Kathleen chose, she could marry the millionaire, and thereby confer on her loving brother the inestimable boon of a moneyed relation.

'I'm proud to hear it,' Reggie responded with warmth. 'She's a good girl, Kitty; and she's worth a fellow's calling upon. I like her myself. She's the very best sister any fellow ever hit upon.' Which was perfectly true; more so, indeed, than Mr Reggie himself ever fully realised.

So he mounted the stairs in a bland good-humour, the unpleasantness of having to confess his marriage to Kathleen being now much mitigated by the consoling consciousness that, if Kathleen chose, she could probably annex the richest American that moment in London. Most characteristically, too, Reggie thought of it all entirely from that one point of view; it wasn't really a question of a husband for Kitty, but of an eligible brother-in-law for Reginald Hessegrave.

WILLOW-FARMING.

Few trees enjoy so wide-spread a habitat as the members of the Willow family. The alluvial plains of China and the frigid wastes of the subarctic regions are alike adorned with specimens of the ubiquitous 'salix.'

But the willow has other claims than its geographical range, or even its commercial value, to bring it into notice. Quite a wealth of romantic associations clusters round this historic tree. The story of the willow-pattern plate has rendered familiar a Chinese idyll of days long since past. In our own island, wattle-work has always been associated with the rude architectural efforts of the ancient Britons. Those fierce pagans, too, were wont to immolate their captives in huge wicker images. The pathetic numbers of the hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm record how the captive Israelites in their despondency hung their silent harps upon the willows fringing the rivers of the land of the captivity— trees which sympathetic tradition has ever afterwards referred to as weeping. Ophelia's melancholy end will always be associated with the willow that grew aslant the brook, and showed 'his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.' Pope's favourite tree was the weeping-willow, and these drooping beauties are sometimes described as Pope's willows on that account. A tree of this species was planted over the lonely grave of Napoleon; and years ago, when classic effects in landscape gardening were more sought after than they are now, no garden was considered worthy of the name unless it included a willow raised from a cutting taken from the grave in far-off St Helena. It was a willow wand which the chivalrous Locksley set up as his target on the occasion of the celebrated tournament of Ashby;

and even in these matter-of-fact days the athletic foreigner is puzzled by the poetical sentiment which describes participation in our great national pastime as 'handling the willow.' It is pleasant to think that there is a prospect of trees which evoke such interesting memories being more extensively cultivated than they are at present.

The Willow, or rather that species of the family known as the Osier, is not so largely grown as it might be. It seems almost incredible that this useful variety was hardly cultivated in England before the beginning of this century. At that time our wars with France cut off our supplies of bundles of wicker, and we began to grow the raw material ourselves. Nowadays, willow-beds are pretty common. It is usual, too, to plant shifting banks or hills of sand with dwarf-willows, to ensure them a more permanent character. As wind-screens, a planting of willows is hard to beat; and they are frequently grown, too, on the banks of rivers to check the erosion of their banks. In spite, however, of all these evidences of the utility of the willow, the British agriculturist has neglected, even in the day of his deepest depression, to turn his attention to willow-farming, with the view of supplying basket-makers and other manufacturers of wicker ware with home-grown material.

From St Louis County, in the United States, comes the report of a so-called new industry, for which it is claimed that it will, if successful, swell the receipts of many a farmer, and cause many an unproductive holding to bring forth abundantly. This new industry is willow-farming. New, however, it can hardly be described with accuracy, for even Pliny, who was acquainted with two hundred and fifty species of willow, describes their cultivation. Still, it is an attempt at 'farming' upon lines that are certainly more up to date than those frequently practised. Osier beds, it is supposed by many, will only flourish on the banks of rivers in marshy situations, where they are liable to occasional floods. To a certain extent this is an erroneous notion; for, given an average rain-fall, a rich but by no means clayey soil, with immunity from drought, and the osiers will thrive satisfactorily.

In the experiment to which we have alluded, the yield was about four thousand pounds of peeled willow to the acre, and prices realised as much as fivepence per pound. Assuming that the yield was but three thousand pounds per acre, and that the price fetched was threepence per pound, then the trial gives the following results: three thousand pounds at threepence per pound, £37, 10s.; cost of planting, £8; cost of cutting and preparing for market, £10. Total cost, £18. Profit, £18, 10s. It will be seen that no cognisance is taken of the capital outlay or the rent of the ground.

The planting of the willows is an exceedingly simple matter. Live or quick plants are cut into stakes or truncheons. One end of the cutting is then sharpened, and the pointed end is thrust into the ground in a standing direction. The cuttings are placed about a foot apart, and a crop is obtained the third year, the canes continuing to bear for the next ten

or twelve years, when replanting is necessary. The cost of planting must depend in great measure upon the supply of cuttings readily available; and in the case already alluded to, the sum so expended—which includes labour as well—must be looked upon as extremely low. The rapidity with which the willow-cuttings spring into canes of ten or twelve feet is more suggestive of tropical growth than the slower vegetable development of the temperate regions. The family name of the willow, 'Salix,' is popularly supposed to be derived from the 'leaping' proclivities of many of the species. Thomas Newton, in his 'Herball for the Bible' (published in 1587), says: 'The willow is called salix, and hath his name a saliendo, for that it quicklie groweth up, and soon becometh a tree.'

The willow rods are cut while the sap is not circulating, generally after the early winter frosts have stripped the graceful wands of their leaves. The more delicate rods, intended for the finer sorts of white wicker-ware, are cultivated close together, so that the parent cutting is not encouraged to develop in the direction of a bush-like growth, but to send up straight and tapering canes. To peel the newly-cut wands, especially the finer sorts, as soon as cut is found impossible. Accordingly, they are placed upright in shallow streams or specially prepared trenches, and here they remain until they begin to sprout with the advent of the returning spring. They are then found to peel readily. Sometimes, as in the American experiment, the osiers are carted from the plantations to hot-houses, where exposure to the sweating process soon makes them ready for the peeling-machine. The coarser osier rods are simply stacked out of doors, care being taken to protect them from damp, and carted away as required for use.

The proprietors of willow-beds, like farmers in general, suffer much from insect pests. Foremost among these is the willow beetle, which during the year 1890 created much havoc. The leaves and tender shoots, and even the rind, were the objects of its attack; and throughout extensive willow-beds these completely disappeared, and the plants sickened in consequence. The riddance of these tiny foes—for the full-grown adult is but one-sixth of an inch in length—is a matter of the utmost difficulty. Poisonous fumes and solutions they set at defiance by retreating into some crack or cranny of the bark until the attack is over. Many English growers employed extra labour in order that the beetles might be picked off the willows by hand, collected in vessels, and destroyed wholesale. Some tried the plan of flooding their farms; and here again the beetles were not got rid of unless the willows were laid under water for a considerable period of time. The only efficacious remedy appears to be that of scrupulously removing from the farm or its immediate precincts all rubbish calculated to harbour the insect during its embryo stages.

Although willow-farming on an extensive scale shows a great development in England during recent years, there is yet much room for expansion. Many a low-lying meadow, too

wet for tillage, and yielding but a scanty pasture, would produce luxuriant crops of willows. Such lands, of which well-watered England has a great abundance, supply the prime demand of osier requirements—a rich soil liable to occasional flooding. Tourists often remark upon the careful husbandry which our continental neighbours bestow upon similar areas; and it is to this in great measure that their large export of wicker material is attributable. It is clear that if the British farmer were less conservative in his methods, willow-beds would soon become a more familiar feature in the English landscape, and a great impetus would be given to an important industry.

PÈRE MOINEAU.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

IN the Tuileries Gardens, but as yet too early for the usual crowd of babies. Only a few loiterers, and the passing stream of work is hastening to the scene of their duty. Two of the loiterers were decidedly English in aspect; but there could be no manner of doubt as to the nationality of the old gentleman reclining, half-asleep, upon a bench, with a flock of chattering sparrows fluttering round him.

The two who walked up and down the wide walk were so deeply engaged in conversation as to be apparently oblivious of his presence. As they passed him by, the sparrows flew away with noisy protests at being disturbed, to return as soon as the English girl and her elderly companion moved to a safe distance. The girl was simply, even poorly dressed in black, growing more than slightly rusty; but neither the plain gown nor shabby hat could conceal the grace of her supple form or the attraction of her fresh young face. Yet you could not call her beautiful, only supremely interesting, with her deep-set gray eyes, of that shade of gray which is closely akin to hazel, and which has not a touch of blue in it. Her smooth cheeks were very delicately fair, rather than pale; while her lips were rich in colour, and firm-set, with an expression of purpose and resolute will, which was confirmed by the curve of her round pillar of a throat, and the poise of her shapely head, with its clustering crown of wavy brown hair, cut short to the nape of the graceful neck. In her hand she carried a pretty and essentially French basket, from which protruded the ends of several brushes such as artists use. The man was well dressed in English-made garments of the regulation tourist cut; good-looking for his years, which certainly doubled those of his companion, while there was a certain masterful air about him which told of the prosperous man, used to have his will.

'You have known me all my life,' he said. 'I was your father's friend. You know my circumstances; you have seen the home I have to offer. You know the social position I can give my wife—a position which will improve every year. Of my affection you must be assured.'

'Indeed, indeed, you are very kind,' the girl replied, with a little quiver in her soft voice.

'Think well before you refuse such an offer, my dear child,' the man went on, with something of paternal tenderness in his voice. 'Paris is no place for a young and unprotected girl; and, my dear child, I question if your powers are sufficiently great to ensure even a moderate success in the career you have thought fit to take up.'

Had he seen the quick rush of colour to the fair cheek, and the flash in the deep-set eyes, he might not have further enlarged upon this topic; but having determined that she was to marry him, he never dreamed of the harm he was doing to his own cause, as he went on: 'Women are not meant for active life, dearest child. They are to be cared for, shielded, surrounded with affection, guarded from the evil that is in the great world. Give up this wild idea of fighting out your own career. Come to me, and share the comfort and happiness of my home, where no trouble that I can ward off need ever reach you, and where your future will be secure. Don't hesitate, May. Believe me, your father would have approved.'

For some moments she did not answer, but walked silently at his side, her face flushed, her eyes upon the ground. He took her arm in his hand and drew her towards him.

That startled her; she swerved aside. 'Would there be no battle to fight under the shelter of your roof?' she asked.

It was an utterly unexpected question, and he looked at her with uplifted brows. 'What do you mean?' he inquired.

'I mean that if I were to give up all this—to turn aside from the path I have marked out for myself—would there not be a struggle, a regret? I mean—I am not one of those women who, having food and raiment, could be content. I mean—that my views as to the capabilities of my sex, and the position in life we are meant to fill, teach me to think differently from you upon important subjects. It—Oh Mr Westley, I don't quite know how to put in words all that I mean; but I think I would be happier—I know I would be more content, if I went on and tried to exercise the gift that is in me. You know you said yourself, when you first undertook to teach me, that I possessed absolute genius. I never forgot your words.'

'My dear child, possessing a genius for mere colour will not ensure success when it comes to a matter of earning a livelihood. Your position then was so different from what it is now.'

She flashed round upon him. 'I was a genius while my father was rich, and I a prospective heiress. Now, when I am an orphan, with only a few hundreds that I can call my own, my genius sinks down into a capacity for "mere colour." Is that what I am to believe?'

He was taken aback. 'You certainly overstrain my meaning,' he said hesitatingly. 'That you have great talent I will not deny—talent which, if you were my wife, would be a magnificent aid to your social position. But you are not fit to struggle against the difficulties and dangers of an artist's career. Don't let any wild dreams of chimerical successes in the future dazzle your eyes. Believe me, the quiet

life of domestic peace is by far the happier and more appropriate for a woman born and nurtured as you have been. Leave the hand-to-hand fight for fame to those who have never known an upbringing like your own, and accept the peace I have to offer.'

'But would it be peace?' she asked abruptly. 'It might be smooth enough upon the surface; but you do not reckon with the spirit that is in me—the temper which I inherit—the restlessness, the longing. Mr Westley, it would not be for your happiness—I know it.'

'My dear child, the highly-strung spirit would soon sober down in the daily round of domestic duties. I have no fears of being able to overcome the hot temper, which I remember so well in the days when I was merely your teacher. None! As your husband, I could exercise a judicious restraint upon you; and for the restless spirit—Ah, my dear, as a wife, that would be subject to your husband's will; and I think you know you can trust me. The children of my first marriage are all settled in life. They would not cross your path in any way. Contrast what I have placed before you with what must be your life here. Think of your poor little room—one room, that you can call your own—you who had three hours at your disposal. Your scanty wardrobe—you who could have had a dozen dresses in a week, had you been so minded. The constant work, the awful uncertainty, the future unsecured. May, can you hesitate?'

'I can,' she replied briefly—'I can.'

She stopped short on the path, just opposite the bench where the old Frenchman was now sitting upright, feeding the dozens of sparrows which fluttered and soared round him. His bright black eyes were flashing under his gray brows as he regarded the pair. Westley took no heed of him, but with an impatient stamp of his foot, said in an excited tone: 'There is something under all this which I do not understand, which I cannot understand.'

'There is,' May Dorian replied. 'You have left out the most important thing of all. I never was a girl who cared much about the lower things of life. I wanted something more than fine houses and heaps of clothes. One of the things which you mentioned as an evil I consider an unmixed blessing—the need for constant work. For another—the one little room which you despise is my own, absolutely. My shabby gowns are suited to my condition. And as to the uncertainty—well, if I fail, I fail—that is all. It is possible that I may fail; I have never shut my eyes to that fact; but in the face of it, I am willing to try.—Mr Westley, I am grateful to you; indeed, I am from the bottom of my heart.' And two big tears gathered under her long lashes. 'But do not press for an answer now. Give me time to think it over.'

'As much time as you require, dear child,' he said, his voice softening. 'Until to-morrow?'

'Oh, a little longer. Say next week, when you return from Brussels. That will be in a week, you said. Let me think it over until then.'

He took her half-reluctant hand and put it to his lips. 'You shall have your will,' he said. 'When I come back, I expect to be made a very happy man.'

'Don't expect anything,' she replied, with a faint flash of fun in her deep eyes. 'I am not a person whose comings and goings can be counted upon.'

'But I will see you safely to your easel under the great Madonna,' he said, almost affectionately. 'The doors are open by this time.'

'No, no,' she answered hastily; 'Père Moineau will do that. It is his privilege, as he calls it. I could not disappoint him.'

'Père Moineau! Who is he?' Westley asked, with quick surprise.

'The dear old gentleman feeding the sparrows over there. He is such a friend of mine! It is from him I have learned the good French accent upon which you complimented me yesterday. He is quite poor—lost all his money in the troubles of '70, and both his sons. Think what sorrows he has known! But he has quite the grand manners of the old régime, and knows so much about art.'

'Humph! Who introduced him to you? Where did you meet him?'

'Here—in the Gardens. It was when I first came over, and when I knew nobody except Clémence, who used to come with me every day. Sometimes we sat here, waiting for the doors to open, and I saw him feeding the sparrows.—Look how tame they are! They actually hop upon his hand and pick the crumbs out of his palm. That's why I call him Père Moineau, "Father Sparrow." And he likes the name.'

'Then he isn't Moineau at all. What is his real name?'

'I haven't the remotest idea; but it don't signify. He is good and pious a Frenchman of the highest type, and he has been so kind to Clémence and me.—When you return from Brussels, I shall be happy to show you the picture I am now painting. You will then be in a better position of judging whether I have made any real progress; and, until then, adieu, my old master, and my kind friend.'

She said good-bye with an air there was no gainsaying. The successful painter had only to accept her dismissal, and leave her with that white-haired old Frenchman and his fluttering cloud of sparrows.

She stood in the path until the sturdy figure, in its well made suit of English tweed, mingled with the increasing crowd on the wide roadway, and was lost to view; then she advanced to the old man, who had risen from his seat, and was standing by the chair to greet her.

'Ah,' he said, 'so Mademoiselle May has had a compatriot to escort her this morning! Doubtless an old friend whose presence has awakened memories. Is it not so?'

'An old friend? Yes, I suppose he is, Père Moineau,' she replied in French which was almost as perfect as his own. 'It is my old master—the master who taught me the use of colour.'

'Ah! you do not owe him much, my child,' the old man said. 'He taught you many things it would be well to forget. You are forgetting them. Is it not so?'

'Yet it is Mr Westley, the famous painter,' she laughed. 'Surely you have heard of him—you who know so much about art and artists?'

'I have heard of him,' the old gentleman said; 'certainly I have. He paints pretty children playing in gardens, frightened at big sheep; playing "hide-and-seek" in English drawing-rooms, consoled by big dogs, and— Oh yes, I have seen his pictures. They were a fashion, and they fetch their price.' Père Moineau made an expressive gesture. 'But your genius is not so, child. Let me conduct you to the feet of the great Madonna; she will speak to you.'

May Dorian painted until she accomplished the task which she had set before her upon this particular day. She was finishing a copy of that wonderful incarnation of perfect womanhood which Murillo called the 'Assumption of the Virgin.' But to-day the girl felt disheartened. There was a weight upon her; the wings of her soul were heavy as lead, and her power restricted; her aspirations felt choked with mere common clay. If her old master could clog her powers thus in two days of casual intercourse, what would be the effect of a whole life spent in such companionship? She put down her brushes and turned her back to the wall. With a sense of dissatisfaction strong upon her, she walked through the long, cool gallery, with its crowd of masterpieces to right and left, until she came to one of the wide windows, which, open to the polished floor, revealed to her tired eyes a living picture as perfect as any upon the walls. Below her lay the wide boulevard, with the sparkling river, and the picturesque tangle of roofs, spires, and domes beyond; patches of exquisite greenery, and moving spots of brilliant colouring, giving character to the whole. The multitudinous life of the great city surged below her as she stood; while the sunshine slept on the river, bringing out beauties of tone and form which caught her eye almost mechanically, and roused the artistic instinct in her, until she almost forgot how rudely she had been brought to earth that morning, and the question she was to debate within her soul, and answer in a week.

All her life she had known Lucius Westley, a friend of that father whose sudden death had left her not only orphaned, but almost penniless. There had been a time when the thoughts of his asking her to marry him would have trenched upon insult; but those days were done. Now, the fashionable painter who had condescended to give lessons to the gifted daughter of Dorian the banker was willing to do more than teach her. He would make her his wife, place her at the head of that picturesque abode in leafy Hampstead which he had made almost famous. She knew the house, knew the studio, the garden with its half-acre of ground, the trim respectability of it. She shut her eyes and saw it all: the Japanese curios, the bits of armour, the draperies, the mosaics, the well-dressed mob filling the rooms on Show Sunday, the dead-level commonplace. She opened her eyes, and lo! the sparkling river, the artistic city, the whispering trees, and the ability to shape her life as seemed best in her own eyes.

'You are thoughtful, my child.'

With a start she turned to find her friend of the gardens at her elbow, with a curious

intentness in his face, and something of almost command in the gesture with which he motioned her to a seat close by.

'You were not at the feet of the great Madonna,' he said, in his musical voice. 'Therefore I came to seek you. You have had some disturbing element dropped into your life to-day. Is it not so?'

She did not answer in words, as she sunk down on the seat he indicated; but he understood.

'Mademoiselle May, we understand each other, you and I,' he said. 'We are friends—are we not?'

'Indeed, indeed we are,' she answered earnestly. 'You have done so much for me.'

'It is not much that a poor old man, broken in health, in hopes, in heart, can do for a bright young creature, with all her life to come,' he answered. 'But I bless the good God who sent me so pure an interest in these last days of a weary life. You have brought me much sunshine, dear child. You remind me of hopes which lie in the grave of my daughter—and of another.' His finely-cut face darkened. 'I will not speak of this other, not yet not unless it becomes very necessary. Pardon an old man's curiosity; but—this painter of big dogs and infants who weep—he has asked you to marry. Is it not so, my child?'

May bent her head.

'He has known you long. He was your father's friend, and his contemporary. But he is old—as old—as old as your father?'

May said Mr Westley was a few years her father's senior.

'Yet he would marry you?'

She said he had asked her to be his wife.

'And you?' There was something of fierce eagerness in the fine old face, as Père Moineau asked the question.

'He told me there were advantages,' she faltered. 'Pointed out how my life here was very uncertain—was surrounded with dangers—and— Oh, Père Moineau, he knows that I am very poor, and that if I do not sell my pictures, I must starve. He knew I failed at the last Salon, and says I am certain to fail again.'

The old man made a contemptuous gesture. 'But you will not fail, and you will sell your pictures,' he said. 'If the Salon did not receive your picture of last year, it was because you had not forgotten your defective training, and painted after his manner. You have improved since—marvellously improved. You shall paint me, Père Moineau, with all my sparrows round me; and the picture will be hung for the whole world to see, with a gold medal, and the highest mention. I am a true prophet, my little one; wait, and work, and see.'

She looked at him with glowing eyes. 'You are very hopeful,' she said. 'You think more highly of my powers than I do myself.'

'Naturally, because you are modest, little one. You will yet paint pictures which the world will approve.'

She sighed. 'I wish I had such faith in myself,' she said sadly. 'I must go back to my painting.'

He looked after her retreating form with sad eyes, and then turned to lean upon the

balcony, with the animated scene spread out beneath, and muse upon the situation. 'I will save her if I can,' was the thought most prominent in his mind.

OF READING BANA.

TO-NIGHT is the night of the full moon. The people are flocking into the Temple to listen to the learned priests appointed to read Bana. For in the Uplands of Ceylon it is the curious practice to give up to Bana-reading one whole night, and that the night of the full moon, in each lunar month. Determined to see the proceedings, right through to the end, I arrive at the Temple between eight and nine in the evening. Out of one or two hundred people who have gathered in from the small town and the neighbouring villages, I find myself the only European whom Bana has attracted.

But what is Bana? Bana may be defined as 'the Word,' the Buddhist Scriptures; and by reading Bana is meant reciting portions of the Scriptures in the original Pali, and expounding them in Singhalese, that so they may be understood by the people. On the present occasion the priests are rather late in commencing. I stand about amid the crowd, and converse with some Singhalese friends, and ask them, rather to their meriment, whether they think that Nirvana, when a man gets there, is altogether a nice condition to stay in. You are expected during the service to go shoeless in the Temple. Therefore, I put off my boots and deposit them in a secluded spot, devoutly hoping that no one will make off with them. The quadrangular space within which the service is held is illuminated with numbers of small cocoa-nut oil lamps, which give out a feeble, flickering light. Now and again an agreeable whiff reaches the nose from the little scented sticks which are burning among the lamps. There is not a chair or a bench in the place; so, when tired of standing, I sit down on one of the stone steps.

A considerable time elapses, at the expiration of which, half-a-dozen men with the Temple band proceed to the far end of the quadrangle to fetch in the officiating priests. The band commences to discourse its inharmonious music. And now a procession enters, and two priests are carried in, each by a couple of stalwart attendants, Queen's-cushion-wise. They are greeted with shouts of salutation. Two movable pulpits have been placed ready for their use, and into these they enter. But the pulpits, with all possible respect for their reverend occupants, have a ludicrous resemblance to Punch and Judy boxes. The front of each pulpit is closed by a curtain; and the priest within remains invisible. The congregation is largely composed of women, in their clean white jackets and many-coloured skirts. They are sitting about on the floor, closely packed in rows.

Before the actual reading or preaching of Bana commences, a short preliminary service in Pali is gone through. First, the following words are repeated: 'Namo tassa bhagavato arahato sammāsambuddhassa' (Glory to the blessed, the sanctified, the all-enlightened One). Then there is chanted line by line, alternately by priest and

people, and three several times repeated, the formula of seeking salvation in Buddha, the Law, and the Church, which occupies the place of a creed or profession of faith among the Buddhists. Then comes the taking of pansil, or the five vows, namely, not to kill any creature, not to steal, not to be guilty of impurity, not to lie, not to take intoxicating liquors. This part also is chanted alternately by priest and people, and is not wanting in genuine solemnity. As I glance round the dimly lighted cloisters, and listen to the solemn chants, I feel that, notwithstanding some grotesqueness of pulpit and surroundings, there is at least a superficial resemblance to the chanting of the Litany in a Christian church. Now the priest intones by himself some verses of adoration to Buddha, the Law, and the Church, the people at certain points raising their clasped hands to their foreheads, and responding with cries of 'Sadhu!' which, being interpreted, means 'Very good!' or 'Amen!' The intoning of the priest has a quaint but agreeable ring about it. Here and there he introduces a variation in the form of a shake.

When the verses of adoration and the exhortation to hear Bana are finished, one of the priests begins to intone a sutra from the Pali Tripitaka: 'Glory to the blessed, the sanctified, the all-enlightened One! Thus was it heard by me. At one time Buddha was dwelling,' &c. He gives a few sentences only; and the priest ensconced in the other pulpit follows with an exposition in Singhalese. Then comes a little more Pali, followed by a further exposition, and so on, the two priests in this way dividing the labours of the night. In the Low Country, where the all-night Bana is not in vogue, a single priest recites as well as expounds. There are some who, in preaching, will merely rattle off by heart what they have learnt out of books; but a learned priest who is well up in Pali will offer his own original interpretations and comments, and offer them, too, with an easy and ceaseless flow of words that is truly remarkable.

After a while, there is a break in the proceedings. The curtain is removed from one of the Punch and Judy boxes, and the face of the officiating priest within is revealed, albeit still partially hidden by a fan. Presently, with the fan still hanging in front of his face, the priest who is now on view starts off again on a prolonged spell of preaching. First he debates at great length on the circumstances under which the sutra selected for exposition was delivered by Buddha. He is giving, I believe, original matter; and most of the people seem to be listening attentively; though for my part I begin to wish myself in bed. At last he has done with the occasion on which the sutra was delivered, and is drawing a distinction between hearing the Law well and hearing it ill. He is never at a loss for a word, but rattles along without the slightest hesitation, as if he never meant to stop. Now he is telling the story of the celebrated Ambapali, a courtesan whom Buddha converted, and who offered a valuable property to the Church. And now he is discoursing with equal fluency on the impermanence of all compound things, showing how everything compound is bound sooner or later to dissolve.

My seat on the stone steps facing the pulpit

is none too luxurious after some hours of listening. I take my boots and try to make a pillow of them. But they afford me little comfort; so I resume the sitting posture.

During another break which occurs, the collecting plate is handed round, and if you have no small enough coin handy, you help yourself to change. The preacher who now takes up his parable is hardly less fluent than his predecessor. His homily to-night is not, I believe, original; but on another occasion I have heard him reel off original matter for nearly an hour and a half without stopping, and apparently hold the attention of his congregation for that considerable spell. We are now in the small hours of the morning. Some of the people begin to chew; and a tray of araca nuts and betel leaves is handed into one of the Punch and Judy boxes for the priest within. After listening for a while longer, I take a stroll round to vary the monotony. On the out-kirts of the congregation, sleepers are plentiful in the corridors, evidently deliberate sleepers, for they have composed themselves comfortably at full length on the ground. It is clearly quite optional whether they who come together shall spend their night in the Temple awake or asleep. However, there are many of the congregation who seem to attend throughout. I steal round to the chief-preacher's pulpit, and during another interval in the preaching have a chat with the occupant, who is very willing to impart information. Later on, I try a piece of araca nut to beguile the time, but the flavour of it is too much for me.

The rest of the proceedings are very similar to those that have gone before. There are spells of preaching and then breaks, some of them longer and some shorter; but I am getting too sleepy to be able to estimate time with much exactness. Towards morning, a number of Burmese women enter, carrying food of different kinds in baskets and jars, and several of them also with rosaries in their hands. They seat themselves in a group on the floor. The food is to be offered by-and-by at one of the shrines, and subsequently given to the Temple servants and the beggars. Thank goodness, five o'clock at last approaches. Again the Temple band strikes up. A priest, in impressive tones, pronounces a benediction on the people. There is raising of the hands to the forehead, more shouting of 'Sadda!' more bowing; and Bana is over.

THAT INSIDIOUS GAME!

FROM THE DIARY OF JONES.

'We shall have to play,' repeated Mrs Jones with emphasis; 'you'll see, Algernon; whether we like it or not, we shall have to play. I don't see how we can get out of it.'

It is so like a woman to insist that when you stay at a friend's house you *must* join in all their amusements! I smiled at Maria in her corner and shook my head. I had played golf once. The recollection steeled me to resist for five years all the pressure the fellows brought to bear on me to join the Club at Tooting. That one game of mine was played in Arran. The lunks, my host averred, were as 'sporting' as any in Scotland. He had laid out

the course himself, and would not admit that Prestwick was a bit better. St Andrews itself could not beat those Arran links, in his opinion. I offer no ideas of my own on the subject. As for the game, in justice to myself I must say that I approached it in an unbiassed spirit. But after one morning, most of which I spent looking for my lost ball—or, to be accurate, 'balls,' for I lost four—after scratching my hands to rags and breaking a club, I felt qualified to form an opinion of the game, and that opinion I have retained ever since. A game which consists of hitting a ball and going to look for it, and hitting it again, if you are lucky enough to find it, seems to me a pastime suitable for harmless lunatics. I said this, or something like it, to Maria, who had put down her book to try to convince me that I should have to play at the Barnes.

'So you have told me before,' she replied rather shortly; 'however, you will see.—Put away the paper, and strap up, the rugs, like a good boy. We are just there.'

By the time I got our things together, the train had stopped. While I got porters to look after the baggage, Mrs Jones went to see if the carriage was outside.

'The coachman brought a note from Alice,' said she as she rejoined me; 'she wants us to wait for Mr Monkton, who is coming by the 6.15 from Paddington.'

So Monkton was to be there too. Sensible fellow, Monkton; we dined together at the Club one night last winter—Mrs Jones was out of town and really I think he was more sarcastic about golfers than I was. I can stand alone, of course, but it is pleasant to have an ally.

The 6.15 was late. So Mrs Jones sat in the carriage while I strolled about. I hate waiting for trains, and after twenty minutes' idling, suggested to Maria that we should go on and leave Monkton to follow in a cab. However, she would not hear of it; she said the carriage had been sent for him as well as for us; it was four miles to the Barnes, and Monkton mightn't be able to get a fly. I went back and kicked my heels for another quarter of an hour, and was tolerably cross when the train came in and Monkton got out.

'Halloa, old chap! I'm afraid you have been kept waiting. Mrs Barry wrote me that we should drive up together.—How's your wife?—Train is late; been waiting long?'

'Oh no,' I replied; 'only five-and-thirty minutes or so.'

Monkton said I mustn't blame him—as if I were likely to—and taking my arm, said we must get his baggage. His portmanteau and hat-box were discharged from the van at last, and I called a porter.

'Wait a bit, wait a bit!' cried Monkton. 'Haven't got all my things yet.—Confound it—why— Here, Guard!'

'What's wrong?' I asked, with concern, for Monkton takes things easily as a rule. He had bounded into the van, and was searching among the heaps of luggage, high and low.

'They *can't* have been left behind!' he wailed, dusting his hands together as he jumped out.

'What *can't* have been left behind?'

'My— Oh, hi, Guard!' From the way he flew after the man I began to think the loss was something serious. Two minutes later he came back, carrying a long brown canvas bag under his arm. 'All right,' he remarked cheerily; 'they were in the other van.'

'Golf clubs!' I exclaimed. 'You, Monkton—you. You don't mean to tell me—I'm sure my voice faltered—that you have taken to golf?'

'I do,' retorted the abandoned creature; 'and so will you before you're much older.'

Passing over this observation, which was distinctly uncalled for, I asked him when he took up the game.

'Let's see,' he said. 'I stayed with the Barries last April. I bought my clubs afterwards.'

'They had the disease, and you caught it,' I sneered.

'Just so. It's awfully infectious, and it's chronic. You'll catch it too. Look here; I know a man who wants to sell a set of nearly new clubs. When you'—

'One word, Monkton, if you please. You know what I think about golf; I don't change my mind' glancing at his clubs 'and I beg you won't talk in that strain to me any more; it's childish.'

I did not say much to him during the drive. He had irritated me, and I wished to put him down a little.

It is certainly a beautiful house, and the Barries seem to be nice people, though the whole family *did* follow up their welcome by deploring our omission to bring our golf clubs. (Any one would think golf clubs were as indispensable as umbrellas!) The truth is, a regular golf atmosphere pervades the house. There are odd clubs in the umbrella stand, club bags hanging on the hat-peg, and a plate on the hall table was full of balls more or less knocked about. Miss Barry wears a brooch of a tiny gold golf club and pearl ball; and her brother 'Charley' a tie-pin of similar design. When I admired the lawn from the drawing-room window, Mr Barry senior said: 'Oh, the putting green. There are very fair hazards on that bank and down by those trees.' At dinner, the talk is of quarries and bunkers, cleeks, niblicks, and mashies (whatever they may be). I had to confess that my first and last game was played in Arran five years ago. I thought I saw Miss Barry smile when I said it was my last. I don't think much of one-idea'd people. Two or three times I tried to turn the conversation! I offered them the last novel, the war in South Africa, the long drought; but it was no use. The talk drifted back to golf again, somehow, and stayed there. By the time the ladies got up to leave the table, I hated the game more than ever.

'Aren't they all nice?' Maria whispered to me in the drawing-room afterwards.

'Yes, very,' I agreed. It had been a capital dinner. Barry's cook is an artist.—'But, I say, Maria, they all have got golf on the brain.'

'I was afraid it bore of you, dear. I got rather tired of cleeks and mashies myself. But, Algy,—

'Well?'

'Will you drive them—us—up to the links to-morrow? Mrs Barry wants the coachman in the afternoon, and 'Charley Barry can't drive, and I should be nervous if Mr Monkton drove on these hills.'

'I suppose I must, under the circumstances; but'—

'It's all right, Alice,' my wife called to Miss Barry; 'Algernon will drive us.'

Miss Barry came over to us and explained that the links were five miles away, and that their practice was to put up the horse at a friend's house for the day. Thus, when the coachman was wanted at home, he could not go.

I wished the coachman was like a younger son, 'not wanted at home.' Now I was fairly let in for a day on the links. I had not bargained for that, when I said I would drive.

'You needn't play, dear, if you don't want to,' said Maria, in answer to my mild reproaches when we were alone up-stairs.

That was just one of those obvious statements which annoy me; Maria is always saying things like that.

The road to the links was uphill nearly all the way, so the journey took some time, and allowed me to improve my acquaintance with Miss Barry. She is a great friend of Maria's, and last night I had been quite unable to understand what a sensible woman like Maria saw in her to like. I must confess that I was agreeably surprised. During the whole drive she did not mention golf till we came in sight of the links, and then only to point them out, and revert at once to our discussion on technical education in village schools, a subject on which she discovered very discriminating views.

'I only wish,' she said, 'we could get the authorities to adopt the scheme somebody sketched out in the last *Nineteenth Century*.'

I could not help smiling. I had written the article myself. 'It was so well thought out,' she continued. 'There was nothing impracticable or utopian in it.'

Maria was listening, so I told Miss Barry that I was the author of the article, before she could say any more nice things about it. It is so embarrassing to have one's work praised in the dark. I fear I did more than my share of the conversation after that until we reached the links.

'She is nice, isn't she?' said Maria, taking advantage of Miss Barry's disappearance into the cottage which did duty as headquarters of their golf club.

I felt I could say 'Yes' honestly.

'I say, this is a bore,' said Monkton, coming out of the cottage. 'There's only one caddie here. He can't carry all our clubs; let's send him to call some more.'

'I'd rather not do that,' said Miss Barry. 'We always try not to encourage them to play truant from school. Peter Moule can carry Mrs Jones's clubs, and we will carry our own.'

I was touched by her strong sense of right.

'You must allow me to be your caddie, Miss Barry,' I said.

She protested a little; but I possessed myself of her bag, and slung it on my shoulder.

After all, it was more sociable to remain with them, even though I did not play.

I was not asked to play. My business was to follow Miss Barry, and take care that she did not bruise my knuckles thrusting clubs back into the bag. She changed her club at every stroke; it seemed affectation the way she discussed the proper club with Monkton. I should not like to earn my living as a caddie. The links were on a range of hills scarred all over with quarries, and when we got among these, I wished I had gone for a quiet walk. Whenever Monkton or Miss Barry hit the ball into a quarry, I was expected to scramble down and throw it up; and while I climbed out again, ruining my boots on the stones, they played on and left me to follow with the clubs. Twice Monkton left *his* for me to bring on; he said he forgot them. The ninth time I was sent down a quarry, I struck; I pattered about and pretended I couldn't find the ball.

'You come and look,' I shouted to Monkton; 'you hit it in.'

He didn't seem to hear; but Miss Barry came to the edge and called down, and she thought it was under a rock to the right. They could not go on without the ball, so I determined to keep them waiting. I sat down and lit my pipe. After smoking for ten minutes, I thought they had had a lesson, and might be depended on to help another time, so I climbed up the stone-fall on to the grass again. I was very angry when I reached the top. Monkton and Miss Barry were a quarter of a mile away down the hill. They had left their bags for me to carry; that proved what affectionation it was their bringing out a dozen clubs each.

'We took a new ball,' explained Monkton as I came up.

'Oh! I'm glad you didn't wait,' I said, feeling rather sold.

'I'm afraid it is very slow work for you, Mr Jones,' said Miss Barry, as we walked on to the next hole. 'There are no more quarries for some time now. Will you score for us? You have to keep our score in this column, and our opponents' in that,' she said. 'You see? I hope it will make the game more interesting for you.'

It could not make it less interesting; but she meant to be kind, and I accepted the task.

We joined Maria and Charley Barry at the seventh hole; it was more lively when we were all together. Before we reached the last hole, I caught myself advising Maria how to play the ball out of a cart-rut, and it gave me a distinct thrill of pleasure when I was able to announce that she and Charley Barry had won.

'They have won' exclaimed Monkton, rushing over to me and taking the card from my hand. 'Why, they are 99, and we are 92.'

'Well! They've got most.'

Monkton looked at me and growled something about 'any one with a grain of sense,' which I ignored. Relations between us were rapidly growing strained.

We lunched on the grass in the shelter of a wall. It had been hot in the quarries; but the day under these circumstances was perfect. I should gladly have remained there, smoking

all the afternoon; but the three enthusiasts would not let us.

'Mr Jones must play this afternoon,' said Miss Barry; 'I can't allow him to do nothing but fetch and carry for us.'

'He won't play,' growled Monkton from behind his pipe bowl. 'He hates it; can't hit a ball to save his life.'

Nothing else would have induced me to touch a club.

'I will play with great pleasure, Miss Barry,' I said, 'if you will make allowances for a beginner.'

Monkton's rudeness had put me on my mettle. I resolved to show him that I was not such a duffer as he thought, and that I could play golf without going mad about it.

I used Miss Barry's clubs. I don't care to blow my own trumpet. I will only say that I surprised myself. Maria was delighted; and Charley Barry dubbed me a 'dark horse.' The course from the third hole lay down a long slope, at the bottom of which we could see the little red flag on the putting green. The caddie tee'd the ball, and I made my drive; a beauty, though I say it clean, hard, and straight. The ball fell just on the edge of the putting green.

'Good shot!' burst from every one, Monkton included.

'You might do this hole in two, Mr Jones,' said Miss Barry.

The others played, and we all walked down; it took all the others another shot to come up to my ball. As we went, Charley Barry told me it was the ambition of everybody who played on these links to do this particular hole in two strokes. The professional from St Andrews who laid out the course had done it in two; no one had ever done so since.

'It's a shot for the putter, I think,' said Monkton, scrutinising the lie of my ball carefully as we all stood round it.

'Iron, if you ask me,' said Charley Barry.

While they discussed it, I called the caddie, and chose the club I thought most suitable.

'The loftier!' cried Monkton and Barry together.

'I don't know what its name is,' I said, 'and, what's more, I don't care. It looks as if it would lift the ball over that little ridge, and I'm going to play with it.'

'I'm not at all sure that your husband isn't right,' I overheard Miss Barry say to Maria.

Probably because I did not much mind whether I failed or not, I succeeded, amid breathless silence, in holing the ball. Monkton insisted on shaking hands with me; and the others congratulated me as warmly as though I had come into half a million of money.

'He has a natural eye for the game,' Miss Barry said in an undertone. Perhaps she was right; it is not for me to say. I must admit that there seems scope for skill of a kind in golf, and I will not deny that a long clean drive affords one a certain gratification; but it is not a pastime that is at all likely to enslave me as it does some people. I have known fellows start for the links at Tooting in the rain and play the whole of a wet day. That always struck me as folly.

'What club should you use here?' inquired Miss Barry as the caddie tee'd her ball for the eighth hole.

The ground was broken up and hollowed by small quarries in the direct line; if you failed to clear them all at the first stroke, it cost you a dozen or twenty points to get out again.

'I should take the long driver and play well over to the level ground on the left,' I said.

She followed my advice, and justified it by doing the hole in five strokes. Perhaps it is worth mentioning that I did it in six, and that Monkton, who took his own line, did it in thirteen.

'Golf is not merely hard hitting and careful putting,' Miss Barry observed; 'it wants judgment and discretion as well.'

I thought it was a gentle back-hander at Monkton; he certainly deserved it.

We were all rather tired when we finished the round (I won it, by the way, and were quite ready for tea when we got home. Monkton and Charley Barry went out immediately afterwards, and played on the putting green till the dressing bell rang.

Next day, at Miss Barry's express request, I drove the party out again. I have no very clear recollection of the discussion which led to my consenting to play. I did not want to; but I hold it a duty to sacrifice one's self for the pleasure of the people you are staying with, and they made a point of it.

'It is very curious,' Monkton remarked as we climbed the hill to the second hole, 'how well a fellow always begins. The really trying stage comes next, when you can't hit a ball till you have missed it a dozen times.'

'When should I reach that second stage?' I asked humbly.

Monkton said: 'That all depends—he is a lawyer—and added, he thought he saw indications of it already. This made me nervous. Yesterday and until now, I had played boldly, hitting the ball clean every time as a matter of course. Now I caught myself waggling for fully a minute before I dared strike; and only too often when I did strike I either topped the ball or dug up the turf behind it; very strange that I never missed the ball when the possibility of doing so had not occurred to me. I wish Monkton would mind his own business.

After lunch, Monkton began telling some of his old stories, and so I seized an opportunity of suggesting that we should have another round. Miss Barry proposed playing sides. She, Maria, and I to play the other two. Maria would play better if she would take advice occasionally. I could not induce her to use the right weapon at the right time; it is so ridiculous to try and put with a lofting iron; and it is not fair to your side. She resented my remonstrances, saying that I didn't know any more about golf than she did; which is absurd, seeing that I have played on links admittedly the most sporting in Scotland. I was a little vexed, too, by her want of interest in the game to-day; she talked local gossip to Miss Barry all the time, and once completely spoiled my stroke by asking an irrelevant question at the critical moment.

'I wish, my dear, you would wait till I have made my stroke,' I said gently. 'Now we shall be ten for this hole instead of nine.'

'Why, Algy! you are *always* interested in strange birds,' she exclaimed, with open eyes; 'and I believe it was a kestrel.'

I had recovered form considerably during the afternoon round, and had no real complaint to make against myself until, at the last hole, I managed to put a good ten paces past it. A pure blunder, which cost us the game.

I was vexed with myself, and thought over the stroke a good deal as we drove home. After tea I slipped out of the drawing-room and took an iron and a ball to play it over again. I practised the shot until I was satisfied, and was just going in to write some letters, when Charley Barry came out and asked me to stay and have a round with him. I thought I might as well; I always think, you know, one should be out of doors as much as possible during a holiday.

The next morning was cloudy and threatening; the wagonette was wanted to fetch somebody from the station in the afternoon, too, and altogether it seemed as if we shouldn't be able to go up to the links.

'We should have to walk back,' Miss Barry said. 'Won't it be too much for Maria?'

I said that was for Maria to decide; she vowed she could do it easily. I had some qualms about it; but she appeared anxious to go; so we went.

There were two or three heavy showers during the morning; the others sought shelter; but I played on alone. I had my mackintosh, and it seemed as if I had quite got over the 'second stage' already, for I never missed a shot, and made some awfully good ones. I wanted to make sure, and would not stop if I could help it. While we were lunching in the cottage, it began to drizzle hopelessly and heavily.

'I don't believe we could see a ball fifty yards away in this,' grumbled Monkton, as we gathered round the cottage door to watch the fine, driving clouds of rain.

Miss Barry said sadly that there was no hope of its clearing up, and Maria and she would not go round again. They would wait a bit, and go straight home.

'Miss Barry is right,' said Monkton, knocking out his pipe. 'It isn't good enough. I shall go home with the ladies. But, Jones—if you want to play another round, you can use my clubs.'

I don't think he expected I should accept them; his tone was not quite serious.

'Shall we have another game, Charley?' I asked. 'We may as well get wet on the hill as on the road.'

He agreed. I accepted Monkton's offer, and we went off together. The caddies had not come back, so we had to carry our own bags. I'm not quite sure that carrying a heavy weight in the hand improves one's play, but that is merely an idea. We had a glorious game that afternoon, in spite of the rain; it was a little difficult to follow a hard-driven ball through the misty drizzle, but the weather was not too thick to make it impossible. We

made record-time round, and when we came to the last hole, I was quite ready to play another. But Charley thought we ought to be making a start for home; so we played a cross country game over the hills till we hit the road. Then we shouldered our bags and trudged homeward through the mud.

'I say,' I said, as we reached the porch, 'we can't go into your mother's drawing-room like this.'

'We *are* in a considerable mess,' he admitted, running his eye over our legs.

'And it's too early to change for dinner,' I continued.

Charley put down his bag in the porch, and drew out an iron. 'Come on,' he said; 'the rain's nothing.'

We were playing our sixth round on the putting green, when Maria called me from her window: 'Algy! the dressing bell rang twenty minutes ago, and it's *pouring* rain. Do come in. Remember your bronchitis. — Are you mad?'

I started. I had not noticed the bell; and I was surprised to find that it was raining, and very heavily too; there was quite a nice spout of water running from each eave. As I picked up my ball, I realised how weak is Man before Goli; I had got it got it badly; and I never even felt it coming on.

Maria thinks my new golf outfit very nice, but says my extravagance in getting all those clubs is shameful.

FRENCH SOLDIERS.

HAVING been much in France, and having had opportunities of studying the soldiers of that country, the writer fancies that a few notes about them may not be uninteresting.

Since its defeat by the Germans, the French army has improved in every way. When he went to war, Napoleon III. had been utterly deceived about his army. The flatterers who surrounded him represented it as being thoroughly efficient, when it was really only an army on paper. A system of purchasing substitutes had enabled the rich to evade military service, and it was possible for even these bought men to get off by judicious bribery. Now, every man, however rich or whatever his position, must be a soldier for at least one year. The social position of a soldier is completely ignored by his officers. They consider his efficiency only; and if any difference is made between a man of some education and one who is almost without any, it is that the former is sooner put into the 'Peloton d'Instruction'—a kind of school of drill—where he may become in six months or a year a corporal, and in which the duties are not easier, but more difficult. So universal is military service now in France, that even those who are training for the priesthood must serve a year before their ordination, and will, according to the new law, have to come up for the usual twenty-eight days' training every third year while they are in the reserve. A man is liable to service from his twentieth year until his forty-fifth—three years with the colours, seven in the reserve of the

standing army, six years in the territorial army, and nine in its reserve.

The army of the reserve and the territorial army could be mobilised in two days, and then there would be over three millions of men under arms. Every horse, too, in France that is suitable for military purposes is registered, and can be purchased at any moment. The difficulty of feeding such an army for any length of time in the field is considered by good critics to amount almost to an impossibility. Still, one notices everywhere in France the great preparation that is being made for war, even in such a small detail as the painting on the wagons of trains the number of men and horses they can carry.

Because men of all classes are soldiers, the army is the most respectable and popular profession in France. When you go into a fashionable hotel, you are not surprised to see private soldiers sitting down at 'table-d'hôte,' because you know that they may belong to the best families in the country. I remember resting one day on a seat beside a young soldier in the Place Royale at Paris. I asked him several questions about the army; and when he got up to leave, I offered him a couple of francs, in order that he might go to the theatre, an amusement of which he said he was very fond. He seemed hurt, and said, as he saluted and departed, that it was a pleasure to give me any information I wanted. He was a well-born and well-educated man, and did not like to be offered a 'tip.'

This mixture of all classes for three, or certainly for one year, constitutes the army a great instrument of national education. The rich are made less effeminate and dissipated by military discipline, while the poor and uneducated are civilised by contact with more fortunate comrades. It is surely no small matter that so many of the poorest Frenchmen shall be well fed, well clothed, and taught to behave well for three years. Then the fact that the *physique* of the people has perceptibly improved by compulsory military service must be productive of wealth. These advantages in some measure counterbalance the enormous drain which the army is upon the country.

That young men do not dislike military service in France, I know, from having seen several enrolments of recruits. Those who passed the doctors sang and shouted, and appeared to be greatly pleased. If a man is not fit for a soldier, he is considered unfit for most situations, and, what is worst of all, he will not be able to find a wife. Parents are very proud of their soldier sons. I once saw a father, who had come to visit his son, standing outside a barrack; the soldier came out, and his father kissed him with evident pride on both cheeks.

The higher estimation to which the army has attained in public opinion is seen in the bearing of both officers and men. It is true that the former shave less, and keep their hands in their pockets more, than they might; but they are not the slovens of twenty years ago. Referring to his long ugly coat and diminutive stature, Moltke described the French warrior as 'much coat and little soldier'; but though small, they are much-enduring fellows, and they march splendidly. The gaiety of their nation, too,

enables them to take a bright view of things, and this is well, for they have an amount of work and drill to put up with that could not be got out of a voluntary army.

The discipline is very severe. Sergeants and corporals are saluted by privates, and have the power of giving a considerable amount of imprisonment. Though it is not always carried out, the sentence of death is pronounced upon any soldier who strikes a superior, and frequently as much as seven years' penal servitude is given for desertion. Then the disciplinary battalions stationed in Africa or some colony have anything but a good time of it. Bad characters from all the army are sent into these; and if they attempt the slightest violence, they are shot in a moment, for all the officers and non-commissioned officers carry loaded revolvers. A not uncommon way of punishing these bad characters is to bury them up to the chin in sand and keep them there for a day or two. The non-commissioned officers when drilling recruits treat them in a way that would never be tolerated in this country. I have seen them shake and kick them on the shin, while an officer stood by and did not interfere. No doubt, the stupidity of some of the peasant recruits must be very trying. But even if it be necessary, as it occasionally is, to tie a string round a man's right arm or leg to enable him to distinguish it from the left, he should not be treated worse than a brute.

Certainly the pay he receives cannot be said to confer 'riches beyond the dreams of avarice' upon a French Tommy Atkins, for privates only get one sou or a halfpenny a day, and sergeants only fivepence. If his friends did not send him a little money, and if he did not get a ration of tobacco for nothing—it is worth very little more—from Government, he would indeed be miserable.

Of course, French soldiers cannot afford the luxury of marriage; such a possibility seems never to be thought of by the authorities. There are no married quarters in barracks, and the few non-commissioned officers who become Benedicks live outside. Even an officer cannot marry without permission. He must show that his wife to be is the right sort, and that between them they have enough means. The non-commissioned officers venturing upon matrimony are, generally speaking, men who have agreed to remain in the army for five or more years after their time of compulsory service is completed. For doing this, they receive a sum down of four thousand francs, and have a good chance of getting a Government appointment afterwards. They are distinguished by a gold and red cord round the bottom of the sleeves of their tunics.

In the French, as in all foreign armies, a company consists of two hundred and fifty men. This is commanded by a mounted captain, and has in it an adjutant, who is a non-commissioned officer responsible for discipline, a sergeant-major, and a *fourrier* (quartermaster-sergeant).

There are four companies in a battalion, and three battalions in a regiment. A battalion is commanded by a 'chef de bataillon' or 'commandant,' and a regiment by a colonel,

assisted by a lieutenant-colonel. Authority and responsibility are not centralised, as with us. Each captain, for instance, is entirely responsible for his company, and upon its efficiency his promotion depends. This is a common-sense arrangement, and there are many others which even a casual observer notices. One is the way the greatcoats of the men button back at the bottom, so as not to impede the motion of their legs when marching. Another is the fact that military doctors ride on white horses, so as to be easily distinguished when wanted. Another is the great use that is made of bicycles, and the excellent regimental transport which is always kept in readiness.

In the German army, promotion from the ranks is practically unknown; but in France, about half the officers become officers in that way. And it would, I think, be the unanimous testimony of French soldiers that officers who have seen service in the ranks do, as a rule, succeed best in securing respect, obedience, and efficiency in their subordinates. Still, to get a commission from the ranks is by no means easy. After a non-commissioned officer has been frequently recommended, he has to go through a military college and pass very severe examinations.

AN 'OUT OF DATE' COUPLE.

We are 'so out of date,' they say
Ned and I.

We love in an old-fashioned way,
Long since gone by.

He says I am his helpmate true
In everything;

And I—well, I will own to you
He is my king.

We met in no romantic way—

'Twixt 'gloom and gloom';

He wooed me on a winter day,

And in—a room;

Yet, through life's hours of stress and storm,
When griefs befell,

Love kept our small home corner warm,
And all was well.

Ned thinks no woman like his wife—

But let that pass;

Perhaps we view the dual life

Through rose-tinted glass;

Even if the prospect be not bright,

We hold it true,

That heaviest burdens may grow light
When shared by two.

Upon the gilded scroll of fame,

Emblazoned fair,

* I cannot hope to read the name

I proudly bear;

But, happy in their even flow,

The years glide by;

We are behind the times, we know—

Ned and I.

E. MATHERON.

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A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

By MRS. L. E. LINDSAY.

ONCE a potent influence in the world of thought, Montaigne is now virtually forgotten. Known of none save students, whose business it is to master all classics, and a few too few literary folk who are careful to enrich their style with apposite references. Save these exceptions, Montaigne is as dead as Rabelais or as Ramus. Yet his essays repay the closest attention that may be given them; and no one can read them aright without becoming wiser by the process. Take all true philosophy, what was good for his own day is good for ours; and there is scarcely a page that will not bear transcription into modern life, founded as all Montaigne's observation was on the elemental truths of human nature. To be sure, our modern Girton girls would flout that crude dictum in 'Pedantisme' which sets forth how 'peradventure neither we, nor divinitie, require not much learning in women;' and the test of a wife's knowledge, its scope and object, would send the Women's Rights woman frantic. Yet who can gainsay the wisdom of that searching question: 'Whereto serveth learning, if understanding be not joynd to it?'—or deny what the Romans were wont to say among themselves: 'The most great Clerkes are not the most wise men.'

Yet Montaigne did not deny the value of education. Far from it. He advocated and honoured it, and his views thereon were distinctly in advance of his time. So, indeed, were those of his father, who had him taught and treated with a personal tenderness that touched effeminacy on the one side, if on the other the strictness of his intellectual discipline was marvellously like priggishness, and with a curious foreshadowing of Mill. But the praise he gives to the Persian method of education for the 'eldest borne sonne, in their royall succession,' and his advocacy of pleasantness in the school-house, prove both his

manly common sense on all relating to the physical and moral education of boys, and his thoughtful consideration of the difficulties and necessities of children. 'As soon as he (this eldest borne sonne in their royall succession) was borne, he was delivered, not to women, but to such men as, by reason of their vertue, were in chiefest authoritie about the King. Their speciall charge was first to shapen his hummes and bodie, goodly and healthy; and at seven yeares of age, they instructed and inured him to sit on horsebacke, and to ride a hunting; when he came to the age of fourteene they delivered him into the handes of tourne men, that is to say, the wisest, the justest, the most temperate, and the most valiant of all the nation. The first taught him religion; the second, to be ever upright and true; the third, to become Master of his owne desires; and the fourth, to feare nothing.' Of his tenderness for the difficulties of children the following is the proof. 'If it lay in me, I would doe as the Philosopher Spensippus did, who caused the pictures of Gladnesse and Joy, of Flora and of the Graces, to be set up round about his school-house. Where their profit lieth, there should also be their recreation. Those meats ought to be sugred over, that are healthfull for children's stomackes, and those made bitter that are hurtfull for them.' But he boasts of his total ignorance of the romances of his day. 'Of King Arthur, of Lancelot du Lake, of Amadis, of Iluon of Burdeaux, and such idle time-consuming and wit-besotting trash of bookes wherein youth doth commonly amuse it selfe, I was not so much as acquainted with their names, and to this day know not their bodies nor what they containe: So exact was my discipline.'

Furthermore, the parents of dull-seeming but brooding and observant—not yet reproductive—children may take heart by Messire Michel's confession of his boyish 'idle drowziness.' 'What I saw, I saw it perfectly; and under this heavy and, as it were, Lethe-complexion,

did I breed hardie imaginations, and opinions farre above my yeares.' We know what the mature result was of this boyish 'blookish apprehension' and 'poore invention.' So is it in the present day. Quick, bright, brilliant children seldom prove so successful in manhood as they were promising in early youth; while those who were apparently stupid, sluggish even, yet all the time observant, receptive, brooding inwardly, not giving out, often become famous in the world, and eminently satisfactory in the family.

Of all men, Montaigne was he who had the justest sense of proportion. No fanatical extremes of virtue commended themselves to his clear critical understanding. Generous, kind, and giving, he yet disclaimed all fantastic notions of useless sacrifice, making no account of example or ideal morality. Thus, when the jurats of Bordeaux prayed him, their mayor, to visit the town when stricken with the plague, he calmly argued with them that going to them at such a time would do them no good, and might be of infinite harm to himself. Also, when 'the rich old man that dwelt in Thou-louse, and who was troubled with the cough of the lungs,' told Simon Thomas, the physician, that one of the best means of his recovery 'was to give me (Montaigne) occasion to be delighted in his companie, and that fixing his eyes upon the liveliness and freshness of my face, and setting his thoughts upon the jolitic and vigor wherewith my youthfull age did then flourish, and filling all his senses with my flourishing estate, his habitude might thereby be amended, and his health recovered. But,' adds our genial Pyrrhonist, 'he forgot to say that mine might also be enured and infected.'

Allied to this sense of proportion is that of official fitness, irrespective of personal and unrelated qualities. 'It is no great matter,' he says in his essay on 'Friendship,' 'what religion my Physician and Lawyer is of: this consideration hath nothing common with the offices of that friendship they owe mee. So doe I in the familiar acquaintances, that those who serve me contract with me. I feare not a gaming Muletier, so much as if he be weak; nor a hot swearing Cooke, as one that is ignorant and unskillfull; I never meddle with saying what a man should doe in the world; there are over many others that doe it; but what my selfe doe in the world.' Which is a pretty hard rap on the knuckles of those busybodies who make it their business to peep through the keyholes of all closed doors, to look behind all discreet screens, and to demand of men certain private virtues which have nothing whatever to do with their official capabilities.

That blind obedience to authority which has just lately been called in question, is also touched on by Montaigne in one of those almost prophetic passages with which the three books are full. 'When Lelius, in the presence of the Romane Consuls, who, after the condemnation of Tiberius Gracchus, pursued all those that had bene of his acquaintance, came to inquire of Caius Blossius (who was one of his chiefest friends) what he would have done for him, and that he answered: "All things."—"What? all things?" replied he: "And what if he had

willed thee to burne our Temples?" Blossius answered: "He would never have commanded such a thing."—"But what if he had done it?" replied Lelius: The other answered: "I would have obeyed him."

What a strong old-world ring there is in this! How it vibrates in this day of weak but cocksure individualism, when penny papers retry all legal cases, pronounce on all difficult questions, and urge the sacred right of the ignorant to sit in judgment on the learned -- of the most rubbishy little contributor on the staff to be the denouncer of leaders, philosophers, corporate bodies, and lawgivers alike!

That old saying about treating your friend as if he would one day be your enemy, and your enemy as if he would one day be your friend, is quoted by Montaigne from a still older source. In general it is taken as of much more modern date. So also is the modern condemnation of Jingoism foreshadowed in that notable little epigram, 'Glory and curiositie are the scourges of our soules.' The latter, endueth us to have an oare in every ship; and the former forbids us to leave anything unresolved or undecided. Only that we would have reversed the order of things, and would have given to glory what Montaigne ascribes to curiosity, and vice-versa. The omnipresent thought -- not fear -- of death, is also one of our practical philosopher's most striking passages; and how he would that death should seize upon him while he was setting his 'cabiges, carelesse of her dart, but more of my unperfect garden.' And he instances one who, 'being at his last gaspe, uncessantly complained against his destinee, and that death should so unkindly cut him off in the midst of an historie which he had in hand, and was now come to the fifteenth or sixteenth of our Kings.'

The essay on 'Custom' is full of 'meat.' 'Call her the Queene and Emperesse of all the world,' he says, quoting Pindarus; and we may profitably ponder on the following aphorism, specially applicable at this present time: 'That is the rule of rules, and generall law of lawes, for every man to observe those of the place wherein he lyeth. . . . There riseth a great doubt, whether any so evident profit may be found in the change of a received law, of what nature soever, as there is hurt in removing the same; forsomuch as a well settled police may be compared to a frame or building of divers parts joyned together with such a ligament as it is impossible to stirre or displace one, but the whole body must needs be shaken and show a feeling of it.'

What did Turner say of Ruskin save, in his own words, this? 'A hecdy Reader shall often discover in other men's compositions, perfections farre-differing from the Author's meaning, and such as haply he never dreamed of, and illustrate them with richer senses, and more excellent constructions.' Of a piece wherewith is Emerson's (?) expression, 'They builded better than they knew.' Carlyle preached the Worship of Sorrow. 'Oh foolish and base ornament!' cries Montaigne, 'presaging Talleyrand's famous *mot* when he went to visit that poor inconsolable mother who lived in the dark, companioned only with her grief: 'Ah, I see, Madamie, you

have not forgiven God yet.' 'I am little subject to these violent passions,' says Montaigne, after he has instanced several cases of sudden death from sudden joy or sorrow. 'I have naturally a hard apprehension, which by discourse I daily harden more and more.'

'I see all men generally busied (and that verie improperly) to punish certain innocent errors in children, which have neither impression nor consequence, and chastise and vex them for rash and fond actions. Onely lying, and stubbornnesse somewhat more, are the faults whose birth and progresse I would have severely punished and cut off; for they grow and increase with them: and if the tongue have once gotten this ill habit, good Lord, how hard, nay how impossible it is to make her leave it! whereby it ensueth that we see many very honest men in other matters to bee subject and enthralled to that fault. I have a good lad to my tailour, whom I never heard speak a truth,' adds the Philosopher tranquilly; 'no, not when it might stand him in stead of profit.'

'I hate men that are foolcs in worlde, and Philosophers in speaking,' he says in a other place, foreshadowing the academical legislators and armchair propounders of a new human nature with which every day experience and historic fact have nothing to do. This saying recalls, at a long interval, the Spanish proverb which advises one to beware of the man who speaks softly and writes harshly. Much wisdom, too, lies in that essay on 'Divers Events from one Selfe-same Counsell,' wherein is shown how repute fulfils itself. Let but a man be supposed capable of this or that, and the gaping world by its own action proves that capacity real. Which may stand as the reason why certain medicaments, *inter alia*, in which not the most subtle analysis by the most delicate instruments can detect any therapeutic agent at all, nevertheless work the accustomed miracle on such of the sick and ailing who have faith by which the mind reacts on the body, and the nerves, obedient to the brain, complete the cure. More than one, too, of our so-called Teachers, Able Editors, and the like, might study with profit that shrewd discourse on 'Prognostications.' 'It were more certaine,' says our sharp-witted reasoner, 'if there were either a rule or a truth to lie for ever. Seeing no man recordeth their fables because they are ordinarie and in-habit; and their predictions are made to be of credit, because they are rare, incredible, and prodigious'—with more sage words to the back of these which mayhap it would not be profitable to quote.

Such scrappy extracts as have been given go to prove how wise in judgment and temperate in pronouncement was Messire Michel de Montaigne, he who says of himself, 'I love temperate and indifferent natures. Immoderation towards good, if it offend me not, it amazeth, and troubleth me how I should call it'—he, the governing motto of whose thought was that unanswerable *Que sçais-je?* (What do I know?) By the faith which cometh to each man if so he will—all. By knowledge that can be imparted like the multiplication table or the Latin grammar—nought. This, with the soundest common-sense

concerning the things of every-day life, sums up the mental attitude of one of the acutest thinkers the world has ever seen, as set forth in these *enter parties* called generally the Essays of Montaigne.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XX.—A FAMILY COUNCIL.

REGGIE entered the room in the best of high spirits. They were confirmed by observing that Kitty had tears in her eyes—an excellent sign: she had evidently been crying. Hence Mr Reggie acutely concluded that Mortimer must have proposed to her, and been refused for the moment, though not, of course, necessarily in a definitive fashion. Reggie was dimly aware, to be sure, as a brother may be, that there was Somebody at Venice; and he had drawn for himself the vague and formless inference that this Somebody, as he mentally put it in his own dialect, had failed to come up to the scratch with Kitty. Hence these weepings. But then, girls are so stupid! If the fellow at Venice couldn't be brought to propose, why, it was clearly Kitty's duty, for her family's sake, to accept at once so eligible an offer as Rutus Mortimer's, especially when a brother could say, with Reggie, '*la famille, c'est moi!*' Then her proper course shone forth with peculiar obviousness.

So Reggie entered his sister's room in the familiar fraternal mood of the man who isn't going to put up with any feminine nonsense.

Kathleen greeted him rather coolly. In point of fact, having just been deeply stirred, she was in no mood at the moment for receiving Reggie. She kept her eyes as much averted from her brother as possible, and strove to prevent them from catching Reggie's at awkward angles. Still, Reggie could see very well she had been crying, and could observe from her manner that she was a good deal agitated. That was all most satisfactory. He dropped into an easy-chair with a careless fraternal air; and thinking it best to blurt the whole thing out at once without needless prologue, he looked across at her narrowly as he uttered the enigmatical words: 'Well, Kitty, I've come to receive your congratulations.'

'Congratulations?' Kathleen responded, taken aback. 'On what, my dear boy? Have they raised your salary?'

'Not they,' Reggie answered, smiling. 'Catch 'em at it! That's all! They never appreciate modest merit. Besides, I don't take much stock in stockbroking. The game ain't worth it, except, of course, for principals.—No, Kity, it isn't that. It's something much more important.' He caressed his moustache. 'Can't you guess,' he said, 'what a man's most likely to ask his sister to congratulate him on?'

Kathleen's fears rose high at once. When Reggie wanted money, he addressed her as Kity; but when it got to Kity, a most unusual diminutive of extreme affection, she felt sure he must mean to come down upon her for absolutely unprecedented advances.

'You're not engaged, are you, Reggie?' she faltered out in a feeble voice. 'For if you are, I'm sure it's very wrong indeed of you. You can't keep yourself, so you've surely no right to think of burdening me with some one else also.'

Reggie's lip curled slightly. 'What a girl you are!' he cried with a faint dash of disdain. 'Taking such a low monetary point of view about everything! One would think getting married was a mere matter of £ s. d. Not a touch of sentiment in it. No, Kitty, it isn't an engagement I want you to congratulate me on; it's something a vast deal more interesting and important.' Reggie drew himself up to his utmost height in his chair as he sat. 'The fact is, Kitty—I'm already married.'

'Married!' Kathleen exclaimed with a sudden burst of alarm. 'Oh Reggie, what do you mean? Who is it? and when did you marry her?'

'Florrie Clarke,' Reggie answered, producing her photograph with just pride from his pocket—and indeed Florrie was a personable little body enough, whom anybody might be proud of from the point of view of external appearance. 'Who else could it be? We were married on Wednesday.'

Kathleen gazed at the portrait for a moment in silence. Her heart misgave her. 'Well, she looks a nice little thing,' she said after an ominous pause; 'and I should think a good girl too; she's certainly pret'y. But why didn't you tell me before, Reggie, and introduce your bride to me?'

'One's people are so unreason-able,' Reggie answered, with a hasty gesture. 'I don't blame it on you, Kitty; I know you can't help it; it belongs to the race: it's only the fixed habit of the vertebrate animals one calls one's people.'

'Well, but she's such a good match from one point of view,' Kathleen went on, undoubtedly relieved to find Reggie had at least chosen a wife for himself from a well-to-do family; for the name and the fame of Spider Clarke had already reached her ears—as indeed whose had they not? 'Her people may not be very desirable acquaintances, so far as culture and manners go—I remember dear Mother would never let you bring them to her rooms while she lived; but at least they're wealthy, and that's always something. It will relieve you from responsibility. How on earth did you get Mr Clarke to consent to the marriage?'

'We didn't get him,' Reggie answered with careless ease. 'We took the liberty, in point of fact, to dispense with asking him. Charlie Owen gave her away; and extremely paternal Charlie looked, I can tell you, as he stood up on his hind-legs in Kensington Church and did it.'

'But you haven't obtained Mr Clarke's consent!' Kathleen cried, taken aback, and once more alarmed. 'Well, how can you tell, then, that he'll at all approve of it? Perhaps he'll refuse to do anything to help you.'

'Commercial again!' Reggie responded with an aggrieved air as of the poetical sentimentalist. 'Ingrainedly commercial! You talk like a greengrocer. You can't think of anything but the money aspect of the question. I call it sordid. Here's your brother, Kitay, your

own and only brother, comes to you with his full heart to announce to you in his joy that he's married to the sweetest, dearest, prettiest, cleverest, sauciest, most delicious little girl in all England; and what do you do? rush up to him, and kiss him, and rejoice with him, and congratulate him!—Oh dear, no. Not a bit of it! That's not your way. You begin by inquiring straight off what the lady's worth, and debating whether or not her Papa will be inclined to fork out the dils for her. However, there's a cure for all that, I'm jolly glad to say. Kitty, you're behind the times. You don't read the papers. You neglect the literature and the journalism of your country.'

'What do you mean?' Kathleen cried, trembling, and suspecting now some nameless evil. 'It hasn't been put in the papers' Oh Reggie, don't say so! You haven't done anything dreadful and impossible, have you?'

'Me? Dear me, no, my dear child,' Reggie answered airily. 'I'm a model, my-clf, of all the domestic virtues. But the reason we didn't ask Old Clarke's consent, my respected father-in-law's, is simply and solely this—that the respected father-in-law in question happens to be this moment lying in jail, awaiting his trial on a charge of fraud of the first magnitude. That's all, my dear Kitty.'

'Fraud!' Kathleen exclaimed, drawing back. 'Oh Reggie, you don't mean it. I thought he was so rich. What could he want to commit fraud for?'

'How do people get rich, I should like to know, if they don't begin by being fraudulent?' Reggie responded with easy-going cynicism. 'But he ain't rich; that's just it. Old Clarke's gone busted. He's no more good, any way. He's smashed eternally. Come a regular cropper, the Spider has. Precious awkward for poor Florrie?'

'But perhaps he's innocent,' Kathleen cried, clutching at a last straw. 'We should always think everybody innocent, dear mother used to say, till they're proved to be guilty.'

'Perhaps you're innocent,' Reggie echoed in a tone half disgust, half amusement. 'Very innocent indeed. As innocent as they make em. But it won't do, Kitty. It isn't good enough. Old Clarke's smashed up. He's gone a juicy one. Smashed himself, they say, over the Axminster estate. But anyhow, he's smashed; not a piece of him left whole. Might have been better, don't you know, if he could have managed to clear out a good month ago to Buenos Ayres; but as it is, not a penny; not a doit; not a stiver. Twenty years is what he'll get. Florrie's awfully cut up about it.'

'And you've married her all the same?' Kathleen cried, clasping her hands, not without a certain internal tinge of pride, after all, that Reggie should at least have behaved like a gentleman.

Reggie drew himself up once more, and looked important. He stroked his moustache still more fondly than ever. Consciousness of rectitude shone from every line in his sleek round face. 'Why, of course I have,' he answered. 'What else could a fellow do? I hope I'm a gentleman. I went to her at Putnam Gate—telegram down to the City—"Come at

once-deepest distress—must see you—FLORRIE”—and there I found the poor dear child in an agony of misery, crying and tearing her hair which is short and black and one of her chief attractions. Seems she was just thrown overboard by a wretch of a cavalry man, whom her father and mother had compelled her to accept against her will instead of me. “Florrie,” said I, “forget him, and come back to the arms of your one true lover.” She flew to me like a bird, and nestled on my shoulder. “I’d marry you,” said I, “if your father was ten thousand times a fraudulent bankrupt.” And marry her I just did. So there’s the long and the short of it.”

“You acted quite right,” Kathleen said, unable to resist a woman’s natural approbation for the man who follows the impulse of his better nature.

Reggie seized his one chance. This was the thin end of the wedge. “So I think,” he said complacently—“And now, the question is, how the dickens am I to pull through? I mean, what’s to be done about ways and means? For of course, as you justly say, if I can’t support myself, far less can I support my sister and Florrie also.”

“But you should have thought of that beforehand,” Kathleen put in, drawing back. It began to strike her that, after all, there was nothing so self-devoted in marrying a girl at a pinch, if you propose to make your sister bear the burden of supporting her.

Thereupon they fell at once into committee of ways and means, relieved now and again by frequent declarations on Reggie’s part that a sweeter, dearer, more bewitching girl than Florrie didn’t really exist on the entire land-surface of this oblate spheroid. Kathleen was glad he was so well suited with Spider Clarke’s daughter, though she doubted the stock; and then, like a good woman that she was, reproached herself bitterly in her own mind for doubting it. But the longer they stuck at it, the less they seemed to arrive at any fixed decision. All Reggie could assert was his own absolute incapacity to earn a penny more than he was at present earning, coupled with the pleasing information that his exchequer was just now in its normally flaccid and depleted condition, and that his bills were (as always) in excess of his expectations. As for the Clarks, Reggie observed with a complacent smile, they were simply stone-broke; a most jammy affair; not a penny need be looked for from that direction. The old man had spent his tin as fast as he made it, and faster; and now the crash had come, there were liabilities considerably in excess of the assets—a piece of information the technical sound of which pleased Reggie so immensely that he repeated it over several times in various contexts for his sister’s edification.

At last, however, he ventured bit by bit upon a tentative suggestion. “There’s only one way out of it,” he said, glancing sideways at Kathleen, “and that lies entirely with you. If my creditors once learn I’ve got married without prospects, and to the Spider’s daughter, why, they’ll simply drop down on me. Scrunch, scrunch, they’ll crush me. They’ll press me for payment till I’m half mad with worry;

and then I shall go and do one of two things—Waterloo Bridge, or the Bankruptcy Court.”

“Oh Reggie,” Kathleen cried, “not Waterloo Bridge! How cruel! how wicked of you!”

Reggie saw his cue at once. That was the way, then, to work it. He enlarged forthwith upon the nothingness and hollowness of this present life, and the ease of ending it, as the poet observes, with a bare bodkin. For Florrie’s sake, indeed, he could have wished it might be otherwise; but if no work were forthcoming, it would be easier for Florrie to starve alone than to starve in company. He dwelt upon these themes till he had thoroughly succeeded in frightening poor Kathleen. Then he turned upon her once more. “And if you chose,” he cried bitterly, “you could make it all right for me in a single minute.”

“How so?” Kathleen asked, trembling.

“Why, how about Mortimer?” Reggie cried, springing a mine upon her.

“Mortimer?” Kathleen repeated. “How about Mr Mortimer? Why, what on earth has he to do with the matter, Reggie?”

“Oh, you needn’t look such a blessed innocent,” Reggie answered, smiling. “I know all about Mortimer. He’d propose to you like a shot, if only you’d have him. And for your family’s sake, I say, it’s your duty to have him. You know he would, as well as I do. So that’s about the size of it.”

“Oh Reggie, how can you?” Kathleen cried, the tears rising to her eyes. “I could never marry him.”

“That’s just as you like,” Reggie answered calmly. “I don’t want to bias you. If you prefer me to go over Waterloo Bridge, I’m sure I’ve no objection. I don’t desire to be selfish, like some other people, and insist on having my own way, no matter who suffers for it. It’s a very easy thing to take a header over the bridge in this nice warm weather. Only, for poor Florrie’s sake, I confess I should have preferred to fight it out in this world a little longer.”

“But I’m *not* selfish,” Kathleen cried, hit on her tenderest point. “Oh Reggie, don’t say you think me selfish. I’d do anything to serve you, dear, except only that. But that one thing I can’t. Oh Reggie, don’t ask it of me.”

She spoke with so much earnestness that Reggie saw he had a chance of gaining his point if he went on with it resolutely. So he answered in a sullen voice: “Oh yes, of course; you’d do anything on earth except the one thing that’s any use to try. That’s always the way with people. They’d kill themselves to help you; but they won’t stretch out a hand in the only direction possible. You’d sooner see your brother starve, or drive him to suicide, than make an effort to help him by marrying Rufus Mortimer.”

“Reggie,” Kathleen exclaimed, driven to bay, “you don’t understand. I love somebody else; that’s why I can’t marry him.”

“So I gathered,” Reggie answered with perfect coolness. “And the somebody else won’t come up to the scratch; so you may as well regard him as a vanishing factor, as we say in the City. He’s out of the running. Well, then, accept it. What’s the matter with Rufus

Mortimer? that's what I want to know. He's rich; he's a gentleman; he's good-looking; he's artistic; he's everything else on earth any woman could want—except—well, except that he's not the other fellow. Are you going to let your brother go and die before your eyes, just because you won't take a man any girl but you would be delighted to have a chance of?"

"Oh Reggie, how dreadful of you!" Kathleen cried. "I can't bear to hear you speak of it all as if it were a mere matter of business arrangement. I love the other man; I don't love Mr Mortimer."

"He's a very good fellow," Reggie answered, hand on hip once more. "If only you made up your mind to it, you'd soon learn to like him."

"I like him already," Kathleen admitted frankly. "He's a very nice fellow; a dear good fellow; so kind, so generous, so chivalrous, so unselfish."

"Well, there you are," Reggie replied, folding his hands resignedly. "If you feel like that towards him already, why, of course, if you got engaged, you'd very soon be in love with him."

"I could never be out of love with the other," Kathleen faltered, half wavering.

"That's quite unimportant," Reggie answered with equal frankness. "As long as you feel you can marry Mortimer, I'd leave the other man to stand his even chance, like Janie in the poem. You wouldn't be the first woman—nor the last by a long chalk—who has married her second best, and joggled along very well with him."

"I'm afraid that's true," Kathleen responded, sighing. And indeed it was. 'Tis the tragedy of our century.

"Well, I'm going soon," Reggie observed, starting up with a theatrical air. "And if you should happen to hear the newsboys calling out to-morrow morning, 'Shockin' Suicide of a Gentleman from Waterloo Bridge!' don't let it give you a turn. I'm not worth bothering about."

"Reggie," Kathleen cried, clinging to him, "you mustn't go like that. I'm afraid to let you go. You make me so frightened. Promise me you'll do nothing silly till you've seen me again. If you will, I'll think it over, and try what I can to help you. But you must promise me faithfully. Oh Reggie, do promise me!"

"I don't know whether I can," Reggie responded dubiously.

"You must," Kathleen exclaimed. "Oh Reggie, you frighten me. Do promise me you won't, and I'll try to think it over."

"Well, I'll wait till to-morrow, and then I'll see you again," Reggie answered doggedly. "But mind, I only say, till I see you to-morrow."

Kathleen trembled all over. "Very well, dear," she answered. He was her only brother, and with that wonderful tie of blood which binds us all to the foolishhest or worst of mankind, she was very, very fond of him.

Reggie turned from the threshold with his hand on the door-plate. "Oh, by the way," he said casually, "you don't happen to have such a thing as a couple of sovereigns you could lend me, just for Morrie's immediate necessities; bread and cheese and so forth; till we've decided this question, and I know whether I'm

to go over the bridge or not, and whether her address in future is to be Kensington Work-house?"

Kathleen pulled out her scanty purse, now entirely replenished by her own earnings as an artist, and drew from it two sovereigns, which she handed him regretfully. She had made up her mind a hundred times over already she would never be silly enough to lend him money again; and here, for the hundred-and-first time, she found herself doing it.

"Thanks," Reggie said with careless ease, dropping them into his waistcoat pocket, as though money were nothing to him. "Well, good-evening, Kitsy. Think it over by yourself; and don't let your sentimental tancy drive your brother to despair; that's all I beg of you."

After which, being worn out with this painful interview, and feeling the need of rest and amusement, he stopped at the box office of the Court Theatre on his way down town, and engaged two stalls for that night for himself and Morrie.

THE FUTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE English Language is spoken at present by 115 millions of people, distributed as follows: British Islands, 39 million; United States, 65 million; Canada (exclusive of French Canadians), 1 million; West Indies, British Guiana, &c., 1½ million; Australasia, 4 million; South Africa, India, and other colonies, 2½ million. This only includes those whose mother-tongue is English. If the number of persons able to speak English—but not regarding it as their mother tongue—is included, the figures would be considerably increased. To this, however, one exception must be made: the large number of Germans, Scandinavians, and other alien races who have emigrated to the United States and the British colonies and become absorbed therein, are included in the above table, for English is their adopted language; they have become a permanent part of the Anglo-Saxon race, and their children after them will be entirely English speaking.

No other language of modern times has made such rapid progress as English, and the increase of English speakers may be calculated at two million annually. Three hundred years ago, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the language was spoken only by about five millions of people, nearly all of whom resided in the British Isles. It was about this time that England began her work of colonisation, to which the great spread of the English tongue is mainly to be attributed.

The principal languages which enter into competition with English, and which are spoken by the greatest number of people—leaving out of account such languages as Chinese or Hindustani—are French, Spanish, Russian, and German. Of these, French is practically stationary as regards the number of its adherents; and in point of influence it is distinctly on the decline. It is no longer the universal language of diplomacy and commerce; in both respects it has had to give way to English

during the later part of the present century. Spanish, like English, is now very largely spoken on the American Continent, and, like it, also owes its wide distribution to the colonising genius of its speakers. There are not wanting critics who see in it a formidable rival to the English; and if Portuguese—which is practically a branch of Spanish—is included, then the twin languages dispose of an extent of territory even greater than the English, and with infinitely greater room for expansion, and are spoken by a population of probably not less than seventy million. It is true the bulk of the Spanish and Portuguese colonists have settled in tropical or semi-tropical countries, while the Anglo-Saxon has mainly made its home in the temperate zone, more suitable for the production of a vigorous and enterprising race, if not capable of supporting such a large population. It is a remarkable fact that the Spanish and Portuguese have never been able to make any headway in colder latitudes. Thus, in the United States, one can travel by rail more than three thousand miles from St. Augustine to San Diego—crossing the entire Continent at its widest part, without visiting territory which was all Spanish less than a century ago, but which was never thickly peopled by the original colonists, who have everywhere in this vast territory receded before the Anglo-Saxons.

In South America the same phenomenon is to be seen, for, while the whole of that Continent, with a few trifling exceptions, is occupied by the descendants of the Spanish and Portuguese, the temperate regions towards the south have never been properly colonised by them. Patagonia and Southern Chili, which possess almost an English climate, have little attraction for the nations of Southern Europe, and what few attempts have been made to colonise these regions have been by Anglo-Saxons. It is sufficient to mention the flourishing Welsh settlement of the Chubut in the Argentine Patagonia, the numerous English *estancieros* who have settled in the same territory, and the English colony of the Falkland Islands in the neighbouring seas; while even in Punta Arenas, in the extreme south of the Continent—a Chilean possession—English predominates among the cosmopolitan population.

Both German and Russian are increasing rapidly in point of numbers, although the latter language has had but little influence on Western civilisation, which may be owing to the apathy of the Russians themselves, who are perhaps the best linguists in the world, and often more at home in French, English, or German than in the language of their own country. This refers especially to the upper classes. We have frequently met Russians who spoke not only perfect English, but had not the slightest trace of a foreign accent, and as far as their speech was concerned might be taken for Englishmen or Americans.

The number of persons speaking the above languages may be estimated as follows: Russian, 80 million; German, 70 million; Spanish, 55 million; Portuguese, 15 million.

It is a remarkable fact that while the English in their colonies and offshoots have absorbed

many millions of alien races—French, German, Scandinavian, Spanish, &c.—there is no case on record of any great body of English speakers becoming absorbed by any other race. Even isolated members of the Anglo-Saxon fraternity who settle in foreign countries, as, for example, in the Argentine Republic, retain their nationality and language for several generations, and very seldom eventually become absorbed. On the other hand, there are in the United States many millions of Germans who have been merged in the dominant race without leaving a trace of their origin after the lapse of a single generation, for even the surname is often Anglicised—we have known Mullers who in the second generation spell their name Miller, Schmidt becomes Smith, and so on. In California, Florida, Texas, and many other States which were formerly Spanish or French speaking, these languages have given place to English in less than a single generation; even in Louisiana, which had a somewhat denser population, principally of French descent, the same result has been attained, though more slowly. It is far otherwise in Canada, where the French-speaking population not only is not decreasing, but is increasing faster than the English, and this in spite of the fact that the French settlers are not recruited to any appreciable extent by immigration, as is the case with the English; on the contrary, there is an actual emigration of their members across the line into the United States. This result is to be attributed to the extraordinary fecundity of the French Canadians, which is in marked contrast to the parent country, where the annual decrease of the birth-rate is already a matter of alarm to French statesmen. It is a fact that in Canada, whole districts which were formerly English speaking have now to acknowledge French as the language of the majority. Thus, even in Montreal, the largest city in the Dominion, which thirty or forty years ago was mainly English speaking, the French language is now spoken by the majority of the inhabitants, and the proportion increases every year. This is not owing to the fact that the French element absorbs the English, but rather that it crowds it out.

In other parts of the world besides Canada, the French language has shown considerable vitality and power of resistance, but nowhere is it absorbed so readily as other European languages by the Anglo-Saxon. In the West Indies, in Dominica, the Windward Islands, and Trinidad, there is a large French element which still holds its ground, the language of the negroes, especially in the former island, being a French patois, although English is generally understood. This is the result of the former connection of the islands with France, except in the case of Trinidad, which, prior to its occupation by the British, was a Spanish and not a French colony, and where the French element is owing to the strong immigration from the neighbouring islands, and also from Hayti when that republic threw off the French yoke. On the other hand, in all the Danish West Indian islands English is the language of the people; and this is also the case in the Dutch islands, except those which lie off the

Venezuelan coast. In the Dutch and English islands, English is spoken with great purity, and with what might be called a cosmopolitan accent; and it is a curious fact that the natives of the Dutch islands still consider themselves Englishmen, although they were never occupied by the English except for a very short time during the Napoleonic wars.

In Egypt the French language was all-powerful in official and commercial circles some ten or twelve years ago, but here also it has lost ground before the English, principally owing to the occupation of the country by the British, and to the increase of British influence in the administration of the Suez Canal.

The spread of English in other parts of the world is scarcely less remarkable. In South Africa the republics of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State only ten years ago were almost entirely Dutch in their speech; but English is now dominant in both countries, Boer Dutch being relegated to the country districts, where it is retreating year by year before the advance of its more powerful rival, in spite of the determined opposition of the Boers themselves. This result is, of course, mainly owing to the rush of settlers and adventurers into these countries, consequent on the discovery of gold and diamonds; but the apathy of the Boers and their inaptitude for business must also be reckoned a contributing cause. The shopkeepers and men of business are invariably Europeans, the Boer contenting himself with farming pursuits, which easily accounts for the ascendancy of English in the towns. Even without the stimulus of the gold discovery, there is little doubt that the same result would have been attained, though more slowly.

Besides the above, there are other small States where English is either the official or the dominant language; among these may be mentioned Liberia, the Hawaiian Islands, Samoa, and some of the other petty states of the Pacific, where English is rapidly driving out the native dialects. Even in Japan our language has been recognised as a semi-official one, and is the one selected for intercourse with foreigners; and were it not for its antiquated and inconsistent orthography, it is asserted that it would have ere this been adopted as the official language even for internal use, in the Empire of the Rising Sun.

The rapid spread of English is largely to be attributed to the simplicity of its grammar, which is less complicated than that of any other Western nation. Its marked poverty of inflections, as distinguished, for example, from the German, is a great point in its favour, and thus it is much easier for a German to learn English than for an Englishman or American to learn German. On the other hand, the extraordinary orthographic inconsistency of the language is a decided drawback; and there is little doubt that if English were written on phonetic principles, as Spanish or German, its spread would be much more rapid, to say nothing of the great boon this would be to the Anglo-Saxons themselves, who spend years of unnecessary toil in learning to read and write their own language. It is not likely, however,

that any change will be made in this direction in the near future, at least in England, for the English as a nation are noted for their conservative habits; and although they recognise the great advantages of a phonetic system, are in no hurry to adopt it. Any change in this respect must probably be looked for to America, where a few innovations have been already introduced. Thus, the spelling 'vigor,' 'favor,' 'honor,' &c., are American innovations; as are also 'plow,' 'traveler,' 'center,' 'theater,' &c. Other more recent forms, as 'program,' and 'catalog,' are already well established in America, but have found little favour in England.

English speakers may be divided into four great branches, as follows: (1) The European; (2) The American; (3) The South African; (4) The Australasian. Each of these branches has its peculiarities, and the divergence between the four is becoming more marked every year. Of the extra-European branches, American, although the oldest, has diverged least from the parent stem. It is surprising what a number of American words have been introduced into England, many of which are now considered indigenous to the soil. A large proportion of the slang spoken by the middle classes in England may also be said to have an American origin. On the other hand, the Americans have retained many good old English words which have long ago dropped out of our home vocabulary.

The South African branch contains, as might be supposed, a large number of Dutch words; and the Australasian, though only dating practically from the commencement of the century, has already quite a copious indigenous vocabulary.

It has been suggested by some that several centuries hence these four branches will have developed into as many different languages. The difference, however, cannot, we think, ever be of great extent, as the universality of printing, of electric communication, of steam-ships, and other facilities for travel, should have a tendency to check anything like organic disruption of the language, always excepting of course the changes which must accrue from the addition of local phrases to the general vocabulary.

PÈRE MOINEAU.

CHAPTER II.

MAY was back in the little room of which Lucius Westley had made such disparaging mention. It was, verily, little more than an attic, but it was fresh and bright. The old Frenchwoman, who had been her *bonne* in departed days, was her sole companion. She kept the tiny home as neat as hands could make it; and presided in the studio in state, with a huge piece of knitting in her hands, when May received her models.

She was enthroned in her great chair when Lucius Westley knocked at the door. The week of probation was at an end; and the successful painter mounted the long flight of stairs with a certain jauntiness in his air, as

of one filled with joyful anticipation. But, had he been quite honest with himself, he would have confessed that his heart began to thump uneasily against his tweed waistcoat, and a novel thrill passed through him as the soft 'Entrez' sounded in his ears. May had a sketch on the easel before her; and her sitter was in his place, Père Moineau, with a stuffed sparrow perched on his outstretched hand.

She smiled upon Mr Westley as she said: 'I wanted you so much to tell me what you think of the progress I have made.'

He adjusted his glasses, and approached the easel with his old confident air, but paused. 'You are turning impressionist,' he said.

'Am I? Well, I am rather proud of being called an impressionist,' she replied with a smile. 'Is it not well to put upon canvas the thought which strikes you most boldly?'

'You have certainly broken away from the old lines,' he said as he scanned the sketch before him with blinking eyes. 'And you seem to have worked hard.'

'Yes, I have. We do work hard at the studio.'

'You are still working with Mr. Vore?'

'Oh no. I soon found out that I knew quite as much as she could teach me, and I am now with Romeo. You, of course, have heard of Romeo?'

He did not reply for a moment, but examined the bold, daring sketch before him attentively. Did he feel, in gazing at it, that this young feeble girl, whom he considered unfit to take care of herself in a world full of dangers, had outstripped him in power and breadth of workmanship?

'My dear Miss Dorian,' he said, 'I see you have become too much imbued with the spirit of the French School to care for our more careful teaching.' Then he added critically 'I think you have still the feeling for colour which was your best point. Only in this sketch you are striking too low a key. Your flesh-tints are too gray, and your shadows too strong. Tone them off, Miss May.'

'But I am painting my impression of Père Moineau, not another person's,' she said. 'I do not see things as you see them, and to paint your impression would not be true. The first principle of Art is Truth—is it not?'

'Oh, if you go in for pure realism, I have no more to say,' he replied. 'But is it not waste of time to be indoors upon so lovely a day. I hoped you would come for a drive in the Bois with me. In fact, I kept the carriage waiting.'

'I think not,' she answered gently. 'You see, the time is short, and I have so much to do for Romeo that I find my days pretty full. I had holiday long enough; now I know the value of work.'

'But I wanted to have some private conversation,' he stammered. 'I understood you would make opportunity for it.'

Her face flushed slightly. 'Give me a little longer,' she said, her eyes upon the ground—'until I finish my task.'

'You have thought over what I said to you a week ago?' he asked eagerly. 'Thought favourably, I hope?'

'I have considered,' she faltered. 'Please, let me write. I am not sure—at least, not yet.'

He tried to look unconcerned, but failed. 'Believe me, it is for your happiness,' he said.

'I am sure you think so,' she answered. 'But I cannot tell—I must have longer time.'

'As long as you like, May. Only, don't let yourself get compromised. I mean, you cannot be too careful in this great town alone, and with no protector.'

'Excuse me,' said a polished voice, in most perfect English. 'Miss Dorian is not so much alone as you imagine, Mr Westley. I am only an old man; but while I live, you need have no fears upon her account. Set your mind at rest.'

Westley turned upon the speaker, too intensely surprised to be able to do more than gasp out 'Oh' in such a tone of bewilderment, that a old man could scarcely suppress a smile. 'So you understand English, then?' he said, when he in a measure recovered.

'Perfectly, sir,' the old man answered. 'One is not always ignorant because they wear a shabby coat and feed sparrows.'

Westley gorgonised him with a regular British stare, which the old man bore unflinchingly; and then May bade him a gentle adieu.

When the door closed upon him, Père Moineau turned to her with his eyes shining. 'Thou wilt not give thy future into his keeping, my daughter,' he said. 'He is like his pictures—vulgar all through.'

'He was father's friend; and if I fail, Père Moineau,' she asked.

'Trust the Bon Dieu,' the old man said. 'He will not forsake thee.'

And the girl returned to her task with a sigh.

In course of time the sketch became a picture, upon which the girl worked with concentrated attention at every moment she could spare from her tasks in the great teacher's studio, where she made a few acquaintances, but no friends. She had sold her copy of what Père Moineau called 'The Great Madonna,' and now she was copying 'The Virgin of the Rocks' for the same polite old gentleman, of the Jewish persuasion, who had purchased the Murillo.

Père Moineau she saw daily. At times he was a puzzle to her; but more frequently she accepted him as just what he appeared to be, a poor old man, who had seen better days friendless and alone in the winter of his life.

There were times when the question of her future weighed heavily upon her—days when she felt she could never achieve independence, and that, when her small stock of money was expended, nothing remained for her but hopeless ruin. At such times she felt strongly tempted to sit down and write to her old master; but a word of commendation from Romeo, who seldom praised her or any other pupil, or a favourable criticism from Père Moineau, banished such thoughts, and sent her back to work again with renewed energy.

But the year waned; the biting cold of a Parisian winter came upon her, and with the penetrating chill there came also a sharp attack of something which Clémence called 'La Grippe,' but which at home May would have termed a very bad cold. There was no more copying to be done, although the smiling old Jew had ordered a copy of the famous Greuze, and insinuated that he required several other

reproductions of celebrated pictures. It was hard upon her, this enforced idleness; but with brain and hand enfeebled by the benumbing influence of this cruel chill, work appeared impossible. It was all the harder, because she knew her little fortune was running low, and the price the dealer had offered her for the *Grenze* would have made a very considerable difference to her; and then Romeo had been severe with her over her tasks. Besides, just as she felt able to move about and do some work, Clémence was attacked by the same mysterious foe; and there was sorrow in the little home—'Amongst the clouds,' as Père Moineau called it.

There came a day when the old woman lay almost at the lowest ebb of her life, and May felt there was no use in striving any more against Fate. If Clémence were to die, she would be utterly forsaken in this city of strangers, where only an old man, poor, and as much alone as herself, was her sole friend. Why should she turn her back upon the life of ease and comfort which was almost in her hand? Was it not the maddest folly? She had administered the last dose in the bottle of medicine which had cost her nearly her last franc; and where the strong soup which was absolutely necessary to Clémence's recovery was to come from, she did not know. The old woman had been fretful and irritable; there was only one bundle of wood in the small cupboard, and life had sunk into apparent failure. Moreover, Père Moineau had not come to see her for several days. What if he, too, had been struck down by this 'terrible scourge'? And after all, was there not an open door—Lucius Westley's? Ease, wealth, comfort, a secured future. Why should she put it from her any more? She had struggled long enough, and now Fate was writing Failure upon her life.

She went boldly to the cupboard, took out the last bundle of wood, and made up a fire which would last for a while, and then went to her writing-table. She sat with the pen between her fingers for a considerable time before she mustered up courage to write the letter which would change her fate. At length she gathered courage, and wrote what, to her, was the most humiliating epistle which had ever come from her pen. Her eyes were hot and dry, as she read it over before finally closing it. What did it not convey to the man who had not a heart to understand fully her pitiful confession of failure? How he would triumph over her in the time to come!

She sprang to her feet. She would not let such thoughts distract her. Westley was at least a generous man—too generous to stoop to the meanness of which she accused him in her bitter thoughts. Now that she had decided upon accepting him for her husband, she must honour him as such. But she stood looking at the letter with dry, hard eyes. After all, what a price she was about to pay for wretched meat and drink and fine clothes! Was it worth while?

Then Clémence called to her in her feeble voice, and she flew to attend to the old woman's needs.

When she returned to her room, her old friend was standing in the window. With a

glad cry she sprang to him. 'Oh Père Moineau!' she cried impulsively, 'where—where have you been hiding yourself? I feared so much that you were ill, and I did not know where to seek you. You do not know how anxious I have been about you.'

'Have you, my child?' he asked, with a faint smile. 'Ah! I have duties. There are certain anniversaries—days which I keep in memory of past years. Some time you shall hear. But you how pale you are! Child, you have been ill?'

She said she had been ill, and that Clémence was now in great danger. Then she hung her head. 'I am giving it up,' she said with a catch in her voice. 'Life has beaten me, Père Moineau.'

He made a hasty exclamation. 'But no—no!' he cried impetuously. 'I thought you had more courage—that you were too brave to be so easily turned back. You, who have almost reached the threshold of success. Child, what is the meaning of all this?'

She had such confidence in his judgment of her work, that she told him how she could not earn enough to keep her head above water, and how she had almost come to an end of her resources.

'Nay; Clémence has money saved,' Père Moineau cried hastily. 'She told me so. Let her take it and grow strong upon it. Why should you starve while her purse is full? And the old dealer in the Rue de Bee, he will take all your copies, child. It is only a coward who gives up at the first reverse. You are not a coward!'

'I am not. But then, oh Père Moineau, to break down here, without any one to— to help!'

He laid a thin, finely-formed hand upon her trembling ones. 'Yet we must all die alone,' he said very gently. 'How long have I been solitary in this evil world? Ah, child, there is something worse than actual solitude, and that is the loneliness of companionship—the awful solitude of being chained to those who are antagonistic to us, whose hearts do not beat in harmony and sympathy. That is a solitude worse than death.'

May did not answer, but she understood.

'Now tell me,' the old man went on, pointing to the letter which lay on the table before him. 'This letter, is it to say you are ready to link your fate with his? Oh child, child, never that! Listen to me; let me tell thee the tale of one young and fair as thou who married because she feared to face the future.'

May looked surprisedly at her aged companion, whose face had grown hard and set, and in whose black eyes—those expressive French eyes—burned a fire she had never seen there before.

'I told you of my losses when our land was trampled under the hoof of the German beast,' he said, his words hissing between half-closed teeth. 'Yes, there is no need to go over that part of it again. My boys, Leon and Paul, and my daughter Marie, whom you resemble. I had not told you that Paul was betrothed to Natalie, a companion of my sweet Marie, a beautiful young creature with a heart of gold?—No; I reserved that part of the story. We do these things differently in France from the ways of your country, where every one—'

nominal, at least—makes choice for himself. The young people were satisfied, and all went well. Then came troubles amongst us. Shortly before the day arranged for the marriage, my dear wife died, somewhat suddenly, and then my Marie began to droop—twenty-two years ago. Then the political horizon was clouding over, and mutterings of the storm grew louder every day. Natalie's father was employed abroad. He wished the wedding to be postponed until his return; and then came news which struck terror into our hearts—disaster hurried upon disaster. Paris was besieged. In the grip of that awful winter, my Marie joined her mother. Natalie's father was killed in the same battle which deprived me of my son Leon; and Paul, my youngest, and her betrothed, was shot by my side at Montmartre. He paused, and covered his face with his hands. May touched his arm. "Since it is so distressing, you"—she murmured tenderly.

He pulled himself together and went on. "He was the last of us, that boy Paul; but the old race—Ah, my child, we Frenchmen, even the humblest of us, set store by our family, and Paul had fighting blood in him—let it of us. He fought like a lion; but a great deal odd—There was nothing for it but to return to Natalie and tell her. She and her mother shared my home, until the poor mother drooped and died, leaving the fair, helpless girl in my charge. Her father had been an official—extravagant according to his means. The nation was *in extremis*. I had still something left. I was younger then—a man but little past my prime—twenty years ago. I am seventy-one now. There was but one thing to be done, and I did it. Natalie became my wife. I was thirty years older than she; but such unions were common amongst us in those days, and I devoted myself to her. I had married her, thinking that it a stray bullet should end me, her future would be secure, and that, as a beautiful young widow, she might lead a happy life, and choose for herself a husband whose years were nearer her own. Heaven knows, I never avoided dangers, which appeared to fly me, and through the wild days of the Commune I did not spare myself; but pestilence and war passed me by. When the Germans left us, and the nation began to take heart again, I was here alive, well, with my fair young wife, still wearing the deepest mourning for what we both had lost." He paused, rose from his seat, and paced the floor in silence for a few moments. "When was it I first discovered there was what your great poet calls 'The little rift within the lute?'" he went on musingly. "I scarcely remember; but it came—it came. I tried my utmost to make her happy; but I failed. Everything failed. Did I blame her, because the gap of thirty years between us widened until there was no crossing it? Never. No; I never blamed her. I was old. I knew my weary world too well—only too well. She was young, and life had entirely different aspects for her, and we fell apart, by no fault of hers. No; I never saw a fault in her. I was sufficiently rich in those days to give her almost everything her young heart desired; but it was of no avail. She was grateful, loyal,

proud, and pure as fire, but she drooped and pined. I watched the struggle which I could not aid. I saw the blow coming before it came. Life was too hard for her and me—she died." He caught his breath with something like a sob.

May veiled her eyes.

After a brief interval he went on: "After that, I turned my back upon the world, and let everything go—until here I am, Père Moineau, whose chief pleasure before you came was to sit amongst the little ones in the Tuileries Gardens and feed the sparrows, until the Good God shall remember me, and take me out of it all."

May made no verbal reply. She glided to the table and put the fateful letter into Père Moineau's hands. She knew he would understand. When she returned from attending to the wants of her querulous patient, the old man was gone, and the letter lay in fragments on the floor.

The evening's post brought her a letter from the gentle Jew; it contained a renewal of his order for a copy of the *Grenze*, and a cheque for five hundred francs as payment.

When Père Moineau came to see her next day, the girl's eyes were shining; the sorrowful droop at the corners of her mouth had gone; an old Sister of Mercy was attending to the sick woman, and May had put a few touches to the picture on her easel.

"Ah!" he said smilingly, "so the cloud has lifted, my child. I thought it would not last. And I—even I have had good news. My little pension has been augmented, and I need not fear the cold any more. The Good God is very merciful. Is it not so, dear child?"

THE SCIENCE OF COLOURING IN ANIMALS.

It has long been matter of common observation by naturalists and others that many animals adapt themselves to the colour of their surroundings. This is peculiarly true of certain insects, birds, and fishes. All anglers, for instance, are aware that each stream has its own particular colour of trout, and that even variously coloured trout will be found in different parts of the same stream, according as the soil over which it flows is light or dark in colour. Where the stream flows over clear gravel, you have the trout of a gray mottled tint, so like the general hue of its surroundings that it requires an experienced eye to detect the fish in the water. If the bed of the stream is a bright yellow sand, the fish will be of a rich golden orange hue; if the water passes over mossy ground, then the trout will appear dark, almost black. Another familiar object to the angler is the caddice-worm, which, for purposes of protection, hides itself in a little crust of bark, or bits of wood and sand, so as to look like a little bit of twig in the bed of the stream. The object of these changes of colour and other devices for self-protection on the part of animals has long been recognised as an adaptation partly involuntary and partly voluntary or instinctive. But it was not until Darwin's speculations and theories as to the origin of species by natural selection had become familiar, that the question of colour

in animals became of great importance as a factor in the long and complicated process of evolution. Since then, many careful and scientific observers have written on the subject—notably, in this country, Sir John Lubbock and Mr Russell Wallace. We have had some new and valuable contributions on the subject of late, more especially the volume by Mr E. B. Poulton, forming one of the International Scientific Series, and entitled, *The Colours of Animals, their Meaning and Use* (London: Kegan Paul).

In the organisation of animal life there are colours that are *non-significant* and colours that are *significant*. It has been speculated that originally the colour of all animals was non-significant, and that all the significant colours are due to the selective agency of the animals themselves. The significant colours so acquired have been mainly for protective purposes, or to assist the animal in the struggle for life, both among its own kind and as a means of escape from its enemies of other species. There are also colours and habits that have been assumed evidently for purely aggressive purposes. The angler fish, for instance, possesses a lure in the shape of long slender filaments, and when it desires to seize its prey it stirs up the mud in the bottom of its habitat, and when thus partially hidden, waves these filaments about in the muddy water. These have then the appearance of worms writhing in the water, and so small fishes are attracted, and speedily engulfed in the angler's capacious mouth. In certain deep-sea forms of the same fish, where their habitat is in darkness, certain phosphorescent organs have been developed in the tentacles, by which the fish are lured to their destruction. In the same way, many colours are assumed, as in the foregoing instance, by animals which point only to one object, namely, that of aggression.

But perhaps the largest and most interesting branch of the subject is that which has to do with protective colouring. The zebra is a fine instance of it. Mr Francis Galton made this observation as far back as 1851: 'Snakes and lizards are the most brilliant of animals; but all these, if viewed at a distance, or with an eye whose focus is adjusted not exactly at the animal itself, but to an object more or less distant than it, become apparently of one hue and lose all their gaudiness. No more conspicuous animal can well be conceived, according to common idea, than a zebra; but on a bright starlight night the breathing of one may be heard close by you, and yet you will be positively unable to see the animal. If the black stripes were more numerous, he would be seen as a black mass; if the white, as a white one; but their proportion is such as exactly to match the pale tint which arid ground possesses when seen by moonlight.'

Again, many insects, notably in the larval stage of their existence, possess the power of modifying their colours so as to adapt themselves to their environment; not only changing colour from brown to green when on a leaf, and from green to brown when on the ground—but also by assuming a rigid attitude, and so resembling a withered twig. These 'stick caterpillars' afford much interesting study, and they frequently succeed in puzzling their enemies. 'It has sometimes been objected,' says Mr Poulton, 'that these methods of

concealment cannot be intended as a means of defence, because insect-eating animals would be sharp-sighted enough to penetrate the disguise. Of course, the progressive improvement in the means of concealment has been attended by a corresponding increase in the keenness of eyes, so that no species can wholly escape. But so long as a well-concealed form remains motionless, it is easy to prove by experiment that enemies are often unable to recognise it. Thus I have found that the insect-eating, wood-hunting Green Lizard will generally fail to detect a "stick caterpillar" in its position of rest, although it is seized and greedily devoured directly it moves.' The marvellous resemblance of a lichen-feeding larva to the plant on which it feeds, 'even deceived one of these lizards after the larva had moved more than once. The instant the caterpillar became rigid the lizard appeared puzzled, and seemed unable to realise that the apparent piece of lichen was good to eat. After a few moments, however, the lizard was satisfied, and ate the caterpillar with the keenest relish. Furthermore, the fact that all well-concealed forms are good for food, and are eagerly chased and devoured by insectivorous animals, while unpalatable forms are conspicuously coloured, points strongly towards the conclusion that the object of concealment is defence from enemies.'

While the caterpillar seeks to cheat the lizard, the lizards likewise have occasions when it is their business to deceive. An Asiatic lizard, whose general surface has the appearance of the sand on which it is found, has at each angle of the mouth a fold of skin of a red colour, produced into a flower-like shape exactly resembling a little red flower which grows in the sand. Insects attracted by what they believe to be flowers, approach the mouth of the lizard, and are of course captured.

Then there are other animals that find a kind of adventitious protection by temporarily covering themselves with some kind of disguise. A crab in clothes is a funny idea, but it is nevertheless to be found, for there are certain of these crustaceans that fasten pieces of seaweed, and the like, on their bodies and limbs. Bateson has watched the process in two cases: 'The crab takes a piece of weed in his two chela (or claws), and, neither snatching nor biting it, deliberately tears it across, as a man tears paper with his hands. He then puts one end of it into his mouth, and, after chewing it up, presumably to soften it, takes it out in the chela and rubs it firmly on his head or legs until it is caught by the peculiar curved hairs which cover them. If the piece of weed is not caught by the hairs, the crab puts it back in his mouth and chews it up again. The whole proceeding is most human and purposeful. Many substances, as hydroids, sponges, polyzoa, and weeds of many kinds and colours, are thus used; but these various substances are nearly always symmetrically placed on corresponding parts of the body, and particularly long plume-like pieces are fixed on the head, sticking up from it.' And not only are these complicated processes gone through at night as well as by day, but a certain crab, 'if cleaned and deprived of sight, will immediately begin to clothe itself again, with the same care and precision as before.'

We have already referred to the readiness with which trout and other fishes adapt themselves to their environment; and among amphibia we find the same power. The common frog can change its tints to a considerable extent. Sir Joseph Lister states that 'a frog caught in a recess in a black rock was itself almost black; but after it had been kept for about an hour on white flagstones in the sun, was found to be dusky yellow with dark spots here and there. It was then placed again in the hollow of the rock, and in a quarter of an hour had resumed its former darkness.' These effects, he adds, are independent of changes of temperature. The chameleon is of course the proverbial type of changeableness of colour in animals. The rapidity with which the change of colour takes place, and the wide range of tints which the animal has at its command, have caused this lizard to be regarded as the type of everything changeable.

It would be easy to enumerate many other instances of colour-change in animals; but the more interesting and difficult question remains, how is this change of colour effected? Is it due to the physical agency of light? Is it due to the distribution of pigments beneath the skin of the animal; or is it due to the exercise of some special nerve function? The physiological mechanism by means of which these rapid changes of colour are effected have frequently been the subject of discussion and inquiry. At first sight, Mr Poulton observes, it appears likely that the light may directly determine the distribution of colouring matter in the pigment cells in or immediately beneath the skin. But it is now well known that the action of reflected light upon the object is extremely indirect; 'certain kinds of reflected light act as the specific stimuli to the eye of the animal, and differing nervous impulses pass from this organ along the optic nerve to the brain.' Different impulses are thus originated in the brain, and these pass from it along the nerves distributed to the skin, and there cause various changes of the pigment in the cells. He admits, however, that the highest powers of the microscope have as yet failed to detect the connection between the nerves and the pigment cells in the skin, 'and yet such connection appears to be rendered certain by the fact that light falling on the eye modifies the distribution of the pigment granules.'

AN INTERVENTION.

THERE was bad blood between the captain and mate who comprised the officers and crew of the sailing-barge 'Swallow'; and the outset of their voyage from London to Littleport was conducted in glum silence. As far as the Nore they had scarcely spoken, and what little did pass was mainly in the shape of threats and abuse. Evening, chill and overcast, was drawing in; distant craft disappeared somewhere between the waste of waters and the sky, and the side-lights of neighbouring vessels were beginning to shine over the water. The wind, with a little rain in it, was unfavourable to much progress, and the trough of the sea got

deeper as the waves ran higher and splashed by the barge's side.

'Get the side-lights out, and quick, you,' growled the skipper, who was at the helm.

The mate, a black-haired, fierce-eyed fellow of about twenty-five, set about the task with much deliberation.

'And look lively, you lump,' continued the skipper.

'I don't want none of your lip,' said the mate furiously; 'so don't you give me none.'

The skipper yawned, and, stretching his mighty frame, laughed disagreeably. 'You'll take what I give you, my lad,' said he, 'whether it's lip or fist.'

'Lay a finger on me and I'll knife you,' said the mate. 'I ain't afraid of you, for all your size.'

He put out the side-lights, casting occasional looks of violent hatred at the skipper, who, being a man of tremendous physique and rough tongue, had goaded his subordinate almost to madness.

'If you've done skulking,' he cried as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, 'come and take the helm.'

The mate came aft and relieved him; and he stood for a few seconds taking a look round before going below. He dropped his pipe, and stooped to recover it, and in that moment the mate, with a sudden impulse, snatched up a handspike and dealt him a crashing blow on the head. Half-blinded and stunned by the blow, the man fell on his knees, and shielding his face with his hands, strove to rise. Before he could do so, the mate struck wildly at him again, and with a great cry he fell backwards and rolled heavily overboard. The mate, with a sob in his breath, gazed wildly astern, and waited for him to rise. He waited: minutes seemed to pass, and still the body of the skipper did not emerge from the depths. He reeled back in a stupor; then he gave a faint cry as his eye fell on the boat, which was dragging a yard or two astern, and a figure which clung desperately to the side of it. Before he had quite realised what had happened, he saw the skipper haul himself on to the stern of the boat and then roll heavily into it.

Panic-stricken at the sight, he drew his knife to cut the boat adrift; but paused as he reflected that she and her freight would probably be picked up by some passing vessel. As the thought struck him, he saw the dim form of the skipper come towards the bow of the boat, and, seizing the rope, begin to haul in towards the barge.

'Stop!' shouted the mate hoarsely—'stop! or I'll cut you loose.'

The skipper let the rope go, and the boat pulled up with a jerk.

'I'm independent of you,' the skipper shouted, picking up one of the loose boards from the bottom of the boat and brandishing it. 'If

there's any sea on, I can keep her head to it with this.—Cut away.'

'If I let you come aboard,' said the mate, 'will you swear to let bygones be bygones?'

'No!' thundered the other. 'Whether I come aboard or not, don't make much difference. It'll be about twenty years for you, you murdering hound, when I get ashore.'

The mate made no reply, but sat silently steering, keeping, however, a wary eye on the boat towing behind. He turned sick and faint as he thought of the consequences of his action, and vainly cast about in his mind for some means of escape.

'Are you going to let me come aboard?' presently demanded the skipper, who was shivering in his wet clothes.

'You can come aboard on my terms,' repeated the mate doggedly.

'I'll make no terms with you,' cried the other. 'I hand you over to the police directly I get ashore, you mutinous dog. I've got a good witness in my head.'

After this, there was silence—silence unbroken through the long hours of the night as they slowly passed. Then the dawn came. The sidelights showed fainter and fainter in the water; the light on the mast shed no rays on the deck, but twinkled uselessly behind its glass. Then the mate turned his gaze from the wet, cheerless deck and heaving seas to the figure in the boat dragging behind. The skipper, who returned his gaze with a fierce scowl, was holding his wet handkerchief to his temple. He removed it as the mate looked, and showed a ghastly wound. Still, neither of them spoke. The mate averted his gaze, and sickened with fear as he thought of his position; and in that instant the skipper clutched the painter, and, with a mighty heave, sent the boat leaping towards the stern of the barge, and sprang on deck. The mate rose to his feet; but the other pushed him fiercely aside, and picking up the handspike, which lay on the raised top of the cabin, went below. Half an hour later he came on deck with a fresh suit of clothes on and his head roughly bandaged, and standing in front of the mate, favoured him with a baleful stare. 'Gimme that helm,' he cried.

The mate relinquished it.

'You dog!' snarled the other, 'to try and kill a man when he wasn't looking, and then keep him in his wet clothes in the boat all night. Make the most o' your time. It'll be many a day before you see the sea again.'

The mate groaned in spirit, but made no reply.

'I've wrote everything down with the time it happened,' continued the other in a voice of savage satisfaction; 'an' I've locked that handspike up in my locker. It's got blood on it.'

'That's enough about it,' said the mate, turning at last and speaking thickly. 'What I've done, I must put up with.'

He walked forward, to end the discussion; but the skipper shouted out choice bits from time to time as they occurred to him, and sat steering and gibing, a gruesome picture of vengeance. Suddenly he sprang to his feet with a sharp cry. 'There's somebody in the water,' he roared; 'stand by to pick him up.'

As he spoke, he pointed with his left hand, and with his right steered for something which rose and fell lazily on the water a short distance from them. The mate, following his outstretched arm, saw it too, and picking up a boot-hook, stood ready; and they were soon close enough to distinguish the body of a man supported by a life-belt.

'Don't miss him,' shouted the skipper.

The mate grasped the rigging with one hand, and, leaning forward as far as possible, stood with the hook poised. At first it seemed as though the object would escape them; but a touch of the helm in the nick of time just enabled the mate to reach. The hook caught in the jacket, and with great care he gradually shortened it, and drew the body close to the side.

'He's dead,' said the skipper, as he fastened the helm and stood looking down into the wet face of the man. Then he stooped, and taking him by the collar of his coat, dragged the streaming figure on to the deck. 'Take the helm,' he said.

'Ay, ay,' said the other; and the skipper disappeared below with his burden.

A moment later, he came on deck again. 'We'll take in sail, and anchor. Sharp there!' he cried.

The mate went to his assistance. There was but little wind, and the task was soon accomplished, and both men, after a hasty glance round, ran below. The wet body of the sailor lay on a locker, and a pool of water was on the cabin floor. The mate hastily swabbed up the water, and then lit the fire and put on the kettle; while the skipper stripped the sailor of his clothes, and flung some blankets in front of the fire, placed him upon them.

For a long time they toiled up silence, in the faint hope that life still remained in the apparently dead body.

'Poor devil!' said the skipper at length, and fell to rubbing again.

'I don't believe he's gone,' said the mate, panting with his exertions. 'He don't feel like a dead man.'

Ten minutes later, the figure stirred slightly, and the men talked in excited whispers as they worked. A faint sigh came from the lips of the sailor, and his eyes partly opened.

'It's all right, matey,' said the skipper; 'you be still; we'll do the rest. Jem, get some coffee ready.'

By the time it was prepared, the partly drowned man was conscious that he was alive, and stared in a dazed fashion at the man who was using him so roughly. Conscious that his patient was improving rapidly, the latter lifted him in his arms and placed him in his own bunk, and proffered him some steaming hot coffee. He sipped a little, then lapsed into unconsciousness again. The two men looked at each other blankly.

'Some o' 'em goes like that,' said the skipper. 'I've seen it afore. Just as you think they're pulling round, they slip their cable.'

'We must keep him warm,' said the mate. 'I don't see as we can do any more.'

'We'll get under way again,' said the

other; and pausing to heap some more clothes over the sailor, he went on deck, followed by the mate; and in a short time the 'Swallow' was once more moving through the water. Then the skipper, leaving the mate at the helm, went below.

Half an hour passed. 'Go and see what you can make of him,' said the skipper as he re-appeared and took the helm. 'He keeps coming round a bit, and then just drifts back. Seems like as if he can't look on to life. Don't seem to take no interest in it.'

The mate obeyed in silence; and for the remainder of the day the two men relieved each other at the bedside of the sailor. Towards evening, as they were entering the river which runs up to Littleport, he made decided progress under the skipper's ministrations; and the latter thrust his huge head up the hatchway and grinned in excusable triumph at the mate as he imparted the news. Then he suddenly remembered himself, and the smile faded. The light, too, faded from the mate's face.

'Bout that mutiny and attempted murder,' said the skipper, and paused, as though waiting for the mate to contradict or qualify the term; but he made no reply.

'I give you in charge as soon as we get to port, continued the other. 'Soon as the ship's berthed, you go below.'

'Ay, ay,' said the mate, but without looking at him.

'Nice thing it'll be for your wife,' said the skipper sternly. 'You'll get no mercy from me.'

'I don't expect none,' said the mate huskily. 'What I've done I'll stand to.'

The reply on the skipper's lips merged into a grunt, and he went below. The sailor was asleep, and breathing gently and regularly; and after regarding him for some time, the watcher returned to the deck, and busied himself with certain small duties preparatory to landing.

Slowly the light faded out of the sky, and the banks of the river grew indistinct; and one by one the lights of Littleport came into view as they rounded the last bend of the river, and saw the little town lying behind its veil of masts and rigging. The skipper came aft and took the helm from the mate, and looked at him out of the corner of his eye, as he stood silently waiting with his hands by his side.

'Take in sail,' said the skipper shortly; and leaving the helm a bit, ran to assist him. Five minutes later, the 'Swallow' was alongside of the wharf, and then, everything made fast and snug, the two men turned and faced each other.

'Go below,' said the skipper sternly. The mate walked off. 'And take care of that chap. I'm going ashore. If anybody asks you about these scratches, I got 'em in a row down Wapping.—D'ye hear?'

The mate heard, but there was a thickness in his throat which prevented him from replying promptly. By the time he had recovered his voice, the other had disappeared over the edge of the wharf, and the sound of

his retreating footsteps rang over the cobblestone quay. The mate in a bewildered fashion stood for a short time motionless; then he turned, and drawing a deep breath, went below.

TWO NEW ATLANTIC CABLES.

This year, two additional Telegraph Cables are to be laid between Europe and the United States at a cost that cannot be much below one million sterling. One of these will be laid for the Anglo-American Telegraph Company from Heart's Content, Newfoundland, to Valentia, Ireland; and the second cable will also be to the Kerry coast, but its transatlantic terminal point has not been stated.

These cables will be put into position under circumstances widely different from those that prevailed when the early Atlantic cables were laid about thirty-five years ago. A year or two before the first attempt to lay an Atlantic cable, there were only eighty-seven nautical miles of submarine cables laid; now, the total length of these wonderful message-carriers under the waves is 139,500 nautical miles, or over 160,500 English statute miles. The charter which Mr Cyrus W. Field obtained for the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company was granted in the year 1854. It constructed the land-line telegraph in Newfoundland, and laid a cable across the Gulf of St Lawrence; but this was the commencement only of the work. Soundings of the sea were needed; electricians had to devise forms of cable most suitable; engineers to consider the methods of carrying and of laying the cable; and capitalists had to be convinced that the scheme was practicable, and likely to be remunerative; whilst Governments were appealed to for aid. Great Britain readily promised aid; but the United States Senate passed the needful Bill by a majority of one.

But when the first Atlantic cable expedition left the coast of Kerry, it was a stately squadron of British and American ships of war, such as the *Niagara* and the *Albatross*, and of merchant steamships. The Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and of British railways, were there, with representatives of several nations; and when the shore-end had been landed at Valentia, the expedition left the Irish coast in August 1857. When 335 miles of the cable had been laid, it parted, and high hopes were buried many fathoms below the surface.

The first expedition of 1858 also failed; the second one was successful; and on the 16th of August in that year, Queen Victoria congratulated the President of the United States 'upon the successful completion of this great international work;' and President Buchanan replied, trusting that the telegraph might 'prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations.' But after a few weeks' work, the cable gave its last throb, and was silent.

Not until 1865 was another attempt made, and then the cable was broken after 1200 miles had been successfully laid. Then, at the suggestion

of Mr (afterwards Sir) Daniel Gooch, the Anglo-American Telegraph Company was formed; and on 13th July 1866 another expedition left Ireland; and towards the end of the month, the *Great Eastern* glided calmly into Heart's Content, 'dropping her anchor in front of the telegraph house, having trailed behind her a chain of two thousand miles, to bind the Old World to the New.'

But the success of the year was more than the mere laying of a cable: the *Great Eastern* was able, in the works of the late Lord Iddesleigh, to complete the 'laying of the cable of 1866, and the recovering that of 1865.' The Queen conferred the honour of Knighthood on Captain Anderson, on Professor Thomson, and on Messrs. Glass and Channing; whilst Mr Gooch, M.P., was made a Baronet. The charge for a limited message was then twenty pounds; and it was not long before a rival company was begun, to share in the rich harvest looked for; and thus another cable was laid, leading ultimately to an amalgamation between its ordinary company and the original Anglo-American Telegraph Company.

Then, shortly afterwards, the Direct United States Cable Company came into being, and laid a cable; a French company followed suit; the great Western Union Telegraph Company of America entered into the Atlantic trade, and had two cables constructed and laid. The commencement of ocean telegraphy by each of these companies led to competition, and reduced rates for a time with the original company, ending in what is known as a pool or joint purse agreement, under which the total receipts were divided in allotted proportions to the companies. These companies have now eight cables usually operative; and it was stated by Sir J. Pender that these eight cables 'are capable of carrying over forty million words per annum.'

In addition to the cables of the associated companies, the Commercial Cable Company own two modern cables; and one of the two additional ones to be laid this year is to be laid by this company—the other by the original—the Anglo-American Company. But the work is simple now to what it was thirty years ago. Then, there were only one or two cable-ships; now, in his address to the Institution of Electrical Engineers, Mr Preece enumerates thirty-seven, of which five belong to the greatest of our telegraph companies, the Eastern. The authority we have just named says that 'the form of cable has practically remained unaltered since the original Calais cable was laid in 1851; its weight has been increased; and there have been additions to it to enable it to resist insidious submarine enemies. The gear of the steamships used in the service has been improved; whilst the 'picking-up gear' of one of the best known of these cable-ships is 'capable of lifting thirty tons at a speed of one knot per hour.' And there has been a wide knowledge gained of the ocean, its depth, its mountains, and its valleys, so that the task of cable-laying is much more of an exact science than it was. When the first attempt was made to lay an Atlantic cable, 'the manufacture of sea-cables' had been only recently begun; now, 140,000 knots are at work in the sea, and

yearly the area is being enlarged. When, in 1856, Mr Thackeray subscribed to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, its share capital was £350,000—that being the estimated cost of the cable between Newfoundland and Ireland; now, five companies have a capital of over £12,500,000 invested in the Atlantic telegraph trade. The largest portion of the capital is that of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, which has a capital of £7,000,000, and which represents the Atlantic Telegraph Company, the New York, and Newfoundland, and the French Atlantic Companies of old.

Though the traffic fluctuates greatly, in some degree according to the charge per word (for in one year of lowest charges the number of words carried by the associated companies increased by 133 per cent., whilst the receipts decreased about 49 per cent.), yet it does not occupy fully the carrying capacity of the cables. But their 'life' and service is finite, and thus it becomes needful from time to time to renew these great and costly carriers under the Atlantic; and this, as stated, at a cost of nearly one million sterling is to be effected for two of the companies about midsummer this year.

MY MOTHER'S SONG.

When the thrushes cease their singing, and the wild-bees leave the clover;

When the glory of the sunset fades, and leaves the heavens pale;

When above the hill and mountains misty shades of twilight hover;

And the discords of the daytime far away in distance fall.

When the rath wheat gently rustles, and the timid aspens shiver;

And the west winds sighing softly scent from sleeping flowers bring;

When the peewits cry together plaintively by brook and river—

Then it is I hear the old song that my mother used to sing.

• Round my neck I feel the pressure of her fingers warm and slender,

As in sleeping dreams and waking I have felt it many times,

Just as when of old I listened to that ditty, quaint and tender,

Till the boughs that waved above us caught the cadence of the rhymes;

And my heart throbs loud and quickly as I hear it rising clearer.

Youth is mine, its hopes and visions, dreams and plans are mine again;

Earth is fairer, life is sweeter, ay, and heaven itself seems nearer

To me, as I list in fancy to that ne'er-forgotten strain.

M. BOCK.

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THE KRAUT-CUTTER OF MONTAFUN.

By S. BARNES-GOULD.

In two of the Odes of Horace the achievements of Tiberius and Drusus are commemorated, when they turned away from the plains of Northern Italy and the rich valleys of Gaul a danger that had been a perpetual menace. This was none other than the invasion of the flat land and undulating country by the inhabitants of the Rhaetian Alps.

The population of the chain from the Inn Valley to that of the Rhine is of peculiar origin, and was near akin in language to the Basques of the Pyrenees. It is probably the remains of a primeval race of Tartar blood that overflowed all Europe, and was driven to promontories and to mountains as their last strongholds before fresh waves rolling westward. It disappeared or was absorbed everywhere except in a few inaccessible regions, and one of these was the chain of the Rhaetian Alps. Here, enclosed in narrow valleys, frozen in for one half of the year, as the population increased, subsistence became impossible. The narrow arable strips of soil in the bottoms swept by the torrents could not grow for them sufficient corn, nor the ledges on the mountain-sides sustain sufficient cattle. The Rhaetian mountaineers penned in among their precipices were driven by desperation to burst forth into the lowlands and conquer for themselves fresh lands, or perish in the attempt. So certain was it that the cultivated fields at the roots of these mountains would be periodically fallen upon by the starving Rhaetians, that Augustus resolved, as the sole conceivable remedy for the evil, to exterminate the entire race; and he sent Tiberius and Drusus—the one from the north, the other from the south—to scale the fastnesses of the Alps and root out the whole stock of mountaineers, that thenceforth the inhabitants of the plains might be delivered from this periodic menace. The brothers pretty effectually accomplished their task; but some survivors were left, who had

hidden themselves in inaccessible fastnesses, and these returned to and rebuilt their ruined farms when the Roman legions departed. The present inhabitants of the Vorarlberg chain, of the Montafun and the Stanzer and Pitznauner valleys, are the descendants of these survivors.

Precisely the same causes that forced the Rhaetian mountaineers to break forth periodically in the classic period operate to day. The population waxes faster than it is possible to grow food to sustain it, and now, as then, the able-bodied men are driven by their necessities to descend into the plains for subsistence. But their mode of descent is changed. It is peaceful now, and the mountaineers are no longer a menace; on the contrary, they are a boon to the lowlanders.

The Montafun Valley is that which opens up from the Vorarlberg pass above the little town of Bludenz. Through it flows the river Ill. Fully one-third of the population pours out of the valley as soon as the spring sun thaws the snows, and spreads itself over Europe. By Lady-day, they are stirring; and those who are masons and plasterers start for France, Switzerland, or Germany. When the snows are melted, out rush a host of lads, who go into Wurtemberg and Baden to hire themselves as farm servants, cow-boys, shepherds, and the like. In May, another outpour of Montafuners takes place. This consists of the scythe and sickle sellers. And then in June come the young girls to spread over the harvest-fields and glean their apronsful of corn. The first to return are these gleaners with their sacks of wheat, and the last are the masons. A wonderfully industrious people, independent, active, strongly built, and merry hearted.

The writer once said to an innkeeper's daughter in the Rhaetian Alps: 'How dull it must be here when you are snowed up in winter!'

She laughed till her sides shook. 'Why, sir, that is our very best time in the year. Then all our wanderers are home with their pockets full of money. Then I promise you, there are no merrier people on the face of the earth than our Montafuners. For then wives and husbands,

mothers and sons, lovers and their lasses, are all at home together. In summer it is otherwise; and if strangers did not come here, what should we do to drive away dull care?

A pretty sight it is to see the return of the gleaners. The girls who have gone forth into Swabia return and assemble at Leutkirch, where they hire wagons, load these with their gleanings, sit on the sacks, and return with songs of joy to their homes. And a pleasant sight it is to see the return of the men, clinking their well-earned gains in their pockets, with ribbons and flowers in their hats, and all the women and children of their native valley in the road to welcome them.

One portion of the men who went not forth in spring, who were forced to remain at home to attend to their cattle and farms, now start. They could not endure it not to have also made their flight to the plains. As soon as sufficient of the summer wanderers are home to take their places in stable and stall and field, then forth they rush also. This is in September. They pour down the stream of the Ill to the narrow gate at Feldkirch where it bursts into the Rhine, and thence descend to the head of the Lake of Constance at Bregenz. There they scatter in all directions. With green Tyrolean cap on head, a gray jacket, and a six-bladed instrument like a plane on his back, the 'kraut-cutter' sets off for his own special district. The whole of the *sauer-kraut*-eating Europe is divided up by the Montafuners into allotments, and each kraut-cutter has his own district, which no other may invade. He can sell his right to this district, and he can prosecute in his courts at home the fellow-dealesman who has ventured to enter his allotment for the purpose of earning money by the cutting of kraut. Practically, an entire district is taken possession of by some ten or twelve of these men, who then subdivide it among them. They penetrate to Cologne, to Vienna, to Pesth, to Cracow, to Prague, to Munich, Stuttgart, to Rotterdam and Antwerp, to Luxembourg and Strassburg in a word, to every part of the Continent where men and women are found who love *sauer-kraut*. They have been even met with at the gates of Stamboul, and have cut cabbages there for the Turks. In illustration of the fact mentioned that these men claim rights in certain districts which they can maintain in their own courts, may be mentioned a trial that occurred a few years ago at Schruns, the principal village of the Montafun. The plaintiff charged a fellow kraut-cutter with having entered and done business in the province of Westphalia, after having ceded this province to him, the plaintiff, for the sum of six florins per annum, or three days' work in cutting and hauling fuel for his house. Notwithstanding this compact, the defendant had gone and cut up some cabbages in the province of Westphalia. The defendant was sentenced to pay eighteen florins, and not again to invade the province he had disposed of. The time of operation for the kraut-cutting consists of from eight to ten weeks; and each cutter can calculate on earning in it about a hundred Austrian guilder—that is, ten pounds.

No sooner does the kraut-cutter appear in the district which he considers as his proper sphere, and where he is expected, than the cry goes forth, 'Here's our kraut-cutter at last!' and the house-

wife sets to wash to clean the cabbages that are to pass under his hands and feet. Not only so, but she has to get ready her bacon with which to feed the workman. The kraut-cutter has no easy time of it. He has to use his plane upon the red cabbages, and tumble the cabbage shavings into the vat, which he must then tread down. For this latter purpose he produces from a blue kerchief a pair of wooden shoes, always kept beautifully clean, and with these on his feet he treads the cabbage parings down, compacting them together into a dense felt mass. 'The more the wine, the more the sauer-kraut,' is a saying that the housewife does not forget, and she ples the kraut-cutter well with the newly crushed 'most' or unfermented wine.

The kraut-plane is a special instrument, as already said, with six blades. These shaving-steels are manufactured at Schruns, in the Montafun Valley, and it is considered that none are so good as those there made. The plane-stocks are of beechwood, and are also fashioned by the carpenters of the Montafun. So highly prized are these home-made planes, that it is considered dishonourable in a Montafuner to part with one, whether as a gift or as a purchase to a stranger. The cost of one of these planes is from seven to nine florins, whereas an ordinary one-bladed plane may be purchased for from two to four florins. It is true that the manufacturers of these sauer-kraut planes at Schruns send off a good many to America. That is tolerated, because the kraut-cutters of the Montafun do not go to the States to cut cabbages; but they resent the sale out of their own valley, so fearful are they of other men using these excellent tools and setting up on their own account to compete with them.

One word in conclusion may nay, must be given to the Montafun women, the wives and sisters and sweethearts of these industrious men, the women who have gleaned the corn with which to feed them when they return home. They are a fine dark eyed, dark-haired set of women, and wear a peculiar costume. They wear wooden boards on their breasts to flatten them, like those of men. Over these boards their bodies are laced, the green laces usually passing over scarlet. The waists are worn very high; the skirts are very full. On their heads they carry fur caps like those of the Grenadier Guards. And—in their mouths may very generally be seen a pipe, for they are almost as inveterate smokers as are the men.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XXX.—THE WISE WOMAN.

As soon as Reggie was gone, poor Kathleen delivered herself over to pure unadulterated searchings of spirit. The world, indeed, is pretty equally divided between people who have no scruples of conscience at all, and people who allow their scruples of conscience to run away with them. Now, Kathleen Hesselgrave belonged to the latter unfortunate self-torturing class. She had terrible fears of her own as to what she should do about Reggie. Of course, no outsider who knew Mr Reginald's

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character as well as she did would ever for a moment have been silly enough to believe he really contemplated suicide; he was far too much of a physical and moral coward ever to dream of jumping over Waterloo Bridge; for though it may be cowardly in one sense to run away from the responsibilities and difficulties of life, yet none the less it is often still deeper cowardice that prevents many people from having recourse to that cowardly refuge. To Kathleen, however, the danger envisaged itself as a real and menacing one. When it comes to one's own relations, one is more credulous in these matters, and more timorous of giving the slightest handle for offence. The threat of suicide is the easiest form of thumb-screw that a selfish, unscrupulous, and weak-minded lad can apply to the moral feelings of his relations.

Moreover, Reggie had happened upon a fortunate moment. When he called that day, Kathleen had just been deeply impressed by Rufus Mortimer's goodness and generosity; indeed, she had said to herself as Rufus Mortimer left her room: 'If only I had never met Arnold Willoughby, I really believe I could have loved that man dearly.' So, when Reggie began to throw out his dark hint on approaching suicide, Kathleen seriously debated in her own mind whether or not it was her duty to save him from such a fate by marrying the man who had shown himself so truly and disinterestedly devoted to her. All that night, she lay awake and reasoned with herself wearily. Reggie wasn't worth all the trouble she bestowed upon him. Early next morning, she rose, and wrote him in haste half-a-dozen long letters, one after the other, all of which she tore up as soon as she had finished them. It is so hard to know what to do in such difficult circumstances. Kathleen wondered and waited and argued with her own heart, and worried her poor conscience with interminable questions.

After breakfast, a light burst upon her. Why not go and talk the whole matter over with Mrs Irving? Now, Mrs Irving was a friend whose acquaintance she had made some years before on the quays at Venice; a painter like herself, older, and cleverer, and a great deal more successful. Her face was beautiful, Kathleen always thought, with the beauty of holiness; a chastened and saddened face, with marks of its past stamped deep upon its features. Her silvery hair was prematurely gray; but the light in her eye showed her younger by a decade than one might otherwise have judged her. It was a happy inspiration on Kathleen's part to go to her; for when a girl is in doubt, she can seldom do better than take the advice of some elder woman in whom she has confidence, and who can look at the matter at issue from the impersonal standpoint. 'Tis that very impersonality that is so important an element in all these questions; you get rid of the constant disturbing factor of your own emotions.

Now a certain halo of mystery always surrounded Mrs Irving. Who Mr Irving was, or whether indeed there was still or was not a Mr Irving at all, Kathleen never knew. Whenever their talk had approached that topic,

Kathleen noticed that her friend glided carefully over the thin ice in the opposite direction, and distracted the conversation by imperceptible degrees from Mr Irving's neighbourhood. Nevertheless, there had been always some surmise and gossip about the hypothetical husband at Venetian tea-tables; for you may take it as an invariable rule in life, that whenever a woman, no matter how innocently, lives apart from her husband, she will always abide under the faint shadow of a social cloud; let it be twenty times his fault, and twenty times her misfortune, yet it is she, and not he, who will have to pay the price for it. So the petty world of English Venice had always looked a little askance at Mrs Irving as 'a woman, don't you know, who's living apart from her husband'—and then, with an ugly sneer—'that is to say, if she has one.' But to Kathleen, the beautiful woman with the prematurely gray hair was simply the dearest and kindest of friends, the most trustworthy person she had ever come across.

It was to Mrs Irving, then, that Kathleen went at once to impart her difficulty about Reggie and Rufus Mortimer. Her friend listened to her with tender interest and instinctive sympathy. As soon as Kathleen had finished, the elder woman rose and kissed her forehead affectionately. 'Now tell me, dear,' she said, gazing into Kathleen's frank eyes, 'if your sailor were to come back to you, would you love him still?' For Kathleen had only described Arnold Willoughby's reasons for leaving Venice in the most general terms, and had never betrayed his secret as to the Earl-dom of Axminster.

'I love him now, as it is,' Kathleen answered candidly: 'of course I should love him then. I love him better than I did before he left me, Mrs Irving. I seem to love him more the longer he stays away from me.'

'And you don't love Mr Mortimer?' Mrs Irving said once more.

'No,' Kathleen answered. 'I only like him and respect him immensely. But Reggie seems to think that's all that's necessary.'

The security was insufficient; but 'tis so that good women will bow to the opinion of their men relations. Mrs Irving took the girl's two hands between her own caressingly. A beautiful middle-aged woman, with soft wavy hair, and that chastened loveliness which comes to beautiful women with the touch of a great sorrow, she revolted in soul against this fraternal despotism. 'Reggie!' she cried with a little contempt in her tone. 'What has Reggie to do with it? It's yourself and the two men and the essential truth of things you have to reckon with first. Kathleen, dear Kathleen, never believe that specious falsehood people sometimes would foist upon you about the unselfishness of marrying a man you don't really love, for the sake of your family. It isn't unselfishness at all; it's injustice, cruelty, moral cowardice, infamy. The most wrong thing any woman can do in life is to sell herself for money where her heart is untouched. It's not merely wrong; it's disgrace; it's dishonour. Out of the bitterness of my heart, my mouth speaketh. Shall I tell you my own story,

dear? It happened in this way. When I was young, very young—only just seventeen—my mother was left with a tiny little income. It was almost less than would keep us three alive, herself and me and my sister Olive. Then Colonel Irving saw me, and was taken with me for the moment; he was a very rich man, years older than myself, and one of the biggest officials on the Council in India. He proposed to me. I was frightened; though, girl-like, I was flattered; and I told my mother. Instead of telling me to avoid the snare, she begged and prayed me to accept him. "But I don't love him," I said. "You will," my mother answered. I knew I was doing wrong; but when one's only seventeen, one hardly quite realises that when you marry once you marry for a lifetime. I accepted him at last, under that horrid mistaken notion that I was sacrificing myself nobly for my mother's sake, and was so very unselfish. He took me out to India. For a year or two we lived together, not happily, indeed—I can never say it was happily, but without open rupture. Then Colonel Irving saw plainly that though he had bought me and paid for me, I didn't and couldn't love him. I did my best, it's true, to carry out as far as I could that wicked and cruel bargain; I tried to like him; I tried to act fairly to him. But all the time I felt it was degradation, misery, pollution, wickedness. And he saw it too. I have no word of blame for him. At last, one morning, he disappeared suddenly, and left a note behind him. He had gone off to Europe, and—somebody else had gone with him.

"And then?" Kathleen asked, bending forward.

"Well, then, dear, I felt it was all over, and I knew it was my fault, because I hadn't had the moral courage at first to say so outright to him. I did what no woman ought ever to do—let him take my hand when my heart was not his; and I had to pay the penalty of it. And so will you too, if you do as I did. One way or the other, you will have to pay the penalty. He was just to me after his lights; severely just, I might almost say generous; he offered to make me an allowance of half his income. But I wrote back and said no. I would never again take a penny that was his. I would earn my own living. So I began at art, in a small way at first; and I worked on at it with a will till I could keep myself easily. Then I did more than that. I worked and saved till I could send him one day a cheque for every penny he had ever spent upon me. He refused to receive it. I refused to take it back. I sent the money in his name, in gold, to his banker's. He wouldn't touch it. And there it lies to this day, and neither of us will claim it."

"That was splendid of you," Kathleen cried.

"No, my dear; it was just. Nothing more than bare justice. I had made a hateful bargain, which no woman should ever make, for the sake of her own dignity, her own purity, her own honour; and I was bound to do the best I could do to unmake it.—But I tell you all this now that you may see for yourself how wrong it is for any woman to do as I

did; that you may learn to avoid my mistake betimes, Reggie or no Reggie, while it may yet be avoided."

"You're right," Kathleen said, drawing back with a sudden flash of conviction. "It's degrading and degrading, when one fairly faces it. But what am I to do? Reggie declares if I don't marry Mr Mortimer he'll commit suicide instantly. He's in a dreadful state of mind. I had to make him promise last night he wouldn't do anything rash till he saw me to-day; and even now I don't know what he may have done meanwhile, as soon as he got alone, and was left by himself with his remorse and misery."

"Reggie!" Mrs Irving exclaimed, with a sudden melodious drop from the sublime to the ridiculous. "Oh, my dear, don't you trouble your head for a moment about him. He's as right as ninepence. He's not going to commit suicide. Remorse and misery! Why, I was at the Court Theatre in the boxes last night, and there, if you please, was Master Reggie in the stalls, with a pretty young woman, close-cropped and black-haired, with a cheek like a ripe peach, who, I suppose, was his Florrie. They were eating Neapolitan ices all through the interlude, and neither of them seemed to have the slightest intention of committing suicide in the immediate future."

That was a fortunate accident for Kathleen. It relieved her mind immensely for the moment; it decided her that Mrs Irving's advice was sound, and that she would be doing injustice to her own higher nature if, for Reggie's sake, she accepted the man she didn't love, to the exclusion of the man she loved so dearly.

But while Kathleen was discussing this matter thus earnestly with Mrs Irving, her brother Reggie, on his way down to the City, had managed to drop in for a few minutes' conversation with Rufus Mortimer at his house in Great Stanhope Street. He had called, indeed, for a double diplomatic purpose, cloaked beneath a desire to see Mortimer at dinner with his wife on Saturday. "Our rooms are small," Reggie said airily, with the consummate grace of a great gentleman extending an invitation to a lordly banquet in his ancestral halls; "we've hardly space for ourselves even to turn about in them; and as to swinging a cat, why, it would almost amount to culpable cruelty. But we should be delighted to see you at our *annex*, the Criterion—first door on the right as you enter the big gate—dinner *à la carte*, best of its kind in London. Half-past seven, did I say? Yes, that will suit us admirably. Florrie's longing to see you, I've told her so much about you."

"Why?" Mortimer asked with a smile, half guessing the reason himself.

Reggie smirked and hesitated. "Well, I thought it not improbable from what I saw and heard," he answered at last, with affected delicacy, "that we might—in future—under certain contingencies—see a good deal more of you." And he looked at his man meaningly.

Rufus Mortimer was reserved, as is the American habit; but he couldn't help following out this decided trail. By dexterous side-hints, he began questioning Reggie as to Kathleen's

intentions; whereupon Reggie, much rejoiced that Mortimer should so easily fall into his open trap, made answer in the direction that best suited his own interests. He rendered it tolerably clear by obscure suggestions that Kathleen had once been in love, and still considered herself to be so; but that, in her brother's opinion, the affection was wearing out, was by no means profound, and might be easily overcome; moreover, that she cherished for Rufus Mortimer himself a feeling which was capable of indefinite intensification. All this Reggie hinted at great length in the most roundabout way; but he left in the end no doubt at all upon Rufus Mortimer's mind as to his real meaning. By the time Mr Reginald rose to go, Mortimer was quite convinced that he might still win Kathleen's heart, and that her brother would be a most powerful auxiliary in his campaign, to have secured whose good-will was no slight advantage.

At the door, Reggie paused. 'Dear me,' he said, feeling abstractedly in his waistcoat pocket; 'I've left my purse at home, and I meant to take a cab. I'm late already, and now I'll have to tramp it. That's a dreadful nuisance, for they're death on punctuality at our office in the City.'

'Can I lend you a few shillings?' the unsuspecting American asked, too innocent to see through Mr Reginald's peculiar tactics.

'Oh, thanks, awfully,' Reggie answered, in his nonchalant way, as if it were the smallest matter in the world. 'I should be glad of a sovereign. I can pay it back on Saturday when we meet at the Criterion.'

'I've nothing less than a fiver,' Mortimer observed, drawing it out.

Reggie's hands closed over the piece of paper like a shot. 'Oh, it's all the same,' he replied, with a smile he could hardly suppress, sticking it carelessly into his pocket. 'I'm awfully obliged to you. It's so awkward to go out without one's purse in London. -Ta-ta, then, till Saturday.'

'He's going to be my brother-in-law,' Reggie thought complacently to himself as he descended the stairs; 'and after all, a gentleman may borrow any day from his brother-in-law.' So firmly did he act upon this prospective relationship, indeed, that this was only the first of many successive fivers, duly entered in Rufus Mortimer's book of expenditure, as 'Advanced on loan to K. H.'s brother.' But notes of their repayment on the credit side were strangely absent.

Nay, so much elated was the honest-hearted young American at this fraternal visit, with the opportunity it afforded him of doing some slight service to a member of Kathleen's family, that as soon as Reggie was gone he sat down and indited a letter full of love and hope to Kathleen herself, declaring that he would honestly do his best to find Arnold Willoughby, but asking with much fervour whether, if he failed in that quest, there would yet be any chance for any other suitor. He wrote it in a white heat of passionate devotion. It was a letter that Kathleen could not read without tears in her eyes; for no woman is unsusceptible to the pleasure of receiving a declaration

of love, couched in ardent terms, from a man she can respect and admire, even if she cannot accept him. But she sat down, none the less, and answered it at once with tenderness and tact, in the decided negative. 'Your letter has touched me deeply,' she said, 'as all your kindness always does; and if I could say *yes* to any man, apart from him, I could say *yes* to you, dear Mr Mortimer. If I had never met him, I might perhaps have loved you dearly. But I have loved one man too well in my time ever to love a second; and whether I find him again or not, my mind is quite made up; I cannot and will not give myself to any other. I speak to you frankly, because from the very first you have known my secret, and because I put trust and respect and like you. But if ever I meet him again, I shall be his, and his only; and his only I must be if I never again meet him.'

Mortimer read the letter with dim eyes; then he folded it up with reverence and placed it securely in a leather case in his pocket. There he carried it for many days, and often looked at it. Rejection though it was, it yet gave him a strange delight to read over and over again those simple words, 'If I could say *yes* to any man, apart from him, I could say *yes* to you, dear Mr Mortimer.'

THE SARGASSO SEA.

TWENTY years ago the professional explorer had the free run of the vast Continent of Africa, which was for the most part entirely unknown. Now, we are quite satisfied that we have found out all about Africa that is worth discovering, and we are getting a little tired of the subject. This is hard on the explorer. Especially hard on him is it that very few portions of the globe now remain which offer any field for his energy. The Arctic and Antarctic Poles, it is true, still preserve their inviolable secrecy, but this is certainly not due to any lack of human enterprise. Outside the polar circles, however, there are very few regions whither the white pioneer has not made his way, or which still remain unexplored, uncharted, and unrepresented in the great zoological and botanical collections of Europe.

The sands of Sahara, the alkalies of the American desert, the snows of the Steppes, the forests of the Congo, the waterless scrub of Mid-Australia, the mountains of Tibet, and the jungles of Papua, have all proved equally ineffectual to keep out the white man; and it is no exaggeration to say that the 'merest school-boy' nowadays can, with the slightest effort, know more about these 'vast' than the *savants* of bygone years were able to conjecture.

The Sargasso Sea is therefore quite unique. It is a genuine fraction of the globe about which we know little or nothing, and this though it lies in the centre of one of the most frequented water-ways of the world. It is not, however, of much use to the explorer, and it is not likely to be taken under the patronage of Messrs Thomas Cook or a British company—at least, not within our own time.

The Sargasso Sea owes its existence entirely

to the movements of the ocean currents, just as the deltas, bars, and sandbanks at the mouths of rivers owe their origin to the agency of those rivers; and the former may, with great propriety, be described as rivers moving in the midst of the ocean. One of the most important of these marine rivers is that which is known as the 'Equatorial Current,' which flows from the south-west coast of Africa across the South Atlantic towards Brazil. The origin of this current is attributed by some to the continual action of the trade-winds driving the surface-water in the direction described; and by others, to the enormous evaporation which is perpetually going on in the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, which appreciably lowers the surface of the sea, and creates a permanent 'down-hill' movement of the outer waters to supply the waste. Probably the two causes work together to produce the effect.

This Equatorial Current, however created, is of very considerable breadth, and it strikes the coast of Brazil just where the great easternmost projection, known as Cape San Roque, bulges into the sea. Off this cape the current divides into two branches of unequal volume, the smaller of the two slipping down the south-east coast of Brazil. The other, which is considerably the larger, turns north along the north-east slope of the South American coast-line, washing through the fringing Archipelago, and sending divergent streams to the east of Cuba and in and out among the larger islands. The main stream keeps on its course to the north-west, sweeping right round the great hollow curve of the Gulf of Mexico, under the scorching suns of Honduras and Yucatan, to emerge at last into the Northern Atlantic, between the southern extremity of Florida and the Bahama Islands. From this time it is known to hydrography as the Gulf Stream.

The Gulf Stream at the outset is a broad, deep column of water, which has been so warmed by the intense heat of the Gulf that its temperature exhibits a marked contrast to that of the sea on either side of it. It flows north-east towards Cape Hatteras and Newfoundland at a steady rate of two miles an hour. Off the Great Banks it diverges into a north-easterly direction across the ocean towards Europe. In Mid-Atlantic, the current divides again, the northern half continuing its way towards the north of Europe, to warm our own western shores, while the southern trends down towards the Azores and the bulge of Africa, and helps to form the North African Currents. Under this new name it follows the line of the African coast down south, until it joins the great Equatorial Current at its source, and is once more carried across the Atlantic to the opposite coast, thus completing the irregular circle.

In the centre of the huge elliptical figure formed by the course of the current there lies a wide expanse of smooth water, stretching over a space which is about equal to the size of Continental Europe, and is contained, roughly speaking, between the twentieth and thirtieth degrees of north latitude, and the thirtieth and sixtieth degrees of west longitude. Here there is no trouble from wind or current. Indeed,

this region of perpetual calm, to which hydrographers have given the name of the 'Sargasso Sea,' bears a strong resemblance to a vast lake placed in Mid-Atlantic, and girdled, not by *terra firma*, but by running water. Humboldt speaks of it as 'that great bank of weeds which so vividly occupied the imagination of Columbus, and which Oviedo calls the seaweed meadows.'

The cause of this perpetual calm may be best explained by a humble illustration. Take a basin half-full of water, and put into it some chips of wood, cork, soap-suds, and other flotsam. Then impart a circular motion to the water with a sweep of the hand, and watch the result. The corks, chips, suds, and whatever else may have been thrown in, will almost directly gather into the very centre of the basin, where the movement is of course the slightest; while the outer edge of the whirl, where the water is racing at its fastest, will be left completely clear. The same phenomenon is very often produced by children, when they stir the tea in a teacup, to collect the bubbles in the centre and form what is known as 'a kiss.'

This is precisely what happens in mid-ocean. The ocean currents form the outer whirl, the Sargasso Sea is the smooth and almost motionless centre, and the great Atlantic is the basin. But this is not all. The metaphor of the teacup and the basin is carried out exactly, and the greater part of the drift and seaweed which is swept along by the currents is gradually whirled to the right until they slip out of the whirl and are left in the smooth waters of the Sargasso Sea. This process has been going on for centuries, and the result is that the surface of the sea is thickly covered with dense masses of a marine plant, which is indifferently known to us as varech, gulf-weed, or the tropical berry-plant, and is called by the Spaniards *sargasso*. Hence the name of the Sargasso Sea, for the surface of it seems, as above quoted, like a perfect meadow of seaweed. It is supposed that this enormous mass of gulf-weed may have been partly grown at the bottom of the shallower parts of the sea, and partly torn from the shores of Florida and the Bahama Islands by the force of the Gulf Stream. It is then swept round by the same agency into the Sargasso Sea, where it lives and propagates, floating freely in mid-ocean! And the store is ever increasing, both by addition and propagation, so that the meadow grows more and more compact, and no doubt, at the inner parts, extends to a considerable depth below the surface.

Nor is this all, for at least two-thirds of all the infinite flotsam and jetsam which the Gulf Stream carries along with it in its course sooner or later finds a resting-place in the Sargasso Sea. Here may be seen huge trunks of trees torn from the forests of Brazil by the waters of the Amazon, and floated down far out to sea, until they were caught and swept along by the current; logwood from Honduras; orange trees from Florida; canoes and boats from the islands, stayed-in, broken, and bottom upwards; wrecks and remains of all sorts, gathered from the rich harvest of the Atlantic; whole keels or skeletons of ruined ships, so

covered with barnacles, shells, and weed, that the original outline is entirely lost to view; and here and there a derelict ship, transformed from a floating terror of the deep into a mystery put out of reach of man in a museum of unexplained enigmas.

It is only natural that ships should carefully avoid this marine rubbish-heap, where the Atlantic shoots its refuse. It seems doubtful whether a sailing-vessel would be able to cut her way into the thick network of weed even with a strong wind behind her. Besides, if the effort were rewarded with a first delusive success, there would be the almost certain danger that in the calm regions of the Sargasso Sea the wind would suddenly fail her altogether, leaving her locked hopelessly amid the weed and the drift and wreckage, without hope of succour or escape. With regard to a steamer, no prudent skipper is ever likely to make the attempt, for it would certainly not be long before the tangling weed would altogether choke up his screw and render it useless. As it happens, moreover, the Sargasso Sea does not lie on the direct route of the main lines of communication between Europe and the two Americas, but within the triangle so named. A skipper who keeps straight on his course with a strict eye to his compass and his dead-reckoning, has no reason to fear that he may run his prow by night into the thick web of the Sargasso weed.

The most energetic explorer of land or sea will find himself baffled with regard to the Sargasso Sea by the fact that it is neither one nor the other. It is neither solid enough to walk upon, nor liquid enough to afford a passage to a boat. At the same time any one who fell into it would certainly be drowned without being able to swim for his life. Of course it is quite conceivable that a very determined party of pioneers might cut a passage for a small boat even to the centre. The work would take an immense time, however, and the channel would certainly close up behind them as they proceeded. They would have to take with them provisions for the whole voyage, and a journey over a space equalling the Continent of Europe would probably require larger supplies than could be conveniently stowed away in a small boat. Besides, there is no reason to suppose that the expedition would be worth the making, or that the inner recesses of the Sargasso Sea would exhibit any marked differences from the outer margin. The accumulation of weed would be thicker and more entangled, and the drift and wreckage would lie more closely pressed together, but that would be all. There is no possibility of the existence of any but marine life in this strange morass, unless the sea-birds have built their nests in the masts or hull of some derelict vessel.

It is a curious problem to conjecture what will become of this vast accumulation of vegetable matter, which is continually increasing, decaying, and propagating, while the outer whirl of the ocean currents presses it all inexorably together into a more and more compact solidity. One great writer on Physical Geography has given it as his opinion that the

ultimate result of the increasing pressure will be that in the course of thousands of years the whole mass will gradually solidify into coal, and form a bountiful store of fuel for future generations, when the existing resources are exhausted.

PERE MOINEAU.

CHAPTER III.—CONCLUSION.

So the winter drew on, and Christmas was close at hand. Clémence had recovered her usual health, and the small home 'among the clouds' was bright and cheery once more. May worked hard at her copy during the early part of the days when she was not at the studio, where her severe master watched her progress with approving eyes. Thus occupied almost from morning until night, she had not much time for working at the portrait of her old friend, which was still incomplete. But the girl was happy because Romeo had given her a word of praise, and an English visitor at the Louvre had ordered a second copy of the *Crucifix*; and Pere Moineau was pleased. She was making some small preparation for a little feast at Christmas, when Clémence announced a visitor.

It was a young man with a kindly face, and a pair of honest, intelligent eyes. He paused upon the threshold, however, looking rather abashed as May rose to bid him welcome.

'I'm sure I am taking an unwarrantable liberty in calling upon you,' he said, with a modesty of air which sat well upon him. 'I heard that a pupil of my uncle's resided here; and I thought, as it was Christmas-time, you wouldn't mind my coming to see an English face and hear an English voice. It's my first Christmas in a foreign city, you see, and I felt lonely. I'm over here for my paper, the "*Hesperus*;" and I don't suppose you remember me, Miss Dorian, but I have a lively recollection of being at your house.'

She put out her hand frankly to bid him welcome. 'Indeed, I do remember you,' she said, with her vivid smile. 'You are Mr Westley's nephew, Mr Fletcher. I thought you were something at one of the universities. I did not know you were on the Press.'

'No! Did you not? Well, I threw up the grind in the sleepy old town, where I was trying to teach the young idea, and found out what my real mission in life was. I had a knack of making smart sketches, and I knew one of the fellows on the "*Hesperus*," the new illustrated evening paper, you know. He offered me a berth in the office, and I haven't done badly. No; I haven't done at all badly; only, I want to learn how to draw. You see, I feel my deficiency. I can dash off anything I see; but I am shaky in my drawing.'

'Have you decided where to go for your teaching?' she asked, with quite a motherly air, which sat well upon her. 'I think there is no one like Romeo.'

'Isn't he a trifle too advanced for me?' the young man asked, with perfect candour. 'Well, if he will take me'— As he spoke, his eyes

rested on the easel where Père Moineau's portrait had grown into life. 'Is this your work, Miss Dorian?' he went on hastily. 'If so, I see how much I have to learn. I call that masterly. What a magnificent model you have found!'

'I expect him here every moment,' May said, with a pleased smile on her lip. 'He is my best friend, and from him I have learned almost as much as from Romeo. You must stay and meet him. He comes here to have "Le Five o'clock," as he calls it. It will interest him to meet Mr Wesley's nephew. He is a dear old man, but peculiar.'

'He looks so, in his portrait,' Fletcher said, with his eyes upon the picture.

Then Père Moineau came in, and they had tea together. He scanned carefully the young Englishman, whose well-knit form and manly bearing prepossessed the old Frenchman in his favour. They walked away together when the small party broke up.

When Romeo's classes gathered together after the short winter vacation, Dudley Fletcher was amongst the new pupils. May and he seldom met. Sometimes, when she was painting in the great galleries, he would come and stand beside her easel, watching the skilful hand as it swept across the canvas, transferring to its surface the thought of a dead master, expressed after his fashion for all time to recognise. Sometimes he worked in black and white at a picture near; but upon such occasions they exchanged few words. They met on Sundays at the English church, and once they went to the Hôtel Cluny together, Père Moineau making a third. But May was too deeply absorbed in her work to heed the fact that the young man watched her with eyes that did not lose a motion of her hand or a transient expression on her face.

Despite the increases of his pension, Père Moineau was visibly failing; and as the year advanced, May observed with a sinking heart how the upright frame was losing its vigour, and the fine old face becoming pinched and drawn.

When she mentioned these facts to him, he only smiled. 'I have carried the sentence of death about with me for many years,' he said. 'My life was lived long ago.'

'But if you were unable to look after me,' May faltered. 'If I had not you at my side, how could I exist in this great lonely city, Père Moineau?'

He looked kindly upon her anxious face. 'I have no fear for your future,' he said tenderly. 'The Good God will look after that, and you will not be lonely.'

They were in the gallery of the Luxembourg, standing before a picture which every one was crowding to see, because the wild, wayward girl who painted it was the theme of the hour. She saw and admired the workmanship of the whole, the realism of it, and the bold drawing.

'A poor result,' said a pleasant voice behind them. 'Only for her admirable drawing, I would be inclined to write failure upon the artist's feverish life. Wouldn't you?'

It was Fletcher who had joined them; and the old man saw, with a curious mixture of

pleasure and pain, how May's eyes brightened at his approach. With a kindly smile, Père Moineau turned away, to leave them together in front of the picture. When May returned to her studio-home, her heart was beating and her cheek glowing. Yet Dudley Fletcher had not said a word which the whole world might not have heard; only, she seemed to understand. She worked harder than ever, because the opening of the Salon was close at hand, and her two studies were to be sent in almost at once. Several fellow-students from the great studio came to see her work; and while some praised the two portraits, others cavilled at them; and, to the painter's great surprise, a brief paragraph in an evening paper mentioned them.

She charged Dudley with being the author of the few lines of really judicious criticism; but he stoutly denied having had anything to do with it; and the day came when the labour of the past nine months was gone gone, to be judged by the most competent artists of the day, and accepted or rejected. May went to the Louvre. In the presence of the mighty works of the great masters she sought to calm her fluttering spirit, and nerve herself for what was to come. Père Moineau she had not seen for a few days; and, close as their intimacy had been, she had never penetrated the mystery of his abode.

As she stood in front of Da Vinci's tantalising 'Mona Lisa,' trying to read her own meaning in the puzzling face, her mind went wandering away to one who for the last few weeks had been something of a power in her life. She found herself thinking of him more than was due, and of late a reliance upon his judgment formed itself in her thoughts, and in any perplexity she turned to him for guidance.

In the meantime, Dudley, of whom she was thinking, was hanging about the artist's quarters, eager to be the first to hear if the portraits had been accepted; and having spent a goodly part of the morning in vain, betook himself to the studio, where Romeo's pupils were grouped in eager discussion. And when Romeo himself entered the room, a thrill ran through every heart.

Romeo cast a hasty glance around. 'We have done well,' he said. 'You, Jenin, have gained Honourable Mention. Pourtales, your "Leda" is in the second room, with a Silver medal. And--Ah! Deschamps, you have done best of all. To you has fallen the Prix de Rome.'

The young man by his easel, whose face had been white before, grew whiter still. 'I scarcely deserved it,' he faltered. 'I never expected it.'

'Well, you have won it,' the great master replied with a light laugh. 'And, my brave lad, I have still more to tell you. The English Mademoiselle has achieved a success. Her portrait of the eccentric Marquis de Garde, which she calls "Père Moineau," has not only won a place in the first room, but Honourable Mention, and a Gold Medal.'

Dudley uttered a cry of joy.

Romeo turned sharply upon him. 'So, you rejoice in her success?' he cried. 'Ah, she is a compatriot. Is it not so? Or something more? I congratulate you, then, because the little

English girl will do great things; yes, great things—if she goes on. Go; tell her the good news.'

But Fletcher had another question to ask. 'You called her model by a name I did not quite comprehend,' he said, drawing near the great teacher. 'We always thought him only a poor old man. You gave him a title?'

'De Garde! Yes, he was a well-known figure in society in the days of the Second Empire. Since his young wife's sad death, he has lived amongst the poor, and done penance for his early life. He is rich'—and Romeo made a gesture expressive of infinity—'and pious'—another gesture. 'But he chooses to spend his fortune in charities, and to do what he considers good by stealth. He is very ill.'

Dudley went in search of the girl, who had grown all the world to him. She was standing before the smiling picture, as he rushed down the gallery, having heard from Clémence where she had gone. There was a wistful curve upon her soft lips, and a pathetic softness in her great gray eyes as he drew near. He almost imagined he could detect the sparkle of a tear upon her long lashes. But when he stood at her side and called her by name, the rich red flew to her cheeks, and all the sadness vanished from her eyes.

'I have brought you good news,' he stammered. 'Your picture has been accepted: will be hung in the first room. Romeo is so glad.'

There could be no manner of doubt as to the tears now, because her eyes filled and overflowed, even while her lips trembled with joy, and the hand she extended to him quivered with delight.

'Nay, I have still more to tell you,' he said, with her hand in his 'much more. It has been highly commended. Yes, I am telling you the truth. And yet more it has gained Honourable Mention, and a Gold Medal.'

She would have fallen, if he had not cast an arm round her and held her, because the joy of it all was too keen and sharp just for the moment. She had won her success, gained the object of her ambition, and—Ah! what a mockery it all was! for was she not alone, without father, mother, brother, sister, to share her joy. The sense of utter forlornness which rushed upon her on the tide of gratified ambition, turned her sick and faint for one brief instant, and her eyes were blind with tears.

The young man, with all his home-ties unbroken, fully understood her as she uttered a little sob and covered her face. Between her slender fingers he heard the murmur: 'Ah, if Papa had known;' and full of compassion, he held her on his arm until after the first sweep of feeling had passed by, and she realised the position in which she stood. Blushing all over, she drew away, and leant against the rail for a moment.

'I can't help myself,' she said, with a trembling smile. 'Indeed, I am very silly to take your good news thus. But, after all, I'm a lonely girl first, and an artist afterwards; and I felt only a poor homeless, friendless girl when you told me. Don't think me ungrateful, please. I have not thanked you for bringing me the good news.'

'You have,' he said breathlessly. 'You have given me all the thanks I require. The pleasure of bringing such news was its own reward.'

She made no reply, but walked on, until she gained the window where she had stood upon the day when she resolved to be brave and face the battle of life alone. There she paused and sat down. 'It was here I made my resolution to throw myself heart and soul into my work; and now, have I not gained my reward? I must tell dear Père Moineau. Ah!' and she looked into the young man's face with a perplexed expression in her eyes. 'But I don't know where he lives.'

While she was speaking, the tall dark figure of an ecclesiastic glided along the sunny gallery and stood facing them. The priest was gaunt, gray-faced, with melancholy dark eyes looking out under heavy brows; yet when he spoke, his voice was cultured and musical. 'Have I the honour to address Miss May Dorian?' he said in good English.

May stood up. 'I am May Dorian,' she said. 'I come from the dying bed of one who loves you, and desires your presence,' the priest said, scanning her face with keen, sad eyes.

'Ah!' She put out her hands with a hasty gesture. 'My dear Père Moineau! Ah! why, why did I not know of his illness sooner? I would have nursed him—taken care of him—been like a daughter to him. Why, why did he hide himself from me? Surely he knew how I loved him!' And a sharp sob closed her sentence.

'Your poor friend has had every care,' the priest said, with his eyes on the ground. 'He is beyond the need of care now; only—you will come?'

'Certainly at once,' May cried, advancing to the man's side. 'Take me to him.'

'You too,' the priest said, turning to Fletcher. 'He asks for you; I was to seek you also.'

Fletcher had resolved to accompany May in any case; so, without a word, the three passed through the vast galleries, and out into the sunny afternoon. A carriage was waiting as they reached the wide square; it was not of the latest fashion, neither were the horses such as May had noticed in the Bois; but it was a handsome vehicle, and the servants accompanying it wore rich if sombre liveries.

The girl entered the carriage. She had expected to be driven through the poorest part of the city to some humble lodging; but, to her astonishment, the carriage went rapidly through the Champs-Élysées, and turning down one of the widest avenues, halted in front of a sombre-looking mansion, circled by a wall, with tall acacias behind. The front windows were closely shuttered, and there was a general look of forlornness, if not absolute neglect, about the place.

The astonished girl was ushered into a wide, gloomy hall, which felt like a vault after the brilliant sunshine of the spring day outside. A white-hooded Sister of Mercy glided from a dim corner and advanced to meet the little party.

'He asks for you,' she said softly. 'He grows weaker momentarily. You must restrain your feelings, for he is very low.'

In a trance of surprise which held her silent, May followed the Sister up a wide staircase,

a long corridor, and a half-lit saloon magnificently furnished. She felt utterly unable to take in the meaning of these things. Was Père Moineau a hanger-on of some great family whose sons had been his pupils in earlier days? There seemed to be no other solution of the mystery, and this would account for his silence with regard to his home. After all, she felt too intensely surprised to take in anything except only that he was dying, her good friend, her teacher, her comforter in adversity, and her protector. Who would take his place in her life when he was gone? Instinctively she looked back to see if Dudley Fletcher was following her, and seeing his face in the shadow behind the tall, sad-looking priest, felt somewhat comforted, she knew not why.

The Sister threw open a curtained door and stepped into a shaded room. May followed, and paused upon the threshold. The great, richly-draped state bed in an alcove opposite her was tenantless; but on a low camp-bed in front of it lay a pallid form, the worn face turned towards the door. Yes; it was her old friend; the face, clean-cut as an antique cameo, wore the unmistakable look of death; the thin, shapely hand, lying supine upon the crimson coverlet, was waxen in hue; and the eyes had taken that inexplicable look which the approach of the Final Mystery always imparts. Père Moineau was dying.

Love and sorrow overcame her amazement. She forgot the novel splendours surrounding him, forgot the mystery, the innocent deception, everything except that this dying man had been as a father to her, and that he was passing from her. She flew to the side of the little bed and threw herself upon her knees. 'Oh Père Moineau—my dear, dear Père, why did I not know? Why did you not tell me? I would have been with you through all—nursed you, tended you.'

The feeble hand upon her head made a caressing movement. 'I knew, daughter,' he whispered. 'But you have your life—and your success. It has come, my child?'

'Yes, yes. But you! oh, what is it worth without you?'

'Ah! you will be happy when I am gone beyond the silences. Yes, yes; and the life that is before you is fair. You will work together you two—equals in age, one in purpose.—I have not much to leave, because the estates go to the heir; only what I let gather up when I lived amongst the poor and fed the sparrows. It will keep the wolf from the door; and you must do the rest yourselves.—You love him, May?'

She knew that Dudley Fletcher was standing at her side, knew that, in all her troubles and struggles in the future, he would be there until death parted them, and she lifted the feeble hand to her lips. The old man understood.

'I saw it come,' he said, 'the pure sanctifying love of two young creatures, rich in life, in hope and youth. I had vowed myself to a life emptied of everything the world calls pleasure—a life of penance and expiation; yet the Good God sent to me the greatest joy I have ever known, just when the curtain was falling

upon my weary day.—Frère Henri, join their hands.'

The pale priest came forward, and gently raising May from her knees, placed her hand in that of the young man, who held it with a clasp so strong and yet so tender that the girl knew her future was safe in his loving hold. Then the priest muttered some words in a tongue she scarcely comprehended, and the Betrothal was an accomplished fact. She would never be alone in an unfriendly world again.

The Sister threw herself on her knees; and almost involuntarily those two, whose hands had been so strangely linked together, knelt beside her, while the priest prayed loud and fast. Over the dear face, whose every line was so familiar to her, the girl saw that gray shadow stealing which, once seen, is never forgotten. The sobs which rose in her throat were stilled; a great awe and trembling came upon her in the presence of the awful Mystery, and in her heart she prayed too.

Then from the white lips came once again the sound of the well-known voice: 'Natalie, my wife, kiss me; the expiation is accomplished.'

May felt a hand upon her own. The pale priest was bending over her. 'Kiss him,' he whispered. 'You are so like her, he thinks you are she.'

Unquestioningly she obeyed him; but the clammy touch of the waxen brow told its own tale. Her old friend was no more.

There was a magnificent funeral ceremonial in the Madeleine. The new owner of the old title, to whom the accession of wealth and honours came weighted with a due sense of responsibility, left nothing undone to show respect to the broken man who had desired only obscurity in his latter days, and who had done with the pomp and show of life long ago. And May now saw, too, who it was for whom the polite Jew had bought the pictures she copied, and which had served to keep starvation from her door. Her heart melted within her. As she and her betrothed quitted the magnificent church and walked through the gay, busy streets to the Tuileries Gardens, they felt that the little sparrows twittering mournfully round the chair where he used to sit, his hands full of bread and corn, sang a truer requiem for Père Moineau.

A HAUNTED VALLEY.

To Sir Thomas Browne, the scholarly and silver-tongued physician of Norwich, it was a riddle 'how so many learned heads should so far forget their metaphysics, and destroy the ladder and scale of creatures, as to question the existence of spirits.' And the learned knight goes on to say: 'For my part, I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are witches.' Such persons as think otherwise are shown to be nothing better than atheists; and seeing with what confidence our author proclaims his opinion, we may surely fortify ourselves in it; and leaving what is called the advance of knowledge out of the question, take no shame to be only as wise as the clear-

headed old philosopher, who, musing two centuries ago on the high and deep things of heaven and earth, thought neither his learning nor his judgment discredited by the conclusion at which he arrived.

Let us, then, place ourselves in line with the speculative man of science of the Stuart period, not caring overmuch how superior people may deride us. So we shall be prepared to listen to a short statement of the superstitions entertained to-day in one small country town, or village—tales which are sufficiently remarkable both by their number and their quality to arrest attention even without the spicing of a Christmas fire, and a half-frightened audience gathered in a panelled chamber.

Deep set among the Cornish hills, the market-town of — has stood for four centuries and more beside a tidal river. An ancient stone bridge of many arches spans the stream, and beneath it a flood of salt water pours up twice daily from the sea, drowning the marshes which occupy nearly the whole of the narrow valley bottom, and sometimes even swamping the highway which runs beside them. The town lies low on the river's bank, and has no special interest. Only farms stand scattered about the slopes of the hills; and many ancient manor-houses, from which the old families have departed. Almost every one of these houses has its separate tradition. Commonly spoken of in some cases, in others guarded so jealously that few people have heard the tale, there is none, perhaps, which has not some lien on the other world, or some mystery attaching to it which cannot be explained.

High on the hillside, an old farm rears its chimney-stack from a group of wind-beaten trees. The homestead is a place of small consequence now; but two hundred years ago it was the seat of a powerful family, and of one man in particular, whose name still makes children tremble, and even grown men blanch upon occasion. For who does not know that Tregagle's spirit roams the country-side, unchained from the place of torment by the Vicar of St Breward, that gray old town just in sight upon the mountain-side, in order that he might render tardy justice to one of the many he had wronged in life? No Christian man could send the evil spirit back again to the place whence he had come; and hence it is that Tregagle toils for ever at impossible tasks on earth—now baling out the lonely tarn up on the moors with a limpet shell with a hole in it; now spinning ropes of sea-sand; and often, on wintry nights, bellowing out his despair in moans which make the mothers catch their children in their arms, as the wind carries the sound past the cottage doors.

But there are those who know that Tregagle's torment has its intervals. One autumn afternoon the farmer who inhabits the old manor-house had occasion to go down to the town just as dusk was falling. His wife accompanied him, and they left no one behind. Their business done, they returned after dark, and had no sooner set foot in the farmyard than they saw the house was lighted up in all its windows. The shutters were unclosed. Strange forms in antique dresses were passing to and fro. A long table was set with bottles and decanters such as the farmer

never possessed; and the most unholy noise was issuing from the room. Shouts, oaths, scraps of ribald song, bursts of wild laughter, mingled into a medley which appalled the two simple people who stood barred out from their home. At last the farmer plucked up courage and marched up to the door. He had no sooner put the key in the lock than every light went out, the howls and cries dropped instantly into silence. The sudden absolute stillness was as awful as the noise. The farmer and his wife went from room to room. All were as they had left them, and of the riotous carousal there was literally not one trace.

A little lower on the hillside, following the lane that drops towards the town, another farm stands back a little from the way. Here, beneath the flooring of an upper room, bones were discovered, with the remains of a slashed doublet and other antique clothing of the Stuart times—relics of a murder foully done two hundred years ago. The Cavalier still revisits the scene. His love-locks drop over his shoulder as if he were alive, and in the gray light of early morning his spurs ring on the old oak flooring. Those who have met him are loth to speak of it.

Two or three fields separate this house from the edge of the ridge; and if you cross them you may look down on the town slumbering in the valley, watch the last lights put out, and listen to the outgoing tide rippling over the sandbanks and against the old piers of the bridge with the same sound it made four hundred years ago. Then, if you cast your eyes up the stream and look at the hillside round which the river curls, you will see a light—not such a light as might be set in a window after dark to guide some one returning home, still less one which could be given by a lamp or candle used for work or reading inside the house. It marks the exact position of a house, and never varies from that spot; but those who live in the house do not see it, have no knowledge of its cause, and can suggest no reason why their farm alone should be marked by this soft glow, this nightly signal hung out on the hillside, to which no answer ever comes.

Under the night-sky, the church in the valley bottom on the opposite side of the river is scarcely visible. But if the clouds roll back from the moon, and let a sudden blaze of light fall over the river bed, you will see the old gray tower clearly, standing out from a group of chestnut trees, and may even discern the open space beside the churchyard wall where the high-road meets the lane leading to the village. The road gleams beneath the moonlight; but you are too far distant to see any object moving on it.

If it were otherwise, you might now see but never save when the moon is bright—a white rabbit gamboling about this open space beside the churchyard wall—a pretty long-eared rabbit with pink eyes, like any child's pet escaped from its hutch. It goes lopping about among the grasses and the corner of the marsh; and if any one should pass, will sit and look with fearless eyes. And well it may! It has nothing to fear from any one dwelling in those parts. No villager would attempt to catch it. No boy would aim a blow at it. If any one walking late sees the white rabbit lopping at his heels, he makes no effort to drive it away, but quickens his pace, and

hopes some good angel may stand between him and harm. A belated postman, terrified to find he could not shake off the pretty white creature at his heels, turned and struck fiercely at it with his osken cudgel. He felt the stick fall on the soft back of the rabbit, such a blow as might have killed a much larger animal. But the rabbit hopped on as if nothing had happened. The cudgel it was which was broken shivered into splinters, as if it had struck upon a rock.

No one can tell the history of the rabbit; but our grandfathers knew and feared it as we do ourselves, and it was in their time that the last deliberate attempt to meddle with the creature took place. The attempt was made by a stranger, and it happened in this wise. A number of young men were drinking together in the bar-room of the chief inn of the town. As the evening wore away, the talk grew high, and at last, when all the party were heated, somebody spoke of the white rabbit. Instantly the stranger began to jeer—a silly story such as that would never be believed outside a poky country town where nobody had anything better to do than listen to the first idle tale told him. What harm could a rabbit do anybody! He would like nothing better than to shoot it!

One of the others drew aside the shutter and looked out. The street was as bright as day, and overhead they could see the full moon sailing free of clouds. 'Tha'd best go now,' he said. 'When the moon shines like this, tha'll find the rabbit by the church.'

A gun was hanging on the wall. It was taken down and loaded amid a babble of jeers and angry retorts; and then the party crowded to the door to watch the stranger stride down the moonlit street, whistling merrily as he went. They saw him pass upon the bridge, and then went back to their bottles.

But some strange feeling of uneasiness had settled over them. Not one seemed inclined to sit down again. They moved restlessly about the room, and presently one of them went to the door and looked out. The others asked eagerly if he heard anything, though they knew the stranger could not have reached the church; and then one suggested that it was a shame to allow a man who had no knowledge of the danger to encounter it alone. The others agreed as readily as men will when they have done what does not please them, and without more delay they set off in a body. They trudged along saying nothing; but when they came near the church, they heard a report and a loud cry, and with one accord they ran up to the open space with beating hearts. Neither man nor rabbit was to be seen. They ran up and down calling his name; there was no reply. He was not in the lane, nor on the high-road, nor on the marsh, where, under the bright moonlight, the motion of a water-hen could have been seen with ease. At last one of the searchers leapt up on the churchyard wall, and sprang down on the inner side, calling on his friends to follow him. There they found him, lying dead, and one barrel of his gun discharged. Climbing over the wall had been fatal to him.

Somewhat farther up the valley than the spot of which we have been speaking stands an old farmhouse, deeply embowered among woods. It

was also a manor-house in former days; and being now much too spacious for the farmer who has the surrounding land, a portion of it, comprising all the better rooms, has sometimes been let separately to a tenant of higher rank.

Some years ago, an old officer and his wife lived at this manor-house. They were accustomed to later hours than the farmer's family, and used to sit up till close on midnight. The lady was fond of dominoes, and her husband, for her pleasure, used to play with her for an hour or more each evening. The rattle of the ivories on the inlaid table on which they played could be plainly heard through the quiet house; and though the lady died long since, the farmer and his wife, lying awake in the winter evenings, still hear the dominoes clatter as they are swept into heaps upon the table.

Where supernatural visitants are so many, it would be strange if the vicarage, which overlooks the churchyard, were without one. The vicarage ghost is rarely spoken of, and it is with difficulty that you will obtain any details concerning it. Only now and then, from some chance allusion, or hint half dropped, you may gather that sometimes in the twilight, or when the rising moon casts gleams and shadows through the corridor window, a figure may be seen seated on the window seat, intently gazing at one particular tombstone in the churchyard. No one will tell the story, if there be one, of this melancholy wraith, or explain what she watches for, and what love it is which, deprived of satisfaction beyond the grave, clings so passionately to the earthly vestiges of that which long since mouldered into dust beneath the roots of the chestnut trees.

This is a long array of ghosts for one small country town, but the list is by no means exhausted. One steep hill rising from the head of the town is haunted in two spots: in one by a woman dressed in black, who is seen emerging from a gateway half-way up the lane, and who disappears a few hundred yards farther on; in another by the chief actor in a very ancient story, now more than half forgotten, of a traveller posting with a treacherous servant in whom he trusted, of a chaise sent forward while master and servant walked up the hill together in the dusk of an autumn evening, of a foul blow dealt from behind, and a secret burial in a wood hard by.

Not far away, a very ancient bridge spans an arm of the tidal river, and on it walks Madam D—, a member of the ancient family whose manor-house stands hard by. Rarely seen by man, the old lady is often perceptible to horses, which shy without cause, start in obvious affright when the road is apparently quite clear.

In a slightly different direction is an old house containing a certain room in which any clock which may be placed stops at the same hour; and only a few fields away lies another haunted by an ancestress, who is often seen in her antique dress, and of whom the inmates of the house have almost ceased to be afraid. Beyond a doubt there are many others in the hills and hollows of this superstitious district, where witches and the services of 'good women' are still articles of faith. Many curious stories of witchcraft could be added to this article; but the ghosts of themselves have perhaps drawn a large draft on the credulity of

the reader, and the witches must suffer for their want of moderation.

In conclusion, let it be said that these stories are not put forward as tested and as proved. They are those told by the peasantry, sometimes with a grave face, sometimes with a laugh, which only attempts to disguise a faith not less strong because it is not proclaimed. Whether they are true or false is no matter; the curious circumstance is that now, to-day, in the midst of an educated country, they are believed as widely as the facts of history itself perhaps even more firmly.

OSKAMULL

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAP. I.

THE little village of Oskamull was awake and astir at a much earlier hour than its usual, for it was not given to overhaste in getting up, taking a leisurely view of life—the days being long enough for all ordinary intents and purposes. But on this occasion there was reason for alacrity: in the evening, a ball was to be held at the 'Big House,' in honour of the wedding of one of its daughters, which had taken place the day before, and to which all the gentry from far and near had assembled. Now, those of a humbler sphere were to have their turn; servants, villagers, any one with pretension to youth, and ability to foot it, would be welcome. Young girls were up betimes putting the finishing touches to garments, the outcome of much thought and contriving, and much overturning also of gewgaws in the village shop; and probably before the evening was over, would cause no little jealousy and many a heartache. Some maidens were reticent as to their toilets, judging success would be surer if little was expected of them. These, when asked, said they had more to do than to 'fash' themselves over clothes.

In the Big House kitchen preparations were in full swing. Yesterday's viands were under consideration. Lop-sided jellies united their strength in the pot, and would later reappear as pleasing wholes; and so with trifles, custards, and such-like kick-haws, with little new material, Mrs. Beeton, the housekeeper, would evolve almost as sumptuous an entertainment as that of the previous day.

At the village pump, young women might be seen filling their pails, their heads presenting a curious appearance—the front hair incased in stiff paper horns—the back, in plaits. By evening these would be undone, and appear in magnificent fuzzy coils. One maiden there was who came for water like the others; but, unlike them, her head was innocent of decoration, the hair being simply drawn into a knot behind. Clinging to her skirts were two little children, sweet-faced and clean, in patched and faded frocks, their faces smaller editions of their sister's, with the same air of seriousness, but which looked so strangely out of place on theirs. Their short lives had not been calculated to make them merry; they had known too often, perhaps, the saddest experience a little heart can know—to feel hungry, and to realise that the morning's porridge won't

hold until the craving is appeased. Sometimes there was plenty; but it depended on the frequency of 'father's' visits to the 'Thistle,' as the poor little mites knew only too well.

Not so very many years back, 'mother' was alive; and they could just dimly remember a shop in the village street, with boots and shoes cunningly displayed in the window; when their own little feet went always well shod, and protected from frost and cold. But with the arrival of the baby brother, who lived only a few weeks, and then joined his mother in the 'auld kirkyard,' all was changed. The father's strength of mind and self-respect seemed to go; customers fell off, and the shop had to be given up; instead, the damp, broken-down old cottage at the end of the village became home, and they the 'cobbler's bairns.' A little cobbling was done sometimes, but only by fits and starts; and when the drink was on him, reasoning was of no avail, as Ailie had found by bitter experience. All she could do was to keep the children out of his way.

An invitation had been sent to her, the same as to the other village girls; but, unlike them, she never thought of going to the dance. She had no holiday clothes; her best frock, an old brown merino of her mother's, had been made and remade, until now it presented a shabby, skimpy appearance, like everything else about the cottage; but it did well enough for Sunday mornings, when she and the children crept quietly into the farthest back pew of the old barn-like church, and out again, before the rest of the lagging congregation, whose weekly rendezvous was the church door.

Strange to say, the cobbler had kept straight over Saturday and through the week, and now insisted that his daughter should go to the ball. He tossed her five shillings—he wasn't going to let his lass lose the chance of a bit of fun for the sake of a few shillings. All argument was useless; he was set on her going, and she didn't like to cross him. Perhaps it was the turn of the tide, and brighter days were in store for the little ones; please God, their early girlhood might be brighter than hers had been. She was only nineteen; and youth is hopeful, and although clouds seemed always to loom over the cottage, sometimes a ray of brightness broke through. What though her clothes were poor, Alee never got beyond her face, or tired of looking into her eyes. He would be at the ball to night, and she could imagine the pleased surprise that would come over his face when he saw her there! Alee was manager at the home farm, had worked his way up from a lad about the place by his own unaided exertions, for poverty is a bad back-friend, and he had only himself to look to. He was always quick; even as a boy at school, he outstripped his fellows, and, much to his teacher's disappointment, took to farm-work instead of to teaching. He was a tall, good-looking man now, kept his head well up, and was his mother's pride.

In the old days, mother and son had been frequent visitors to the comfortable little parlour behind the shop; but with the change of fortune, and Ailie's dawning womanhood, the old dame's visits ceased. She deemed it wiser, as

far as lay in her power, to keep her son and the girl apart. Only Alec remained faithful, even going so far as to have his shoes mended at the cottage. It was kindness made him linger after he had given his orders, and put the children's heads, and ask her how they got along—Ailie would tell herself. And yet, in the silent night, when the busy hands and feet had to be still, the thought would come, that perhaps he did care a little bit for herself, and that the visits did not only concern boots and shoes.

The early dinner of potatoes and herring was over, the dishes washed and put away, the house tidied up; and now, without being accused of vanity, she might wash and starch the bit of lace for her throat. For the past week there had been an undercurrent of 'frivolity' in the air, penetrating even to the old manse, innocent of feminine element, save for the one deaf old servant who attended the minister's wants, and made him, as if gauging the weakness of the female mind, choose for his text, 'Consider the lilies of the field . . . they toil not, neither do they spin.'

The children were playing at shops on the patch of ground in front of the cottage with bits of broken crockery and rowan berries, when Ailie stepped out into the sunshine, as it to test her gown at its worst. She held it a little away from her, and sadly faded and limp it looked in the bright light, the frill of white lace standing stiffly out in contrast. Some one was close upon her before she noticed any one was there, and laughed to see the anxious, puckered little face. 'It was Alec, his dog at his heels. 'How are you, Ailie?' he asked in his hearty voice. 'But you look troubled—dressmaking worries? I wish I could stop and cheer you up; but I'm wanted at the Big House. They are still busy at the decorations—hanging up lanterns and all sorts of rubbish; and those English servants are good for nought if you put them higher than the floor. Piggot, the footman, was on the ladder nailing "Hearty Welcome" over the door, when he lost his head, and his footing too, and nearly landed on "my lady," who was standing below.'

Alec looked hot and tired, but pleased and self-important withal. It is good to feel some times as if the world couldn't get on without us.

'Stop a moment, Alec,' she faltered as he was hurrying away. 'Do you know father's kept so well lately, and been so kind, and I got an invitation to the ball too, and he won't hear of my not going. I know I'll feel very shabby and out of my place; but I'll just keep quiet in a corner and look on at the others.' There was a pathetic, little expectant ring in her voice as she finished, half hoping he would deny the shabbiness, and say partners would not be lacking whilst he was there—to use the vernacular of her country, that he would himself 'lift her to the floor.'

But instead, Alec looked troubled, and scratched his head uneasily. 'It isn't that I'm not pleased you should have a bit of an outing. It's little you get, year in and year out; but I doubt about your enjoying yourself. You

see,' he added a trifle sheepishly, 'you've got out of the way of the folks; and I'll have to dance with the people that come first in importance, from my position on the place. There's Mrs Beeton, I'm promised to her for the grand march, and Miss Garret for the first reel.'

'Of course, Alec—I understand,' she hastily interrupted him; 'and I mustn't keep you longer now.' As she left him, the little head went a trifle higher and straighter. All had seemed so bright but a moment before; now coming out of the sunshine and into the cottage, she felt as if she were going blind.

She staggered to the little box-bed in the wall; lying on it as she left them were her shoes, shiny black kid with steel buckles, and beside them a handful of cherry-coloured ribbons. She brushed them hastily below the patchwork quilt, as if the sight of them hurt her. Alec might not care to dance with her; but Alec did not comprise her world, she tried to persuade herself. Her interests did not lie beyond the little sisters, and the old brown cottage, and the quiet grave in the kirkyard, and father—instinctively she put him last, and she would not damp his pleasure now by refusing to go to the dance or appearing as if she did not care about it. In an hour or two she would be walking there with Mrs Mackenzie, a neighbour's wife; and if the slippers were not very comfortable, it didn't matter at all now, for no one would dance with her.

But as Alec Cameron made his way to the Big House, he felt as uncomfortable as it was possible for a man to feel who is never in the wrong. As he stood on his lofty perch, and the maids handed up bits of greenery and gay flowers amid plenty of chaff, between it all would come a little disappointed face, with a suspicion of tears not far off, and holding in her hand a sober-coloured bit of a frock, such as his mother would deem too poor to give to their serving-maid. And yet he could not blind himself to the fact that amongst all the gaudily-decked women who would assemble that evening, there would not be one could compare with Ailie with her flower-like face and trim little figure. Other men would find that out too; and even did Ailie keep to her resolution of the corner as she proposed, there was great hulking Gavin Maclean, the cobbler's successor in the shoe-shop, and with no more knowledge of dancing than an elephant, who would hover near. There was only one saving clause: against her better judgment, Ailie harboured a resentment against the shoemaker, and only because he happened to succeed her father in the shop.

Every time she passed the shop she felt anew the hardness of her lot. Had her mother only lived, and her father kept free from the drink, she and her sisters might have had such different lives. It was the children's fate she bemoaned more than her own; it was harder to see them suffer than to suffer herself; and it took much inward reasoning and scolding before she could summon up courage to go into the shop for her shoes. She tried to look as casual as possible, as if it were an every-day affair, and money of no particular account to her.

But Gavin could not help noticing the eager look that came over her face when he showed her the shoes that ought to have been five shillings, but were only half-a-crown because of being a wrong cut. 'I'll take them,' she said quickly; 'it's only for a night, and no good to me after.' They hurt a little when she tried them on; but the pain was almost pleasure, when she thought of the half-crown off. Gladly would the shoemaker have offered them for nothing, had he dared to do so.

SPIDERS AND THEIR HABITS.

PROBABLY no animals come more frequently under our observation than the Spider, and yet there are few about whose general habits and manner of living people are more ignorant. Even the great Aristotle seems never to have looked critically at a spider while it was spinning, or he could not have fancied, as he did, that the materials it uses are nothing but wool stripped from its body. This is the more to be wondered at, since there is probably no other animal whose powers of architecture are so marvellous. It seems most wonderful, indeed almost incredible, that such a small creature should spin beautiful, strong threads; that it should weave these threads into nets immeasurably more subtle than any made by fisherman or fowler; and that it should arrange this net with the greatest precision in a position most suitable for catching its prey. It is a matter of every-day occurrence for the little architect to build bridges; to lift bodies many times its own weight; to erect houses and divide them into various compartments; to make staircases, doors with real hinges, arches, domes, and tunnels immensely larger than itself; and it was doing these things at a time when man had conceived methods for but a few of them.

It may be worth while to give a short sketch of the more prominent characteristics of the spider, and for this purpose it will be sufficient to take the family which to most people represents the whole Order of spiders—namely, that called 'Epeira,' which is found in abundance in our gardens. The habits of this spider can be observed without difficulty by any one, as it is easily caught, and may be kept in a box for weeks. Some observers hold that it can live without visible alteration for three years without food; but it is advisable, if the captive is to be made to spin threads, that a fly should be occasionally put into the box. The size most easily obtained is that of about one-tenth of an inch in length of body. The larger ones, of about half an inch in length, are most plentiful in hothouses. To capture one, it is only necessary to examine a hedge or railing for the beautiful and well-known geometrical web. The spider will in most cases be found concealed in a remote corner of the web, from which he can be dislodged and transferred without difficulty to a box. It is necessary to have a separate box for each spider, as these creatures have most pronounced cannibalistic tendencies. If two or more be placed in one box, it will probably be found, a few hours afterwards, that only one remains, the dimen-

sions of the latter meanwhile having appreciably increased at the expense of the others. Sometimes, too, it is the smaller one that eats the larger. A spider periodically casts its skin by drawing it over its head as a sailor would a jersey. While a large spider was doing this, and therefore had its arms imprisoned, a small one has been seen to attack, kill, and eat it.

Before studying the habits of the spider—which word, according to some writers, appears to be the spinner, or spinder, from the Anglo-Saxon *spinnan*, to spin—it is advisable to be acquainted with the general character of the spinning apparatus. In a large gland in the body of the spider is secreted a viscid fluid, which is the substance of the thread that goes to form the web. If a large garden specimen be examined, there will be seen at its posterior end four or six little protuberances or spinnerets. Each spinneret is provided with a very large number of exceedingly small holes or tubes, which communicate with the gland. From each of these tubes, or 'spinning spools,' there can be ejected, at the will of the spider, some of the fluid secretion from the gland. This fluid has the remarkable property of becoming solid whenever it is exposed to the air. The thread thus formed, of almost inconceivable thinness, unites by means of the gum on its surface with all the other threads of the same spinner. Hence, from each spinner proceeds a compound thread, estimated to consist of about one thousand strands, and these four or six compound threads, at a distance of about one-tenth of an inch from the spinners, again unite to form the thread which we are accustomed to see used by the spider for its web, and which, from its thinness, could scarcely be imagined to consist of at least four thousand strands. To give an idea of the extreme tenuity of a single strand, a famous microscopist has estimated that the threads of the minutest spiders, some of which are not larger than a grain of sand, are so fine that four million of them would not equal in thickness one of the hairs of his beard.

It may be asked, what is the probable reason for such complexity of structure? Why should not the spider simply force the thread through one hole of suitable size? There are several reasons. One is, that the thread, issuing as it does in so many strands, exposes a large surface to the action of the air, and therefore becomes solid much more quickly than if the secretion were forced through one large aperture. Another reason is, that a rope formed of many strands will have fewer flaws than a solid rope of the same thickness, and is therefore much stronger.

It must be remarked that, for purposes of observing the spider at work, it is necessary to have the garden species. Those found in dwelling-houses are quite different, not only in the nature of their webs, but also in the important fact that, while the garden spider never drops except by means of a thread which it spins, the house species when let fall seldom spins its thread. It is therefore of little use for experimental purposes.

With regard to the webs, even the most casual observer must have noticed the difference between the house and garden species.

Those which we commonly see in houses are of a woven texture similar to fine gauze, and are appropriately termed 'webs;' those of the garden spider are a most beautiful framework, composed of radial threads diverging from a central point, and of a gradually increasing spiral of thread fixed, with mathematical regularity, to the radial threads.

To observe the habits of the spider, it is only necessary to take the captive out of its box by means of a piece of paper, and to hold the paper about a yard above the ground. The thread will be most easily seen against a black background. Of its own accord, or after a slight shake of the paper, the spider begins to drop rapidly, meanwhile suspending itself by the thread which it is spinning. It may drop quite to the ground; if so, it can be taken up again. As a rule, however, it drops about six or eight inches, and then seems to hang motionless for some little time. But it is soon seen that it is far from idle. Were it possible to place it in a room without the slightest draught, it is probable that it would either drop to the ground or return to the paper; but there is always a current of warm air from the observer. It will be seen, then, that the spider is rapidly spinning a thread of such lightness that it is carried outwards by the draught. In less than half a minute the thread may be as much as ten feet in length. If this thread has not reached one of the surrounding walls, the spider climbs back to the paper, meanwhile rolling up on one of its feet the part by which it dropped. It again lets itself fall from the paper, and throws out another long thread, the first one still floating in the air. Sooner or later, one catches on some part of the room, and the spider seems to ascertain this by pulling on the thread. Having thus constructed a bridge, the little creature runs rapidly along, and would, of course, escape if allowed. It can then be replaced in its box for further experiment.

It is interesting to watch the ingenious manner in which a spider, placed on a stick in the midst of a vessel of water, contrives to throw a bridge to the edge of the vessel, and thus cross over without touching the water. The garden spider has a strong aversion to water, and in this respect differs from another species, which lives mostly under water, possessing the wonderful power of carrying air round its body by means of the countless number of minute hairs with which it is clothed. Having this means of storing air, the water spider only requires to come to the surface about four times an hour.

Some interesting experiments were made last summer on spiders' threads. A thread having been obtained in the manner already described, one end was carefully fixed with gum to a support, and to the other end small weights were gradually attached till it broke. In order to compare, from these tests, the strength of the thread with, say, steel thread of the same thickness, it was necessary to determine its diameter. This was done by means of a powerful microscope, and it was found that it would require twenty-five thousand threads to make a sheet one inch broad. When it is remembered

that each of these threads is composed of some four thousand strands, the tenuity is seen to be almost inconceivable, as it would require one hundred millions to make one inch. As a result of these tests it was found, incredible as it may seem, that spiders' thread is, thickness for thickness, actually stronger than cast-iron, nearly as strong as copper, gold, platinum, silver, and about one-fifth as strong as steel.

It may not be generally known that spiders' threads are used to support small weights in several delicate scientific instruments, and for this purpose they are much more suitable than any other material.

It will well repay any one to study the habits of these interesting creatures, and this can be done with very little difficulty. They are easily caught, require practically no attention, can be kept for weeks, and soon become very tame. They will be seen to perform many astonishing feats which space does not permit of mentioning here. One very interesting and amusing experiment is to choose a good web, and touch one of the spirals with the vibrating end of a small tuning-fork. Almost at once the spider runs into the centre of the web, puts its foot under each of the radial threads, till it feels which one is vibrating most violently, when it immediately runs along till it reaches the tuning fork. This is seen to be the same process by which a fly is caught. On no account does it run along what is sometimes the shortest way, if, for example, it happened to be on the same spiral, but always runs to the centre first.

OVER THE THRESHOLD.

WHITE blossoms shine in sunny field and lane,
Sweet birds rejoice, and fragrant leaves unfold:
O little maid, the world is young again,
And thou art heiress of the Age of Gold!
But Love is as a flower that fadeeth not,
That blooms in happy homeland every day;
Over the threshold of thy mother's cot,
Dance, little feet, while yet the year is May!

White blossoms laugh in all the garden ways,
Pure as her heart, around her brow they twine;
They hear with rapture what the maiden says:
'For ever I am thine as thou art mine.'
And Love's a flower where never blight may come,
That blooms in lovers' hearts eternally;
Over the threshold of thy fair new home,
Move, happy bride, and bear thy joy with thee!

White blossoms sleep upon a quiet breast,
That beats no longer now with joy or pain;
For one has journeyed from the world's unrest,
To seek the land so long desired in vain.
But Love's the blossom on immortal boughs,
That wreathes the portals of the pearly door;
Over the threshold of thy Father's house,
Pass in, dear heart, and dwell for evermore!

M. G. GILLINGTON.

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A RIDE INTO AFGHANISTAN.

By DAVID KIL.

To find one's way by a trail of skeletons over a stony, burning plain in one of the wildest parts of Asia, in company with four grim-looking and well-armed Eastern horsemen, who are as expert at robbing and murdering as the savagest brigands that swarm in the hills above, is something of an adventure; and this was just how my wife and I found our-elves employed one fine, clear January morning, at the time when the last Afghan war was slowly burning itself out.

Our breakfast that morning at the little English outpost of Sibi, with books and newspapers around us, and a train pulling in with its load of soldiers right in front of our windows, had been quite a civilised affair; but we had already had plenty of proofs that the region into which we were penetrating was one of the most untamably savage in the world. Only the day before, we had found the bodies of two murdered men close to our quarters; and now another equally characteristic feature of the country suddenly presented itself—a small round tower of rough stones, with a narrow opening in its side close to the ground, just big enough to let one man creep into or out of it at a time.

'See,' said I; 'that thing's called a tower of refuge, such as you read of in the Psalms. When the peasants see a band of robbers coming down from those hills yonder, they leave their work, and bolt in through that hole like rabbits, and block it up with a big stone that lies all ready inside; and there they stay till the robbers are gone.'

In this extraordinary country, even in the depth of winter and with snow on the hills, the rocks around us were almost too hot to be touched with the bare hand; and riding over this stony desert in the full glare of the sun was trying work even for us. But we

could not linger, for a British column was marching ahead of us up the Bolan Pass—one of the two gateways in the great mountain-wall that shuts off Southern Afghanistan from the outer world and we were hurrying to catch it up and join it.

The distant view of the green gardens and clustering trees around the Beluchee village of Dadur, away to the south, only intensified the dreariness of the grim waste before us. Dry beds of stone and gravel, dusty hollows, cracked and gaping like thirsty mouths, flat, dismal wastes of burning sand dotted with stray clumps of prickly scrub, lay outspread mile after mile, beneath the blistering glare of the sunshine.

Quite in keeping with this wild scene was the grim aspect of our four guards—Beluchee warriors from the great southern desert, fierce, hardy, and untiring, as the wild beasts of their native wilderness. Strange-looking fellows they were, whose appearance in the streets of New York or London would collect a larger crowd than any circus, and whom Fenimore Cooper could have named at a glance after the creatures that they resembled. The leader—who was over six feet, but so lank and supple that one might almost have coiled a trunk with him—might fairly claim the now famous title of 'Big Serpent.' No. 2's small, spare frame, sharp face, and deep-set glittering eye, at once reminded me of a rat. No. 3's flat nose, low forehead, and broad heavy jaw might have served Landseer himself as a model for a bulldog; while any Western buffalo would have recognised a brother in the bulky form and huge, black, shaggy head of No. 4.

The dress of these desert warriors—all of whom had curved swords by their sides and short guns slung at their backs—was as strange as their aspect. The Snake was clad in successive waterfalls of white cotton, ending in one great gush that reached to his ankles, while a supernumerary rapid of loose turban ran half-way down his back. The Rat's appearance suggested his having pawned all his clothes, and

then wrapped himself in a collier's table-cloth. The Bulldog's turban was twisted as tightly round his head and neck as if the head had been cut off and tied on again; while the Buffalo had drawn the broad leather girdle of his buff-coloured coat so close as to divide himself into two hemispheres, like a school map of the world. Even the rough, wiry, little horses were adorned with necklaces of blue glass beads, and required only a pair of earrings apiece to make them complete.

Splash! we plunge suddenly down a steep gravelly ridge right into the Bolan River itself; but the torrent which, in the rainy season, can sweep away men and horses like straws, has now dwindled to a brook only a few inches in depth, and we cross it easily enough. And now the vast gray precipices close in on either side, and we are fairly in the gorge at last. Frowning cliffs above, shattered rocks below, heat and dust everywhere; a tremendous desolation, a gloomy and awful silence. No sight or sound of life save the hoarse scream of a vulture from its perch on the skeleton of a camel among the fallen boulders, or the clattering tread of an Afghan rider who comes dashing along the rough, rocky path, with the long barrel and sickle-shaped stock of his *patil* (rifle) projecting full three feet on either side of the saddle-bow, and his keen black eyes shooting a wolfish glance at us as he flits by. Gaunt, wiry, enduring, crafty as a fox and ferocious as a tiger, he is indeed a true type of the bandit race to which he belongs—the men who, as soon as a child can crawl, make him creep through a hole cut in the mud wall of the house, as if stealing in to plunder it, while the family shout in chorus, 'Ghal shah! ghal shah!' (Be a thief! be a thief!)

Suddenly a cloud comes over the sinking sun, and Mrs Ker lets down the white parasol that has hitherto shielded her, and gives it into the hands of the Big Serpent. The worthy savage—who has probably never seen a lady's parasol before—holds it out at arm's length for a moment with a wondering grin on his lean dark face, such as one sees in the pictures of Robinson Crusoe's 'Man Friday' trying on his first suit of clothes. Then he begins to pull it about with the eagerness of a child examining a new toy, and soon discovers the spring and the way in which it acts. In his delight, he puts the sunshade up and down three or four times in quick succession, and then suddenly dashes away up the pass for a quarter of a mile, and back to us again, waving the parasol over his head and yelling like a madman. The Rat and the Bulldog eye him with a look of amused astonishment, and aim at him a few plain-spoken Oriental jokes; while the Buffalo turns his broad back on the undignified spectacle with an air of quiet scorn.

But all this while where is the camp of Kohan-Dilani, whither we are bound? Afternoon has passed into evening—evening is fast waning toward night—and still there is no sign of it. In an hour more it will be quite dark, and—as we already know to our cost—the darkness will bring with it the robbers, who are sure to be active in the rear of a British column, in the hope of picking up

stragglers and abandoned stores. Against a whole band of armed mountaineers—of whose merciless cruelty we had seen fearful proofs only the day before—neither our own revolvers nor the rusty guns of our escort would be likely to help us much, to say nothing of the chance of the Big Serpent and his crew joining in plundering us (as they most probably would) instead of resisting.

From these unpleasant musings I was suddenly roused by the worthy Serpent himself, who brought his horse alongside of mine, and pointing up the gorge, said impressively, in almost the only Hindustani words that he knew: 'Dekho, Sahib! Kohan-Dilani hai.' (See, sir, there's Kohan-Dilani.)

There, sure enough, on a bare rocky plateau about half a mile ahead of us, rows of white tents are seen ranged in symmetrical order, and a number of small fires twinkle cheerily through the fast-falling shadows of night.

Late but better late than never. We splash once more through the eternal Bolan River—which seems to have as many twists as a corkscrew, for we have crossed and recrossed it at least a dozen times already—and, putting our horses to speed, come dashing into the camp in gallant style, with our gang of Beluchee scarecrows at our heels. In another minute we are exchanging hand-shakes and hearty greetings with a hospitable group of English officers; while the soldiers hail the arrival of the first lady who has come up the Pass since the war began, with a cheer that rolls along the silent gorge like a peal of thunder.

AT MARKET VALUE.

CHAPTER XVII.—ISLES OF WINTER.

ARNOLD WILLOUGHBY had a strong constitution; but that second summer in the northern seas told upon his health even more seriously than all his previous seafaring. Perhaps it was the result of his great disappointment; perhaps it was the sense of nothing left in this life to live for; but at any rate, he grew thin and weak, and lost heart for his work, in a way that was unusual with so vigorous a sailor. The skipper as he looked at him thought Willoughby wouldn't ever be fit for another sealing voyage—thought it in that hard, purely objective way that is habitual to skippers in dealing with seamen. And Arnold Willoughby himself began to recognise the fact that he was growing ill and worn with these continued hardships. Life had been a failure for him. His day was over. He was one of those, he feared, who must go to the wall in the ceaseless struggle for life which nature imposes upon us.

But at any rate he would go to the wall like a man; he would live or die on his own poor earnings. He never went back for a moment upon the principles he had established for himself in early manhood. From the day when he saw his cousin Algy's claim admitted in full by the House of Lords, he considered himself as nothing more than Arnold Wil-

loughby, an able-bodied seaman—and not even that now, as things were taking him. Yet he was himself for all that. Even though you go sealing on the Greenland coasts, you can't quite get rid of the cultivated habits and tastes of a gentleman. Arnold Willoughby, for his part, never desired to get rid of them. He loved the things of the mind in spite of everything. During his earlier years of apprenticeship to the perils of the sea, he had yearned for art; now he had given up art for the moment, he took in its place to literature. The sailors in the fore-cabin of the *Sheriff Ivory* of Dundee were much amused from time to time at Willoughby's rummy way of writing at odd moments in a pocket-book he kept by him; and indeed at all spare hours he was engaged by himself in a curious piece of work whose meaning and import the average mariner's mind could hardly fathom. He was deciphering and translating the Elizabethan English sailor's manuscript which he had picked up by accident in the little shop at Venice.

He did it merely to please himself; and therefore he was able to spend a great deal more time and trouble over doing it to perfection than he could possibly have spent if he were one of the miserable drudges who live by the professional pursuit of letters under our hard-faced *civilians*. He translated it carefully, lovingly, laboriously. Day after day in his spare moments he took out a page at a time, and transcribed and Englished it with studious pains in his little pocket note-book. For two seasons he had gone on with this amateur authorship, if such it might be called; and towards the end of the second, he had pretty fairly finished his allotted taskwork.

But the fore-cabin of a sealer in full pursuit of oil is by no means an ideal place for literary composition. Many a time and oft Arnold was interrupted by rude pleasantries or angry calls; many a time he was delayed by the impossibility of finding room for a few minutes' work even on so humble a basis. At last, one afternoon, towards the close of the sealing season, he was told off with a dozen other men for a run in a boat down the ice-bound coast in search of fresh sealing-grounds. His party were on the lookout for Greenland seals, which usually bask and flounder in the sun on the blocks of ice-floes; and they had rowed to a considerable distance from their ship without perceiving any 'fish,' as the sealers call them. Their road lay through a floating mass of blue crystalline ice-blocks. At last, the pack grew too thick for them to penetrate any farther, and the bo'sun in charge, blowing his whistle from the stern, gave the word to return to the *Sheriff Ivory*. They rowed back again about half a knot, in full sight of their ship, when it became gradually apparent that they were becoming surrounded by icebergs. A change in the wind brought them along unexpectedly. One after another, the great white mountains loomed up and approached them from all sides, apparently sailing in every direction at once, though really of course only veering with the breeze from different quarters in the same general direction. The bo'sun looked at them with some dislike. 'Ah doan't care for bergs,'

he said in his thick Sun'erland dialect. 'Tha've got naw pilot aboard!' And indeed the icebergs seemed to be drifting in every direction, hither and thither at random, without much trace of a rudder. Closer and closer they drew, those huge glacial islands, two large ones in particular almost blocking the way to the ship in front of them. The bo'sun looked at them again. 'Toorn her about, boys,' he said once more in a very decided way. 'Easy all, bow-side: row like blazes, you oother uns! Ah'm thinkin' we'll naw be able to break through them by that quarter.'

The men turned the boat instantly in obedience to his word, and began rowing for their lives in the opposite direction. It was away from the ship; but in their present strait, the first thing to be thought of was avoiding the pressing danger from the icebergs at all hazards. By-and-by the bo'sun spoke again. 'Ah'm thinkin',' he said slowly, 'tha're toornin' themselves this way, mates.'

Arnold Willoughby glanced round. It was only too true. The icebergs, which were two enormous blocks of white shimmering crystal, half a mile or more in length, had shifted their course somewhat, and were now coming together, apparently both behind and in front of them. The boat lay helpless in a narrow channel of blue water between the high walls of ice that glistened in the sun like chalk cliffs in August. At the rate the bergs were moving, it would take only some ten or twelve minutes for them to shock and shiver against one another's sides. The prospect was appalling. Human arms could hardly carry the boat free of their point of contact before they finally collided. In that moment of danger, not a word was spoken. Every man saw the peril for himself at once, and lent forward to the long sweep with terrible intensity of energy. Meanwhile, those vast moving islands of ice came restlessly on, now sailing ahead for a moment before a gust of wind, now halting and veering again with some slight change in the breeze. Yet on the whole, they drew steadily nearer and nearer, till at last, Arnold Willoughby, looking up, saw the green crystal mountains rising almost sheer above their heads to the terrific height of several hundred feet like huge cliffs of alabaster.

'Noo, look out, boys,' the bo'sun cried in a solemn voice of warning. 'Tha'll strike afore long.' And every eye in the boat was fixed at once, as he spoke, on the approaching monsters.

Scarcely room was left between them for the boat to pass out; and she was still many yards from the point where the blue channel between the bergs began to widen again. A sort of isthmus of water, a narrow open strait, intervened between them and the wider part of the interval. Two clashing capes of ice obstructed it. On and on came the great mountains of glistening white crystal, tall, terrible, beautiful, in irresistible energy. The men crouched and cowered. Arnold Willoughby knew their last moment had come. There was no way out of it now. In another second the bergs would crash together with a thunder of the sea; their

little cockboat would be shivered to fragments before the mighty masses of the jarring ice-mountains; and they themselves, mere atoms, would be crushed to pulp as instantly and unconsciously as an ant is crushed under the wheel of a carriage. Not a man tried to pull another stroke at the oars. Every eye was riveted on the horrible moving death. Their arms were as if paralysed. They could but look and look, awaiting their end in speechless terror.

At that awful moment, just before the unconscious masses struck and shivered into pieces, a flood of strange thought broke at once over Arnold Willoughby's mind. And it summed itself up in the thousandfold repetition of the one word, Kathleen, Kathleen, Kathleen, Kathleen.

He thought it over and over again, in a sudden agony of penitence. With a rush, it burst in upon him that he had done wrong, grievously wrong, to be so hasty and impulsive. What misery he might have caused her! what injury he might have inflicted! After all, no man can ever be quite certain even in his interpretation of the most seemingly irresistible facts. What wrong he might have done her, ah, Heaven, now irrevocable! Irrevocable! Irrevocable! For the mighty masses of ice stood above them like precipices on the brink of falling; and in one second more they would shock together—

Crash! Crash! Crash! Even before he had finished thinking it, a noise like thunder, or the loud rumble of an earthquake, deafened their ears with its roar, redoubled and ingeminated. The bergs had met and clashed together in very truth, and all nature seemed to clash with them. A horrible boiling and seething of the water around them! A fearful shower of ice shot upon them by tons! And then, just before Arnold Willoughby closed his eyes and ceased to think or feel, he was dimly aware of some huge body from above crushing and mauling him helplessly. Pains darted through him with fierce spasms; and then all was silence.

Half an hour passed away before Arnold, lying stiff, was again conscious of anything. By that time he opened his eyes, and heard a voice saying gruffly: 'Why, Willoughby ain't killed neither! He's a-lookin' about him.'

At sound of the voice, which came from one of his fellow-sailors, Arnold strove to raise himself on his arm. As he did so, another terrible shoot of pain made him drop down again, half unconscious. It occurred to him dimly that his arm must be broken. Beyond that he knew nothing, and he lay there long, nobody taking for the time any further notice of him.

When he opened his eyes a second time he could see very well why. They were still surrounded by whole regiments of icebergs, and the remaining valid men of the crew were still rowing for dear life to get clear of the danger. But one other man lay worse crushed than himself, a mangled mass of clotted blood and torn rags of clothes, at the bottom of the boat; while a second one, by his side, still alive, but barely that, groaned horribly at intervals in the throes of deadly agony.

Arnold lay back once more, quite passive all the while as to whether they escaped or were engulfed. He was weak and faint with pain; and so far as he thought of anything at all, thought merely in a dim way that he would like to live if only for one thing—to see Kathleen Hestlegrave.

Hours passed before he knew what had really happened. It was a curious accident. An iceberg is a huge floating mass of ice, only an insignificant part of which shows visibly above water. The vastly greater portion is submerged and unsuspected. It is impossible, of course, to guess at the shape of this submerged part, any more than one could guess at the shape of the submerged part of a piece of ice as it bobs up and down in a glass by observation of the bit that protrudes above the water. These particular icebergs, however, had such exceptionally sheer and perpendicular sides that they looked like huge fragments of an extended ice-field, broken off laterally; they seemed to show that the submerged portion was flush with the cliffs they exhibited above water. Had that been quite so, Arnold Willoughby's boat could never have escaped complete destruction. It would have been stove in and crushed between the great colliding walls like a nut under a steam-hammer. But as it happened, the submerged block was slightly larger in that direction than the visible portion; and the bergs thus crashed together for the most part under water, causing a commotion and eddy which very nearly succeeded in swamping the boat, and which rendered rowing for a minute or two wholly impossible. At the same time, a projecting pinnacle that jutted out above from the face of the cliff came in contact with another part of the opposing iceberg, and, shivering into fragments a hundred yards away from them, broke up with such force that many of its shattered pieces were hurled into the boat, which they, too, threatened to swamp, but which fortunately resisted by the mere elasticity of the water about them.

For a minute or two, all on board had been tumult and confusion. It was impossible for those who were less seriously hurt to decide offhand upon the magnitude of the disaster, or to tell whether the bergs, recoiling with the shock, might not wheel and collide again, or lose balance and careen, sucking them under as they went with the resulting eddy. As a matter of fact, however, the collision, which had been little more than a mere sideward gliding, like the kiss of a billiard ball, was by no means a serious one. The two moving mountains just touched and glanced off, ricocheting, as it were, and leaving the boat free in a moment to proceed upon her course. But as soon as the boat could collect his wits and his men for a final effort, he found that one was dead; while two more, including Arnold Willoughby, lay wounded and senseless at the bottom of the gig, whether actually dead or only dying they knew not.

Summing up all their remaining nerve, the uninjured men seized their oars once more, and rowed for dear life in the direction of the open. It was half an hour or so before they

could consider themselves at all clear of the ice; and even then they had no idea of the distance from the ship, for the *Sheriff Ivory* herself could nowhere be sighted. For hours they rowed on helplessly over the trackless waves; it was dark before they sighted the missing ship in front of them. By the time they had reached it, Arnold Willoughby, now faint and half unconscious with cold and exposure, hardly realised as yet the full extent of his injuries.

But when next morning he woke again in his bunk after a night of semi-unconsciousness, he discovered that his arm was really broken, and, worse still, that his right hand was so crushed and maimed as to be almost useless.

The voyage back to Dundee was for Arnold a terrible one. He lay most of the time in his hammock, for he was now useless as a 'hand'; and his arm, clumsily set by the mate and the bo'sun, gave him a great deal of trouble in the small hours of the morning. Moreover, his outlook for the future was exceedingly doubtful. It was clear he would never again be fit to go to sea; while the damage to his hand, which he feared was irrevocable, would make it impossible for him to return to the trade of painter. Whither to turn for a living when he reached home again, he knew not. Nay, even the desire to see Kathleen again, which had come over him so fiercely when he sat under the shadow of the impending iceberg, grew much feebler and fainter now that he felt how impossible it would be for him in future ever to provide for her livelihood. More than at any previous time, the self-deposed Earl began to realise to himself what a failure he had proved on equal terms with his fellow-man in the struggle for existence.

Yet even if you are a failure, it is something to accept your position bravely; and Arnold Willoughby always accepted his own like a man with that cheery pessimism which is almost characteristic of his caste in England.

(To be continued.)

THE IDENTIFICATION OF HABITUAL CRIMINALS.

It is said that if we had more perfect means of identifying Habitual Criminals, their comparative fewness would excite surprise, and the desirability of possessing such means has for a long time been felt by everybody connected with the detection of crime or the administration of justice. If there were no large centres of population, and criminals confined their operations to their native districts, the matter would be simple; but personal knowledge on the part of London, Glasgow, or Birmingham police of all of the habitual law-breakers in their cities is impossible, especially as these people are generally nomads.

Efforts have been made in this country from time to time to reduce identification to a system. First, we have the Habitual Criminals Register, established by Parliament some twenty-five years ago, and kept at the Home Office with its supplement, the Register of Distinctive Marks. The first-named contains in alphabetical order the names of all persons twice

convicted of *crime*, a term including any felony, and such misdemeanours, as complicity in coin-ing or burglary, and obtaining money by false pretences. It also contains a history and personal description of each person. The title of the supplementary record explains its nature. It has nine main divisions for the different parts of the body, and subdivisions arranged according to the nature of the marks; and when by its aid a clue to identity is obtained, confirmation is sought in the description supplied by the alphabetical register. Great care is taken in the preparation of these records, copies of which are annually distributed to the various police forces of England; yet they appear to be of little use. Several explanations are suggested, but we need only mention one the rarity of really distinctive marks. Photography, too, has proved a deceptive agent; and the circulated descriptions popularly known as the 'hue-and-cry' leave much to be desired in the way of exactness. One other method is pursued in London and some other large towns

the reviewing of prisoners by police and warders; but the benefits obtained are not at all commensurate with the loss of time involved. In brief, then, our present system is cumbersome and unreliable, sometimes causing undeserved suffering, and more often allowing the guilty to escape.

In these circumstances the public will welcome the intimation that a Committee appointed by the Home Secretary has recommended a practically complete change in the existing methods of identification. The evidence received by that body and the conclusions it arrived at are of a highly interesting character. The points referred to it were (1) The merits of our present system; (2) Those of the anthropometric, or Bertillon, system and 'finger-print' system, separately or in combination; and (3) Whether new methods should replace or only supplement existing ones.

Bertillonage, as the system of measurement invented by M. Alphonse Bertillon is called, has lately received a good deal of attention in British and foreign periodicals, and been adopted for detective purposes in many countries. It was submitted to the Prefect of Police at Paris in 1879, and introduced by him in 1882. In 1883, 19 old offenders were recognised through its agency; in the following year, 241; and in 1892, 680. At Lyons and Marseilles, anthropometrical registers have been established; several other large towns in France are about to follow the example, and the police of the rural districts frequently seek M. Bertillon's aid. In several countries of Europe, the system has been adopted, though mainly in connection with foreign offenders; it has for two years been working satisfactorily in Bengal and Ceylon, and will soon be in operation all over India; in the States and Canada several prison governors are working it independently, and these affirm that only central control is requisite to its complete success.

The subject having already been treated in this *Journal* (No. 391, June 27, 1891), a detailed description of Bertillonage is not needed here; but of the classification a little may be said. Let the reader imagine the side of a room

occupied with pigeon-holes. First, these are divided vertically into three parts, for long, medium, and short head; and then horizontally also into three parts, for broad, medium, and narrow heads. These nine divisions are made twenty-seven by the classification of fingers (long, medium, and short), eighty-one by the foot measurements, and two hundred and forty-three by those of the forearm. M. Bertillon has other dimensions; but we have said enough to show that the division may be made as minute as one pleases; and that it secures scientific accuracy in identification, the two main facts on which it is based being established beyond question—namely, that no two persons are in all their dimensions alike, and that the bony structure of the adult body never varies. It is worth remarking that the Bertillon system has not escaped criticism. Unless perfect accuracy be observed in taking the measurements, the system would only be a snare; and lack of care or intelligence is an ever-present danger if the task be committed—as it sometimes must—to warders and police of perhaps doubtful zeal, or who have had no experience. Then, a prolonged search, and with dubious results, would be rendered necessary when measurements were on or near the margin of the primary divisions. In theory, however, the system is perfect. Now, let us see the Bertillon system at work, looking through the eyes of Sir Richard Webster, the late Attorney-general. He visited M. Bertillon's office with his successor, Sir Charles Russell, and the following case came under his notice. A man was brought in who gave what afterwards proved to be a false name, and said that he had never been charged before. Eight measurements were taken, and guided by these, the English lawyers selected a certain card from M. Bertillon's cabinet. This bore a name differing from the one given, as well as a photograph which Sir Richard thought unlike the prisoner. But it also bore a record of private marks—a scar of such a kind on such a finger, and a tattooed anchor an inch long on the posterior side of the left arm. These marks were found on the prisoner. He was obviously the man indicated; and it is a remarkable fact that these inexperienced visitors selected the right card in four minutes from among ninety thousand.

Mr Francis Galton is a well-known anthropologist, who some years ago took up the question of finger-prints from the point of view of heredity and racial distinctions, and subsequently studied it with relation to personal identity. Sir William Herschel noticed the significance of these prints many years ago; but it was Mr Galton who first carried investigations so far as to warrant positive deductions, and he has a marvellous statement to make. The papillary ridges, or lines on the hand, form at the finger-tips a distinct pattern of one of three broad classes: the 'arch,' in which the lines run from side to side of the bulb without making any turn or twist; the 'loop,' which shows a single backward turn; and the 'whorl,' consisting of a duplex, spiral, or at least one circle. There are numberless variations of each pattern, which also generally varies on the different fingers; and though there is a remote

chance that the ridges on one finger may be similar with two persons, there is no chance whatever of absolute identity if ten or even five fingers (Mr Galton says two) be in question. Moreover, the lines of infancy are the lines of old age, and they are not to be altered either by manual labour or by scars. Once Mr Galton found that time effected a change, a ridge which bifurcated at the age of two and a half having become united at fifteen. But this exception does not injure his theory, of the correctness of which he has overwhelming testimony. He has examined the fingers of oakum-pickers and of labourers of every kind, has received finger-prints of many races; and compared those of childhood and youth, of maturity and old age; and with a lapse of fourteen years between prints of the same person's fingers, he can point out one hundred and eleven coincidences! Mr Galton's system has some advantages over M. Bertillon's. To take finger-prints is a much simpler process than to take several measurements, and the task might be confidently entrusted to anybody. In Bertillonage, too, there is a risk of error, though it be small; but there is no possibility of it with Mr Galton's system if—and this is the stumbling-block—the collection of cards be small. Did the patterns occur indiscriminately, we might readily classify over one hundred thousand imprints; but unfortunately they do not, the arch and its variations being comparatively rare; while other patterns are common, and have a knack of being similar on all ten fingers. In twenty-six hundred cards a considerable number of patterns appeared but once; but each of twelve others appeared twenty-six times; and one, one hundred and sixty-four times. This is fatal to total dependence on the Galton scheme. The scientist himself in his laboratory with lens and pantagraph can point out peculiarities in every specimen; but for police purposes these fine distinctions would be useless. The Galton system, therefore, cannot be adopted as the sole basis of identification; nor does the Committee which has been investigating the subject recommend that the Bertillon should. That body thinks that, however complete the classification, the vastness of the number of measurements requisite would in England, as it will in France, in time cause difficulty; and preference is made to the greater power over prisoners enjoyed by the French police—a consideration of importance.

The partial adoption of each system is, however, recommended, and the grafting of the combination on the existing English system, of which, it is hoped, time may permit the abolition. As it is highly probable that the Committee's suggestions will in the main be accepted, it is worth while to summarise them. Before prisoners were discharged, they would be photographed. In France, two distinct portraits are taken on the same plate, and the ear and nose are thus clearly shown. We, however, use a mirror for the side-face, and the practice is to be continued. Then would follow the taking of five measurements, which is fewer than M. Bertillon requires—the length and width of the head, and the length of the left middle finger, left forearm, and left foot. These dimensions

would be shown in millimetres. The third step would be to take the finger-prints, which would appear on the back of a card twelve inches by five; the front containing the other details mentioned, as well as the particulars now supplied by the Habitual Criminals and Distinctive Marks Registers, and a copy of the prisoner's photograph. This card would then be placed in a cabinet provided with a mechanical contrivance devised by Mr Galton for rendering an error in sorting impossible. Two or three incidental points may be referred to. In Bengal, M. Bertillon's figures for, say, broad, medium, and narrow heads were found unsuitable; and Dr Garson, of the Anthropological Institute, asserts that they also would be so in this country, and that lower limits would be necessary. It is also proposed that a separate cabinet for females should be at once established; and later on, when cards have become numerous, that for males divided into two parts, according to age. The issue of regulations for measuring and photographing untried prisoners is suggested. This would be a serious innovation; but the Home Secretary is empowered to do so by the Penal Servitude Act, 1891; and precautions against abuse might easily be taken. In the first place, the rules would have to be laid before Parliament; and the Committee suggests that a magistrate's or prison-visitor's order should first be obtained; and in the event of the prisoner's acquittal, the photograph be destroyed. The power, too, would only be exercised if the prisoner's antecedents were unknown.

Such is an outline of the scheme recommended by an influential Committee of experts, after mature deliberation and hearing a mass of evidence from specialists—the chiefs of some dozen police forces, prison governors, lawyers, and scientists. That it would be an improvement upon the existing system does not admit of doubt; and if gradually introduced, as suggested, first in the metropolis, and afterwards in the other great towns and in the country districts, and heartily taken up by the various officials entrusted with its working, the more dangerous criminals would have better supervision, and administrators of justice be enabled more accurately to discriminate between the habitual and the casual offender.

OSKAMULL

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

THE dance was at its height. Young men and maidens uttered no sound, save for an occasional whoop from the bass of manly lungs during the reel, and, as is the way with the rustic Scotch, kept their emotions to themselves. Directly a dance is at an end, the youth makes a stiff bow to his partner, and leaves her standing where the music left her. She finds a seat for herself, or waits until the music strikes up again, when, if she is in demand, or partners plentiful, another youth will formally salute her, speaking no word. And so the evening goes on. With the supper, tongues unloose a little.

'You're eating naething, Nannie.'
'I'm doing fine, Jock.'

'Hoots; you're ower slack; shove in your plate.'

'I'll try a bit jelly, then.'

A little lower down the table, a man with a heavy, melancholy face, known to have leanings towards the ministry, which, however, have to remain at that, owing to a succession of bad harvests on the paternal farm, looks sheepishly at his partner, then at her gown. 'Green's a bonnie colour, Leezie.'

'Do you think so, Duncan?'

'Ay; I do that, Leezie; for it's the colour our Maker's chosen to cover the fields and the trees and the hills, and bound to be the bonniest.'

Leezie, a plump-faced, saucy girl, with ruddy cheeks, preternaturally heightened by the dancing, looks up at him cooly. 'You may be right as to the fields and the trees, Duncan; but, to my way of thinking, the hills are different, specially now when the heather's in bloom.'

Duncan anxiously breaks the bit of bread beside his plate, and mutters: 'That's true, Leezie—that's true.'

Well up the middle table, supposed to be reserved for the *élite*, sits Alec; beside him fat, portly Mrs Beeton, resplendent in crimson silk, her ample bosom surmounted by a large breast-plate-like brooch, incasing the hair of the departed Beeton. She is speaking to Alec in confidential whispers, giving the history of each dish within recognisable distance. 'The butter them puddings took, and all of the best—fresh as fresh! "Spare nothing, Mistress Beeton," says the laird; "it's not every day a wedding comes our way."'

Alec's attention flags; perhaps hunger appeased, the dish no longer interest him; but more, perhaps, because all the evening he had missed a little figure, which his conscience would not let him forget. He had sounded Mrs Mackenzie, skilfully leading up to his point, but could get no satisfactory information. Just before the hour of stating, the children had run over to say, 'Sister was sorry; but she couldn't go to the ball, and not to wait for her.' The little things were off before she could question them further. Alec tried to forget her in the dance; and when that was unavailing, had recourse to the bottle, taking rather more whisky than was wise. A headache in hand is apt to ignore the prospect of a headache on the morrow.

But to go back to Ailie. After Alec left her, she set about getting the tea ready in a mechanical sort of a way; it didn't occur to her to neglect any of her duties because she was unhappy. Her father had gone by coach to the neighbouring town, some nine miles distant, for payment of an account due to him, and to buy some leather. He would walk back, and promised to be early—in time for tea. She had a little potatoe pie browning for him in front of the fire. Everything was ready, only her own simple toilet to make. Five o'clock came, six o'clock, and no father. She grew frightened. If the money was spent, there would be nothing to go on with, and there was only just enough meal in the house for to-morrow's breakfast. She tried not to think of the 'inns' he would have to pass, nor of his weakness in resisting temptation. She would give the children their

supper, and then dress herself. Half an hour later, as she shook off the tartan shawl in readiness to put on, there came a burst at the door—a sound the meaning of which she knew only too well; it was her father, in the maudlin, happy stage, the precursor of worse, as experience had taught her. She gave him some tea, and tried to persuade him to go to bed, in order to secure what was left of the money. For answer he stupidly laughed in her face, then made for the door. He had forgotten all about the bail, and could tell her nothing about the leather. It ended as it had often done before. In the morning, Ailie had an ugly bruise across her cheek. The poor little children's breakfast, the steaming hot porridge, lay a trampled, dirty mass outside the cottage door, the father followed it, and his daughter prayed he might land in the police cell before further damage was done.

A couple of hours after, Gavin was dusting boots and shoes in the front shop, when a sorry little trio presented themselves at the door: Ailie with a shawl over her head, and keeping only one side of her face towards him; with her the children, blue with cold, for the weather had changed, and there was a nasty drizzling rain. 'Please, Mr Maclean,' she faltered, 'I wasn't able to go to the bail last night; and I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind taking back the shoes, seeing I shan't need them more?' In her eagerness, she turned her white, earnest, little face full towards him, showing the great bruise on the cheek. His heart was full; he couldn't speak. Silently he laid five shillings on the counter, and she thought he was displeased about having to take the shoes back. She stretched out her hand for the money—two shining half-crowns. What would they not buy for the little sisters! milk and bread and nourishing foods. Then her face flushed, and she pushed one of the pieces towards him, saying, 'They were only half-a-crown, sir.'

'Bless me! so they were,' he said, vigorously dusting the counter.

They were almost out of the shop, when he found his natural voice again, and called them back. 'Have you time to stop a moment? My sister would like to see the little ones.' He went to the inner door and called 'Sarah.' A woman appeared. She was deformed. The head was placed upon the square high shoulders, as if the neck had been forgotten. She had a twisted hip, and moved in a sidelong manner. The face was plain and homely, but redeemed from positive ugliness by a pair of beautiful gray eyes. She took in the situation at once; yet, as if asking a favour, she begged to be allowed to have the little ones in the parlour. They were soon placed upon high chairs there, dangling their little legs in front of the kindly blaze, in their hands huge slices of bread and jam.

'It's too early to offer you anything,' she said to Ailie; 'but perhaps you'd fancy a cup of tea this raw morning?'

Ailie had tasted nothing; but she felt as if a bit of food or drop of drink would choke her. A minute more and she would break down. She could only manage to say: 'May I

leave the bairns for a few minutes till I go to the merchant's?'

Soon the warmth and the food unlocked the little tongues. 'We're having our breakfasts now,' piped the younger child. 'Father spilled the porridge; but bread and jam's nicer nor porridge.'

Gavin stood near. The curious lump was still in his throat. 'Poor bairn, poor bairn,' he muttered; but it was of the sister buying bits of things with her half-crown he thought. Already it was through the village that the cobbler had 'been at it again,' but had somehow evaded the policeman, and was nowhere to be found.

When Ailie returned to the shop, she heard half-suppressed little squeals of delight from the children; the deformed girl was putting small parcels into a basket, and as each additional package was added, the children expressed their approval.

'It's biscuits now, Ailie,' they greeted her with. All the way home they kept up their happy little ripple, only, as they neared the cottage, it ceased. 'Father' might be there.

But there was no father either in the house or in the police cell; instead, he lay in the Cottage Hospital with a broken leg and internal injury. As Ailie was putting the children to bed that evening, a neighbour came to the door with the news that their father had met with an accident. He had been found at the foot of the cliffs had probably lain there since morning. He was delirious when they found him, and it was no use his daughter going to see him, he would not know her.

With the morning, consciousness returned, and a message from the Hospital to say Ailie might see him—he was asking for her. The Hospital was a little bit of a place; for the neighbourhood was a healthy one, and sickness such as could not be done for at home seldom came. But in the casualty ward there were generally several cases; just now the cobbler's happened to be the only one. When his daughter arrived, he knew her at once, and called her by her name; but his face shocked her. It seemed to have shrunk to half its usual size pinched and white, and all the bloated look gone out of it. The nurse drew aside and left father and daughter together.

'Ailie,' he said, 'I'm going—going fast. There's no pain now, only a weakness, and a sinking such as I can't mistake. I've been a bad father to your poor bairns, and there's nought put past for you; but you can work your way. It's the children I'm thinking of; and how am I to meet their mother, and tell her the workhouse is to be their home?' With the last words his voice rose to a sort of hoarse shriek.

The nurse came and tried to soothe him. She was a motherly, matter-of-fact sort of body. 'Don't take on so, poor fellow—something will cast up for the bairns.'

'Yes, father, don't fret,' said Ailie. 'I'll work my fingers to the bone before they shall go to the House.'

'Words, words—idle words,' he screamed. 'Tell me how I'll meet their mother, and them unprovided for?'

'Ay, ay,' he went on, calming down, 'that's true; she was a good-living woman, an awful good-living woman.'—All the excitement had left his voice; it dropped to a despairing whisper. The nurse sent Ailie away, as her presence seemed only to excite him.

Tears blinded her as she made her way back to the cottage, choosing the path across the fields, so as to avoid meeting any one. As she lifted the latch, she heard some one talking to the children. It was Gavin.

'I thought I would have been in time to catch you before you went to the Hospital,' he said; 'and when I found you gone, I just waited on.'

'You're welcome,' she answered; 'it's not much longer I'll be able to say as much, nor where my next roof may be.'

'It's a bad business, Ailie, a bad business.'

'Ay,' she sobbed; 'and death's fearsome any time; but with him it's past thinking of. He's fretting terrible about us, and no preparing for his end.'

'Then the great uncouth fellow got up and bent over her, his voice gentle as a woman's. 'Ailie, it just rests with yourself. There's a home up the street waiting for you, and a sister—though a poor detained one—that will be a mother to the little ones. Will you think on it, Ailie? I've no turn for speaking; but there's times and seasons when actions mean more than words, and it's then you'll not find me wanting.'

She rubbed her face up and down the sleeve of his rough, frieze coat, as if its touch gave her comfort. 'I'm sore tempted, Gavin, sore tempted to take advantage of your kindness; but it doesna' seem fair, for I never knew your value till now; and will only be a drag on you.'

'You'll be a willing load to me, Ailie, such a load as I've hoped and prayed for, for many a day.'

In the manager's sitting-room, a hard fight was going on betwixt a man and his conscience. All the softer part of his nature cried out to soothe and comfort the poor half-distracted girl at the cottage—to tell her that although she was losing the only support she had ever known, the poor weak creature who took the place of father—yet, that there was another and a stronger protector waiting for her, and to have no dread as to the future.

He could imagine how she would look—he had pictured it often. But he was a canny Scot, and his mother's blood did not run in his veins for nothing. He compromised with his conscience. He would interview Ailie now, and not commit himself one way or the other. He would bid her not to fret about the future, without holding out any definite settlement. When he arrived at the cottage, Ailie and the children were just leaving it. They were on their way to the Hospital to say good-bye to their father. She did not ask him in, although he looked at her with the same eyes which formerly had wrought such havoc. They were powerless to affect her now; for she had passed through such trouble; and a lifetime of misery seemed to loom before her, until Gavin set her feet at rest. Now there seemed only room for

gratitude in her heart—any romance she had felt for Alec was dead for ever. She looked him calmly in the face whilst he went through the customary speeches of condolence. She was more worn and paler looking than when he saw her last, and when there had been no ugly bruise upon her cheek; but now there was a new dignity about her—she seemed to have grown apart from him—to be no longer the old Ailie that he knew. He asked quite humbly if she could spare him a moment indoors.

'I'm sorry there's no time, Alec; we're hurrying away to the Hospital. They've sent for us. Father's going fast; and I thought, maybe, he'd die easier if he knew me and the burns were provided for, and that he could tell mother we're going back to where she left us.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

FOREMOST among the dangers of ocean travel must be numbered the presence of abandoned vessels, or derelicts (see *Chamber's Journal*, Jan. 20, 1891), which often float flush with the surface of the sea, or even a few feet below it, quite out of sight. During the month of March no fewer than forty-one vessels reported having sighted derelicts in the Atlantic; and it is hardly too much to suppose that many a good ship which has sailed from port and never been heard of again has been wrecked by collision with these floating obstructions. It is now proposed that some international action should be taken to clear away these dangers to navigation—to tow them into port if they have any salvage value, or to blow them to pieces if they will not pay for removal in any other way. The Commissioner of Navigation at Washington has drawn up the draft of an international agreement, and this document has been circulated among the various nations interested. It suggests that Great Britain and the United States should provide two vessels each, and the other nations one vessel, and that these should be available for help to ships in distress, and should also busy themselves in the removal and destruction of derelicts.

It is well known that proximity to telegraphic and telephonic apparatus is dangerous during a thunder-storm, and many accidents have happened from this cause. Mr W. H. Soulby of Rochdale gives to a contemporary a very graphic description of what he observed in his own office during a thunder-storm which occurred on March 30th last. Every flash, he says, 'rattled the platinum connection against the diaphragm of the transmitter, lighting up the latter, and ringing the bell.' Then sparks passed from the receiver, hanging up upon its hook, to the transmitter with a sharp, crackling sound. When the storm was at its height, a tremendous flash occurred, sending a shower of sparks from receiver to transmitter, and to the several metallic parts of the telephone, such as must have proved fatal to the hearing if not to the life of any one holding the instrument to his ear.

A prize of twenty pounds has been offered by the Academy of Sciences of Rouen for a

new method of accurately recording very high temperatures, or for an improvement upon the systems already in use.

The importation of tropical fruits to this country has increased largely of late years, and has obtained fresh impetus since 1883, the year of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in London. But it is considered by those who have studied the subject that there are yet many fruits quite unknown to Britain which might with advantage be imported here, either in their fresh condition or in syrup, like the pine-apples which already reach our shores in such vast quantities. One of these is the rose-apple or jambosa, a small Indian tree, which is cultivated in many tropical countries, bearing a small pear-shaped fruit with a rose-like flavour. There are also the mango and the delicious litchi, besides many other fruits well known to travellers, which might well form the subject of experimental importation. South Africa also furnishes fruits, notably the kei apple, and the amatungla or Natal plum. Many of these fruits if attainable here during the winter season would be greatly valued, and their importation would be likely to well repay enterprise in this direction. Our remarks are suggested by an article in the *Society of Arts Journal*.

Mr Alfred Harvey makes an interesting communication to the Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto concerning the height of a widely observed aurora which occurred on July 15th last. This aurora was seen as a magnificent arch of light, which, after lasting several minutes, broke up and soon vanished. The exact position of the arch was noted by Mr Harvey at Toronto; and by a fortunate coincidence, its breaking up was observed by Mr O. E. Lumsden at Bala, one hundred and ten miles north of Toronto. By a comparison of these observations, it was found that the perpendicular height of the arch was one hundred and sixty-six miles, its breadth fifteen miles; and supposing that it maintained an equal height about the earth, the two extremities of the arch must have been separated by a space of two thousand three hundred miles.

A curious new industry is represented by the introduction in France of what is called Soap-paper. These papers are about the size of ordinary visiting-cards, and a few can be carried in a pocket-book without inconvenience. They are intended for the use of travellers, soap being a thing which is not commonly provided at Continental hotels, as it is in those of Britain. The soap-paper is made by immersing a strip of up-sized paper in a bath of cocoa-nut-oil soap of good quality, as generally prepared for toilet purposes, after which the strip is passed between rollers, cut into squares, and stamped in any manner desired. Each paper square is used once only.

We have received an explanatory circular relating to Colonel Julier's system of smoke-absorption, which, it is said, can be applied to a factory furnace or a kitchen range with very beneficial results. The apparatus consists of an ascending flue made of fire-brick, in which the products of combustion first enter, being held in their passage by a jet of steam, which

saturates the mineral dust with water-vapour. The smoke-laden gases then enter the descending flue, which is made of steel plates, and which is connected with a tank and drain to carry off the residues. At the top of this last flue is a fine spray of water, by which the soot and dust are precipitated. It is asserted that the filtering of the smoke is so thorough under this system that it is rendered clean, and that a large production of the sulphur compounds from the fuel are arrested. If this method could be so far modified that the chimneys of an entire row of houses could be connected with one apparatus, the problem of smoke-abatement in our towns would be partly solved.

A correspondent of the *Standard* describes an effective method of destroying the rats and mice which find a home in corn-ricks. When the farmer is about to thrash the corn or cart it away, the thatch should be first removed, for under it most of the vermin will be found, and they will jump off and bolt into the rick again. Galvanised iron wire, a yard high, should now be drawn round the rick, so that, when the lower portion is reached, the animals will be unable to get away into the hedgerows and other ricks. After use, the wire-netting can be rolled up and put away for future service. About fifty yards are sufficient to enclose an ordinary stack.

Mr A. M. Keay's new Fire-alarm was shown at a recent conversation at the Royal Institution by means of a model warehouse and miniature fire station, the two being connected by wires. A spirit-lamp was lighted in one of the little rooms of the warehouse, and in a few seconds a gong at the fire station commenced ringing. The system employs a very sensitive electrical thermometer, or thermostat, in which a rise of temperature much above the normal causes a bell to ring both at the fire station and outside the premises in which the instrument is placed, so that a policeman would receive warning of a fire before flames or smoke were apparent. For warehouses and other premises which are left untenanted at night, the method should prove extremely valuable.

The use of ice for domestic purposes has become more of a necessity than a luxury, but it has hitherto possessed two drawbacks. In the first place we have no guarantee of its purity, and it is a known fact that the most transparent ice may be infested with noxious germs; and in the second, it is presented in crude lumps, which are not easily broken up. The patent cube ice-blocks invented by Mr Van der Weyde are free from both objections. The ice is made from distilled water, and is presented in cubes of about one inch. By a well-known natural law, such pieces of ice will adhere together at a low temperature; but when brought into a higher one, can be readily separated. Each block bears a trade-mark, which is a guarantee of its purity, and they have a very attractive appearance when placed on the table. The machinery by which these cubes are cut from a solid block of ice, impressed each with a star—the trade-mark—and reunited into a square mass weighing sixteen or thirty-two pounds, is of the most ingenious construction.

A new method of catching fish has been invented by Mr G. Trouve. A net of circular form, having a purse in its centre, has attached to its margin a flattened india-rubber tube, which is connected with an air-pump on shore or on a boat. The net is weighted, and is sunk in any suitable spot, while fish are attracted to it by bait or by a subaqueous lamp. After a certain time, the pump is set to work; the flattened tube becomes distended with air, and rises to the surface with a motion so silent and gradual that the fish are not frightened or disturbed. The fish being secured, the air is allowed to escape from the tube, the net again sinks, and is soon ready for another haul.

All wood-workers know what an admirable material for several purposes is that yielded by the 'Sequoia gigantea' of California. It is now largely used by organ-builders, not only on account of its fine grain and the ease with which it can be worked, but because of the great breadth of the logs cut from the great tree. A section of the trunk of one of these trees has just been acquired by the British Museum. It has a diameter of more than fifteen feet; and the annual rings, which have been carefully counted by an expert, indicate an age of thirteen hundred and thirty years. It has been pointed out that this tree must have attained a considerable growth when St Augustine introduced Christianity into Great Britain. It is satisfactory to learn that the 'Sequoia' is in no danger of extinction.

Last year there was a pretty general consensus of opinion on the part of London gas-consumers that by some occult means their quarterly gas accounts had considerably increased, although to all intents and purposes they were using the same amount of gas as heretofore. Professor Lewes, in a paper recently read before the Society of Arts, on 'London Gas and its Enrichment,' alluded to this matter, and succeeded by certain experiments in tracing its cause. He found that the height of a gas flame depends upon the constituents of the gas, hydrogen giving a very short flame, and methane or marsh-gas a very long one, the flame yielded by carbon monoxide being intermediate between the two. Now it has become customary to use higher retort temperatures at the gas-works, and this increases the amount of hydrogen in the gas; and one of the companies adopts a method of enrichment which again increases the proportion of hydrogen as well as that of carbon monoxide. As a result, Londoners get a gas which yields a short flame, and, by force of habit, they use the biggest flame which they can obtain without reaching the roaring point. They get more light than before this alteration in the composition of the gas, but they have to pay for it. According to Professor Lewes, Londoners would be saved three hundred thousand pounds per annum by the use of unenriched gas; and he asserts that no one would notice the slightest difference in the light emitted by the gas in the burners ordinarily in use; whilst with regenerative burners the difference would be still less.

The Edison-Bell Phonograph Corporation, London, are now supplying phonographs for commercial use, and they inform us that a large

number of English firms as well as private persons are employing the instrument for secretarial work. The rent of a phonograph is ten pounds per annum, and its records can be put, if required, direct into type without the intervention of manuscript.

The wasps last year made sad havoc in the fruit orchards, and the growers have this spring been taking timely precautions against a recurrence of the plague. The early months of the year were dry and warm, and therefore very favourable to the wasps. At this period, if a queen wasp be destroyed, it is equivalent to the extermination of a whole colony later on; and fruit-farmers have been mindful of this fact in placing a price upon the head of every queen wasp brought to them. The system has proved successful, and gardeners and others have in some districts vied with each other in their diligent search after the queens.

The Connelly Motor, which is now being advocated for tramcar service, exhibits a very beautiful application of a principle which, although not new, is not very well known. Power is obtained from an oil or gas engine, and is directly applied to a large and heavy fly-wheel faced with steel, which is kept in motion whether the car is at rest or travelling along the rails. At right angles to this ever-turning fly-wheel is another wheel, which, by means of ingeniously arranged traversing gear, can be moved from the centre to the edge of the fly-wheel. When at the centre, the smaller wheel which by gearing gives motion to the car is stationary; but as it is moved towards the edge of the revolving fly-wheel, it partakes of its motion, and moves faster and faster, until the quickly travelling edge of the fly-wheel is reached, when it secures to the car a speed of eight miles an hour. The system has been in successful operation in America and is on its trial in London. It is claimed for it by its promoters that it is more economical than any other means of locomotion which have been applied to tramcar service.

During a recent six-day bicycle race at New York, a novel method of scoring was adopted, which is said to have been found a great improvement upon the usual system with black-board and movable figures. The track measured one-tenth of a mile in circumference, and therefore ten laps went to the mile. For each rider there was erected a pole, bearing at the top ten incandescent lamps, which could be severally lighted or extinguished at will by an attached shunt in easy reach of the scorer's hand. As the riders completed their laps, their scorers signalled the fact by turning on a lamp—one for each lap—until the tenth was scored, when the lamps were extinguished, and the process repeated.

Notwithstanding the high pitch of perfection to which the 'cycle' manufacture has been carried in this country, our French neighbours seem to be somewhat ahead of us in new applications of this most important aid to locomotion. Boats worked by bicycle gearing are coming into common use, we are told by a French contemporary; and a Frenchman has undertaken, with a combined land-and-water cycle, which he has invented, to make a

journey from Paris to Marseilles on *terra firma*, and to return by water.

English has been spoken in these islands with more or less purity for 1444 years, or longer; in the United States, for a little over 300 years. Yet it is perhaps hardly to be wondered at that Americans have of late waxed exceeding bold in denouncing the Anglicisms or Briticisms of our insular speech as offensive to their more classical ears, and painful to their grammatical consciences. For was not Lindley Murray of Swetara, Pennsylvania, United States, long ago enthroned among us as prince of English grammarians? We trust it was from no disrespect to the memory and the names of Dr Samuel Johnson (of Lichfield, England), and of John Walker (of Colney Hatch, England), that the English people unhesitatingly accepted as standard authorities on their tongue the great American Dictionaries of Noah Webster and J. E. Worcester. And pending the completion sometime well into the next millennium of the great Philological Society's Dictionary, begun in 1879 by Dr J. A. H. Murray, we of this generation have been content to regard the (American) Century Dictionary, edited by Professor W. D. Whitney (New York, 1890-91, six volumes folio, 7076 pages), as the most comprehensive and perfect Dictionary of the English language extant. But ere we have become quite familiar with these ponderous tomes, comes a new American Dictionary of English, claiming in many essentials to surpass the Century. 'The Standard Dictionary of the English Language,' under the general editorship of Dr L. K. Funk, and published by the Funk and Wagnalls Company of New York, is to be complete in two large quarto volumes, closely but clearly printed, with many novel devices of type within and index markings without for finding your word at once. The first volume was published last year, and runs to 1060 pages, with many thousand illustrations. In the part of the alphabet devoted to the letter A, this work contains, instead of the 8358 entries of the big Webster, and the 15,621 entries of the Century, no less than 19,736 'words and phrases recorded under the letter A.' It would be impossible here to indicate the respects in which it differs from the other large dictionaries, or to examine how far it fulfils its promises and justifies its great claims; but a somewhat extended investigation enables us to pronounce the first volume an excellent and valuable book, sure to take a permanent place on the shelves of English libraries.

ROMANCE OF A DECK CHAIR.

SHE was a very proud girl—quite a stand-offish sort of girl, and she came on board with a fixed intention not to speak to anybody. I noticed her while we were yet in the dock at Tilbury. You don't notice individuals as a rule, for everybody looks so like everybody else on a first meeting, especially when it is almost dark, and a crowd of passengers hang about the ship's side taking their last look at

things ashore. But I noticed this lady at the very first. I was on deck, prepared to go with the steamship *Atalanta* to New York City, and I saw her alight from the train some hundred yards distant. I lost her until she stepped upon the gangway, and then I was confirmed in my impression that she was a remarkably handsome girl.

She came on board like a princess, and for some minutes disappeared. Presently I felt a strange sensation. She was positively standing beside me. There was no reason why she should have preferred any other locality, but the fact that she came and stood by the side of me certainly deepened the extraordinary impression she had made. Without presuming to stare at her, I got a glimpse of her fine profile and dark, haughty eyes.

The usual scenes were going on about us. I ventured a remark—foolish and trilling, no doubt, but hardly deserving the contemptuous silence with which it was received.

The last bell sounded; the gangway was withdrawn, and we began to haul out of dock; but still she stood there and made no sign. I plucked up spirit, and asked her if she was going to America—an absurd question, seeing that America was the sole destination of the ship. She turned and looked at me, said nothing, and walked away.

It was a lovely night, and as we dropped down the river the passengers stood about in groups and enjoyed it. Several spoke to me, and became quite sociable. She was on deck also until eleven o'clock, but sitting alone, and, so far as I could tell, making no comment upon the mystery of shadows sparkling with lights aloft and ashore which the vessel glided past.

I kept at a respectful distance; but I saw the captain speak to her, and I'm sure he got snubbed for his audacity. So I put it down to pride. I think she made an exception of the stewardess; in fact, I'm sure she did—later on. There is a winning charm about the stewardess to which most ladies yield when a ship gets out to sea.

The next morning Miss Bradley (for that, as I discovered afterwards, was her name) and I met at breakfast. I think all the passengers met at breakfast—at that first breakfast. She was there, anyway, and Fortune seated her at my elbow. I made some progress with Miss Bradley in furnishing her plate. Oh, she was all right at that first breakfast. The sea was like glass, and the sweet morning air in the Channel was very appetising.

But the neighbourly chat with which I tried to garnish the eggs-and-bacon met with little encouragement, and she committed herself no further than to the endorsement of my hope that we should have this sort of thing all the way. By 'this sort of thing' I meant the glorious weather, not her monumental frigidity; but I don't think she took the trouble to analyse my conceptions.

All that day she wandered about the deck,

with her dark eyes—they were dark gray in the sunshine—surveying the panorama of the cliff-belted southern coast, or sat upon a bench by the saloon dome, reading a book under the shadow of the awning which had been rigged up on the 'Promenade.' The splendid lines of her figure showed to advantage in a neat gown of homespun. No one spoke to her; and she spoke to nobody. At dinner I got a trifle forward by the aid of baked potatoes, but nothing to boast about.

There were several jolly women among the passengers; and particularly jolly they were on the score of the calm sea. Our time in the Channel was as good as a picnic, and it seemed as if the prevailing merriment must tantalise Miss Bradley out of her proud reserve. But it didn't.

The next morning, when the steward called me at half-past six for my bath, a breeze had sprung up, and the ship was lifting and rolling in it considerably. The breakfast table was but thinly attended. Miss Bradley, however, came in and took her place beside me. 'Come,' I thought, she's a good sailor. I'll amuse her with some anecdotes about those who are sick at sea.

I supplied her plate, and launched into a funny story. To my dismay, she suddenly arose and left the table—likewise the saloon, ramming her handkerchief into her mouth, as I assumed, to prevent the laughter which must unbind her dignity, and break down the icy barrier between us.

For five days her pride—or some other indisposition—buried her in the sacred seclusion of her state-room. It was too bad! During those five days we staggered through a lively cross-sea, which made walking on deck a very awkward business; and I spent most of my time reclining in my comfortable deck-chair.

It now occurred to a number of passengers that a deck-chair was the thing of all others which they ought to have brought on board. The scanty accommodation of benches was inadequate for those who wanted to lie down at full length and 'sleep it off'; and the deck was not only non-synbaritic, but offered indifferent anchorage: those who made their bed on the floor experienced a constant tendency to slip and slide and roll as the *Atlantia* wrestled with the waves. It would not do.

Envious glances were cast at my snug chair, which I had moored in a sheltered corner. Piratical attacks were made upon that chair whenever I ventured to quit it for a moment. If I took a turn to stretch my limbs, or went below for a book or an extra rug, I never failed to find on my return some interloping loafer ensconced in my nest and pretending to be fast asleep. I stood a good deal of this, and in a noble transport of self-sacrifice wandered about like a lost dog. But I wouldn't stand it any longer. And I didn't.

I began to evict the intruders; at first, with great delicacy: 'Pray, excuse me! I fancy you have mistaken your chair.' Then, with less compunction: 'I regret that I must disturb you; I'm not feeling very well.' And later without ceremony or remorse: 'Now, sir: my chair, if you please!'

It came to this, that I got quite 'rusty,' and acquired the habit of folding up my chair whenever I left it, affixing thereon a notice: 'This Chair was brought on board for the Owner's Use. All others keep away.' This manifesto brought up to me a great deal of chaff. A petition was got up, requesting me to 'take the chair' at a meeting to be held for the purpose of denouncing monopolies. A band of young fools serenaded me with a chorus of 'Chair, boys! Chair! He'll sleep until to-morrow!' and there were other attempts at fun almost as feeble. They kept this up so persistently, that, being out of sorts through the rough weather, and also on account of the prolonged absence of the girl with the dark-gray eyes, I became as surly as a bear.

On the sixth day the sea had gone down a good deal, and the saloon banquets were better patronised. I returned to the deck after a capital luncheon, with one of Clark Russell's stories under my arm; and I filled my big pipe as I meandered in the direction of my chair, intending to enjoy myself thoroughly. Imagine my rage when I found the chair absolutely gone! I rushed up and down the deck until I observed that everybody was bursting with laughter. Suddenly, under the lee of the captain's cabin, I came upon Millicent Bradley. Her proud gray eyes were dim and lustreless. The full firm contour of the face was gone, and her rich complexion had changed to putty-colour. The self-reliant mouth sank at the corners, and was partly open, as if she lacked the vital energy to press her pallid lips together.

As I stopped before her and stared with astonishment and distress, she opened her eyelids just another sixteenth of an inch, and murmured in the most deaway tone: 'Oh, Mr Franklin, I'm afraid I've got your chair. Do take it! Please take it!'

Of course I was instantly at her side, imploring her to keep the blessed chair for ever, to wear it for my sake, not that she showed the slightest disposition to give it up.

For three days I waited upon her hand and foot, helped her up and down the companion-stairs, tempted her with delicacies, told her funny stories—not about sea-sickness—recited poetry to her—my own, unpublished! and—yes, I flirted with her.

And she! Oh, it did her good—brightened her up amazingly. She talked better than a phonograph, and we were all in all to each other. The doctor was a bit of a nuisance, presuming upon his medical privileges, you understand; and the captain pestered us; but I got my grip, as we used to say when I rowed in the College Eight, and I pulled right through, giving them my 'wash' all the time.

And so we drew nearer to Sandy Hook; and although I had to sit upon a camp-stool while I watched over her in my lawful capacity of landlord of the deck-chair, I never enjoyed crossing so much in my life, and I've been over the Atlantic about twenty times on business.

But within a day's sail of New York a disaster fell upon the ship, so terrifying, so

lurid, so indescribably horrible, that you will think me inconsistent in declaring that it increased my happiness a hundredfold, and gave me in one hideous moment all the concentrated joy of a lifetime.

It had come on to blow again. A great bank of bubbling purple clouds had arisen in the north-west as the night closed in; and while I was helping Miss Bradley down the companion-way, driven from the deck by the ugly, threatening aspect of the sky, a blast of wind struck the vessel, heeling her over with a suddenness that forced me to cling with all my might to the banister, and Miss Bradley with all hers to my neck. For nearly a minute my chin reposed against the top of her head, but that ecstasy was vouchsafed to me no longer. As the ship righted, Millicent puted from me, sprang down the few remaining stairs, grabbed at a handrail, and whisked away to her cabin sans adieux.

I struggled back to the deck for the rugs and cushions, and found the vessel enveloped in a furious storm. Already it was dark, and the *Atlanta* was plunging like a restive horse, the sea coming in floods over the bulwarks, and the wind tearing and shrieking among the cordage, and blustering against the big roaring funnel. The rain came down in slanting sheets of water, and the sailors were shouting to each other, and warning the passengers who had delayed getting below. I lost one of my rugs, and how I saved my life I can hardly tell. My deck-chair I left strapped to its moorings, and took refuge in the smoke-room with half-a-dozen other white-faced fellows.

With the greatest difficulty we got to our state-rooms, and I clambered into my berth, simply shedding my topcoat on the floor and kicking off my sopping shoes. I lay on my back with my elbows wedged against the sides of the bunk, to prevent myself being pitched out by the violent rolling of the ship, and listened to the smashing of glass and crockery, the crash of hat-boxes, bags, and other unsecured trifles, which were flying about like pips in a dice-box, and to the shuddering whirl of the screw as the water dropped away from our stern and left the great flanges to beat the air. The steward came and put the lights out, a red-tape proceeding which added to the awfulness of things, in general. Then I began to get insufferably warm. It was summer-time, and with portholes closed, the atmosphere below decks was always stuffy; but never before had I felt such an oppression. I concluded that we had got into the Gulf Stream, or something of that sort, and they had closed all the ventilators for the sake of keeping the ship water-tight.

I had to lie there in a bath of perspiration, for I could not get relief by taking off my clothes. To unwedge myself in order to make the attempt would have resulted in my rolling out on to the floor, where my shoes and a water-bottle, and a careless companion's razor-case were having a perfect frolic together.

I grew parched with thirst. Every moment the air became more unbreathable. Ten minutes more, and I gasped aloud: 'I must get out of this, or die!' I flung myself down, taking my

chance of the razors, and groped out of the door. A stifling fog hung in the saloon. The dim light of a swinging lantern showed it me. Peering about me with almost blinded eyes, I perceived that from every state-room abutting on the saloon one or more passengers had crept out like myself, and were standing at each opening like spectres, holding on desperately to anything. The saloon seemed to be doing its best to subvert itself. At times the floor was almost perpendicular. Now I was lying flat upon the outer wall of my cabin; the next instant I was hanging from the rail that ran round it, as if I were a trapeze performer. All about there was a pandemonium of tumbling things. The sea thundered against the vessel fearfully, and again and again there was that horrible shudder of the screw.

Near me hung an old gentleman in night-attire. 'A nice thing this!' he bellowed in my ear. To save discussion, I agreed with him that it was very nice indeed.

Across the saloon was the cabin dedicated to Miss Bradley. I detected a ghostly figure there, and made my way over, holding fast to the chairs and the table. Yes, it was she, white as the dressing gown that swathed her graceful figure. She grasped my hand. Her dark eyes gazed into my face with a terrible expression.

'Thank God, you have come to me!' she cried with passionate earnestness.

We had grown very good friends during those few blissful days of her convalescence, but only by maintaining a rigid barrier of the most respectful ceremony. How I blessed the accommodating tempest which made her now speak to me like that!

I kept her hand in mine and brought my face close to hers. I had to do this to make my consolation intelligible, there was such a racket! 'It's all right!' I shouted. 'Only a gale of wind. Bit of a sea on. You're quite right to turn out if you feel nervous.'

She shook her head. 'Oh, the storm is nothing!' she replied.

'Nothing at all!' I assented scollingly, as if I had been used to 'high seas and howling winds' from infancy. But in my heart I did not agree with her. She must surely be jesting—making light of it in panic-stricken bravado, else why was she so unmistakably overmastered by fear? Her face was set like marble; her eyes glared to right and left; her beautifully chiselled nostrils sniffed the down-draught from the engine-room.

As we stood there in the duskiness, clinging to the side of the cabin and to each other, she asked, 'Are you sure there is nothing wrong with the ship—nothing?'

Her tone was so strange that I stared at her for a moment through the smother before asking the counter-question: 'What should there be?'

'What is this smoke?' she whispered hoarsely in my ear. Before I could answer, there was a concussion above us as if the very heavens had fallen upon the ship, and we were both dashed off our feet. I fell with my hand upon some metal-work which the carpet did not cover. It was so hot it almost blistered me. I quickly

scrambled up, and lifting the almost fainting girl in both my arms, staggered with her to a cushioned nook close by. As I did so, there came a rush of water into the saloon, sweeping over the floor in waves as the oscillation of the vessel flung it from one side to the other. And as the flood receded to mass itself in another quarter, a cloud of steam arose, adding to the denseness of the prevailing gloom.

The last shock had evoked a wail of alarm from the surrounding cabins, and the saloon became crowded with people rushing out of their doors. But when they found the floor surging with water and that white vapour floating upward, there was a perfect shriek of dismay: 'The boilers have burst!—the boilers!'

Supposing the water to be scalding, I instinctively placed Millicent Bradley at full length upon the couch. There was no time to save myself; and I let out an unmanly yell as the wave lapped me right up to the knee. It seemed to bite the flesh from my bones. I can stand pain—I used to play football in England. But you just put your stockinged feet into boiling water and try that! In a jiffy I was perched upon the top of a small table, and clapped my hand to my injured extremities; but, strange to say, I was not scalded at all. The water was cold. Others found this out simultaneously. And yet the steam was rising.

The meaning of it flashed upon Millicent first of all—or perhaps this phenomenon only confirmed a fear: 'God help us!' she cried. 'The vessel is on fire!'

The word flew like lightning. All rushed pell-mell out of the saloon and up the stairs to the deck.

'Save me, Horace!' gasped Millicent in that moment she called me by that name—'Save me, Horace, for the love of Heaven!'

I caught her to my breast like a child—she was a very full-grown woman, and must have weighed eleven stone—I kissed her cheek, her eyes, her lips, and she never murmured. I strode with unswerving steps to the companion-way with that lovely burden soft and supple in my arms. I sprang up the stairs with a confidence I had not possessed in the calmest of weather, and presently stood with her on deck, the wind tearing at us like a legion of devils, and the rushing masses of water dashing over us from head to foot. It would have been too much for me exposed to the full force of it, had not a handy sailor coiled a rope about us and hitched us up securely. He bound us heart to heart, and I stood with her so through the flying hours that dragged so tediously with most people. There and then and thus I told my love to her—and she listened to me. She made me swear that if the ship's company had to take to the boats, I would go with her. If that could not be, she begged me to let her stay and drown with me.

Oh, what a glorious time that was; with the storm beating me almost senseless, the ship a furnace beneath my feet, the utter hopelessness of boats living in such a sea, should the fire break through the battened-down hatches and drive us from the vessel!

Never shall I forget the dawn of that day; the clouds glaring spitefully as they fled away before the sun; the waves cowering into sullenness; the storm-wind screeching in baffled passion—and my deck-chair gone!

They had found the fire, and extinguished it; and with the morning light came the cry of 'Land ahead!' from the lookout.

We should get through it all safely, then; and beyond lay—Paradise! Not the same paradise that we had contemplated in the dark hours, but still paradise; such a one as I would be contented with for all the rest of my life.

A pilot joined us. We steamed into Sandy Hook. They steered the battered hulk of the *Atababa* into the grand harbour of New York under as goodly a sun as ever smiled on lovers.

Millicent Bradley once again stood by my side and spoke no word. Her dark eyes surveyed the shore and took stock of the monster excursion steamers, the statue of Liberty, and the Brooklyn bridge; but she made no comment. She had not referred to that sweet night of terrors since I found her standing on the promenade deck neatly dressed for going ashore.

We passed the Battery, and drew near to the Company's landing-stage. Presently we were being hauled into the dock. In five minutes the gangway would be run up, and we should have to go ashore. And up to this time, although I had told her all about myself, my family, my position, and my prospects in life, all unimpeachable, she had not confided to me any of her own affairs, not even her destination. But now she turned to me and looked me squarely in the eye. 'You were very kind to me last night, Mr Franklin,' she said, in tones that I fancied trembled a little.

'Mister! I stammered, aghast at her coldness.

'I am very grateful—I shall always be. Don't think badly of me for being so weak and foolish. I could not bear'—she hesitated, and shook back a tear that seemed about to sparkle in her eye as she corrected herself: 'I should not like you to—despise me.'

'Oh, Miss—Millicent!' I began.

But she went on firmly: 'Of course we must not take seriously anything which circumstances—so exceptional—so very, very dreadful, indeed—we must not bind ourselves by what such circumstances forced upon us. We will say "Good-bye" now; and—and if—if we never meet again!'

'Millicent!' I cried, catching both her hands, quite heedless of onlookers, 'don't coquette with me after what we have both gone through! You can say calmly to me, "If we never meet again:" I say to you, "Must we ever, ever part?"'

'Yes, we must part—Horace.' The words came slowly, and she did not disengage her hands.

'Why? Where are you going?'

'To Manitoba—to my brother's ranch. I am going to settle there. If you would like to call'—

Manitoba is some three thousand miles from New York, and the Bradley ranch is eighty miles from the railway. But I did 'call'; and it came to pass that I settled there too.

ELECTRICITY FROM RUBBISH.

THE satisfactory disposal of the Rubbish and refuse of our large towns has for years occupied the close attention of engineers and sanitarians alike, and various modes of dealing with the problem have been advocated and carried into practice; whilst the statement furnished by reliable statistics that London alone produces no fewer than 1,500,000 tons of refuse per annum, affords our readers some adequate idea of the magnitude and importance of the difficulty to be grappled with by local and municipal bodies.

Conveyance of the refuse to the sea has been practised with success; but such mode is obviously too costly for towns not on the seaboard; and under these circumstances, the adoption of cremators, in which the rubbish is wholly consumed by fire, has come more and more into favour; so that at the present moment the majority of the principal cities are either constructing, or about to construct, the new Refuse Cremator. Hitherto, the cremator has been deemed a nuisance, and an unprofitable though necessary burden to the ratepayers; but change are now in progress which may turn even the cremator to useful account.

Much heat is necessarily evolved in the destruction of the refuse; and the idea is now gaining ground that such heat may be largely and advantageously utilised in the production of steam-power and electricity, instead of being permitted to run to waste. The production of a furnace suitable for the most economical combustion of all kinds of refuse has necessarily required much time and skill; and it was only after twenty five years of close application to the problem that the late M. Fournier de Livét, a French engineer, succeeded in securing a powerful natural draught in furnaces without artificial means, and in consuming rubbish without smoke or noxious fumes of any kind.

Without entering into the minutiae of M. Livét's invention, it may suffice to state that the latest and most approved generator of steam from refuse consists of three cylinders, two of which are fitted with internal fire-grates and flues; whilst the third one, placed centrally above, is kept about half full of water, and acts as a steam-chest. The specialty of the furnace is the adaptation of such form of flue as will utilise the increasing density or weight of the gases generated as they travel towards the chimney, thus inducing a high velocity of air through the furnace bars, and rapid combustion and intense heat in the furnaces themselves.

A destructor erected on the Livét system is now in operation at Halifax, in Yorkshire, and produces, from the combustion of refuse, electric current sufficient for some two thousand candle-power arc lamps, and a search-light of twenty-five thousand candle-power.

It is, of course, unnecessary to point out how widely diverse is the composition of town

refuse; its constituents—ashes, vegetable refuse, tins, cans, old boots, paper, &c., and the million items which find their way sooner or later to the dust-heap—are well known to every one; and obviously any attempt to put a value on the heat-producing capabilities of rubbish must be a little vague in dealing with the subject generally. Taking, however, a rough average of the results obtained, an ordinary sample of town refuse is pronounced by experts to be equivalent to about one-third or one-fifth its weight in coal—namely, from three to five pounds of refuse will generate as much heat as one pound of coal; whilst the refuse after consumption is found to be a clean, massive metallic clinker, well fitted for road material; or, after being ground up, for making mortar.

It is, of course, hardly necessary to add one word of caution in regard to the invention now under consideration. It is not to be assumed that because rubbish is burnt, the electricity necessarily costs absolutely nothing; the cost of plant, distribution of power, and many other expenses, must not be lost sight of, to say nothing of the labour expended in collecting the refuse. Allowing, however, for all this, it is quite clear that an invention which rids the community of a great nuisance, and does so without creating a further one in the shape of noxious fumes and smoke, and at the same time turns to good account the heat generated, must confer benefits on the community at large; and that the keen interest aroused in the new adaptation is amply warranted by the sound economic principles on which it is based.

THE SPRING TIDE COMES.

The Spring tide comes along the way,
And from her 'broad red kittle' gay
She scatters daisies o'er the hills;
Gold dust falls from the daffodils
That crown her head on fell and blue,
Her breath woe bloom on bough and spray,
Bright is the marsh flower's golden ray,
When by the softly singing rills
The Spring-tide comes.

The young lambs round her foot-tops play;
The tassels on the larches sway;
The blackbird's song the valley fills;
Above her head the skylark trills;
The thrushes lift a roundelay,
The Spring-tide comes.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

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THE CLIFF SCENERY OF DONEGAL.

By CHARLES EDWARDS.

PERHAPS the best idea of the magnitude and chaotic character of Donegal's Cliff may be had by walking from Glen Columbkille to Arlara. It is a hard day's work, but most impressive, and, towards Maghera, thrilling into the bargain. Road or track there is none; nor is there a village until Maghera is reached. In two only of the glens which have to be crossed to keep the cliff-line are there houses. A few bright patches of green about the thatched little homesteads betoken cultivation of a sort. The bark of a vigilant sheep dog tells of the flocks scattered over the mountains, and warns you to mind your calves. Else, wild precipitous headlands, white maned waves thundering against the rocks, and the gray desolation of the inland granite hills, with their multitude of loughs, great and small these and nothing besides make up the Donegal before you. Yet stay; high over yonder bleak mountain you may see two birds of unusual size. They are eagles. Without them, the savagery of your surroundings would be incomplete.

Slieve League, south of Glen Columbkille, is a superb introduction to Donegal's coast splendours, approaching them from the county town. There is nothing like Slieve League in the realm. In less than half a mile from the sea the mountain rears its height of nearly two thousand feet. The walk from Carrigan Head, by springy down and heather, to Slieve League's summit—ever with the Atlantic throbbing far down on your left hand—is a memorable experience. Carrigan Head is seven hundred and forty-five feet high, and its cliffs fall as nearly sheer as may be. But it seems dwarfed by the amazing face of Slieve League, which towers red and white and green, close by, some three times its own height. One could sit for a day on the green plateau of the Bunglass headland—still nearer to Slieve League—watching the colours of the mountain face, and the

blue Atlantic beating itself into a fury at its base. If the sky is angry overhead, so much the better for Slieve League's majesty, though your courage may be the more severely tested if you propose to scale it by the One Man Pass. The mountain rises from Bunglass by the coast in a series of tooth-like pinnacles and steep slopes. The worst of these is the One Man Pass, a reach of some fifty feet of smooth quartzose rock, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, two feet only in width, with an alarming drop to the sea on the left hand, and a long abrupt slope below on the right. In a strong wind, the One Man Pass might well prove a fatal lure to ambition; and even on a calm day, discretion bids the tourist take it on hands and knees rather than with dignified erectness. Slieve League is matchless.

The walk from Glen Columbkille is, however, even wilder than Slieve League. Glen, as it is more truly called, is dedicated to St Columb. There are ancient crosses by its little roadways, and of course a holy well, with, hard by, the conventional huge heap of penitential stones, representing a sad number of sins. St Columb's Well holds some of the muddiest water in Donegal. The cups which lie by it are incentives rather to mortification than refreshment. Still, none but a very callous tourist will refuse to put his lips to the holy fluid, after having clambered up the side of Glen Head to the recess which holds it.

It was a saint's day in Glen when I set to work to cross the recess for my initial climb towards the Sturiall. The church bell tinkled musically. Lads and lasses—the latter bright in scarlet and green, with, oh, such tall bonnets!—were coming from the cottages far and near to the church. They trod barefoot, fingering their rosaries, and carrying their boots in their hands to the church porch. But each holy cross was for them an occasion of rest and prayer. It was good to see them grouped on their knees thus by the roadside, and to hear the murmur of their petitioning.

The bright colours and the high bonnets were not such a dreadful incongruity, after all. Besides, I had but to gaze westwards, and there, framed between Glen Head's precipice—the twin of Carrigan Head in elevation—and the sharp rocks towards Rossan Point, was the bright blue Atlantic. The day was a perfect summer day. Had it not been, I should have hesitated ere beginning this twenty-mile cliff walk, about which even the most modern of guide-books shirked the responsibility of giving information.

I had one safe rule of conduct—to cling to the coast—and for ten hours I clung to it, ere I got to my bourn for the night, hungry and tired beyond description.

The Sturral is, after Glen Head, the first cape of mark. It is approached by a neck as objectionable as Slieve League's One Man Pass. From its six-hundred-foot cliffs the view south to Rossan and north to Aran is remarkable. Thence the coast-line drops to a chasm called the Sawpit, near which are the poor cottages of Port. Here the pedestrian has a mild foretaste of the difficulties that he will have to encounter ere his days walk is over. The limestone rocks fall abruptly towards the Atlantic—chafing among the splintered cliffs and needles which stud Port's little bay—and over their edge a series of streams hurl themselves point-blank into the sea. Some nice movement is needful to negotiate these rocks and streams, and finally descend to cross the inlet for the immediate ascent of Tormore Head.

Tormore Head is eight hundred and fifteen feet high, and is mainly perpendicular. The view hence reaches to Mayo in the south and Aran in the north. Errigal's fine white pyramid stands inland most conspicuously among the dark masses of Donegal's mountains. The headland has a fine riven face seawards, and an eccentric islet rock shaped like a Doge's cap, and itself rather higher than St Paul's Cathedral, adds to its picturesqueness. The yellow sands of Loughros Bay, and the yellow and red gleams of the cliffs of Puliska, immediately near to the north, must be noticed from this bold promontory, if the wind be civil enough to leave you any thought of the prospect.

From Tormore Head there was another descent to the sea-level at Puliska. Four gray cottages indicated the population of this recess, by which a little stream drains into the Atlantic. Away, a mile or two inland, lies Lough Anaftrin, with a reputation for two things: its trout, and its difficulty of access for the angler. I saw it from the high land that starts from the other side of Puliska's glen—a pretty pool, with humpy, olive, green, and white hills hugging it round. Under gloomy weather, no lough could be more dismally situated.

On the Puliska hill-side I broke my fast among the heather and bog-myrtle. Believe it or not, the slope was here so steep that I could hardly keep the recumbent position I sought. But there was an ice-cold spring among the heather, near a ferny depression, which was not to be passed with neglect; and so I rested for half an hour, holding on to the heather tufts, staring at the prevalent beauty and

bleakness while I smoked a cigarette, and listened to the piping of the gulls and the rhythmical beat of the sea against the rocks.

The coast line turns almost due east from Puliska's cliffs, and still I kept my height of hundreds of feet above the sea. Donegal's broken headlands to the north were now immediately in view, and engaging indeed they looked, with the streaks of sunlight caught by the tongues of sand between them. Farther north, however, black darkness brooded over the mountain tops. It seemed probable that the weather might change for the worse ere I was half-way in my excursion. I hurried on, therefore, rising and falling with the rude undulations of the land, now sticking hard in bog, now speeding down heathery slopes, only to be confronted, a few minutes later, with formidable acclivities that were not to be shirked.

Soon the mountain mass of Slieve-tooey had to be crossed, or rather its roots, which drop towards the sea with much precipitousness and irregularity. The work grew harder. The muscles of my legs began to revolt against the continued strain, and again and again I lay on the heather and listened to theurge of the gulls. It was on one of these occasions that I espied the eagles over Slieve-tooey's bald brow. I heard more of them later. They had paid lavish attention to the lands during the spring, and it was feared that they had a nest of eaglets in their eyrie, which was known to be in a cleft impossible to reach.

The cliffs here varied between a height of four and six hundred feet. Their reddish and white faces were for gulls alone. And in Gull Island, a tiny point of rock near the shore, these noisy birds find an admirable breeding-place, absolutely free from human intrusion.

For two more weary but magnificent hours I strove onwards to my goal. The hearing of the Loughros peninsula across the sands told me I was approaching Maghera. But just when I hoped I might descend easily into the village, I was faced with a mountain spur falling almost perpendicularly into Loughros Bay, and the only apparent way of traversing which was by a sheep track scratched midway on the seaward face of the precipice. I sat down and smoked and eyed my task. How was I to know whither this frightful path might lead me?

It was during my prolonged hesitancy that a stalwart, apple-cheeked man, with loose waving hair, came upon me, attended by two fine boys, and greeted me in an open hearted manner very rare in Donegal. He, too, was bound for Maghera. He lived there, had been born there, and would probably die there. He had grazing on the mountains for a few sheep, which he had been inspecting. And now, if I would please to follow him, he would lead the way. He suspected there were few such bad places in Ireland, and none in England. Down below, however, it would be all right, for we should come upon one of the new roads ('Balfour's road' he called it, believing it named after the contractor). This went straight to Ardara, six miles farther; and the pity was that it was getting so thick with grass, though so recently made.

My guide not only led me across this precipice with much genuine regard for my safety, turning now and again to ask, 'You're sure, now, you aren't afraid?' But, without any collusion with his father, one of the boys invariably, where it was possible, took a lower sheep-track, so that his head and shoulders might appear as a sort of guard betwixt me and the sea or sands below. I could see in the lad's face that he did it out of concern for me, though, when I laughingly challenged him with it, he blushed and prettily denied that it was so. 'Och sure,' burst forth the man, 'and it's possible they'd do it, for they're good boys, both: not like the crathurs in towns. They've niver learnt a single bad thing; them boys—they're as God made 'em, just!'

Down in miserable Maghera—a collection of about a score of straw hutches—I rested for half an hour in my guide's house. His wife knew no English; but she brought the iron pot of cold stribout and set it on a bench before me, with a big horn spoon that I could just get into my mouth. The floor of the hut was littered with new-cut hay—as sweet a carpet as you could wish, though the black earth was under it. Of furniture there was none worth mentioning except a bedstead under the eave, between the sod fire and the bare rough stone wall. 'It had no mattress and no bed on it, only a faded quilt, doubled, and a blanket. Of course there was a cradle, however, and one of the lads set himself to rock it the moment he entered, with his eyes fast on me the whole time. And while I trifled with the stribout, the master of this establishment told me his simple tale. As a young man he had hesitated long between staying at Maghera or going to America. He rather fancied America. 'But, arrah, there was Biddy there; and so we made a match of it when we was quite young; and there's eight of 'em (pointing at his offspring) already, and it's a poor man I'll be always, at all, at all!'

'But a happy one into the bargain, I hope?' said I.

'Och, yis, praise be God!' he replied.

It was rare to see the sparkle of pleasure in Biddy's eyes, honest, hard-working soul, and in the boys themselves, when I gave them a coin apiece. The poor woman's grip of the hand at parting was the sincerest I felt in Donegal. Her husband would not let me go unaccompanied for more than a mile on my way towards Ardara, having first carried me pickaback across a stream.

Bloody Foreland, the extreme north-western corner of Ireland, is not scenically so sensational as you would, from its name, suppose it might be. The coast is not here at all bold. The actual corner of the country is a practical mixture of oat-patches, grazing land of the very worst kind, and the most miserable of hovels. The Irish of the Foreland are in an abject state of poverty. The interest of the place is thus of an unexpected kind. The Foreland Hill, however, is worth ascending. It is a round lump of land about a thousand feet high, more than a mile from the coast, north and west. Hence the various islets off the shore (divers Inishes) are seen clearly. So is

Tory Island, itself much more attractive than the Foreland, both archaeologically and for its cliffs and isolation. So, too, is the great mass of Horn Head, to the north-east. From the Foreland one day, therefore, having walked thither from Gweeore, I made down the heathery slopes and across the bogs for Dunfanaghy, which stands at the neck of the Horn Head Peninsula. All told, it was a stout day's work. Even had not my legs informed me at the close, I might have known as much from the tone with which they asked in Dunfanaghy—'Sure, you've niver thravelled it?' the verb 'to travel' being in Ireland used constantly for the verb 'to walk.' The inquiry was made in a tone suitable for the words, 'You've never escaped hanging, have you?'

Horn Head is a worthy peer of Slieve League, Glen Head, Tormore Head, and the other glorious sea-cliffs of Donegal. It is more visited than all the others. That, of course, is because of its proximity to a town—though it be but an Irish country town, some twenty miles from a railway.

Look at the map and see the magnitude of Horn Head. The entire peninsula, an area of six or seven square miles, belongs to the promontory. Throughout its coast-line, the rocks are uniformly impressive, though they culminate in grandeur at the northern extremity. You may thus spend an entire day on Horn Head and yet not exhaust its glories. Inland, it resolves itself into heathery dimples and miniature downs, the latter teeming with rabbits. I never saw so many of these dainties in an afternoon as during a ramble—in which I lost myself—about the western part of the Head. Many of them in their alarm seemed to take to the cliffs and leap plump into the Atlantic. Doubtless, however, they did but make feint of tragedy, to see how it would affect their invader's nerves.

At the point, the Head is almost six hundred and twenty feet perpendicular. Seen from a distance and under certain aspects, the rocks really do show something of the horn shape, and it is difficult to stand on their apex without a tremor of awe. The winds and rains have shattered the crest of the cliff badly. As you lie on your perch, you see splits all about you, and, peering over the edge at the wailing gulls, you mark other spacious rifts and lacerations. Daily, something of the huge headland crumbles away. 'Why, you ask yourself—it is an unpleasant inquiry

'should not your particular support go like the rest, and why not soon—even immediately—rather than late?' The host of sea-birds all up the cliff is so great that out of question people come here to have what they call 'a little sport.' At the best, it is poor sport. Still, you for one would not care to run the risk of the effects upon the dilapidated rocks of even a common fowling-piece's reverberation.

On Horn Head, as on Carrigan Head, Glen Head, and the Foreland, are the ruins of a signal tower. A hundred years ago these towers were important features in the national defence. It was essential then to be ever on the lookout for the French. Their usage has now, of course, gone from them utterly. Even

Horn Head's later service as a lookout in the interests of merchant ships has fallen into desuetude. The telegraph has disestablished the signal tower. Tory Island does the work Horn Head used to do.

The men who, years back, were wont to have their dwelling on the Head, close to the edge of the great cliff, must have lived through some thrilling storms. I myself have slept in the Cape Wrath lighthouse on a wild autumnal night, and been yelled to sleep by the winds. For once in a way, I should dearly like to try a night on Horn Head. But in its present roofless and broken state, the signal tower offers no sufficiently alluring inducements for the enterprise. When the Horn Head Hotel is built on its site, there may be a chance for me and those like me. In the meantime, there is no prospect of such an hotel; nor would an insurance company think well of its stability if it were to arise here.

With Horn Head my notice of the Donegal cliff scenery may end. It is far from complete. I have said nothing of Aran's rocks and the headlands east of Horn Head. But it may at any rate suggest to the tourist in search of the picturesque that Donegal—so miserable to the humanitarian—is likely to give him his fill of the sublime and beautiful in nature.

AT MARKET VALUE.

By GRANT ALLEN,

Author of *This Mortal Coil*, *Blood Royal*, *The Scylla*, &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A LITERARY DEBUT.

AFTER that serious accident, Arnold Willoughby lay ill in his bunk for several days before he felt fit for anything. Meanwhile, as is the wont of sailor folk on such hard voyages, he was left entirely to himself, or scantily tended at moments of leisure by his rough companions. At last, one day, more to still the throbs of pain in his shattered right hand than anything else, he asked for the manuscript of his Venetian cipher.

'Oh, that?' his messmate said, as soon as Arnold had clearly explained just what it was he wanted. 'That bundle o' yaller papers! I threw them out one day. A pack o' rubbish! I thought 'twan't nothing.'

'What? Threw it overboard?' Arnold exclaimed, taken aback, and horrified at such vandalism.

The messmate nodded. 'Yes, th' old yaller un,' he answered. 'Them loose sheets, all torn an' stained, if that's what you mean. They wan't up to much. I didn't set no store by 'em.'

'And the note-books?' Arnold asked, with that little tremor of fear which comes over one when one fancies the work of months may have been destroyed or rendered useless by some casual piece of unthinking carelessness.

'Oh, the note-books? No, got them; they're safe enough in yonder,' the sailor answered, nodding backward toward the locker by the bunk. 'I thought they was more like, and I didn't chuck 'em.'

'Get them out,' Arnold cried nervously.

'Let me see them. I want them.' It occurred to him that in his present necessity he might be able to make something out of his painstaking translation, even if the original manuscript itself had really perished.

The sailor brought them out. Arnold glanced through them rapidly. Yes, yes; they were all there, quite safe; and as the drowning man clings to the proverbial straw, so Arnold Willoughby in his need clung to that precious manuscript. He laid it carefully under his pillow when he slept, and he spent a large part of his waking time in polishing and improving the diction of his translation.

When at last they returned to Pundee, Arnold found he had to go into hospital for a fortnight. No sooner was he out again, however, than he made up his mind, maimed hand and all, to go up to London and look out for Kathleen Hessegrave. The impression printed upon his brain by that episode of the icebergs persisted with double force now he was fairly ashore again. Should he not give his one love at least the chance of proving herself a truer woman than he had ever thought her?

He went up to London by sea, to save expense. As soon as he landed, he took a room in a small lodging-house in the seafaring quarter. Then he set to work at once to hunt up the London Directory so as to discover if he could where the Hessegraves were living.

He knew nothing, of course, of Mrs Hessegrave's death; but he saw by the Directory that she was no longer ensconced in the old rooms at Kensington. The only Hessegrave now known to the big red volume, in fact, was Mr Reginald Hessegrave, of Chapel Court, City, set down, with half-a-dozen other assorted names, for a flat in a small lodging-house in the abyss of Brompton.

Now, Arnold remembered quite well that Kathleen's brother was named Reginald; so, to the unfashionable lodging-house in the abyss of Brompton he directed his steps accordingly. 'Is Mrs Hessegrave living here?' he asked the slipshod maid who opened the door to him.

The slipshod maid mumbled 'Yes' in an inarticulate voice, holding the door in her hand at the same time, after the fashion of her kind, as if to bar his entrance; but Arnold slipped past her sideways by a strategic movement; and the slipshod maid, accepting accomplished facts, showed him up with a very bad grace to the rooms on the first floor which Reggie had occupied before his marriage, and which he was now compelled by hard decree of fate to share with Florrie.

The slipshod maid pushed open the door, and with the muttered words, 'Genelman to see you, mum—Mr Wilby,' disappeared downstairs again with shuffling rapidity.

But the moment Arnold found himself face to face with the vision of beauty in the fluffy black hair, cut short all over, and frizzed like a Papuan's, he saw at once this couldn't be his Mrs Hessegrave. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, hesitating. 'I think there must be some mistake. I wanted to see Mrs Hessegrave.'

'I am Mrs Hessegrave,' Florrie answered with dignity. Five feet two can be dignified when it makes its mind up to it.

Arnold started a little. 'Then, I suppose, you must be Mr Reginald Hessegrave's wife,' he exclaimed, taken aback. 'I didn't know he was married.'

'He's not been married very long,' Florrie admitted with her pretty coquettish smile, which recent misfortunes had not entirely clouded. 'Did you want to see Reggie? He's just now come in, and he'll be down in a minute.'

Arnold took a seat and waited; but he couldn't resist the temptation to ask at once, meanwhile, the latest tidings of Kathleen. Florrie had by this time acquired from her husband a considerable dislike of that hard-hearted woman, who wouldn't marry a rich man—such an easy thing to do—on purpose because she didn't want to be of use to dear Reggie. So her answers were of a sort which made Arnold suspect she didn't particularly care for her newly acquired sister-in-law. By the time Reggie came down, indeed, she had made her position tolerably plain to Arnold, and had also managed, with innate feminine astuteness, to arrive at the conclusion that this was the Other Man whom Kathleen had known a couple of years ago at Venice. Nay, so convinced was she of this fact, that she made some little excuse to leave Arnold alone in the room for a minute while she ran up-stairs to communicate her suspicions on the point to Reggie. This vile interloper, the Other Man, must be promptly crushed in the interests of the family. When Reggie himself at last descended, he fully shared Florrie's view; the very eagerness with which the stranger asked after Kitty's health showed Reggie at once he had very good reasons for wishing to see her.

Now Reggie, though a silly young man, was by no means a fool where his own interests were concerned; on the contrary, he was well endowed with that intuitive cunning which enables a man to find out at once whatever is most to his personal advantage. So, having arrived instinctively at the conclusion that this was the Other Fellow of whom his sister had spoken, he proceeded, as he phrased it himself, 'to put a spoke in the Other Fellow's wheel' on the subject of Kathleen. 'Oh no, my sister's not in town,' he said with a slight smile, and a quick side-glance at Florrie, as a warning that she was not on any account to contradict this flagrant departure from historical accuracy; 'she's gone down into the country—to Cromer, in fact,' Reggie continued, growing bolder in the details of his romance as he eyed Arnold Willoughby. 'She's going to stay there with some friends of ours, to meet another old Venetian acquaintance whom I dare say you knew—a charming young American, Mr Rufus Mortimer.'

Reggie delivered this home thrust direct, watching his visitor's face as he did so to see whether it roused any appreciable emotion; and he was not disappointed with the result of his clever move. It was 'Check!' most decidedly. Arnold Willoughby gave a sudden start. 'Rufus Mortimer!' he exclaimed. 'She's going down to Cromer to stop with some friends in the same house with Rufus Mortimer?'

'Yes,' Reggie answered carelessly. Then he smiled to himself a curious and very significant smile. 'The fact is,' he went on boldly, determined to make that spoke in the Other Fellow's wheel a good big round one while he was about it, 'they're very thick together just now, our Kitty and the American. Between ourselves, as you're a friend of the family's, and knew the dear old Mater, I don't mind telling you—I rather expect to reckon Rufus Mortimer as my brother-in-law elect before many weeks are over.' And this last remark, so far as Mr Reginald's own expectations were concerned, could not be condemned as wholly untruthful.

'Are they engaged, then?' Arnold asked, quivering. His worst fears were confirmed. Parting the Earl in disguise, Kathleen had flung herself into the arms of the American millionaire, as next best among her chances.

'Well, not exactly engaged, don't you know,' Reggie responded airily. 'Not quite what you can call engaged, perhaps. But it's an understood thing all the same in the family.'

Arnold Willoughby's heart sank like lead. He didn't know why, but somehow, ever since that afternoon in the ice-channel, he had cherished, day and night, a sort of irrational, instinctive belief that, after all, he was mistaken, and that Kathleen loved him. Yet now, he saw once more he was in error on that point: she was really nothing more than the self-seeking, money-loving, position-hunting girl her own mother had so frankly represented her to be that fatal day in the rooms by the Piazza.

Poor Kathleen! She was indeed unfortunate in her relations. At Venice, it was Mrs Hessegrave; in London, it was Reggie, who so cruelly misrepresented her to her much misled lover.

Arnold didn't stop long. Nor did he ask for Kathleen's address. After all, if she was really going to marry Rufus Mortimer, it would be a pity for him to intrude at such a moment on her happiness. Mortimer was rich, and would make her comfortable. Money was what she wanted, and if Kathleen wanted it—

Even as he thought that hard thought, he broke off in his own mind suddenly. No, no; it wasn't money she wanted, his beautiful, innocent Kathleen; of that he felt certain. And yet, if she really meant to marry Rufus Mortimer, it was at least his duty not to step in now between the prospective bride and her rich new lover, who could do so much more for her than ever he himself could do.

As soon as he was gone, Master Reggie turned philosophically to Florrie, and observed with a smile: 'I settled his hash, I flatter myself. He won't bother her any more. I've sent him about his business. And a precious good thing for herself too, if it comes to that: for just fancy a girl like Kitty being tied for life to a fellow in sailor clothes, and badly cut at that, with no right hand to brag about!'

But as for Arnold, he took his way sadly down the crowded streets, with the last remnants of a heart well nigh crushed out of him.

However, as long as a man lives, he has to

think about his living. Bread and cheese we must have, though our hearts be breaking. Next day, accordingly, Arnold called at a well-known firm of publishers in the City, Stanley and Lockhart by name, to ask whether any decision had yet been arrived at about the manuscript translation from an Italian original he had sent them by post from Dundee a fortnight earlier.

The senior partner, an acute-looking man, with very little hair on his head to boast of, gazed hard at his visitor. 'Well, yes, Mr Willoughby,' he said, with a dry business smile. 'I've looked at your manuscript, and our reader has reported on it; and I'm free to tell you we think very well of it. It's one of the most brilliant bits of historical fiction we've had submitted to us for a long time.'

'Oh, I beg your pardon,' Arnold interposed, colouring slightly. 'I think you're labouring under a misapprehension. Have you read the Introduction? I there explain that it's translated from an Italian manuscript.'

'Yes, yes,' Mr Stanley broke in, smiling still more broadly. 'I know all that, of course. It's admirable, admirable. Nothing could be better done. Falls in exactly with the current taste for high-spiced and strongly-flavoured historical romance, with a good dash of bloodshed; and the Introduction itself is one of the best parts—so circumstantial and solemn, and with such an innocent air of truth and sincerity.'

'But it is true, you know,' Arnold cried, annoyed at being doubted, which was the one thing a man of his sensitive honour could never put up with. 'I found the manuscript at Venice, in a tiny little shop, exactly under the circumstances I there describe; and I translated it into English during my spare time on board ships in two northern voyages.'

'In-deed!' the publisher replied, with a quiet, self-restrained smile. He was accustomed to dealing with these imaginative authors, some of whom, it is whispered, do not entirely confine their faculty of fiction to mere literary products. 'And where is the manuscript now? It would be an interesting document.'

'Unfortunately, it's lost,' Arnold Willoughby answered, growing hot. 'One of my fellow-sailors took it out of my locker while I was confined to my bunk with this injured hand of mine, and destroyed it or threw it overboard. At any rate, it's not forthcoming. And I'm sorry for that, as it's of historical importance, and of course it would be useful in proving the authenticity and value of the narrative.'

'Very useful indeed,' Mr Stanley replied with a meaning smile, which again annoyed Arnold. 'However, the question now is not as to the authenticity or authorship of the narrative at all, but as to its money's worth for purposes of publication. We will agree that it is essentially a work of fiction. Whether it is written by you, or by Master John Collingham of Holt in Norfolk, it's still a work of fiction. He may have designed it to amuse or to deceive the Council of Ten; but any way, I tell you, he was a first-rate novelist. I deal in these things, and I flatter myself I know

a work of art when I see it.—Well, now, then, let's get to business, Mr Willoughby. What I should propose to do is, to buy the copyright outright from you. And as this is a doubtful venture by a new author, suppose we make you an offer of fifty pounds for the manuscript.'

Arnold's heart gave a wild leap. Fifty pounds! Why, as things now went, 'twas a perfect Pactolus! On fifty pounds he could subsist for a twelvemonth. Since he ceased to be Earl of Axminster, he had never for a moment had so large a sum at one time in his possession.

He didn't know he was making a bad bargain; and indeed, so doubtful did his poor little venture seem to himself, that even if some one else of greater experience had stood by his side to warn him against selling a piece of property of unknown value outright like that for the first sum offered, he would probably have answered, and perhaps answered rightly: 'I'd rather take fifty pounds down, and be certain of my money, than speculate on what may, perhaps, be a bad investment.' Fifty pounds down is a big sum to a beginner; and the beginner would most often be justified in jumping at it.

At any rate, Arnold jumped at it. His face flushed with pleasure. 'I should be delighted,' he said, 'to accept such an offer. And the book would come out?'

'At the beginning of the new season. Very well then, that's settled.' Mr Stanley took up a blank form of agreement lying carelessly by his side, and filling it in rapidly with name, date, and title, as well as valuable consideration, handed it across forthwith for inspection to Arnold. 'Is that right?' he asked, with a wave of his pen.

'Quite right,' Arnold answered, 'except that of course you mustn't say "written by me." It ought to be "deciphered and translated by me." I can't sell you as mine what I've never written.'

The publisher gave a short sniff of suppressed impatience, but drew his pen half angrily through the peremptory words. 'There. Will that satisfy you?' he asked. And Arnold, glancing at it, took up the proffered pen and signed his name at the bottom.

Mr Stanley drew a cheque and handed it over to him. Arnold scanned it and handed it back. 'I'm afraid this won't do,' he said. 'It's crossed, I see, and I happen to have no banking account. Could you kindly give me one drawn simply to bearer?'

'No banking account?' the publisher cried. This was certainly the very queerest sort of literary man he had ever yet come across.

'No,' Arnold answered stoutly. 'You must remember I'm nothing but a common sailor.'

The man of business drew a second cheque, tearing up the first as soon as he had done so. 'But where did you learn Italian?' he asked; 'and how did you pick up all this intimate knowledge of Elizabethan England, and Spain, and Italy?'

'You forget that was all in the manuscript,' Arnold answered simply.

The publisher waved his hand again. 'Twas an impatient wave. There was really no deal-

ing with a fellow like this, who told a lie and stuck to it. 'Ah, true,' he mused reflectively, with the same curious smile. 'Well, Mr Willoughby, I should say you have a great future in fiction before you.'

Arnold hardly knew whether to accept that remark as a compliment or otherwise.

But as he descended the publishers' stairs that morning, he had got rid of the copyright and all property and interest in a work entitled 'An Elizabethan Seadog,' to Messrs Stanley and Lockhart, their heirs and executors, in consideration of the sum of fifty pounds sterling. And Mr Stanley was saying to Mr Lockhart in the privacy of the counting-house: 'I'll tell you what it is, Lockhart, I believe we've got hold of a second Rider Haggard. I never read anything more interesting in my life than this sailor fellow's narrative. It has an air of history about it that's positively astonishing. Heaven knows where he learned to write such English as that; but he writes it admirably.'

TUGBOATS AND THEIR WORK.

TUGBOATS of the present progressive period compare most favourably both in hull and engine with their puny predecessors, which were doubtless held in high esteem when steam as a motive-power about first became an accomplished fact. Hitherto, masterful mariners had perforce been content to navigate their short sailing-ships in narrow waters without any assistance other than the unbought wind, and such sterling seamanship as had been acquired by long experience. Truly, the village spire and the fair fields of home might almost be in full view after a protracted passage from the Far East; all on board gaze wistfully with moist eyes on the dim outline of the land they love; and the shrewd sailor who had the good fortune first, from the slippery shrouds, to sight the chalky cliffs of Old England, following a curious custom of the sea, would have affixed his old shoe to the massive mainmast, not as a votive offering to Father Neptune, but for the more business-like purpose of receiving casual contributions from passengers, not unmindful of dangers overpassed.

An ocean journey was robbed of much of its danger when it was possible for a sailing-ship to obtain the services of a tugboat at either end of the route. One of the earliest engravings of a steam-vessel represents her as a very roughly fashioned tugboat, fitted with a clumsy paddle-wheel, insecurely depending from the stern. She has in tow a warship, with yards squared and sails furled, preparatory to entering port. This vivid suggestion of the application of the steam-engine to maritime purposes was given to the world by Jonathan Hulls in 1737, in a pamphlet entitled, 'A Description and Draught of a new-invented Machine for carrying Vessels or Ships out of or into any Harbours, Port, or River, against Wind or Tide, or in a Calm.' He took out a patent for this invention, which seems to have been far in advance of the age, and came to nought. In 1801, Symington constructed the steam-vessel 'Charlotte Dundas' for the purpose of

towing barges on the Forth and Clyde Canal. She accomplished her allotted work to the satisfaction of her designer, but only ran for about a year, because the canal proprietors were of opinion that the wash from her paddle-wheels would injure the canal banks. Side-wheels had not yet put in an appearance, and her single wheel worked in a well-hole at the stern. Hence it will be readily inferred that the tugboat is the pioneer of those magnificent ocean liners and humbler carrying craft that trade to every port of the round world. Steam had to contend against a horde of prejudices, but has withstood the test of time, and is no longer the harassed handmaiden of canvas. The marine engineer is every day becoming more indispensable; and even now the question is mooted, whether the commander of an ocean steamship should be a sailor or an engineer. The stern-wheel gave way to side-wheels, and the latter are in their turn disappearing before single-screws and twin-screws in tugboats.

A modern tugboat, the 'Fearless,' of San Francisco, California, affords an excellent example of the perfection to which such steam-vessels are gradually proceeding. She is one of the most powerful sea-going steel tugboats in actual service. Her dimensions are as follows: length over all, 153 feet; breadth, 26 feet; depth, 10 feet; and her register tonnage is 365. She is fitted with triple expansion engines of 36-inch stroke, and cylinders of 20, 30, and 50 inches diameter, respectively. Her engines will develop over 1200 horse-power, with a working pressure of 170 pounds; and her total coal capacity is 400 tons, or sufficient to take her four thousand miles at an eight-knot speed without putting in anywhere to replenish her bunkers. She has a powerful electric search-light, and an apparatus for extinguishing fires capable of throwing eight large streams of water at once and without delay upon a burning ship or other object. Her cost was not less than twenty-four thousand pounds; and her model on exhibition at the Chicago Columbian Exposition in 1893 attracted the attention of many visitors. A very large British ship, the 'Honorfeld,' was abandoned not long since in the North Pacific, with her coal cargo of nearly five thousand tons burning fiercely in consequence of spontaneous combustion. She drifted about, and was passed by other vessels weeks later. Eventually, the 'Fearless' went out from San Francisco, intent on towing the burning derelict into a near port, and thus earn a goodly sum as salvage. The quest proved unsuccessful; and the tugboat returned after a stormy experience extending over five thousand miles. Liverpool and London have somewhat similar tugboats thoroughly capable of towing sailing-ships or disabled steamers over very long distances.

A steamship fitted with a single screw is comparatively helpless should her shaft break, or her propeller blades drop off, in mid-ocean. Sail-area in large single-screw steamships is altogether out of proportion to their size, and barely sufficient to maintain steerage-way when every inch of canvas is spread to the best advantage. Hence, twin-screws, despite extra first cost, have made their way, and triple-

screws have put in an appearance on the new United States warship 'Columbia.' A steamer deprived of her motive-power is compelled either to receive assistance from other vessels of the same kind, or to make her way to the nearest port, and cable home for a powerful tugboat to be sent for the purpose of towing her to her destination. Large sums may thus be earned both by trading steamers and specially fitted tugboats. In 1889, a Portuguese screw steamship, the 'Mocambique' over three thousand tons gross register, broke down at sea while proceeding from Rio Janeiro to Lisbon. She was picked up by the steamship 'Maranhense,' and towed to Ceara. At this place, facilities for repairing her were wanting, and it became necessary that she should be towed back to Rio Janeiro. An English tugboat, the 'Blazer,' was engaged, and left Middlesbrough on the 17th of August, called at Las Palmas and St Vincent for coal, and arrived at Ceara on the 5th of September—thus covering a distance of five thousand miles at an average speed of ten knots. A detailed examination of the 'Mocambique' showed that her injuries were more serious than anticipated, and the towage would be difficult. Her shaft was broken inside the stern-tube, which had burst; the propeller hung down across her stern, supported by chains from above; and the after-compartment was full of water. Nevertheless, the 'Blazer' arrived safely at Rio Janeiro with her awkward charge in eighteen days, after an arduous tow, and a visit to Bahia for coal.

The steamship 'Dunedin,' two thousand two hundred tons gross register, broke her shaft in mid-Atlantic, and was towed to Fayal, Azores, by a passing homeward bound steamship. A screw tugboat of Liverpool, the 'Sarah Jolliffe,' left Milford at midnight on the 12th of July, under orders to bring home the disabled 'Dunedin,' and arrived at Fayal on the 17th. She left for home next day with her tow, and reached Barry Roads without mishap during the morning of the 27th. This totally helpless steamer, fully laden, was thus towed home from the Azores in less than nine days. In March, a new steamer, the 'Yarrowdale,' reached St Vincent, Cape Verde, with only one blade of her propeller remaining. A spare propeller, weighing about five tons, was on board, but could not be fitted, owing to various causes. She was bound from Buenos Ayres to Dunkirk with wool, and some of her cargo must have been left behind, had any discharge taken place in order to get the propeller in position. The underwriters on the cargo having come to an agreement, the tugboat 'Gamecock' was sent out to tow her to Dunkirk. This she safely accomplished within fourteen days. A similar cargo-carrier, the 'Inishowen Head,' arrived at Suez with her tail shaft broken, while bound from Manila to Liverpool with a valuable cargo. The 'Gamecock' went out from England and towed the 'Inishowen Head' to her port of discharge without difficulty.

In 1888 the 'Black Cock' towed the well-known passenger steamer 'Norham Castle,' of four thousand tons, from St Helena to London, a distance of nearly five thousand miles, in thirty-two days. Part of this time

was occupied in coaling at ports along the route. The same tugboat towed the steamship 'Adolph Woermann' from Akassa to Hamburg, a distance of four thousand six hundred miles, in thirty-four days, inclusive of the absolutely necessary stoppages for coaling. In 1875, another tugboat of the same line, the 'Storm Cock,' towed a sailing-ship, the 'Ardencaple,' of nearly two thousand tons register, from Fernando Noronha to Greenock, a distance of about four thousand miles, in thirty days, including stoppages for coaling purposes at St Vincent and Las Palmas. She has also towed the steamer 'Ville de Pernambuco' from Madeira to Antwerp in nine days, and the ill-fated Anchor liner 'Utopia' home from Gibraltar after her collision with Her Majesty's ship 'Anson.'

The tugboat 'Knight of St John' set out from Rio Janeiro for England having in tow a dismasted barque, the 'Royal Alexandra.' When within four hundred miles of St Vincent, she was compelled to abandon her charge in order to obtain coal. She returned, but was unable to find the barque, which eventually reached Barbadoes, was refitted, and came home under her own sails.

Tugboats are not always available when disaster overtakes a trading steamer, and the services of a passing vessel have to be engaged. Early in 1893, a Danish passenger steamship, the 'Hekla,' bound from Copenhagen to New York, broke her shaft three times. There were no fewer than seven hundred people on board at the time, and every one felt more comfortable when a British steamer, the National liner 'America,' took them in tow. They were nearly seven hundred miles from New York, but reached port without further delay, towed by the 'America.' A large steamship of the Ducal line, the 'Duke of Sutherland,' with her shaft broken, was picked up at sea by the steamship 'Handel,' and towed six hundred miles to St Vincent, where the necessary repairs were effected to enable her to continue her voyage. A Dutch passenger steamship, the 'P. Caland,' when nearly three hundred miles to the westward of Queenstown, struck a submerged derelict vessel and broke her main shaft. Another steamship, the 'Damara,' homeward bound, fell in with the disabled steamer, and towed her to Queenstown.

A North German Lloyd's steamship, the 'Strassburg,' similarly situated, was towed into New York by the American liner 'Chester.' The Norwegian barque 'Hakon Jarl,' bound from Jamaica to Goolie with a cargo of logwood, was left to her fate, in February 1893, about three hundred miles south-west of Scilly, having received serious damage in a hurricane. A Liverpool steamship, the 'Nigretia,' took hold of her, and succeeded in towing this prize to Falmouth. An Italian barque, the 'Velocifero,' bound from the East Indies with a cargo of teak, was picked up by a steamship crossing the Bay of Biscay in June 1891, and towed into Vigo. She was floating bottom upward; but, after waiting in port, was towed to the Clyde with her cargo, nearly twelve months later.

Attempts have been, and are being, made to utilise the tugboat in ways that could not have

seemed possible forty years ago. Long strings of huge hermetically sealed barges, laden with various kinds of cargo, are towed from port to port of the Atlantic coast of the United States; and it is asserted that the tugboat is to be in the near future the freight locomotive of the seas. Enormous rafts of rough timber have been towed down from Nova Scotia to New York; but others have broken adrift before reaching their destination, and been totally lost. The great Leary raft started from Carlton, near St John, New Brunswick, on the 17th of July 1890, and was wrecked near Seal Harbour, Maine, while being towed to New York. This remarkable raft consisted of seven thousand logs of timber, in fourteen equal sections, securely bound together by chains and wire ropes. A long stout chain was connected with each section; a similar chain stretched from each corner of the front of the forward section, to meet the fore-and-aft chain; and at the apex of the chain triangle thus formed was a huge ring, from which two hawsers, seven hundred and fifty feet long, were run to the two tugboats that had the raft in tow. Six large lamps lit up the raft at night, and it was dragged through the water at the average rate of four miles an hour. A storm came on; the tugboats had to slip their hawsers; and the raft was resolved into its constituent parts by the combined action of wind and wave. Some of the logs drifted almost across the North Atlantic to Europe, and were reported by ships navigating in the vicinity for many days.

A Mr Moore, of Galveston, proposed to send a raft of Texan yellow-pine logs from that port to London last summer as an experiment. He urged, with some degree of truth, that better weather would be experienced along this route than between St John and New York, so that the risk should be proportionally less. This raft was to consist of three similar sections, firmly spiked together after the manner of a catamaran; and a powerful steamer was to tow it across. Failure would involve a loss of four thousand pounds sterling, and human beings do not appear to have received any consideration as to safety of life. Should success attend the experiment, profit would be high, and other rafts would be despatched in like manner. Apparently, however, this sanguine suggestion has not advanced beyond the initial stage. Still, having regard to the fact that steam-lighters, otherwise known as whalebacks, are carrying cargoes between North America and Europe, it is but a short step to the raft.

Towing in smooth water is not a very difficult operation; but the proper management of a tow-line in a heavy sea requires from the master of a tugboat rather more than ordinary intelligence and experience. Means have been devised to minimise the sudden strains brought upon a tow-line owing to the varying distances between the tugboat and her charge. Chain, wire, hemp, and manilla hawsers are all in use; but perhaps manilla is most in favour. It has a good spring, and is preferred by some before steel hawsers. On board the American tugboat 'Saturn' the wire hawser is wound upon a cylinder driven directly by gearing from her engines. An automatic apparatus

ensures that the hawser shall not be subject to sudden strain above the normal amount. When the strain on the hawser increases, the drum revolves towards the stern of the tugboat, and pays out some of the hawser, which runs in again when the strain is relieved. This give-and-take system prevents the hawser parting, or being damaged, by varying calls upon it.

Masters, officers, and crews of tugboats lead a life of hardship, and are as a rule excellent pilots in their own waters, and are indispensable so long as sailing-ships and single-screw steamers keep the seas. Even the crack twin-screw American liner 'Paris' had to suffer the indignity of a tow quite recently, owing to an accident to her rudder. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the tugboat is frequently called upon in wicked weather to tow the lifeboat to some stranded ship, and gallantly accomplishes her mission. Steam lifeboats, however, are now coming to the front; but for many years the tugboat will assist in the saving of life and property.

THE TENDERFOOT INK SLINGER.

By W. CARTER PETERS.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

A young man, tall and slight, attenuated by the insidious disease which was with fatal swiftness sapping his springs of life, left the shanty he called his home high up on the rugged, pine-clad slope, and clambered slowly down the half-mile of rough mountain-side that separated it from the point where the turnpike from Caruthersville to Frisco crosses the Dawson Ridge. Above, the moon shone clear—almost as clear as day, turning the jagged peaks of the Sierras into crests of frosted silver; and the road, where you could catch a glimpse of it twisting and turning on the lower grade down towards the valley, into a white, tapering serpent.

But in the shade of the pine trees it was dark. There was no beaten track, and the precarious footing made the descent slow and laborious. The young man, however, knew his ground; and cautiously picking his steps, or forcing aside the scrub that stood in his way, panting, he at last reached the edge of the white road, and sat down in the shadow of the scrub to wait. What was he waiting for? To see the 'Frisco' stage pass in the night; to watch its great, yellow, flaming eyes toiling slowly up the long grade; to listen to the snorting of the horses as they gained the summit; to see the huge, lumbering coach rattle past him at a canter; to catch, maybe, a few hoarse words of encouragement flung at the steaming cattle from the heavy-coated, sombrero-capped driver as he braced himself for the rush down the other grade; to look after the great vehicle with its unknown human freight until it disappeared round the corner of the bluff, a couple of hundred yards

ahead; to crouch there unseen by the passers-by, and to know—to feel that for one brief moment at least he was not alone in the terrible midnight solitude of the pine clad fastnesses of that vast mountain-side. That was all.

Lemuel Garvey was alone in more senses than one. Father, mother, sister, brother, he had none. He was alone—alone, and dying of consumption at twenty-eight. A journalist by profession, he had occupied a sub-editor's desk on one of the Frisco dailies until, a year previously, the symptoms of his disease had made themselves too evident to be disregarded, and he had placed himself in the hands of a medical man. It was phthisis. There was no room for doubt, although the complaint was then only in its initial stage. His only chance was to leave his work, flee from the germ-laden city air to the pine-covered mountains, high above the reach of the sea-fog fiend, which every now and then comes rolling in through the Golden Gate to claim its victims.

At twenty-seven, life is very sweet. In haste, the young journalist threw up his appointment and set out for the Sierras. At Breckenridge City, he heard of this hut far up on the lone hillside, and hither he came with his few belongings, a handful of books and a pile of stationery, to live or die as Fate should decree. That was twelve months before, and he was not dead yet. Sometimes he was hopeful, confident that the pure air was working its healing power upon his wasted lungs, and that the progress of the disease had been permanently arrested. But at other times he suffered from fits of despondency, and trod the brink of black despair. At first, the impressive, overwhelming sense of solitude had been almost unbearable after the bustle of city life; but he soon got over that—in the daytime. He made friends with nature, and the birds and flowers were his companions. He took to imaginative writing, which occupied much of his time; and his frequent pilgrimages to Breckenridge City—a mile and a half lower down the turnpike—to procure the necessities of life and transact his small items of business, came as agreeable changes in his monotonous round of existence.

He had, however, never been able to accustom himself to his awful feeling of loneliness at night-time. When the birds went to roost, and the flowers closed their petals, and night swooped down on its dusky pinions upon the Sierras, he was afraid. He knew not of what, but the sense of helpless fear surged up within him; and every alternate night, when he knew the stage was due to pass, he crept timidly down to the track at the Dawson Ridge for one brief moment to be near some human creature—to touch, as it were, the outer hem of his fellow-humanity. Then, when the coach had gone by, he would clamber back to his hut, and fling himself, shuddering, upon the truckle-bed to listen fearfully to every creak of the pine-boughs without, until, out of sheer weariness, he fell asleep, and awoke in broad daylight to laugh at his effeminate fears, which, however, were certain to return at nightfall.

On this particular night the stage rushed

past as usual. With a sigh, Lemuel watched it disappear round the bluff on the mile-and-a-half grade down to Breckenridge City. For a little while he stood motionless by the roadside. Then he was just about to return to his hut, when his practised ear caught the pounding of a horse's hoofs on the hard road from the direction in which the coach had vanished. Wondering who could be abroad at that time of the night, he drew farther into the shade of the brush, and waited. A solitary horseman made his appearance round the bluff, and passed at an easy trot. The moonlight fell full upon his features. Lemuel had no difficulty in recognising him, and a pang of jealousy shot through him as he did so.

'Chaparral Dick!' he muttered inwardly. 'I wonder if he's been at Higgins's? What the dickens!'—

The unfinished ejaculation was prompted by the inexplicable conduct of the horseman. Fifty yards beyond the spot where Garvey lay hidden, and exactly at the point where the long downgrade towards Cauthersville commences, Chaparral Dick pulled up, sprang from the saddle, and led his horse into the scrub that skirted the opposite side of the road. A minute afterwards, he reappeared, uncoiled something that had been wrapped round his body beneath his shirt, and stooping down, laid his ear close to the track. Then he stepped back into the scrub, and Lemuel, his nocturnal fears temporarily forgotten, waited with suppressed excitement for further developments.

At intervals, Chaparral Dick stepped out on to the track to peer down the long grade and listen. Evidently he had reason for expecting some one to come along from the direction of Cauthersville: but why had he chosen that point for the meeting place where the roadside cover was thickest? Why had he hidden his horse in the scrub, and why had he unwound the long thing—presumably a lariat—from his body?

An hour passed. For the twentieth time, Chaparral Dick came forth to reconnoitre. This time, instead of quickly retiring again as before, he laid his ear down to the track and listened intently. Then, still crouching low, he remained for some minutes gazing down the slope before retreating into the black shadow. From his place of concealment Lemuel Garvey now heard the faint sound of a horse's hoofs toiling up the grade. Soon a dark object hove in sight, which gradually assumed the outline of a light wagon, with the solitary figure of the driver sharply defined against the moonlit road. The watcher's pulse quickened with a thrill of genuine alarm as he thought of what *might* be about to happen. He had always had an intuitive distrust of dashing, reckless Chaparral Dick, but he had never before suspected him of being a deliberate law-breaker, yet what had passed that night pointed to something very like a contemplated bit of road-agenting business.

His first impulse was to shout to the unknown driver, warning him of the possible danger that awaited him, but somehow his tongue refused its office. The wagon reached the summit of the rise. It was exactly

opposite the scrub. The driver raised his arm to flog the horse into a trot, and in another moment he would be past the unexpected peril—if peril it was—when a lariat shot out with unerring aim from the shadow of the scrub into the moonlight. Without the slightest warning, the driver of the wagon was caught in the raw-hide noose, dragged violently from his seat, and fell with a thud on the hard road, where he lay quite motionless, while his horse, knowing that something was wrong, immediately pulled up.

With sombrero drawn down over his eyes, and the lower half of his face muffled in a scarf, Chaparral Dick crept up behind the fallen man, his right hand grasping the barrel of a revolver, in readiness to knock him senseless with the butt. Apparently, however, the fall from the wagon had rendered such a precaution quite unnecessary, for to all intents the victim was lifeless; and after a cursory examination, the desperado returned the pistol to his hip-pocket, and proceeded to carry out the plans he had evidently carefully matured beforehand with consummate cunning. Quickly removing the lariat from the body, he restored it to its former place of concealment under his shirt. Then he hurriedly searched the pockets of the senseless man until he found a wash-leather bag, which gave forth an agreeable clinking sound as he dipped his hand into it. This he tied up tightly and transferred to his own jacket, and then disappeared into the scrub, to return the next moment, leading his horse.

But his little programme was not yet concluded. Pushing his sombrero back from over his eyes, he removed the scarf which concealed the lower portion of his face and tied it round his waist. Next, he hitched his own horse to the rear of the wagon, and once more approached the heap of luckless humanity lying on the road. Kneeling down, he gently raised the traveller's head, pressed a flask of spirits to his lips, and in various ways affected to act the part of the Good Samaritan. Presently the unconscious man gave signs of returning life, and Chaparral Dick, after lifting him carefully into the wagon, himself jumped up in front, and gathering up the reins, urged the horse into a gentle trot.

Lemuel Garvey, spellbound with horror and amazement, saw it all, and marvelled. Unable to move or speak, he stood rooted to the spot as the wagon passed him, the new driver's horse following behind, and disappeared down the hill in the direction of Breckenridge City. Then the spell left him, and the terrors of the night drove him like a hunted thing back up the mountain side to his hut, where he flung himself on his couch and tried, with a whirling brain, to think out the situation and decide what course of action he should pursue. What that situation was, it would perhaps be as well here to make a little clearer.

Breckenridge City seems to have escaped the notice of the map-makers—either that, or the cartographers have with common consent agreed to ignore its claims to publicity. Anyhow, there it is, nestling among the foothills of a western spur of the Sierras; and if you were

to rule a perfectly straight line from Caruthersville to San Jose, you would divide the city into two equal parts, for Higgins's Hotel would be on one side of the line, and Jake Brownson's store would be on the other, and these two are the only inhabited dwellings in the place. True, there are the remains of half-a-dozen frame-houses that were partially erected by a pushing speculator when the scheme for opening out the Breckenridge Silver Mine was first talked about, and were as speedily dismantled when the project was abandoned. If Breckenridge City was not exactly born before its time, it was at least christened prematurely. Still, for all that, it is a place of considerable importance on a small scale, and does a thriving trade. From miles around, the ranchers come to Brownson's store to procure supplies, and having transacted their business there, step over to the hotel across the way to clinch their bargains, or to transact a little more business of a liquid description. Then, too, Higgins's Hotel is the station where the Frisco stage stays to change horses; and, moreover, the place is the mutual rendezvous for the whole district, and the general resort of every individual loner between Aaron's Flat and Bully Rock.

Bill Higgins, who ran the hotel, had a niece living with him, Flossie Hemmings, a fair, sweet slip of a girl of nineteen, who was better known in the locality as 'The Flower of the Sierras,' or, in its abbreviated form, 'The Flower.' All the older and married habitués of the hotel petted and made much of her; and all the younger men worshipped her, and bought new neckties whenever the opportunity offered. Yet Flossie had not one spark of vanity in her. It was impossible to spoil her, and in spite of all the attentions she received, she remained the same merry, guileless maiden. Not one of the roughest of them but was ready and willing to wipe out in blood the slightest insult to 'The Flower,' and it was only on the very rarest occasions that anything resembling an oath was accidentally allowed to hop out in her presence. Better evidence than that to show the estimation in which she was held, it would be impossible to adduce.

Lemuel Garvey had caught the general contagion, and was particularly hard hit. He had felt it coming on, and had struggled against it—fought against it, for he had recognised the utter folly of a man in his precarious state of health falling in love; but it was no use, and he succumbed to Flossie's charms. Perhaps the very fact of his attempts to stifle his love only made his passion the deeper; or perhaps it was that 'The Flower' exhibited towards him a certain tenderness she showed to none other of her numerous admirers. But be that as it may, the 'Tenderfoot Ink-slinger,' as he was generally called in the neighbourhood, could no longer blind himself to the truth that his life's love was hers; and, in consequence, his visits to Breckenridge City grew more frequent, and day by day he became more and more engrossed in his love of 'The Flower.'

The only other admirer for whom she showed the slightest preference was handsome, dashing Chaparral Dick.

When one of his dependant fits came on, Lemuel shut himself up in his shanty with his load of misery, and looked with a morbid eye on the dark side of things. The girl's tenderness towards him, he told himself, was only prompted by gentle, womanly compassion for his hopeless case. He left her pity—as a lame cur might have it—but her heart was Chaparral Dick's; and, after all, it were far better to die than live to see her another's. But the next day the pain in his chest would perhaps have vanished, and out in the glorious sunshine he would sit with nature smiling all around him, dreaming golden dreams of hope and life—an idyllic life to be spent among the birds and the flowers with a sweetest songstress and a fairer flower than them all. Alas! these alternating hopes and fears were but a symptom of his physical disorder. Latterly, his evil days had been fewer, and he had allowed his hopes to lead him into the firm belief that he was rapidly getting stronger. But even in his most sanguine moments, the thought that possibly Chaparral Dick might be his rival for all that made recovery so precious, uncomfortably obtruded upon his happiness.

As Lemuel lay on his bed, with the memory of the events of the night vividly before him, he was too excited to review the situation calmly, but that did not prevent him from recognising that he had it in his power to cut short Chaparral Dick's career in that corner of the States, and thus increase his chances with The Flower by ridding himself of a dangerously handsome rival; though how to play his hand so that his knowledge should be used to the best advantage, he was not then in a fit state to determine. The thought that he had this man in his power, temporarily banished his sense of loneliness, and with a smile of anticipatory triumph on his face, he fell asleep.

VIPERIANA.

By Dr ARTHUR STRADLING, C.M.Z.S., &c.

THE author of 'British Reptiles,' Professor Bell, declared himself sceptical as to the validity of any of the reported fatalities from viper-bites occurring in Great Britain, since he had been unable to trace the account to an authentic source in a single instance out of the many which he had investigated. Death from this cause is undoubtedly very rare; but it must be admitted that in the development of medical journalism, which has taken place during the last thirty years, at least three cases have obtained a record which is indisputable, while, most unhappily, the past hot summer has added a fourth.

A fatal termination, however, as the more or less remote and indirect result of this injury is not unusual; the bitten person recovers from the shock to the system and all the primary effects of the blood-poisoning, but is never well afterwards, and is carried off by some considerable ailment such as would otherwise have been productive of no more than inconvenience.

An example of this kind came under the writer's observation in Devonshire some years ago. A gentleman, of mighty reputation as a South African sportsman, was walking along the sea-beach not far from Babbacombe, when he saw a snake fall over the cliff from the downs above. Believing it to be an ordinary harmless grass-snake, he picked it up and carried it home, where he and his children actually played with it for two days before it bit him. That event, as might have been expected, happened at last, and he at once recognised the character of his pet; he killed it as he thought with the drawing-room poker, and threw it out on the veranda, sent for medical assistance, and took general measures for his own safety, which proved entirely successful. But his butler, whilst examining the apparently dead reptile before casting it into the sea, received a wound on the thumb from the creature, which had been stunned only; and although free canterisation and other appropriate remedies were resorted to without delay, and the man 'pulled round,' he never regained his former health or strength, and died of rapidly induced consumption a few months later. Permanently paralysed limbs, and even persistent loss of speech, are also occasional sequelæ of viper-bite.

Luckily, as a rule, the patient's restoration is complete; and as a matter of fact, such casualties are rarer in all parts of the world than is commonly supposed. Even in serpent and superstition ridden Hindustan—where, owing to local and special reasons, from twenty to five- and twenty thousand natives meet with their death annually in this way—the mortality amongst whites is certainly no more than proportionate to that due to carriage and railway accidents here. Of 1321 inquests held in New South Wales a country teeming with venomous species in 1892, one only referred to snake-bite. The 'British Medical Journal' of August 29, 1891, records the case of a little girl bitten at Garve, in Ross-shire; and although the adder plunged its fangs full into the flesh of her bare leg, and it was necessary to convey her a distance of fourteen miles to the Cottage Hospital at Dingwall, the child got perfectly well again under treatment. It may be noted that during the summer months of that year, cold and wet as they were, vipers abounded in Scotland. A boy who received a similar bite in Sandown Park on August 18, 1886, made a quick recovery in St Thomas's Hospital; and the late Frank Buckland, when house-surgeon at St George's, was called upon to prescribe for a youth who had meddled to his own detriment with a viper caught on Wandsworth Common. Before Greater London had swallowed its big bites out of Surrey and Middlesex, these reptiles, like many other specimens of our fauna, were found in situations that know them no more; but they have been reported at comparatively recent dates at Willesden, Hornsey, Highgate, and on the open spaces south of the Thames. That they should have been killed in Hyde Park in 1844, or that a boy should have been severely bitten in St John's Wood twelve years earlier, are authenticated facts,

which do not, perhaps, excite much surprise, changed as conditions now are; but it is somewhat startling to read that a live snake was found in the latter locality about a year ago. It turned out to be a *protégé* of Madame Sarah Bernhard, who was staying in the neighbourhood, being the realistic representative of the asp which she introduced into the death-scene of 'Cleopatra.' More than one viper has made its appearance, unbidden and unwelcomed, in Covent Garden Market, possibly conveyed thither unwittingly in baskets of vegetables—more probably escapes from the stock-in-trade of the dealers in small animals who stand at the corners of that emporium.

Shortly after the Zoological Gardens of London were opened to the public in 1828, two 'promiscuous' vipers, not legitimate inmates of the menagerie—which at that time contained no provision for the accommodation of snakes—were despatched within the precincts. Nothing remarkable about that, either, although the date falls well within the recollection of thousands of people now living; for Lord Malmesbury records in his Diary that he shot pheasants in the immediate vicinity at that period; and the Zoological Society were compelled to erect a close fence all around their Gardens to keep out the hares with which Regent's Park was at that time infested, and which did great damage to the flower-beds. Consternation prevailed throughout the first camp established at Bisley when a large and pugnacious adder rose hissing from the heather in close proximity to the tents; but, fortunately, no misadventure resulted from its presence, nor has any subsequent specimen disturbed the peace of mind of that martial gathering. An interest gruesomely romantic attaches to the circumstance that one of the victims of the horrible series of murders committed in Whitechapel a few years since was identified by her sister mainly by the scar of an adder bite, received near her cottage-home down in Somersetshire whilst she, a happy child, was playing in a hayfield.

Many persons are killed by vipers on the Continent; but though our own 'Peliæus berus' is widely distributed over Europe, and is generally known distinctively as the 'little viper'—the prevalent and most dangerous species are the long-nosed and asp vipers. Matthioli relates an instance of a man who was fatally bitten by half a snake in France—an adder had been severed in twain with a hoe, and he unfortunately picked up the business end. Such an occurrence is quite within the bounds of credibility; I have seen a wretched python which had been cut in two by a sweep of a coolie's cutlass, launch itself furiously at the man who was preparing to give it the *coup de grâce*, and tear the torch from his hands. Domestic animals are not unfrequently attacked, but rarely succumb to the poison; sheep and horses are struck on the nose as they graze, cows very commonly on the udders while lying down. A bitten dog repeatedly plunges its head under water, to assuage the fierce heat of the inflammatory symptoms, but generally recovers. Human beings and monkeys suffer far more intensely than do creatures lower in the scale of life. There is a remarkable account,

vouched for by competent witnesses, of a horse which was found moribund and choking, with its neck enormously swollen, in whose throat a small viper had actually ensconced itself. Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur lost two gazelles, which she kept in the dual capacity of pets and models, by the assault of adders which swarmed in the country about her château.

There are, as I have said, four cases of death from snake-bite in this country, the record of which is supported by medical testimony—others have doubtless happened. In the summer of 1854, a gypsy child who had thrown herself on the ground by the roadside was bitten on the cheek. Her father crushed the reptile with the heel of his heavy boot, placed it in a cabbage-leaf for identification, and carried it, with the poor little sufferer, to the nearest town Wingham in Kent. She was afterwards removed to the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, where she died. A woman fell a victim to a like injury in Epping Forest in 1865. The third case is that of a gentleman named Thompson, who, though wearing knickerbockers, was bitten on the leg at Leith Hill, near Dorking, Surrey, in the month of August 1876, the venom doing its lethal work in forty-eight hours. The neighbourhood of Leith Hill in those days was infested by these pestilent little brutes, and a sport much favoured of the Dorking boys was to hunt and kill them for the sake of their fate which was—and still is, in some places—saleable as a remedy for sprains, bruises, and rheumatism. The last recorded instance occurred in Glamorganshire on June 3d of 1893, when a lad of eleven died from the infliction of two tiny punctures on the forefinger. Deaths from the bite of a cobra, a puff-adder, and a rattlesnake, captive specimens, have occurred in this country.

There is a widely prevalent but erroneous idea that the venom acquires additional virulence in exceptionally hot weather—a mistake based probably on the circumstance that the great majority of poisonous serpents, as well as those of the worst kind are found in the tropics. The fact, too, that snakes in general make their appearance, be they aggressive or elusive, only during the hottest season of the year in temperate regions, may perhaps account to some extent for this fallacy. That it is a fallacy has been conclusively demonstrated by scientific experiment; and, indeed, casualties have contributed testimony on this head. A 'snake-charmer,' an Englishman named Drake, was killed at Rouen in 1827 by a rattlesnake which seemed to be numb with the cold. The writer's experience—founded on a life-long observation of these creatures to the number of some thousands of specimens, both in confinement and in their native wilds—is, that a cold snake unless, of course, it be actually torpid—is preternaturally irritable, and much more disposed to attack than one which is warm. But the common viper is more tolerant of low temperatures, and hibernates less than any other serpent under parallel conditions, occurring farther north in Norway and Sweden, and to a greater height on mountain-sides, than the rest of the European *Ophidia*; and has even seemed to turn up more plentifully than

usual in chilly years. Allusion has already been made to its prevalence in 1891, during which year two deaths were registered as attributable to some extent to adder-bites: and 1852—probably on the whole the wettest year of this century, though characterised by a long spring drought—brought anything but a ‘summer of the snakeless meadow.’ Vipers have been reported during the past prolonged dry season in situations where they were previously unknown, such as the banks of ponds, to which they had no doubt resorted in pursuit of prey driven by the absence of water to forsake the higher ground.

From twenty to thirty little adders are produced in one brood, these viperlings being gifted with venom and an instinctive knowledge of its utility from the moment of their birth, despite Gilbert White’s inability to discover their fangs with a magnifying-glass. Every reptile—snake, lizard, crocodilian, or tortoise—is ushered into this world with its development complete and perfectly competent to take care of itself. I was once watching a lizard wriggle out of the egg; it stood motionless for a minute or so when free, then sped away. But as it darted off over the hot sand, a fly alighted in its path, and was instantly seized and devoured. Some rattlesnakes, born in my vivarium, killed mice in three seconds, an hour after they saw the light, feeding ravenously. Young vipers—young serpents of all species, in fact—are far more likely, however, to constitute food for other creatures, than to find a meal for themselves; here they are preyed upon by birds, stoats, weasels, polecats, moles, foxes, hedgehogs, toads, rats, and a host of other things. They have been found, in company with wireworms and the destructive larvae of the daddy-long-legs, in the crop of a pheasant; and peacocks are so partial to this piquant fare that they will sometimes desert the home where they are regularly fed in districts abounding with adders.

The bite of any viper requires very deep excision—deeper than would be called for in a case of cobra-bite—owing to the length of the movable fangs. Two punctures, from one-third to half an inch apart, are generally visible; but where the finger is struck, one fang not uncommonly misses altogether. In a bygone (though not very remote) period, when to make the patient drunk as speedily as possible was the standard remedial course, soldiers on foreign stations have been known to prick themselves artistically with thorns, and rush off howling to the surgeon, in order to obtain a copious libation of brandy gratis. There can be no question as to the value of stimulants in accidents of this sort, if administered at the proper time, though nitrite of amyl, ether, or ammonia would be infinitely more efficacious than ordinary spirituous liquors; but I believe that a fatal result is often precipitated, instead of avoided, by injudicious stimulation at the outset. The vulgar error that a person will take no harm if bitten when in a state of intoxication is too patent in its absurdity to call for refutation—such a one would certainly succumb the more quickly by reason of his condition.

Mysterious as is the death-dealing effect of so

minute an injection of this scarcely modified saliva, its potency is not without parallel elsewhere in the organic world. The perception by our olfactory nerves of so imponderable a quantity as the one-millionth part of a grain of certain substances is at least as remarkable; and the murderous though curiously limited power of the tsetse fly of tropical Africa perhaps even more so. But, after all, there is nothing more wonderful than the tremendously disproportionate irritation produced by the poison instilled by the barely visible hair of a stinging nettle, especially in the case of some species which flourish in other lands. The indented nettle (*Urtica crenulata*)—a common form in the tropics) will give rise to pain and bodily fever lasting for months; and Schleiden saw a limb amputated in Timor, owing to gangrene which resulted from the sting of the Devil’s-leaf nettle (*U. urentissima*). Viper-venom, like most other poisons, organic and inorganic, has been used in medicine; and that it was so employed in this country at an early date is proved by the fact that allusion was made thereto by Canon Deham in a sermon preached in St Mary-le-Bow Church in 1711. Pliny, Galen, and the older writers appear to indicate that the flesh of the reptile rather than the secretion of its gland found a place in the Pharmacopœia of their respective ages. To this day, the shed skins, or ‘eloughs,’ have a reputation in all parts of the world as a remedy for chronic headache and loss of voice, bound about the temples or the throat; the keepers in the Reptilium at the Zoo are frequently asked for pieces by sufferers from such ailments. France was formerly the centre for the collection and export of viperish drug-products, which were subject to a duty of four shillings per pound; but that interest would seem to have declined, since ten thousand represents the yearly average of those killed, now that the reward has been cut down to twenty-five centimes for each, whereas it reached the respectable figure of seventeen thousand twenty years ago, when the premium was double. Those who extract the fat profess a singular notion that it is valueless as an ointment if the snake ‘breaks its poison-bags’ before death.

Even the bite of the adder has been accredited with curative properties, and has ranked in the vast category of specifics for hydrophobia. In 1805, M. Gauchi, the Mayor of Iteorthe, during an epidemic of this dread disease, advocated that all affected by it, men and animals alike, should be submitted to the fangs of a viper which had been previously bitten by a hydrophobic dog!

The dissimilarity between the harmless grass-snake (*Tropidonotus natrix*) of this island and the viper, both in form and coloration as well as in habitat, is so pronounced that it is impossible for any one who has seen the two to mistake the one for the other; but a near relative of the former, the viperine snake (*T. viperinus*), which abounds throughout the south of Europe, actually simulates the venomous species so closely that it requires a practised ophiologist to discriminate between them. Furthermore, in some situations—in the Pyre-

nees, for instance—the viper is usually of a pinkish or salmon-coloured hue underneath, instead of white, and in those same regions its mimic adopts a like tinge on its ventral scales. Of the very few serpents which exhibit any outward mark of distinction between the sexes, the adder is one, though to no greater extent than might enable a student of the subject to pick out sixty in a hundred with confidence. The puff-adder, Merren's snake, and, in a very slight degree, the bog-constrictor and rattle-snake, are the only species besides which manifest a similar sexual dimorphism. It is a strange circumstance that this should be so rare as to be practically unknown amongst reptiles, when it is displayed at its maximum in their first-cousins the birds.

Serpents do not augment their doubtful popularity by the way they have of appearing suddenly in places where they are not expected, and by no means desired. I know of one which was found snugly curled up on the hearth-rug before a drawing-room fire, one chilly August day, at Pinner, in Middlesex, within a few minutes' hail of a metropolitan railway station; and another that left its jute-cast slough on the top of a four-post bed; but one does not often hear of a viper in a church. Some twenty years ago, however, one presented itself at the side entrance of Bokenlenden Parish Church during afternoon service, to the progress of which it caused considerable disturbance, and managed to ensconce itself under the harmonium before decisive measures were taken for its ejection and ultimate slaughter. Though staying in the immediate neighbourhood, I was not at church on this particular occasion; but the event is indelibly impressed on my memory by the fact that when the topic led up, not unnaturally, to the mention of serpent worship at the dinner table that night, and a lady asked the meaning of the word 'ophiolatry,' a clergyman made the appalling observation that it was a heathen form of Adoration!

A chronicle of all the superstitions which have obtained in the past or still prevail concerning this little reptile would stock a library. It is popularly alleged throughout Europe that the leaves of the common ash will not only cure the bite, but, employed with suitable rites, will prevent it; while the Devonshire peasant believes that no viper has power to cross a circle traced around it when asleep with an ashen staff. This latter is, at any rate, difficult of disproof, since snakes have no eyelids, and, being consequently incapable of shutting their eyes, can give no evidence of sleep.

In conclusion, let me narrate without comment a circumstance which may have a possible bearing on a much-vexed question. At the commencement of last summer (1893), a viper was brought to me as having swallowed her young ones. The act of deglutition had not been observed; but while my informant was engaged in killing the creature with a light stick, a little one was ejected by the mother from her mouth in her death-throes—on this point he was absolutely certain, and he had killed the baby as well, and offered it for my inspection along with the body of the

adult, around the throat of which a string was tightly tied, to prevent the escape of the remainder of the brood. But, alas! the snakeling was not a viper at all, but a tiny, newly hatched specimen of the grass-snake, evidently the product of one of a batch of soft-shelled eggs which the adder—a male—had lately eaten. The rest of them—about half-a-dozen in number, as far as I could judge—and all fertile—I found in the poor beast's stomach.

NO. '3, 7, 77.'

To the majority of readers, the above figures convey no meaning, and yet these mystic symbols have caused many a strong man to tremble with terror, many an evil-doer to pale with dread, and suddenly to 'hold his tent and silently steal away.' This No. '3, 7, 77' is the warning notice and the signature of the Vigilantes of the Far West.

The law-breakers, no matter of what class or particular line, thoroughly appreciate its full value, and rarely fail to profit by it. The Vigilantes work unseen, unheard, but with a tenacity that never fails. They rarely appear on the surface, but the results of their action show plainly enough. One warning is usually all that is given; if this is neglected, woe betide the person to whom that warning is sent. An outsider could almost believe that these mysterious papers are sometimes delivered by supernatural means, as locked doors and barred windows present no obstacles to that little sheet in red letters, lying prominently on the table. Many a marauder or frontier ruffian, returning to his lonely cabin in the mountains after a horse-stealing expedition, has been surprised and terrified to find a slip of paper on his table, giving him twenty-four hours to leave the country, with these dreaded numbers as a signature. An early riser taking a morning stroll through a mountain town has sometimes seen these little slips neatly pasted outside the doors of certain houses, and the dwellers therein have declared that these papers were not there at midnight. A game of cards once being played in a saloon by four desperadoes, a new pack was handed to them in its original sealed wrapper. When opened, on the ace of clubs was found written in red ink: "'3, 7, 77" 24 hours to leave. Pass this card to the other three.' They left that night!

Western Vigilantes do not act on sudden impulse. They have been called into existence by the impossibility of having cattle and horse-thieves, 'road-agents' (a polite term for murderous highwaymen), and highwaymen convicted or proportionately punished for their crimes—amongst which murder is a common one—owing to the gross venality of the people from whom the average juries are drawn; also to the sharp practices of tricky lawyers, who constantly secure acquittals through some technicality or flaw in the indictment; also to the wording of many of the laws, by which the accused is hedged round with safeguards and the prosecution with difficulties. All these causes combined drove the ranchman, the stockman, and the gold-miner, in sheer despair to form a

mutual Association among themselves to protect their hardly earned property and their lives from the scoundrels and human beasts of prey who fattened off them, and who ruthlessly shot them down in cold blood if they remonstrated.

There is no resemblance between the sudden frenzied action of an excited mob and the action of the Vigilantes. The latter closely examine and make full inquiry into all cases brought under their notice; a special Committee is appointed for this purpose. A month or more may be occupied in their inquiries. A report is made in full meeting, and the matter is put to vote, a majority of those present deciding. A notice or warning is never sent out until the question of the absolute guilt of the accused party is beyond doubt. If he refuses to avail himself of his chance to leave, he remains at his own risk. The Vigilantes are simply a self-constituted internal police—illegal, of course, but of such inestimable value to the peaceable and law-abiding citizens, that no attempt is made to have the former prosecuted. Honest people have nothing to fear from them; they exist solely for the repression of crime; and had it not been for the Vigilantes in Montana in the sixties, and at the present time in places, no honest man could have lived or owned property in peace or security. The law was powerless; the desperadoes held the balance of power, and the situation was rapidly approaching one of anarchy, when the Vigilantes suddenly appeared, and restored complete order and quietness in three days' time. It required the hanging of nine ringleaders to do this; but after that, life and property were safe. The lesson was a sharp and severe one, but necessary and most wholesome.

In times of quiet and peace, the Vigilantes do not meet; but when occasion requires, they are alert at a moment's notice. A peculiar dread on the part of the Western ruffian is the uncertainty from whom and where his notice emanates. He may be drinking at the bar with a Vigilante; he may buy his groceries or feed his horse at the store or stable of another; the quiet, well-dressed banker who cashes his cheque, or the loud-voiced village oracle, may all be members, and he feels uncomfortable accordingly. He is afraid to express his burning desire to 'wipe out' every member of that accursed 3, 7, 77 gang, as he terms them, for fear he might be confiding in one of the gang themselves. But although he would gladly and cheerfully murder them all if he safely could, he usually complies with their request to move his quarters, and rarely waits until his twenty-four hours' limit has expired.

The Vigilantes have a thorough system of their own of private inquiry and espionage as well. Many a thief has mentally wondered, with much unnecessary profanity, how it was known that he had appropriated some neighbour's calf, colt, or horse. Each district has its own Committee. This Committee does not work outside its district, save in special cases. Committees assist each other when required to do so. In heavy cases Committees will join together. In such an event, from five hundred to a thousand men can be centred at any given spot on very short notice. When action is needed,

every member must attend the rendezvous, absolute incapacity from illness being the only excuse admitted. All business and pleasure matters must stand to one side. The members are bound to secrecy, and to help and assist each other in all cases of emergency—to an extreme limit. The obligation is a stringent one. No one is admitted as a member unless he is well reported on by other members. An executive Committee is formed of picked men only, who do all the preliminary work, do it skillfully and thoroughly, and do not state the result of their labours until on the eve of carrying out their plans. By this means, the chances of indiscreet members babbling is lessened, as they know nothing about the time of action until the time arrives.

As an illustration of how thorough the Vigilantes are in their methods, I may give the following: Two 'road-agents' in Montana had killed without any provocation two passengers on a stagecoach in open daylight. The agents, well mounted, started at once to leave the country. Three Vigilantes followed them. Day by day the latter gained information of their quarry in advance. The mountain passes and resting-places in the West are comparatively few, and well known. So this part of the chase was easy. Day after day the Vigilantes followed the trail, but failed to overtake the road-agents, who, well knowing the character of the sleuth-hounds on their track, were forcing their tired horses towards the South. The latter at last gave out; the agents stole two fresh ones from a stable, and renewed their flight through Idaho, down into Utah, and across to Nevada—the hunters behind them tracking day by day and hour by hour. At last the Vigilantes overtook their men, and two ringing shots from Winchester rifles ended that chapter. A local paper afterwards stated that 'The bodies of two men, each shot through the heart, were found yesterday on the roadside. They had a considerable sum in gold on their persons, but no papers to identify them by. It is supposed that this was Vigilante work, as robbery evidently was not an object their pockets having been undisturbed.' '3, 7, 77'—relentless, slow, but deadly sure, had again vindicated itself.

T. L.

SONNET.

THE thrush is hid within the emerald bough,
As the June sun dips in the western sea;
But I can hear the wild notes merrily,
Like marriage bells across the wintry snow.
Good is the omen! Where the roses blow
In the old garden, to the wicket gate
I bend swift steps of love, for there my fate
Sweet lips shall seal to night, and I shall know
If she I love will put her hand in mine,
And say: 'Dearest, I yield thee steadfast faith,
And promise to be thy true wife till death!'
O crowning height of bliss, dearer than wine,
Sweeter than song, richer than jewelled crown!
Her heart to mine linked evermore as one.

WILLIAM COWAN.

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WINTERING ON BEN NEVIS.

By R. C. MCGOWAN, F.R.S.E.

Few inhabitants of the British Isles lead a more romantic and isolated life during winter than the meteorological anchorites domiciled at our most advanced outpost against the forces of Nature, the Ben Nevis Observatory, situated 1106 feet above the sea. Communication with the nether world is practically cut off for weeks at a time, although the Observatory messenger makes the ascent nominally once a fortnight, bringing with him letters and such light parcels as he can conveniently carry. His visits are as uncertain as the weather itself—high winds, soft snow, and thick fog, effectually barring the way for considerable periods, so that the observers are sometimes six weeks without seeing him.

Throughout the long dreary winter, elemental disturbances of a severity and duration with which dwellers at lower levels are fortunately unacquainted, rage with well-nigh unremitting fury around the hill-top, greatly increasing the physiological effects of the severe cold; while the general climatic conditions are raw and inclement in the highest degree. Every precaution has accordingly been taken to ensure the comfort of the staff, the heating apparatus, consisting of two American stoves, burning paraffin coke, being perfect; while double windows and thick walls lined with felt facilitate the attainment of the end in view. Only during a severe gale does the building become cold; then the fires have to be kept low, as, without this precaution, the chimneys would soon become red-hot, to the danger of the adjoining woodwork.

The winter fare is necessarily chiefly tinned, an occasional leg of mutton forming a welcome change; while the water supply for cooking and domestic purposes takes the form of half-a-dozen bucketsful of virgin snow, dug daily from the most spotless portion of the hill-top.

Drifts begin to form around the domicile early in the month of October, and increase rapidly in depth, until, by the end of January, it would require but a slight exercise of the imagination, along with a background of seals, blubber, and Eskimo dogs, to suggest some hyperborean encampment by the shores of Melville Bay or Northumberland Inlet. The presence of a few fur-clad natives would no doubt give effect to the illusion; but as the winter attire of these 'children of the mist' closely resembles that of a North Sea fisherman, the picture is necessarily incomplete in this respect. The Observatory buildings are then entirely under snow, all that can be seen being the kitchen chimney and the tower, along with a curious-looking ice-cave in the foreground, which on closer examination proves to be composed of blocks of frozen snow, built in order to protect a staircase of the same material leading up from the main entrance twelve feet below. Icicles depend from the roof of this archway, which sparkles in bright sunshine with myriads of snow crystals, in marked contrast to the sepulchral gloom of the interior, where paraffin lamps burning night and day shed their ghostly glimmer, making darkness barely visible. So intolerably close and stuffy does the atmosphere become in this boreal temple of science, that all hands turn out with spades from time to time and endeavour to keep at least the upper portion of the windows clear, thus enabling artificial illuminants to be dispensed with during the short winter days. The first severe storm, however, effectually closes these long tunnel-like excavations, which simply act as traps for the drift that flies over the summit in blinding clouds, and the old order of things is resumed.

The voluntary exiles in this solitary habitation are three in number, two of whom are observers, while the third performs the necessary offices of cook and general housekeeper, yet is also able to assist in taking the obser-

vations if necessary. Astronomy does not, as is very generally supposed, enter into the work, which is purely meteorological, hourly readings of instruments giving the temperature, pressure, and humidity of the atmosphere being taken night and day, so that one observer is always on duty. The instruments are as plain and substantial as possible, consistent with scientific accuracy, one looking in vain for any of the ingenious and labour-saving automatically recording devices so successfully utilised at low-level observatories, such as Greenwich and Kew, but which cannot be used on the Ben, owing to the frost-work formed out of the driving fog, rarely absent during the winter months. It appears that whenever fog is present and the temperature below the freezing-point, crystalline feathers of ice are deposited on the windward side of every surface, the frost-work forming at the rate of about two feet a day under favourable conditions. The thermometer boxes soon become choked with these accretions, and have to be frequently changed; otherwise, the observations would be merely a record of the temperature inside a more or less opaque mass of snow. The thermometers are placed in louvered boxes attached to a ladder-like framework fixed in the ground, so that, as the snow increases in depth, they can be raised step by step, and kept at the regulation height of four feet above the surface.

A totally different phenomenon is 'Silver Thaw,' or rain congealing as it falls, covering all objects exposed to its action with a transparent sheet of hard ice, unlike the fog crystal, which, when broken across, show a peculiar granular fracture like marble or alabaster. 'Silver Thaw' occasions considerable inconvenience, choking the chimneys and ventilators; while the falling rain freezes on the clothes, and even faces, of the observers, so that outdoor exercise is anything but a pleasure. After a prolonged fall, a hard, icy crust is formed on the surface of the snow, drift being thus prevented, an important matter in stormy weather, when the snow literally rolls about in waves over the hill-top. Most of it is blown into the gorges, where it accumulates to a great depth, remaining unmelted even in the warmest summer.

Thunder-storms are most frequent in winter, taking place during the passage of deep cyclonic systems, and are not only unpleasant but sometimes dangerous phenomena. In a severe storm, the rattling of torrents of hail, mingled with the incessant rolling of the thunder and the blinding flashes of lightning, are enough to make the stoutest heart quail; while the close proximity of a well-known Mephistophelian celebrity is suggested by the sulphurous odour emanating from the lightning-arrester on the telegraph connections. On one occasion, a so-called bolt of lightning came down the office chimney, emerging from the stove with the report as of a rifle, a ball of fire leaping across the room giving a severe shock to one of the inmates who was sitting writing at an adjoining table. Sometimes the accumulated electrical energy is dissipated in the form of St Elmo's

Fire, this making its appearance as little coruscations in the shape of inverted cones of violet-coloured flame about the thickness of a lead pencil. A peculiar 'singing noise,' not unlike the humming of bees, accompanies it, by which characteristic sound it has been recognised in the daytime, when the light was too strong for the meteor itself to be visible. In brilliant displays, the anemometer cups, revolving rapidly, appear as a solid ring of fire; while the wind-vane resembles a flaming arrow. The appearance of the observer is equally striking; his coat, gloves, and hat are aglow with the 'fire,' while his monstache becomes electrified, so as to make a veritable lantern of his face. A smart stinging sensation on the temples and scalp is frequently experienced, so that it is no matter for surprise that the apparition usually beats a hasty although 'brilliant' retreat into the tower, there to enjoy, without personal discomfort, a scene highly suggestive of the realms of Pluto or the Stygian creek. The phenomenon is simply a slow ejection of electricity analogous to the 'brush' discharge of an ordinary electrical machine.

Many rare and interesting atmospheric effects are witnessed from this lofty post of observation. Occasionally the lower world is buried in fog, everything beneath being shut out from view by a magnificent ocean of rolling clouds, on which the sun shines down with ineffable splendour, whilst here and there a snow-clad peak rises like an island above the silvery billow. The upper surface of this cloud-layer is at times quite level, just like a sheet of water, coming flush up against the sides of the hill without rising or falling. On other occasions it is twisting about, fantastic wreaths of white mist being evolved from it. The moonlight effects under these conditions are exceptionally grand, and do much to compensate the observers for the monotonous routine of their everyday life; the scintillation of millions of snow crystals out-twinkling the stars, with the contrast supplied by the dark heaving waves of cloud-fog beneath, forming a fascinating and absorbing spectacle that will never fade from the memory of the fortunate beholder.

Now is the time for recreation, which is indulged in as much as the scientific work of the Observatory will permit of. The favourite amusement is tobogganing, a straight course of over half a mile being available for the purpose, special care being taken to steer well away from the great corrie of the precipice, which is fringed in winter with a cornice of slippery snow. After a heavy fall of soft snow, a welcome variety in the shape of exercise is afforded by long tramps on Canadian snow-shoes brought over from Quebec. On a fine winter day with little or no wind, a surprise-party would probably find the roof of the Observatory covered with rugs, on which recline the 'staff,' basking in the sunshine, lulled into a condition of dreamy ecstasy by the melodious murmur of distant waterfalls, and the light zephyrs playing among the dark corries of the north cliff.

In this weather, many favourable opportunities are from time to time presented for witnessing remarkable optical effects. When thin

fog blows over the hill-top, coronæ of indescribably brilliant prismatic colours are formed round the sun or moon, their striking iridescence being due to the nearness of the vapour prisms on which the images are formed. When the upper cloud-layer consists of cirri halos accompanied by contact arches, horizontal and vertical bars and mock-suns are frequently visible. If the ice-haze on which these images are developed is dense, the accompanying optical phenomena are pale and leaden; but when the icy veil is filmy and drifting rapidly, the chameleon-like changes are beautiful to behold, forming a perfect phantasmagoria of kaleidoscopic effects. The foregoing phenomena are explained by the action of the sun's rays on hexagonal ice-crystals floating in different positions, and having refracting angles of sixty or ninety degrees. Rainbow-like glories of dazzling brilliancy surround the shadow of the observer when it is projected on fog, the sun at the same time being low in the heavens.

An unusual occurrence is the dark-blue earth-shadow thrown against the sky, and marked off clearly from the illuminated portion by an arch of purple light called 'Phobus Bow,' with the shadow of the Ben, as a dark cone of projection, standing out boldly from it. The zodiacal light makes its appearance shortly after sunset on a moonless night in early spring, and is also visible before sunrise at the opposite season of the year, being known to the natives of the East, whose clear skies admit of its frequent visibility, as the 'false dawn.' The presence of this interesting luminary, which takes the form of a hazy cone of soft light, rising to a considerable elevation in an oblique direction, is attributed to the existence of extremely tenuous matter surrounding the sun and stretching into space for an enormous distance.

Animal life is very scarce, although for some years a colony of stoats took up their abode on the summit, and have been known to invade the storeroom when hard pressed for food. Their depredations at length becoming more frequent, traps were set, several falling into the toils, thus paying the penalty for their intrepidity, being rendered negative factors in earthly concerns, as a warning to the remainder. In winter they are as white as snow, with the single exception of a small black tip on the end of the tail, which does not alter in summer, when their colour changes to a ruddy brown. The creature is remarkably active, being about ten inches in length and very slender. Birds are rarely seen, although snow-buntings flit about the hill-top and become quite tame, coming regularly to the Observatory for food, and hopping only a few yards away when disturbed. Butterflies and other insects have been noticed during summer; while large numbers of a dipterous fly are found crawling on the surface of the snow at all seasons, wind-borne travellers from the surrounding glens, four thousand feet down.

Very few visitors make their appearance in winter, on account of the difficulty and danger attaching to the climb. Guide-posts have been placed at intervals of about a hundred yards during the last mile of the journey; but they

soon become snow-covered, and indistinguishable from the surrounding ice-waste, and are of little use in thick fog, when the range of vision is reduced to a few yards, and when the blinding, biting drift fills up footsteps as soon as they are made, confusing all idea of direction. Not unfrequently the Observatory road-messenger has had to return to Fort-William, after leaving the mail-bags tied to one of the guide-posts we have just alluded to, 'absolutely unable to continue the ascent, owing to the overpowering drift. Occasionally, total strangers to the hill make the ascent in bad winter weather, aptly illustrating the proverb that 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread.' For example, one dull winter afternoon, when we were sitting round the kitchen fire enjoying an after-dinner smoke, a loud knock was heard at the tower door, which affords a convenient exit when the snow has accumulated to some depth. A visitor at this season, wearing a *rara avis*, we were not long in admitting the new-comer, who, according to his story, was a tramp hailing from London in search of work. Business being dull at sea-level altitudes, he had been recommended by his landlady to apply at the Ben Nevis Observatory for employment, where presumably manual labour would not be at such a discount as at more accessible situations. He presented a most pitiable appearance on his arrival; his feet, but poorly protected by worn-out shoes, felt, he said, like ice-blocks; while his clothes were as hard as boards, and covered with frozen snow, which had accumulated in lumps as large as eggs in his tangled beard. It was too late that evening to ask him to face the dangers of fog and drift on his return journey, so he had to spend the night in front of the kitchen stove, departing on the following morning with bursting pockets and a replenished wardrobe, evidently much pleased with his first experience of 'high-life.'

Coming now to the practical utility of the observations. Mountain meteorology, to use the words of a celebrated American authority, 'is chiefly useful when studied relatively, that is, when the atmospheric relations between the summit and base of a mountain can be obtained. This can only be effected by the establishment of a station at an approximately sea-level altitude, where observations can be taken simultaneously with those on an adjacent summit. An Observatory has lately been erected at Fort-William, four miles in horizontal distance from the Ben, and supplied with ingenious self-registering instruments, giving, by means of photography, a continuous record of the fluctuations in the various elements of climate, so that it is now possible to follow hour by hour the atmospheric changes taking place under various conditions at sea-level and at an elevation of four fifths of a mile. A most laborious examination of these observations has lately been undertaken by the able Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, the discussion of which will materially aid, if it does not in a measure supplant, the present system of weather-forecasting by means of synoptic charts.

In conclusion, one cannot help referring in a word to the intelligence and endurance manifested by the members of the 'staff' in prose-

cutting, under many difficulties, a work that is practically unique, and which has already done much to clear away the mists surrounding meteorological science.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XXIV.—AN ANGEL FROM THE WEST.

RUFUS MORTIMER lay stretched at full length on the heather-clad dune of a Surrey hill-top. He was turning lazily over the pages of a weekly paper. He passed from the politics to the social 'middles,' and from the middles again to the reviews and the literary column. It was dull, deadly dull, the self-laudatory *communiqués* of second-rate amateurs. His eye ran carelessly through the items of news and the hints of forthcoming works: 'We understand that the article on "Richelieu and his Contemporaries" in the current number of the South British Quarterly, which is attracting so much attention in well-informed circles at the present moment, is from the facile yet learned pen of Mr J. An-truther Maclaren, the well-known authority on the age of the Bourbons.' 'Mrs Rotherham's new novel, "My Heart and His," will shortly be published by Messrs Rigby, Short, & Co. It will deal with the vicissitudes of an Italian gypsy girl, who studies medicine at Ginton, and afterwards becomes convinced of the truths of Theosophy, the principles of which are eloquently defended at some length by the accomplished authoress.' 'Mr Edmund Wilkes, Q.C., denies the report that he is the author of that clever Society sketch, "An Archbishop's Daughter-in-law," which has caused so much amusement, and so many searchings of heart in high ecclesiastical and legal quarters during the present season. We are also assured there is no good ground for attributing the work to the wife of the veteran Dean of Northborough, whose finished literary handicraft does not in any way resemble the crude and unformed style of that now famous story. The work bears, on the contrary, internal traces of being due to the sprightly wit of a very young lady, acquainted with the clerical society of a northern cathedral town, but little at home in the great world of London.' Rufus Mortimer almost laid down the paper in disgust. Better, surely, the fellowship of the eternal hills, the myriad buzz of the bees, the purple heather, than the solicitous echoes of this provincial gossip.

But just as he was going to fling the journal down in his distaste, his eye chanced to light upon a single belated paragraph, wedged in between two others near the end of the column. 'Messrs Stanley & Lockhart will publish almost immediately a new and stirring romance of the Armada period, entitled "An Elizabethan Seadog," purporting to be written by one John Collingham, a Norfolk sailor, who was imprisoned in Spain by the Inquisition for refusing to abjure "the damnable doctrine of her Grace's supremacy." It is announced as "translated and edited by Arnold Willoughby;" and

is described in their circular as being one of the most thrilling works of adventure published since the beginning of the present revived taste for the literature of romantic exploits.'

In a moment, Rufus Mortimer had jumped up from his seat on the overblown heather. In accordance with his promise to Kathleen, he had been hunting for weeks to find Arnold Willoughby; and now, by pure chance, he had lighted unawares on a singular clue to his rival's whereabouts.

Rufus Mortimer was a man of his word. Moreover, like all the higher natures, he was raised far above the petty meanness of jealousy. If he loved Kathleen, he could not help desiring to do whatever would please her, even though it were that hard task—to find for her sake the lover who was to supplant him. As soon as he read those words, he had but one thought in his mind he must go up to town at once and see whether Stanley & Lockhart could supply him with the address of their new author.

In five minutes more he was back at his lodgings, whither he had come down, partly for rest and change after his fresh disappointment, partly to paint a little purple gem of English moonland landscape for an American Exhibition. He turned to his Bradshaw eagerly. An up-train would be due in twenty minutes. It was sharp work to catch it, for his rooms on the hill-top lay more than a mile from the station; but off he set at a run, so eager was he to find out the truth about Arnold Willoughby. At the station he had just time to despatch a hasty telegram up to town to Kathleen: 'Am on the track of the missing man. Will wire again to-night. Have good hopes of finding him.' RUFUS MORTIMER, when the train steamed in, and he jumped impetuously into a first-class carriage.

At Waterloo he hailed a hansom, and drove straight to Stanley & Lockhart's. He sent up his card, and asked if he might see one of the partners. The American millionaire's name was well enough known in London to secure him at once a favourable reception. Mr Stanley received him with the respect justly due to so many hard dollars. He came provided with the universal passport, Rufus Mortimer went straight to the business in hand. Could Mr Stanley inform him of the present address of Mr Arnold Willoughby, the editor of this new book, 'An Elizabethan Seadog?'

Mr Stanley hesitated. 'Are you a friend of Mr Willoughby's?' he asked, looking out over his spectacles. 'For you know he poses as a sort of dark horse. He's reticent about himself, and we don't even know whether Arnold Willoughby's his real name or a pseudonym. He dresses like and pretends to be a common sailor.'

'Oh yes,' Mortimer answered, smiling. 'Willoughby's his own name, right enough; and he is what he seems to be, an able-bodied mariner. But he's a very remarkable man in his way, for all that a painter, a reader, extremely well informed, and in every sense a gentleman. There are no flies on Willoughby.'

'No what?' Mr Stanley asked, opening his eyes.

'No flies,' Rufus answered, with a compass-

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sionate smile for English dullness. 'I mean, he's fresh, and clever, and original.'

'So we gathered,' the head of the firm replied. 'Well, to anybody but you, Mr. Mortimer, we would refuse the address; but I suppose we may take it for granted in your case you want it for none but purposes which Mr. Willoughby himself would approve of. And he smiled, all benignity.'

'I hope so,' Rufus answered good-humouredly. 'I want it, first, for myself; and secondly, for a person in whom I may venture to say Mr. Willoughby is deeply interested.'

The publisher raised his eyebrows. That was the very worst plea Rufus Mortimer could have put in; for when a man's clearly skulking from the eyes of the world, the person (presumably a lady) who is most deeply interested in him is other than not the one creature on earth he's most anxious to hide from. So the wise man hesitated. 'Well, I don't know whether I ought to tell you,' he said at last, shading his eyes with his hand; 'but to be quite, quite frank with you, we don't exactly know whether we've got his real address or not, ourselves. He has his proofs posted to him at a small seafaring coffee-house, somewhere right away down in the far East End; and that's hardly the sort of place where a man of letters, such as he evidently is, would be likely to be lodging.'

Rufus Mortimer smiled once more. 'I expect it's where he lodges,' he answered. 'At Venice, he used to board in the house of a sort of inferior marine-stores dealer. He's a live man, is Willoughby; he doesn't trouble himself much about the upholsteries and the fripperies.'

The publisher, still half unconvinced, wrote down the address on a slip of paper; and Mortimer, just thanking him for it, rushed off to another cab, and hurried away at full speed to the East End coffee-house.

Fortunately, Arnold Willoughby was in. He had little to go out for. Mortimer went up to his room, a plain small bedroom on the second floor, very simply furnished, but clean and comfortable. He was taken aback at the first look of the man. Arnold seemed thinner than at Venice, very worn and ill-looking. But he started up at the sound of Mortimer's cheery voice, which he recognised at once with its scarcely perceptible tinge of pleasant and cultivated Pennsylvanian accent. Then he held out his left hand. Mortimer saw for himself that the right hung half idle by his side, as if paralysed. 'Why, what does this mean?' he asked quickly.

Arnold smiled in reply, and grasped his friend's hand warmly; though, to say the truth, he felt not quite at his ease with the man who was to marry Kathleen Hessegrave. He would have been glad in some ways to be spared this visit: though, now it was thrust upon him, he was really thankful in others that he was to know the truth, and to put himself once more *en rapport* with Kathleen. 'Oh, nothing much,' he answered, forcing a difficult smile. 'I got crushed in an iceberg accident. Worse calamities happen at sea. Though it's maimed my painting hand, which is always a misfortune.'

'Is it serious?' Mortimer asked with interest.

'Well, the doctors tell me it'll never be good for anything much again,' Arnold answered bravely. 'I can learn to write with my left, of course; but I must give up painting, I'm afraid, altogether.'

They sat and talked for some time about the accident and how it had happened; but neither of them said a word for many minutes together of the subject that was nearest both their hearts that moment. Arnold was too shy and reserved; while as for Rufus Mortimer, he felt, under the circumstances, he had no right to betray Kathleen Hessegrave's confidence. At last, however, Arnold mustered up courage to make the doubtful plunge. 'I believe I have to congratulate you,' he said, with a rather feeble smile, looking hard at Mortimer.

The American winced. 'To congratulate me?' he answered. 'I don't quite understand. On what, and why, please?'

Arnold gazed at him, and hesitated. Ought he to go on or hold his peace? It would be more discreet, perhaps even more honourable, to say nothing further; but, having once begun, he must get to the bottom of it. 'Well, about Miss Hessegrave,' he replied. 'I heard—that is to say, I understood you were going to be married to her. And I'm sure I don't know any man in the world more altogether worthy of her.'

Rufus Mortimer stared at him. 'Married to her!' he exclaimed. 'Why, who on earth told you that? My dear fellow, you're mistaken. I'm sorry to say there isn't one word of truth in it.'

'But her own brother told me so,' Arnold persisted, unable to disentangle this ravelled skein.

'Her own brother?' Mortimer exclaimed. 'What! that wretched little monkey! He told you this lie? Why, when ever did you see him?'

'About six or eight weeks ago,' Arnold answered, growing hot; 'up here in London. And he certainly gave me to understand it was a foregone conclusion.'

'What! he saw you six or eight weeks ago, and he never told Miss Hessegrave!' Mortimer cried, justly angry, and forgetting in his surprise all about Kathleen's secret. 'I see what he did that for. The selfish little wretch! How mean! how disgraceful of him!'

'Why should he tell Miss Hessegrave?' Arnold answered, looking hard at him. 'Surely, under the circumstances, it would be best she should see and hear nothing more of me.'

Rufus Mortimer hesitated. He loved Kathleen too well not to desire to serve her; and he felt sure Arnold was labouring under some profound delusion. But he made up his mind that, under the circumstances, it was best to be frank. 'You're mistaken,' he replied. 'Miss Hessegrave is anxious to see you again, in order to clear up a most serious misapprehension. To tell you the plain truth, Willoughby, that's why I'm here to-day. I don't know what the misapprehension itself may be,' he added hastily, for he saw from a faint shade which flitted on Arnold's face that that quick and sensitive nature had again jumped at a

conclusion adverse to Kathleen. 'She hasn't betrayed your confidence, whatever it may be; and if I'm betraying hers now, it's only because I see there's no other way out of it.' He paused a moment and wiped his brow; then the real man came out in one of those rare bursts of unadulterated nature which men seldom permit themselves. 'You don't know what it costs me,' he said earnestly. 'You don't know what it costs me.'

He spoke with such transparent sincerity and depth of feeling, that Arnold couldn't help sympathising with him. And yet, even so, after all his bitter experience, he couldn't help letting the thought flit through his mind all the same—was Kathleen still trying to catch the Earl, but keeping a second string to her bow, all the while, in the rich American?

He laid his hand gently on Rufus Mortimer's shoulder. 'My dear fellow,' he said with real feeling, 'I can see how much it means to you. I'm sorry, indeed, if I stand between you and her. I never wished to do so. There has indeed been an error, a very serious error; but it has been on her part, not on mine. She would have married me once, I know, but under a misapprehension. If she knew the whole truth now, she wouldn't want to see me again. And even if she did,' he added, holding up his maimed hand pathetically—'even if it was the painter she wanted, and not—ah, no! I forgot—but even if it was the painter, how could she take him now, and how could he burden her with himself, in this mangled condition? It was always a wild dream; by now, it's an impossible one.'

'That's for her to judge, Willoughby,' Rufus Mortimer answered, with earnestness. 'Ah, man, how can you talk so? To think you might make her yours with a turn of your hand, and won't—while I!—oh, I'd give every penny I possess if only I dare hope for her. And here I am, pleading with you on her behalf against myself; and not even knowing whether I'm not derogating from her dignity and honour by condescending on her behalf to say so much as I do to you.'

He leaned back in his easy-chair, and held his hand to his forehead. For a moment neither spoke. Then Arnold began slowly: 'I love her very much, Mortimer,' he said. 'Once, I loved her distractedly. I don't think I could speak about her to any other man; certainly not to any Englishman. But you Americans are somehow quite different from us in fibre. I can say things to you I couldn't possibly say to any fellow-countryman. Now, this is what I feel: she could be happy with you. I can do nothing for her now. I must just live out my own life the best way I can with what limbs remain to me. It would be useless my seeing her. It would only mean a painful explanation; and, when it was over, we must go our own ways—and in the end, she would marry you.'

'I think you owe her that explanation, though,' Mortimer answered slowly. 'Mind, I'm pleading her cause with you against myself—because I promised her to do all I could to find you; and I interpret that promise according to the spirit and not according to the

letter. But you owe it to her to see her. You think the misunderstanding was on her side alone; she thinks it was on yours. Very well, then; that shows there is still something to be cleared up. You must see her and clear it. For even if she didn't marry you, she wouldn't marry me. So it's no use urging that. As to your hand—no, Willoughby, you must let me say it—if you can't support her yourself, what are a few thousands to me? You needn't accept them; I could make them over to her, before her marriage. I know that's not the way things are usually done; but you and I and she are not usual people. Why shouldn't we cast overboard conventions for once, and act like three rational human beings?'

Arnold Willoughby grasped his hand. He couldn't speak for a minute. Something rose in his throat and choked him. Here at least was one man whom he could trust; one man to whom earl or sailor made no difference. He was almost tempted in the heat of the moment to confess and explain everything. 'Mortimer,' he said at last, holding his friend's hand in his, 'you have always been kindness itself to me. I will answer you one thing; if I could accept that offer from any man, I could accept it from you. But I couldn't, I couldn't. For the sake of my own independence, I once gave up everything; how could I go back upon it now in order to—'

But before he could finish his sentence, Rufus Mortimer stared at him in one of those strange flashes of intuition which come over women often, and men sometimes, at critical moments of profound emotion. 'Then you are Lord Axminster!' he cried.

'Did she tell you so?' Arnold burst out, drawing his hand away suddenly.

'No, never. Not a word, not a breath, not a hint of it,' Mortimer answered firmly. 'She kept your secret well—as I will keep it. I see it all now. It comes home to me in a moment. You thought it was the Earl she had fallen in love with, not the sailor and painter. You thought she would only care for you if you assumed your title. My dear Willoughby, you're mistaken, if ever a man was.' He drew a letter-case from his pocket. 'Read that,' he said earnestly. 'The circumstances justify me in breaking her confidence so far. I do it for her own sake. Heaven knows it costs me dear enough to do it.'

Arnold Willoughby, deeply stirred, read it through in profound silence. It was the letter Kathleen had written in answer to Rufus Mortimer's last proposal. He read it through every line with the intensest emotion. It was a good woman's letter if ever he had seen one. It stung him like remorse. 'If I had never met him, I might perhaps have loved you dearly. But I have loved one man too well in my time ever to love a second; and whether I find him again or not, my mind is quite made up: I cannot give myself to any other. I speak to you frankly, because from the very first you have known my secret, and because I can trust and respect and like you. But if ever I meet him again, I shall be his, and his only; and his only I must be if I never again meet him.'

Arnold Willoughby handed the letter back to Mortimer with tears in his eyes. He felt he had wronged her. Whether she knew he was an Earl from the beginning or not, he believed now she really loved him for his own sake alone, and could never love any other man. She was not mercenary; if she were, she would surely have accepted so brilliant an offer as Rufus Mortimer's. She was not sickle; if she were, she would never have written such a letter as that about a man who had apparently disappeared from her horizon. Arnold's heart was touched home. 'I must go to her,' he said instantly. 'I must see her, and set this right. Where is she now, Mortimer?'

'I'll go with you,' Mortimer answered quickly. — 'No; don't be afraid,' he added with a bitter smile. 'As far as the door, I mean. Don't suppose I want to hamper you in such an interview.'

For it occurred to him that if they went together to the door in a cab, he might be allowed to pay for it, and that otherwise Arnold wouldn't be able to afford one. But Kathleen's heart must not be kept on the stretch for ten minutes longer than was absolutely necessary.

SOME REFINEMENTS OF MODERN PHARMACY.

THERE is no form of medicine perhaps to which more objection is made than pills. 'I cannot take pills' is a constant confession made by patients to their doctor; and, undoubtedly, in certain cases it is something more than repugnance that makes the swallowing of a pill an almost impossible feat. Now, however, Modern Pharmacy has made the ordeal a much less trying one. In the past, the size of a pill was often, to use Dominic Sampson's favourite expression, 'Prodigious.' It was seldom coated, except when a little flour was sprinkled upon it—a most illusive method of concealing its nauseous flavour; and lastly, its surface was frequently so adhesive in hot weather that it would fasten itself to the organs of taste like a limpet to a rock. The chemist has enabled the pill manufacturer to reduce the size of many pills by separating out the active principles of the crude drug in the form of alkaloids, the doses of which are very small, sometimes not more than a hundredth part of a grain. With the aid of new kinds of machinery, the modern pill receives an exquisite polish. A perfectly smooth and shining surface is produced by the action of two revolving plates. After that, the pill is stuck on a pin and dipped into liquid preparations of gelatine. These, on drying, give it a thin, hard, soluble coating. For children, pills are made attractive by coating them with sugar and colouring them pink, so that they look and taste very much like confectionery. Various substances have been used for coating pills. One seldom sees now pills coated with gold or silver leaf. It was found that these coverings did not properly conceal the disagreeable odour of some drugs, as valerian and asafoetida.

Some of the newer methods employed for

coating pills have been more successful. The solubility of the coating of a pill is of importance. Most pills are coated with a substance that becomes readily dissolved by the action of the heat and acid juice of the stomach, so that the drug prescribed is quickly liberated and absorbed. An ingenious plan has been devised of coating certain drugs with a horny substance, called 'keratin,' which is soluble in alkaline fluids, but not in acid. The effect of this is that the pill so prepared passes through the stomach unabsorbed; the gastric juice, being an acid fluid, is incapable of dissolving the coating. After this, the pill in its descent comes in contact with alkaline secretions, which readily dissolve the coating and set free its contents. So that it is now possible to apply remedies directly to that part of the alimentary canal which lies just below the stomach; and not only that, but to preserve the sensitive lining membrane of the stomach from contact with irritating drugs.

Gelatine has been made very useful as a covering for powders and fluids. Many persons cannot take cod-liver oil without extreme disgust. As much as a tablespoonful can now be administered in an envelope or capsule of gelatine, which makes the disagreeable taste of the oil hardly observable when it is taken. Of course, in this bulky form the act of swallowing has to be performed with a slight degree of dexterity, as in gulping down the whole of an oyster. The 'cachet,' as its name implies, is a French invention. It is very popular on the Continent, and deserves to be more so in our own country. It is a capsule made of water-paper, in which certain powders—as quinine, for instance, that has a very bitter taste—can be given without offending the palate. There is a particular form of cachet so admirably contrived that the patient can easily fill it himself. It is made of pure ice starch, and consists of a little spoon-shaped vessel fitted with a flat lid. After it has been filled, the cachet is wetted and its lid brought down by means of a folder, and sealed very much in the same way as the envelope of a letter. The pharmacist has now succeeded in making powders, that were our abhorrence in childhood, perfectly tolerable for us to take. Few can fail to remember what a poor deceit it was when honey, jam, or treacle was made the vehicle.

Two capsules are specially made to fulfil some other purposes. To get the full effect of certain drugs, it is necessary that they should be taken immediately after they have been prepared. A capsule to obtain the desired result is therefore made consisting of two little compartments separated by a central partition, so that two different substances can be packed together inside the capsule without their coming into contact and combining chemically to form a compound. After the capsule has been sealed, it can be swallowed at any time; and the heat and moisture of the stomach will dissolve the covering of the two substances, and cause them to unite, forming a compound medicinal substance which is as fresh as if it had just been prepared by the chemist in his laboratory. The other capsule is made of glass, and affords a ready way of administering restoratives when,

from some cause or another, a patient is unable to take medicine by the mouth. It is especially of value in cases of poisoning, sudden faintness, or extreme exhaustion. At first made to contain some volatile medicated fluid, it is then hermetically sealed. The glass is so thin that it only requires the pressure of the hand to crack it and release the fluid in the form of a vapour. Directly the capsule has been crushed, it is held in the palm of the hand or in a handkerchief, and applied to the nose and mouth for the vapour that is given off to be inhaled.

Of late, an attempt has been made, and with great success, to reduce the size of drugs by compression in machines, and to administer them in a tabular form very easy to swallow. The manufacture of tablets is becoming an important department in the work of the manufacturing chemist and druggist. These little tablets or tabloids have the drugs, of which they are composed mixed with quick solvents, so that, when they are put into the mouth or swallowed, they are rapidly dissolved; their small size and little weight render them exceedingly portable; and if carefully packed, they can be kept for a very long time without losing their active properties. It is not surprising that, possessing the last two qualities, they have been found eminently suitable for the equipment of travellers. During the recent expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha in Africa, they were put to a severe test. Notwithstanding three years' locomotion, and all the vicissitudes of a tropical climate, they were proved, by the specimens that were brought home and examined, to be unimpaired by their long journey. Some of them are so exceedingly small, and so easily dissolved, that it is not always necessary to swallow them; but if occasion requires, they can be put under the tongue, or even into the eye when that organ is affected.

Again, there are other tablets which are hard and not readily dissolvable, because they carry drugs which it is desirable should be applied locally to the tongue or mouth. Their hardness necessitates their being moved about in the mouth for a length of time before they can be sufficiently dissolved to be comfortably swallowed; and thus a more thorough application is procured.

For applying special remedies to the throat, an effervescent lozenge has been manufactured. As it is swallowed, the moisture absorbed by it causes it to effervesce and diffuse its ingredients upon the interior of the throat. It overcomes the difficulty which some persons experience in gargling, or submitting to have their throats painted with a brush.

The interior of the nose, like that of the throat, is often very highly sensitive, the effect of syringing it or sponging it out with medicated fluids being very unpleasant. Recently, nasal cylinders have come into fashion which furnish a more agreeable method of treatment. They are small hollow cylinders, composed of glyco-gelatine medicated with suitable drugs. Each cylinder, after being inserted into one of the passages of the nose, is kept in position there by using a vulcanite plug, which is also hollow, to allow of free respiration. The patient

can insert one, and go to sleep; for a piece of thread attached to both cylinder and plug prevents them slipping back into the throat. As the cylinder takes several hours to liquefy, the interior of the nostril is thoroughly impregnated with the drug.

Small pellets have been invented for the application of antiseptics to the inside of the ear-passage. They are about the size of swan-shot, and are more easy of introduction than powders. Like the cylinders, they are melted by the natural heat of the body.

We now come to the medication of the external surface of the body. Various elegant preparations have superseded the coarse unguents and salves of former times. It would be impossible in our limited space to give a just idea of the wonderful improvements that have been made in this branch of pharmacy. Perhaps one of the most notable improvements is the preparation of an animal fat, called lanoline, which is now used as the basis of a large number of ointments. Unlike lard, which has generally been employed for this purpose, it never turns rancid; and it has the valuable property of being readily absorbed by the skin, and penetrating with friction to its deeper layers; therefore, it becomes a most efficient vehicle for conveying medicines through the skin. When mixed with mercury and rubbed into the pores, it has caused the peculiar metallic taste of the drug to be perceptible in the mouth three minutes after its application. In its impure crude form, this fat was known to the ancient Greeks, and employed by them in medicine, being extracted from the wool of sheep. The chemist has now purified it, and made it one of the most useful agents that we possess for applying medicines to the skin.

In Germany, much attention has been directed to the preparation of medicinal soaps. It is contended that they are much more easily applied than ointments, and with some reason, for the latter too often require to be spread on linen or other material, and retained by plasters or bandages; whereas the soap-method, as it is styled, renders these adjuncts unnecessary. Again, there are other advantages in soaps over ointments. A cake of soap is a more convenient article to carry than a pot of ointment. Soap is more economical to use, as a great deal of ointment is frequently wasted from being absorbed by the dressings and linen of the patient. Ointments are often cold and clammy, and adhere to the under-clothing, and to a certain degree are discomforting; but the same cannot be said of soap, which, after its use in our daily ablutions, produces a general feeling of comfort and cleanliness. Moreover, if the hands are affected, and a medicated soap is used, it does not unfit them for work, as the smearing of them with ointment is likely to do. The incorporation of lanoline with medicines in soaps has been productive of good results, the lanoline making the skin very soft and supple, and causing the medicinal substance combined with it to penetrate deeply into the structure of the skin.

From the few observations that have been made, it is evident that the pharmacist has done much to refine his art and make the

medicines he dispenses to us less objectionable. He has always had two classes to please—the medical faculty, who prescribe; and those who take the medicines prescribed them. Hitherto, he has perhaps not exerted himself quite so much as he might have done to please the latter class, but at the present time such a charge cannot be justly maintained.

THE TENDERFOOT INK SLINGER.

CHAPTER II.

THE following morning, after disposing of his solitary breakfast, Lemuel Garvey scrambled down from his nest among the pines, and walked down the turnpike to Breckenridge City with a thoughtful frown on his features. He was thinking hard, for the morning's calm reflections had shown him the weak point in his case against Chaparral Dick. He had no corroborative evidence to bring forward in support of any accusation he might make. It would simply be his word against another's, and that other more or less of a general favourite; while he himself was much regarded with contemptuous pity by these bluff, rough-and-tumble ranchers, who did not know what illness is, except when resulting from a broken limb or a sudden attack of 'lead-poisoning.' What chance had he of being believed, unless he could spring his mine on the culprit so artfully and unexpectedly that, in the confusion of the moment, the latter should incriminate himself? Practically, none. It was clear now that he had missed his best opportunity. What he ought to have done was to have followed Chaparral Dick, immediately after the robbery, to Breckenridge City—presuming, of course, as seemed probable, that, to disarm any possibility of suspicion, he had conveyed his victim thither and denounced him there and then, while the stolen money was still concealed about his person. Such a course would have secured a conviction and speedy, if rough-handed, justice. But by this time the booty would be safely stowed away at Chaparral Ranch, the bag destroyed, and the probability of bringing home the crime to the perpetrator rather remote.

Resolving not to make any rash move, but to wait and see what turn events were taking before playing his cards, Garvey arrived at Breckenridge City and turned into Higgins's Hotel. Round the bar there were grouped more than the usual number of loafers this morning. At first sight the place appeared to be full of red shirts, big boots, and sombreros; and if the new comer had not caught a glimpse through the other door, that led into the garden at the back of the hotel, of a pink sun-bonnet and a light blue print frock, he would speedily have noticed that among the truculent-looking crew were nearly all the prominent members of the district Vigilance Committee. As it was he had eyes only for the fair vision through the open door, and, nodding familiarly to Higgins, who was being kept extraordinarily busy behind the bar, he strode out into the garden.

'Morning, Flossie!'

'That you, Lem? Morning! Heard the news, of course?'

'What news?'

'Bout Jake Brownson. He was held up on the Dawson Ridge last night, an' robbed of his money. You see, he'd been to Carnuthersville with a heap of things in his light wagon for his branch store there, an' was bringing back the last fortnight's takings. Jake's powerful bul with a broken head this morning; but how he got it he don't remember. Says he kin recollect getting as far as the Ridge; but after that he don't know nothing till Dick—Chaparral Dick—found him lying insensible on the track as he rid home from here. Who done it, nobody knows; only it must have been somebody purty sly to get the drop on Jake Brownson without giving him nary a chance to unload his gun.'

'So it was Jake, was it?'

'Yes; it was Jake; an' it would have gone mighty hard on him if Dick hadn't chanced to stay here later than usual, an' find him, an' tend him, an' bring him along here. He just owes his life to Dick, that's what he does, an' Jake Brownson knows it too.'

As she uttered the last sentence, there was a touch of elation in her tone, and a flush of pride on her cheek that did not escape her companion; and his heart sank a little within him as it was forced upon him that the girl's interest in Chaparral Dick was of more than ordinary nature. How far that interest went, he determined to find out forthwith.

'Flossie, I want to tell you something,' he said tenderly, and led her to a little arbour, where they were hidden from the hotel by a mass of blue lion flowers.

'Flossie,' he asked, looking earnestly into her face, 'if I had found Jake Brownson on the Ridge last night and succoured him, instead of Chaparral Dick, I wonder if you would have been so chippy about it as you are?'

'Lor, Lem! what a question to ask!' she exclaimed, evading his glance. 'You know I allus kinder took to you. You are so different from the rest of the boys.'

'Yes,' he assented, with some bitterness; 'I'm different. I'm an "ornery, chuckle-headed, Tenderfoot Ink-slinger;" while they are'—

'Now, Lem, you just let up talking like that,' interrupted The Flower soothingly. 'They mean no harm. Why, you're ever so much cleverer than them, only they ain't used to sizing up a man by what he's got in his head; and if it came to brains, you'd pan out far ahead of any of 'em.'

'It's very kind of you to put it that way. You've always been kind to me.'

'Have I? Then that's because I allus liked you,' was the frank, innocent reply.

Then Garvey braced himself to take the plunge. 'Flossie,' he began, dropping his voice, and taking one of her hapely little brown hands in his, 'you're happy living out here among the hills and the pine-woods and the flowers—happier than you would be in a dusty, smoky city, eh?'

The girl nodded.

'And when you marry, you wouldn't care to leave the old scenes? You'd rather settle out

here with some one who would give you the best of all treasures—a great and lasting love?"

'Why, Lem, you kin read me like a book!' And there was a dreamy look in her eyes, and a curious, happy smile on her face as she spoke.

'It will be lonely sometimes—lonelier than at the hotel here,' he went on.

'I won't mind that. Nobody feels lonely when they are with the one they love,' she said, blushing softly.

'Then, Flossie, will you come and be my wife?' he whispered, letting go her hand, and holding out his arms towards her with tender, pleading eloquence.

The girl shrank back with a startled look. 'Oh Lem, I wasn't thinking of *you*,' she faltered.

'I'm such a fool, I—I thought you understood what I meant. But think of it now! I love you very, *very* dearly, Flossie—everybody does in a way—but I would give my life for your happiness. I never spoke before, because I often used to think I was a dying man; but now I shall soon be well and strong as ever again, and—and—— Flossie, you confessed only a minute since that you always liked me!'

'Yes; I always liked you, Lem,' she responded gently; 'but I had never thought of you in—in that way.'

'But don't you—can't you love me "in that way?" Let me teach you! Flossie dear! perhaps it won't be *very* hard to learn?'

'Praps I might have done if—if—— she stammered, blushing furiously.

'If what?'

'Chaparral Dick asked me to be his wife last night. I reckon that's why he stayed so late at the hotel.'

'Do you mean that you could have learnt to love me if I had asked you before Chaparral Dick?' he asked eagerly, almost fiercely.

'No—no! Not that, Lem. I mean, praps if I'd never met him. I thought you'd seen that I cared for him, an' that you were telling me so. I'm awfully sorry, Lem, that you ever thought of me that way;' and she laid her hand sympathetically on his shoulder. But he never felt her gentle touch. With his elbows upon his knees, and his face buried in his hands, he was occupied with the thoughts that chased each other to and fro through his brain like the lightning flashes that he had often watched playing about the peaks of the Sierras. If ill-luck had never thrown this scamp of a highway robber across her path, the girl he loved might have learnt to reciprocate his honest passion. That was the thought which most pertinaciously recurred to him. When he raised his head, his face wore a peculiar, pale, grim look.

'Did you come through the bar?' asked The Flower, with the kindest possible intentions of endeavouring to make him forget his disappointment by interesting him in another topic.

'Yes.'

'Then you'd see the Vigilantes were there?'

'The Vigilantes! What for?' he exclaimed, with considerably more interest than she had expected.

'Why, they've met over this job last night on the Dawson Ridge. You see, this makes the third party that has been held up between here an' Caruthersville within the last two months, an' the Vigilance Committee have sorter got their backs up over it. They can't jest suspicion who done it. It can't be a reg'lar gang of road-agents, 'cos they would have heard of 'em being about the neighbourhood. It must be some desperado working single-handed; but it's got to be stopped, anyhow; an' the Committee swear if they kin strike his trail, they'll track him down an' string him up to the nearest tree like a common hoss-thief.'

'Flossie, has Chaparral Dick been over this morning?'

'No; an' I reckon he won't be here yet. It was daylight afore he left the second time for his ranch, after setting up with Jake Brownson till he was right in his head again an' purty comfble considering. He was that anxious to hear what Jake knew 'bout the job, that he wouldn't leave till he'd heard; an' he must feel purty well chewed up this morning, or he'd have been here, you kin reckon on that.—Wanter see him?'

'I should have liked to hear what he thought about the affair. The Ridge isn't far from my shanty, you know, and it isn't pleasant to think of these things going on so near you in the night. However, I'll be making tracks now, after I've heard what the boys have got to say about it in the bar.—Morning, Flossie; and if you marry Chaparral Dick or—or anybody else, God bless you!'

He surprised even himself by the calm way in which he said it, for inwardly he was intensely excited. Supposing The Flower could have, as she had partly admitted, learnt to love him if Chaparral Dick had not stood in his way, then it was only reasonable to argue that he might still win her if Chaparral Dick were safely removed; and what better way could there be of getting rid of his successful rival than by proving his guilt, by some means or other, to the Vigilantes, and leaving them to deal with him? Anyhow, it were better that the scamp should pay the penalty of his misdoings, even though the punishment should be death itself, rather than that he should marry sweet, innocent, confiding Flossie. There was a great amount of risk and uncertainty about the carrying out of the scheme that had suggested itself to Lemuel, but he determined to risk all on a *coup de main*.

He left The Flower in the garden and stepped into the hotel. The crowd was still there, discussing the situation, and vowing summary vengeance on the unknown malefactor. The central figure in the main group was that of Buck Wagner, a big, hairy giant of six-feet-three, who had had a long and intimate acquaintance with the etiquette and administration of lynch-law, and was accordingly looked up to with becoming respect as the leader of the local order-keeping (if unauthorised) band. In conducting the business of the Vigilance Committee, Buck Wagner was in himself sufficient to constitute a quorum, and nobody ever dreamed of questioning the justice of his decisions. It was to him, therefore, that Lemuel

addressed himself, after exchanging a few words with the other loungers as he passed.

'The Flower tells me that you've sworn to string up the man who robbed Jake Brownson last night?' he began.

'The Flower aims at the truth, an' hits it every time. The lor's got to be administrated ef we kin ketch the varmint. It's a duty as we hev to pullform fer the good of the community.'

'And what if the man you want turns out to be a member of this particular community?'

'The lop-eared, skulkin' greaser wot played it low down on Jake last night—an' it's the same wot held up Hoppy Martin beyond Bully Rock, an' Kansas Luke on the low grade, I'll take my Bible oath—hez got to swing for it ef it's Bill Higgins thar hisself.'

'It wasn't Higgins,' observed the young man quietly.

'I know it warn't; but wot you mean?' exclaimed Buck, giving him a piercing look.

'I mean that I've got a good clue to the real culprit.'

'You hev?' 'Wot's his name?' 'Who is it?' 'Spit it out!' came excitedly from the crowd.

'All in good time,' returned Garvey, outwardly cool. 'Mind you! I only said it was a clue, and I am not ready to disclose it at present.'

'Then we'll darned soon make you!' cried Pretty Pete, who, having lost one eye and a considerable portion of one side of his face in a personal argument with a grizzly in the Rockies, bore the distinguished reputation for being the ugliest man in California.

'Keep yer hair on, Pete! You ain't runnin' thisyer circus single-handed,' promptly put in the imperturbable Buck. 'We ain't a-goin' to hev no onwillin' witnesses, ef it kin be avoided. We're jest a-goin' to hear how thisyer young innocent perposes to handle the ribbons with his clue; an' ef thisyer Committee allows to let him keep it dark a spell longer, thet order satisfy any ornery cuss wot knows Buck Wagner. When the Breekenridge Vigilance Committee waltzes in on a job of this sort, it does the thing on the squar', an' you kin put it right thar.—Now then, mister, wot about thisyer clue?'

'Simply this. Before I make any accusation, I want to make certain on one or two points to corroborate my evidence; and I want to have a word with Chaparral Dick about his finding of Jake. But I won't keep you in suspense long, I promise you. It is eleven o'clock now. If Higgins will lend me a horse, I'll have everything ready for you by two o'clock; and if you'll come up the hill to my shanty at that time—not a minute before, mind you! or you might spoil the whole business—I'll not only tell you the name of the man, but I'll put him into your hands there and then!'

The closing words caused a hubbub of excitement and not a little wonder.

'You kin take the roan mare, Lem,' offered Higgins.

'Wall,' remarked Buck Wagner critically, 'I dunno ef thisyer perceeding ain't a little

unusual. Anyhow, it sounds fair; an' you kin take it that thisyer meeting stands adjourned till two o'clock sharp at Mister Lem Garvey's residence up on the mounting.—Mine's whisky, Bill.'

Lemuel was leaving the bar to fetch the roan from the stable, when Wagner, to further impress upon him the seriousness of the affair, tapped his hip pocket significantly and casually remarked: 'You ain't a-tryin' to play it bil' on us, Tenderfoot, air you? 'Cos theseyer play-things hez a pesky way of accidentally goin' off of their own accord sometimes. I've heerd tell o' sech things.'

'I mean it, Buck,' Garvey returned, in no-wise alarmed, and disappeared. In another minute he had saddled the mare and was out on the road.

'Wonder who in tarnation the thievin' galoot kin be?' queried Pretty Pete.

'Mebbe it's the young Tenderfoot hisself,' hazarded Buck, winking his eye grotesquely over the upper rim of his glass; and the roar of laughter which greeted this brilliant joke overtook Lemuel as he rode up the grade.

KEEPING WATCH AND WARD.

It is a special characteristic of the English constitution that primitive methods of ensuring peace and defence, found working in full vigour under the early Saxon and Danish kings, have combined their permanence with the progressive development of later times, and even now exercise a marked influence upon our national institutions. The defence of the country against hostile invaders, and the preservation of its internal peace, were attained in the earliest times of which we have knowledge by means analogous to those now familiar to us. We find the germ of the modern police system in the organisation of the *frith-boch* or frank-pledge, supplemented by the 'hue and cry,' in which all the inhabitants of hundred or tithing were bound to join for the pursuit of offenders; while our national militia is the lineal descendant of the ancient *synod*, the armed folk-moot of each shire, which was the only military system familiar to our ancestors.

Three principal duties were incumbent upon our Anglo-Saxon predecessors, by virtue of the allodial tenure to which all lauds were subject previous to the Conquest, and liability to occasional military service was the chief of these. A very early reference to the hue and cry is found in an ordinance of Edgar, where it is decreed as follows:—'That a thief shall be pursued. . . . If there be present need, let it be made known to the hundred-man, and let him make it known to the tithing men, and let all go forth to where God may direct them to go. Let them do justice on the thief, as it was formerly the enactment of Edmund.' This service was enforced under very severe penalties. More than three centuries before the days of Edgar, the laws of Ina of Wessex were similar.

The introduction of feudalism profoundly modified these forms of service, and William the Conqueror and his immediate successors, both Norman and Angevin, occasionally em-

ployed mercenary forces. But the ancient national militia continued to exist, and at times did good service in defence of their country, as when, at the battle of the Standard, beneath the banners of St John of Beverley and St Wilfred of Ripon, they rolled back the tide of Scottish invasion, and followed Thurstan, the aged Archbishop of York, to victory.

Henry II. introduced a money payment, known as *scutage*, as a commutation for personal service, and was thus enabled to hire mercenary troops for his foreign wars, but he was prevented from using these forces for home defence by the jealousy which the English have ever displayed towards the employment of aliens in England. The king, who was bent upon curtailing the power of the barons, was resolved not to employ the available feudal army. He therefore determined to resuscitate the ancient national force, and by an enactment issued in 1181, and known as the 'Assize of Arms,' every military tenant was required to possess a coat of mail with lance, shield, and helmet for every knight's fee he held in demesne; every free layman having chattels or rent to the value of sixteen marks was to be armed in like manner; he who was only worth ten marks was required to possess a lance, an iron skull-cap, and an habergeon; while all other freemen and burgesses were to provide themselves with iron skull-caps, lances, and doublets of mail. They were to enrol their names in their separate classes, and swear to be true and faithful to the king.

John legislated to the same effect. A writ of his reign, issued with the consent of the 'Commune Concilium Regni,' directed that every nine knights throughout England should provide a tenth, well equipped with horse and arms, for the defence of the kingdom, and should contribute two shillings a day for his maintenance. This knight was to repair to London three weeks after Easter, ready to go wherever ordered, and to remain in the King's service for the defence of the kingdom as long as required. A following provision enacted that, in the event of foreign invasion, 'all men shall unanimously hurry to meet the enemy with force and arms, without any excuse or delay, at the first rumour of their coming;' and the penalties for neglect were still more severe than those of preceding ages, for it was ordered that in the case of a knight or landholder—unless his absence were caused by infirmity—both he and his heirs should absolutely forfeit their lands. Those holding no lands were condemned to perpetual slavery for them and their heirs, with the additional obligation of an annual poll-tax of fourpence each.

For some time the ancient allodial and the more modern feudal systems existed concurrently; but they gradually united into the general armament for national defence which we find in the reign of John's son and successor. The ancient police organisation underwent a concomitant development. The hue and cry was enforced by Archbishop Hubert, the Chief Justiciar of Richard I., and knights were appointed to administer the oaths for the preservation of the peace. 'All men above the age of fifteen years were required to swear to

keep the peace towards their Lord the King; to be neither themselves outlaws, robbers, or thieves, nor to aid such persons as receivers or consenting parties; to follow up the hue and cry in pursuit of offenders; and to seize as malefactors all who failed to join or withdrew from the pursuit, and to deliver them to the sheriff, from whose custody they should not be liberated, except by order of the King or his Chief Justice.' Our justices of the peace are directly derived from these knights. They appear to have been chosen at first by the landholders of the county, under the name of *custodes pacis*; but in later times were appointed by Royal Commission, and in 1361 were given the power of trying felonies.

Primitive police arrangements, however, proved inadequate for the increasing population of the country, and in 1253 a system of Ward and Watch was instituted in every township throughout the kingdom, and twenty years later it was extended by further regulations. It was provided that, from Ascension Day to Michaelmas, watch was to be kept between sunset and sunrise; in cities by companies of six good and strong armed men at every gate; in the boroughs by parties of twelve; and in townships by companies of six and four, according to the number of the inhabitants. Any stranger who attempted to pass was arrested until morning, and then, if suspected of any crime, was handed over to the sheriff, to be detained in custody until liberated *per legem terræ*. A stranger who arrived by daylight in any village was not allowed to remain, except during harvest-time, unless his host became surety for his conduct. A merchant on his journey, after counting his money in the presence of the mayor or bailiffs, was allowed a guard, and could claim compensation from the inhabitants if robbed during his stay in the town. No person was allowed to carry arms, unless specially deputed to guard the King's peace.

The classification of the Assize of Arms was remodelled; all men between the ages of fifteen and sixty, 'citizens, burgesses, free tenants, villeins, and others,' were estimated according to the value of their land or movables, from fifteen pounds annual rent in land to forty shillings in chattels. The former served in what may be termed the 'Yeomanry Cavalry' of the period, and each man had to provide himself with a coat of mail, an iron headpiece, sword, small knife, and a horse. The lower classes served on foot, and were sworn to furnish 'themselves with the arms proper to their class, and to join the hue and cry when required.'

By the celebrated Statute of Winchester it was specially provided that when a robbery was committed, and the felons could not be brought to justice, the whole hundred should be held liable for the damage, and provision was also made that highways leading from one market town to another should be widened, so that within two hundred feet of the road 'there be neither dyke, tree, nor bush, whereby a man may lurk to do hurt.'

Until the comparatively modern Stuart times, these ancient obligations were enforced by repeated statutes, and disputes as to the control

of the militia—as the local forces were now designated—led to the final rupture between King and Parliament. At the Restoration, it was declared that the sole supreme government of the militia was, and by the laws of England ever had been, the undoubted right of the kings and queens of England, and provision was made for calling together and arraying the militia when necessary.

The force languished until 1757, when panics, caused by fears of French invasion, led to its revival, and it was provided that militiamen were to be chosen by ballot to serve for a limited number of years, but were not to be compelled to march out of their own county, except in case of rebellion and invasion.

An annual Act now suspends the ballot, but the same law empowers the Queen in Council to at once order a ballot, should necessity demand it.

THE LITTLE AMBER MONKEY.

It was in the Burma campaign of 1885-87 that Captain Monro found the little Amber Monkey. He had been stationed with his regiment, Her Majesty's 150th Foot, at Thayetmyo all through the hot weather. It had been an exceptionally trying season, with a good deal of cholera amongst the men, and many of them seemed likely to fall into that state of listless inactivity which so often predisposes the victim to an attack of the epidemic, when, like an electric shock, the news fell upon the regiment of the breaking of the storm in Upper Burma, the taking of Mandalay, and the capture of Theebaw. Then followed the welcome orders to march to the front. As one man the gallant 150th rallied from the deadly inertia of the past two months; and within a few hours of the receipt of the orders, the barracks were empty, and Thayetmyo knew them no more. Arrived at the seat of war, the officers and men found themselves in the thick of the fighting, and already, before the incident took place on which my story is founded, they had received their baptism of fire.

There had been an engagement, and our men, though heavily handicapped by the nature of the ground through which they passed, had carried everything before them, so that the dacoits and Theebaw's rabble army had fled, leaving behind them some of their dead and wounded, which they were compelled to abandon. The excitement and turmoil of the day being over, some of the officers off duty assembled together in the big mess-tent in camp, and Captain Monro living over again the events of the day, suddenly remembered that he had lost on the field a small photo. frame which he invariably carried in his breast-pocket. It had slipped out as he stooped to assist a wounded brother-officer to remount his horse. He would not lose that precious case without making some effort to recover it, for it contained the photo. of his young wife, whom he had left for the first time only the other day at Thayet.

As he tramped over the wet sopping ground, he saw that there were parties of men out who were carrying in the dead and wounded. He

searched eagerly hither and thither for the little case, and at last, after many disappointments, found it lying, stained and bespattered, on the muddy ground. It was with a sigh of relief that he opened it and found the delicately tinted miniature of his wife within in perfect preservation.

Among the party of sepoys sent out to bring in the wounded was one Dowlat Ram. Picking his way among the heaps of slain, this man kept well in mind the possible chances of loot, for many of the Burmese adorn themselves with rich and valuable amulets, worn to preserve them from gunshot wounds, or to render them impervious to sword-thrusts. Afraid of being observed, Dowlat Ram directed his steps towards a clump of bamboos behind which many of the enemy lay scattered, hoping there to obtain something of value from the bodies of our prostrate foes. At first he was keenly disappointed to find that those around him wore no ornaments whatever; though here and there, on many a broad chest, he could see lines of little knobs under the skin, which betrayed the fact that talismans of gold or silver had been inserted, to protect the wearer from the perils of battle.

Time was precious, and the sepoy began to fear that his search would be in vain, when he happened to espy a young dacoit, who, if not dead, was at any rate badly wounded. Attached by a string to his neck hung a little flannel bag, which contained, no doubt, some treasure, and the heart of Dowlat Ram rejoiced as he reflected that it might be of great value. For all he knew, the contents of that little flannel bag might bring him great riches. There was that patch of ground which he had long coveted, close to his own hut in his native village, but for which his neighbour, the grasping Chandra Lall, asked so large a sum. Already he saw himself owner of that choice spot, for the little bag probably contained valuable rubies, which he could easily dispose of, and so return to the bosom of his family a wealthy man and one worthy of honour.

As he thus built castles in the air, which were never, alas! destined to be anything but aerial visions, he bent over the wounded Burman and carefully felt the treasure which hung from his neck. It was firm and rounded, and if a ruby, a very valuable one. Dowlat Ram's hands began to tremble as they fumbled about the Burman's neck. The string was easily severed, and raising himself, he turned out the contents of the bag. Even as he did so, a look of intense disgust crept over his features; he was about to fling his newly acquired possession to the ground, when he became aware that an officer, whom he recognised as Captain Monro, was walking across the field within a few paces of him. Dowlat Ram hurriedly concealed the flannel bag in the sleeve of his khaki coat. The conscious look of the sepoy's face attracted Captain Monro's notice, and the question of loot at once arose in his mind. 'What are you doing?' he asked, Dowlat Ram sternly, in Hindustani.

'Salib,' he answered, mechanically saluting, and lying with the promptitude of a Hindu, 'I

have this moment picked this up on the field. It may please the Sahib to look at it.' As he spoke, he laid in Monro's hand a tiny piece of carved amber.

Alan Monro stood for a few moments and examined the piece of carving. It was only about one and a half inches in height, of perfect amber, so wonderfully fashioned into the shape of a diminutive monkey, that Monro smiled as he looked. There was something very fascinating about that little amber monkey: the small head turned to one side, as if appealingly—the curved back, the hand outstretched with an air half-wistful, half-bold all formed a personality which seemed to inspire with life that morsel of fossilised gum, to make it a thing which lived and breathed. Monro smiled again as he turned it here and there in his fingers. He had never seen a more exquisite specimen of the carver's art.

Meanwhile Moung Shway Yoe, the Burman, stirred faintly as he lay at Monro's feet. Perhaps the rough hands which had fumbled at his neck, or the feeling that something dear to him was being wrested from him, recalled Shway Yoe's wandering senses from the dream-land of unconsciousness into which they had drifted. A shiver ran through his limbs, and his eyes opening, rested full on Captain Monro, who still held the charm on the palm of one hand. An anxious look sprang into the Burman's eyes, and he instinctively felt at his throat for his little bag. It was gone—the charm which Mah Mee, the girl who was to have been his wife, had placed there, fully trusting it would save him from gunshot wounds; and the man who had robbed him of his treasure stood before him, and smiled as he looked at it. If he could but reach him and regain possession of it, all would yet be well, and, in spite of his wounds, he would live to return to his own village, to Mah Mee, to the old easy life he led till the English invaded his country. Shway Yoe struggled painfully to rise, leant on one elbow, and with the other hand wildly snatched at the empty air, then fell back groaning on the ground. Monro hurriedly bent over him; and with the Englishman's features indelibly imprinted on his brain and the sound of his voice in his ears, Shway Yoe slipped back into that dreamy state from which he had been so rudely awakened.

'Take him to the Hospital,' Captain Monro said to Dowlat Ram; then added *sotto voce*: 'Poor beggar; he has not much farther to go on life's journey.'

As he followed the sepoy back to camp, Monro slipped the little charm into an inner pocket of his military coat, and there it remained for many days till the turmoil of war was over.

A few months later, an Asiatic company's steamer sped swiftly through the shining waters round the Andaman Islands, and finally anchored in the beautiful harbour of Port Blair. The sea shone like a polished mirror, except over at North Bay, where the coral reefs threw up a violet glow on the surface. The ship's anchor had hardly thundered far down below, when a fleet of little boats shot out from the

jetty of Ross Island, each boat containing some one eager for news of the world beyond those lovely sleepy islands. On deck the genial captain was soon surrounded by a crowd of friends, who never failed to welcome him in his periodical visits; and while the youngsters chatted and joked, and the elders became engrossed in the study of home and Indian papers scattered about on the saloon table, the serious business of unloading the cargo went on. In this instance, the cargo was human freight, for five hundred convicts, with leg-irons on, and heavily handcuffed, were to be landed that day from the ship, among them being our old acquaintance Shway Yoe, for, in spite of all predictions to the contrary—and they had been many—he had recovered from his wounds, had stood his trial for dacoity and manslaughter, and was now sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude in Port Blair.

Life certainly presented no very alluring prospect to the ex-dacoit, but he contemplated his altered fortunes in that spirit of calm philosophy which is so much a feature in the Burmese character, and trusted to Fate to bring better things to pass. Had he not been born on a Wednesday; and in the horoscope cast at his birth was it not foretold that he would pass through many difficulties and dangers before his twentieth year, while under the influence of the planet Saturn? A man cannot combat his Fate; it is like beating against the waves of the sea; so, with his phlegmatic temperament, it is not to be wondered at that the jail-warders, as the months went on, found Shway Yoe well behaved, and amenable to discipline.

Five years slipped away, and every month, as the Calcutta steamer put in an appearance with extreme regularity, the convicts checked off one more 'moon' from the tale of days to be spent in imprisonment, and could tell to a nicety how many more must pass before their release. Again a large steamer anchored in the harbour; but this time the big white vessel was a Government trooper, with a European detachment on board, come to relieve that which had just completed its 'year' in the Islands. A party of convicts were at work on the jetty at Ross—the planking having become worm-eaten—and their labour was nearly completed as the steam-launch came pulling to the gangway, and the British soldiers disembarked. The 'petty officer' or warder issued his orders to the convicts to stand on one side of the pier, to allow the men to muster. This was done. The soldiers formed up, and stood waiting for their commanding officer to give the word to march. He came up the steps leisurely, a tall, fair man, wearing on his shoulder-straps a crown, the badge of his rank, and with the unmistakable stamp of soldierly bearing about him. He is Alan Monro, a rather older edition of the man whom we saw on the battlefield of Upper Burma, but one upon whom fortune had smiled in the five years that have gone. He has won honour, wealth, and distinction—the love of wife and of child—the Fates have been as propitious to him as they have been adverse to Shway Yoe,

the Burman convict. He, standing among the ranks of his fellow-prisoners, forgot in a moment the stern prison rules in which he had been schooled for so long a time. It was enough that he saw once more before him the man whom he supposed had robbed him of his treasure, that little talisman, the possession of which would, he felt sure, restore to him all the lost joys of liberty.

He sprang from his place and stood tremblingly eager to speak. The movement caused Major Monro to turn round. He glanced at the man's face without being aware that he had ever seen him before. At that moment the petty officer's harsh voice rang out an order to Shway Yoe to fall back into his place; his cane descended with painful force on the convict's shins--and before he realised that his enemy, the British officer, had passed him by, the soldiers were half-way up the steep road on their way to 'Windson Castle,' the European barracks. The ten o'clock gun fired, and the convicts broke off work until the afternoon.

All through that day, and for many days, Shway Yoe's dull brain turned over and over the thought of how to recover the little amber monkey. For once, his slow mind was stirred to its depths as he thought what it meant to him to regain his treasure. It meant everything to him--life and liberty and home--everything for which life was worth living. At first, he planned wild schemes of vengeance, which in his calmer moments he discarded; but this he kept always in mind, that could he once more hold the little charm in his hand, he would escape into the dense forests of the mainland, there build himself a raft, and reach his own country after a few hours' sailing.

A curious impression prevails among the Burmese convicts of that large penal settlement. They are firmly convinced that they are within a very short distance of their own land, and that the English ship which brings them to Port Blair steams round and round on the same course for two days, so as to deceive them as to the distance which lies between the islands and Burma. This popular fallacy is accountable for the large percentage of attempted escapes amongst the Burmese convicts.

Several days passed, and Shway Yoe was no nearer the fulfilment of his one great desire. At last a little bit of luck came in his way. Orders were given for half-a-dozen men to rebuild some of the outhouses attached to Major Monro's bungalow, which had suffered during the last rains, and Shway Yoe was one of the number. He worked with the others for nearly the whole of one day, when, as the sun declined, and the heat lessened, a little boy ran out of the house and stood watching the convicts as they carried baskets of lime and brick to and fro. The child had a bright little face, and a winning air of expecting a welcome wherever he went.

Day after day, as the men worked at the building, the little fellow came every evening to look on; ran about amongst them, chattering Hindustani by the hour, and followed, wherever he went, by his faithful Bengali bearer. Although he was eagerly welcomed by them all, those rough sons of toil, no one watched

for his coming more wistfully, as time went on, than Shway Yoe. He gave to the boy that curious admiring interest which one of his nationality so often accords to an English child, and as this grew up within him, he vaguely felt that the animosity which he bore towards the child's father seemed to die away.

The *Loogalay* or little one, as Shway Yoe called him, sitting one day perched on a pile of timber, noticed the intricate and wonderful tattooing on Shway Yoe's arms, legs, and chest, and immediately proceeded to ask endless questions. One design more than another fascinated the child--it was that of an elephant with a monkey on its back. The latter was of bright vermilion, with a blue tail, but the *Loogalay* thought it beautiful.

'My father has a little monkey, and he lets me play with it sometimes,' he said to Shway Yoe.

The man hardly knew what to answer, so great was his eagerness to hear more, but at last he said boldly: 'Will you bring it to show to me to-morrow, *Loogalay*, and I will give you a pretty thing instead.'

The child nodded once or twice, and with this childish promise he had to be content.

He did not see the little fellow again for a couple of days, and the work was nearly completed, so that the services of the convicts would not be required much longer. He waited and watched for the *Loogalay*, fearing that his chance was gone; but at last the child came running out of the house. His small hat was doubled, and as he bounded up to Shway Yoe, he announced in a loud whisper: 'I did bring you the little monkey; my father said I might play with it;' and into Shway Yoe's hand dropped the tiny charm for which he had hungered so long. His fingers closed over it tightly, and, to distract the child's attention from his own agitation, he produced, from a corner of his lin cloth, a piece of mother-of-pearl roughly shaped into a ring which just fitted the little one's finger. The child, delighted with his trinket, rushed off to show it to his mother, and speedily forgot how he had given away the little amber monkey.

Across the harbour from Ross Island stands Mount Harriett, an elevation of about twelve hundred feet, clothed with beautiful natural forest, which extends for many miles into the mainland. The last monsoon had been a heavy one, and the Bamboo Walk at the top of the hill had become much overgrown. So Shway Yoe and a large party of men were sent, under charge of two petty officers, to remove the brushwood and clear the forest for some little distance round the two bungalows situated on the highest point. The Chief Commissioner was expected to spend a few days in one of them, so everything must be in readiness for his coming.

The men worked with knives very similar to the *dahs* so commonly used by the Burmese, and Shway Yoe almost felt as if he were once more in his own jungles. The work kept them closely occupied till the short twilight was over; then the senior of the petty officers formed the men into two gangs, Shway Yoe being told to march down the hill with the first party. Intentionally, however, he lingered behind; and upon this being discovered, the

petty officer, with much choice language and hard swearing, ordered him forward to overtake the others, which he accordingly did. As he came up to them, he said to some of the men: 'I am ordered to stay behind. There is still one more pile of bamboos to carry, and I am wanted there. I will be back in "section" before the gate closes.'

The petty officer, grumbling at the darkness and the bad state of the road, muttered a surly assent, and passed on, leaving the Burman standing in the middle of the pathway. He turned and plunged into the forest—his knife in one hand, and his little charm in the other—and crouched among the low bushes, to listen for the passing of the second gang. Some time went by. The first party had started by boat some minutes ago. At last the shuffling footsteps and the sound of the men's voices. How near they were to him! He could have laughed as he thought he would never more be one of them, for his little talisman would preserve him from harm, and he would reach his own country in a very few days. He strained his eyes to watch them go by—listened eagerly for the plash of their oars—at last silence everywhere round him! He stole out from his hiding-place, and went back to the top of the hill, and there struck into a jungle track which he had often traversed to and fro from work.

For hours during the night he fought his way through the dense tropical growth, stumbling over the thick coils of broad-leaved creepers, which hung in snaky festoons from the tall and beautiful forest trees. Every hour increased the distance between him and his pursuers, but still he feverishly struggled on, knowing he must be missed already, and that in the morning search-parties would be sent out in every direction. At last he reached the sea, and in the dim starlight began to collect materials for the building of his raft, dragging the bamboos down to the water's edge. Then, as morning came on, he felt hungry, and went back into the forest to hunt for roots and berries. Alas! there were none such as he knew so well where to find in his own jungles, so the whole day passed without food, but still his work progressed apace.

During the night, Shway Yoe felt all the terrors of the lonely forest. The slow plash of the waves on the shore, the whispering of the leaves, the drip of rain, seemed to him to be the voices of evil spirits, who planned together to prevent his escape. He held his little talisman ever and always close to his breast, trusting in its power, but still with a vague superstitious dread.

In the morning he shook off his fears, and although weakened by hunger, he worked on, so that his raft was half completed. Again another dreadful night haunted by the realisation, which at last began to dawn in his mind, that he would never reach his own land—never see Mah Mee again—never watch her little fingers coquettishly fix the yellow orchids in her hair. Vaguely he felt something had gone wrong. The little charm in which he so trusted had failed him; it might be that some greater Power was working for him, and would bring him his release after all.

Again the sun rose, and found the man quite exhausted; and lying there by his half-finished raft, he was discovered about mid-day, by a party of Andamanese trackers—those little swarthy savages whose race is fast dying out before the advance of the white man.

The journey through the forest, and passage across the water in a heavy lumbering boat, tried the unfortunate man terribly, so that when they reached Ross he was at the point of death, and was laid on the pier while some of the men went to fetch the means to carry him back to section.

It was growing dusk, and a boat belonging to one of the Sahibs drew up at the ladder. Three or four young officers had been out snipe-shooting on Aberdeen. Their cheery voices, one more than the others, Alan Monro's, fell on the dying man's ear. As he passed along the pier, Major Monro noticed the man lying there, and paused beside him. Something in the haggard appearance—the helpless attitude—sent a flash of remembrance through his mind, and he seemed to see once more the battle field of Upper Burma. Shway Yoe opened his eyes, and made a faint gesture, so that Monro's orderly, following close on his master's heels, as the custom is in Port Blair, ventured to express his unqualified disapproval. 'I would beg of my lord to be careful,' he said. 'The man may do my lord some harm.' But Monro did not heed him.

'Sahib,' Shway Yoe said in Hindustani, as he bent over him, 'you took from me my little amber monkey.'

'I? No; I did not. The sepoy told me he picked it up on the field.'

'Then he took it, Sahib; and you did not. It is well. The *Longday* gave it again to me. Take and keep it for him, Sahib,' he continued, pushing the little piece of carving into Monro's hand. 'It may bring him luck; but I have found none.' And so saying, Shway Yoe died there on the pier of Ross Island.

In a small silver casket the little amber monkey reposes in company with a roughly shaped mother-of-pearl ring, and when his friends ask how the more valuable curio came into his possession, Alan Monro tells the story of Shway Yoe, the ex-dacoit.

A VOICE OF BYGONE DAYS.

Could I but hear the voice once more
That thrilled my heart in days of yore,
Its sweet, pathetic, tender power
Would soothe my spirit's darkest hour.

Before those notes of joy or pain,
The warbling bird would cease its strain;
And hovering lightly on the wing,
Ecstasied, hear its rival sing.

Oh, wondrous power, sweet gift divine!
For which my wearied soul doth pine;
Oh, may I hear its sounds on High,
Mid angels' voices in the sky.

HELEN WILKIE.

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ABOUT DIAMONDS.

ALTHOUGH the term 'carat' is applied to Diamonds as well as to gold, it does not mean the same thing. Used with regard to the metal, it expresses quality or fineness - 21-carat being pure gold; and 22-carat equal to coined gold. But applied to the diamond, carat means actual weight, and 151½ carats are equal to one ounce troy. The value of a diamond is not merely so much per carat, irrespective of size, but increases in an increasing ratio with the weight of the stone. To give an example. If twenty pounds be the value of a stone of one carat of the 'first water' (that is, colourless and free from brown tinge), a stone of two carats would be worth sixty pounds (or thirty pounds per carat); one of five carats, three hundred and fifty pounds (or seventy pounds per carat); one of ten carats, twenty-two hundred pounds (or two hundred and twenty pounds per carat). Thus it is that when stones are found of a phenomenal size, their value is almost incalculable, and can only be approximately appraised by the most skilful and experienced experts. And thus it is we so often hear of fabulous and utterly impossible valuations of gems.

The diamond is, of course, the hardest of known substances, and its beauty is due to its high refractive power. The object of the skilful cutter is to exhibit this power to the greatest possible advantage. It is about three times as heavy as rock crystal, and will cut glass; but it cannot be cut itself by even a glazier's diamond. What are called 'paste,' or imitation, diamonds are made of a compound of glass and borax, and though they are often very clever deceptions, they never obtain the fire of the real article, and they will never cut glass, however they may scratch it.

There is, however, a kind of false diamond made out of the real article. The less valuable pale-coloured stones are split up, and some colouring matter skilfully introduced by the

lapidary. Then they are cleverly joined up again, and the buyer gets what appears to be a very high-class gem at a comparatively low price. One has to be cautious in buying large stones of unknown history.

What are known in the trade as Doublets are really swindles. They are real stones cemented on the top of glass, and sent away to the diamond fields in Africa, or elsewhere, to be sold to dealers and travellers as 'finds.' The innocent buyers bring them back to England and France for sale as genuine stones, but the application of a file to the back soon reveals the fraud.

The story of the discovery of diamonds in South Africa is now a tolerably familiar one to everybody: but it is not now remembered by many how the first reports were either discredited, or attempted to be explained away, by experts. Thus, in 'The Geological Magazine' for 1868, the whole story of the African diamond discovery was denounced as false, and as an imposture got up by adventurers scheming for capital. It was stated by the writer of the article that the geological character of the district rendered it 'impossible' that diamonds could ever be found there. But the diamonds were found, just as the earth does move in spite of the embargo laid on Galileo. Then it was explained that the stones must have been brought by ostriches from some distant part of the interior!

It was, perhaps, the discovery of the famous 'Star of South Africa' in 1869 that did as much as anything to silence the sceptics. This wonderful stone was found in the possession of a native medicine-man, who had long used it as a charm, without any idea, of course, of its value as a jewel. It was a pure white diamond of 83½ carats uncut, and it was acquired by a Cape firm for the sum of eleven thousand pounds. It changed hands again, and eventually became the property of the late Countess of Dudley at a cost of twenty-five thousand pounds. What the medicine-man received we

do not remember, if we ever heard; but the fact that gems of such a value had been found suggested the probability of their being found again, and hence the great rush to the Vaal River of diggers of every nationality, resolved to delve to any depth if need be, and not merely potter about the surface, as the first had done. But it is not our purpose here to re-tell the familiar story of the African diamond fields.

The diamond is not only the hardest of known substances, but is also one of the most combustible—a quality which not many people will be disposed to test. It is found of various colours—yellow, brown of various shades, green, blue, pink, orange, opaque, and pure white. The purer the colour, the higher the value. In size, too, the variety is great—from a mere speck like a pin's head to lumps like some of the big finds in Africa. At the De Beers Mine, for instance, was found, in 1889, the famous stone which was shown at the Paris Exposition. It weighed 428½ carats in the rough, and 228½ carats when cut. It measured one inch and seven-eighths in greatest length, and was about an inch and a half square.

Even larger than this remarkable stone is a diamond found in the Jagersfontein Mine in the month of June last year, and named the 'Jagersfontein Excelsior.' This is now the largest and most valuable diamond in the world. It is of blue-white colour, very fine quality, and measures three inches at the thickest part. The gross weight of this unique stone was no less than 969½ carats, and the following are its recorded dimensions: Length, 2½ inches; greatest width, 2 inches; smallest width, 1½ inches; extreme girth in width, 5½ inches; extreme girth in length, 6¼ inches. It is impossible to say what is the value of so phenomenal a gem. We do not know that an estimate has been even attempted; but it may easily be half a million if the cutting is successful.

Previous to this discovery, the most famous of the African diamonds was, perhaps, the 'Pam' or 'Jagersfontein' stone, not so much from its size, as because the Queen had ordered it to be sent to Osborne for her inspection with a view to purchase, when the untimely death of the Duke of Clarence put an end to the negotiations. The 'Pam' is only of 55 carats now; but it weighed 112 carats before being cut, and is a stone of remarkable purity and beauty. Its present value is computed at about twenty-five thousand pounds sterling.

A careful estimate, based on all available sources of information, brings out the total weight of diamonds exported from South Africa down to the end of 1892 at fifty million carats, or something over ten tons! The value of this mass of gems would be roughly about seventy millions sterling. If massed together, they would have formed a pyramid six feet high on a base of nine feet square. What a bewildering spectacle it would have been!

The most valuable diamond in the world is (if it is a diamond) the famous 'Braganza' gem belonging to Portugal. It weighed in the rough state 1880 carats, and was valued at upwards

of 5½ millions sterling! The next most valuable (if we except the Jagersfontein Excelsior above described) is the 'Regent,' sometimes called the 'Pitt' diamond. The story of this stone is remarkable. It was discovered by a servant in a mine on the Kistna, in India, and the finder concealed his treasure-trove in a hole which he cut in the calf of his leg and covered over with a bandage—a device which the reader will remember has been adapted in more than one work of fiction. The man escaped with the gem to the coast, and there sold it to a sea-captain for a mere trifle. The mariner in turn sold it to Governor Pitt, grandfather of the Earl of Chatham, at Fort St George, for £1000; and in 1717, Mr Pitt sold it to the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, for £135,000. It is now valued at £480,000, and is reputed the finest brilliant in the world. Before being cut, it weighed 410 carats, and after cutting with enormous care, 136½ carats. This stone is now among the French jewels in the Museum at Paris.

The famous 'Koh-i-noor' stone is not nearly so valuable as the Regent. It was valued at £110,000, and now weighs 106 carats. The original weight of this beautiful gem is not known; but when presented by the East India Company to the Queen in 1850, it weighed about 186 carats. It was first shown publicly, we believe, at the Great Exhibition of 1851. The cutting was then defective, and the lustre poor. It was the late Prince Consort who advised recutting, after consultation with Sir David Brewster. The work was entrusted to an Amsterdam lapidary, who came to London for the purpose. The recutting took thirty-eight days and cost £8000. The valuation of £110,000 was before this recutting.

The 'Orloff' diamond is one with a romantic history. Once upon a time it was one of the eyes of an Indian idol in a great temple. Then it became the property of the Shah of Persia, and was stolen from him by a French grenadier, who sold it to an English trader for £2000. The Englishman brought it home, and sold it for £12,000 to a Jew, who passed it on at a profit to an Armenian merchant. From the Armenian it was acquired, either by Catherine of Russia, or, for her, by one of her admirers, for £90,000 and a pension. It is now valued at £100,000. It weighs about 194 carats, is about the size of a pigeon's egg, and is of the purest water.

The 'Star of the South' is another famous diamond, now in the possession of one of the Indian Princes. Its original weight was 254½ carats, and in the rough state it was sold for £35,000. When cut down to 125 carats, it was sold for £80,000; but its present value we are unable to state. It is a Brazilian stone, and was found accidentally by a negro in 1853.

The 'Great Mogul' diamond, stolen at the sack of Delhi, is supposed to have been originally part of the rough Koh-i-noor. It is said to have weighed 280 carats, and to have been worth over £400,000.

This is the history of the Great Mogul diamond, according to Dr Brewer. It begins away back in the year 56 before Christ; but skipping over the intervening centuries, we find

it in the possession of the Rajahs of Malwa in the fourteenth century. When Malwa fell before the sultans of Delhi, the diamond changed hands; and when it was among the jewels of the renowned Aurungzebe, it is said to have weighed 793½ carats. We next hear of it as being sent by the Sultan Jihan to Hortensio Borgio, a Venetian lapidary, to be cut. The cutting reduced the stone to 186 carats; and Jihan was so enraged at the waste—as well he might be—that he refused to pay the cost of cutting, and fined the lapidary one thousand rupees besides. There the records fail; but of the Koh-i-noor—supposed to be part of the same stone—we learn that it descended from Aurungzebe to his great-grandson, Mohammed Shah, from whom it was taken by Nadir Shah at the fall of Delhi. From Nadir it passed to Shah Shuja, who carried it to Lahore when driven from Kabul; and at Lahore, the famous Runjeet Singh got hold of it, and had it placed in a bracelet, in 1813. When the Punjab was annexed to the East India Company's territories, the Crown jewels of Lahore were confiscated, and the Koh-i-noor was sent home, and presented by the East India Company to the Queen. Whether the Great Mogul and Koh-i-noor were really originally one and the same stone or not, we are unable to say; but the two names are now attached to two different stones, the one in England, and the other believed to be still in India.

The 'Matan' (belonging to the Rajah of Matan) is a famous Borneo stone, which weighs 367 carats, and has been valued at £270,000. But an English expert who examined it some time ago declares that it is not a diamond at all.

The 'Nizam' is the name of a stone said to have been found in the once famous diamond mines of Golconda. Sir William Hunter, however, gives us to understand that there were really no diamond mines at Golconda, and that the place won its name by cutting the stones found on the eastern borders of the Nizam's territory, and on a ridge of sandstone running down to the rivers Kistna and Godavery, in the Madras Presidency. However that may have been, both regions are now unproductive of valuable stones. The 'Nizam' diamond is said to weigh 340 carats, and to be worth £200,000; but we are unable to verify the figures.

The Russian diamond, 'Moon of Mountains,' is set in the Imperial sceptre, weighs 120 carats, and is valued at 450,000 roubles, or, say, about £75,000. The 'Mountain of Splendour,' belonging to the Shah of Persia, weighs 135 carats, and is valued at £115,000. In the Persian regalia there is said to be another diamond, called the 'Abbas Mirza,' weighing 130 carats, and worth £90,000.

The 'Great Table' is another Indian diamond, the present whereabouts of which is not known. It is said to weigh 242½ carats, and that 500,000 rupees (or at par £50,000) was once refused for it. 'The Great Table' is sometimes known as 'Tavernier's Diamond.' It was the first blue diamond ever seen in Europe, and was brought, in 1642, from India by Tavernier. It was sold to Louis XIV. in 1668, and was described then

as of a beautiful violet colour; but it was flat and badly cut. At what date it was recut we know not, but, as possessed by Louis le Grand, it weighed only 67½ carats. It was seized during the Revolution, and was placed in the Garde Meuble; but it disappeared, and has not been traced since. Some fifty years later, Mr Henry Hope purchased a blue diamond weighing some 41½ carats (now known as the 'Hope Diamond'), which it was conjectured may have been part of the 'Great Table.'

The 'Great Sancy' is a diamond of very peculiar shape, which once belonged, it is supposed, to Queen Elizabeth, and latterly to the Maharajah of Puttiala, in whose possession it was when the Prince of Wales visited India. It was sold on the death of the Maharajah, but is believed to be still in India. The weight of this stone is 53½ carats, and its value about £30,000; but its fame is due chiefly to the very peculiar manner in which it is cut.

Other famous stones are: the 'Austrian Yellow,' belonging to the crown of Austria, weighing 76½ carats, and valued at £50,000; the 'Cumberland,' belonging to the crown of Hanover, weighing 32 carats, and worth at least £10,000; the 'English Dresden,' belonging to the Gukwar of Baroda, weighing 76½ carats, and valued at £10,000; the 'Nassak'—which the Marquis of Westminster wore on the hilt of his sword at the birthday ceremonial immediately after the Queen's accession—which weighs 78½ carats, and is valued at £30,000.

The most fashionable way of treating diamonds now is what is called the double-cut brilliant. It is also the most expensive. The old style of cutting was in single-cut brilliants of thirty-eight facets.

In the modern-cut brilliant there are fifty-eight facets, which are thus divided: thirty-three on the 'crown' or upper part, and twenty-five on the 'pavilion' or under part. The portion between the 'crown' and the 'pavilion' is called the 'girdle,' and is usually concealed by the setting.

The art of cutting and polishing diamonds is a very old one in the East; and the early jewellers of India and China knew how to dress diamonds by means of diamond dust long before Europeans did. It was a Belgian lapidary, one Berguin of Bruges, who accidentally discovered, in 1456, how one diamond can be employed to polish another. It was he who constructed the first polishing-wheel, wherewith, by means of diamond-powder, he could dress diamonds as well as other stones could be dressed by emery.

We have mentioned the combustible quality of the diamond—which, chemically speaking, is but a variety of the mineral coal. The reader will not be any more disposed to test another reputed quality of the most precious of all gems. According to the Mohammedans of Southern India, pulverised diamond is the least painful, the most active, and the most certain of all poisons. According to Wilks's 'History,' the powder of diamonds is kept on hand (by the wealthy only, presumably) as a last resource. But a belief in the poisonous character of the diamond also existed in Italy in the sixteenth century (see, for instance, the story of Benve-

nuto Cellini); and it also prevailed in Northern India, according to Burnes, who wrote in 1834.

Let us conclude by a remarkable quotation from Sir Thomas Browne, the sage exploder of *Vulgar Errors*: 'We hear it in every mouth, and in many good authors read it, that a diamond, which is the hardest of stones, not yielding unto steel, emery, or anything but its own powder, is yet made soft or broke by the blood of a goat. . . . But this I perceive is rather affirmed than proved; for lapidaries, and such as possess the art of curing this stone, do generally deny it; and they that seem to countenance it have in their deliveries so qualified it that little from thence of moment can be inferred from it.'

That the diamond is a poison was only allowed by the learned Doctor as in the same sense that glass is a poison—a conceit, he says, founded upon the visible mischief of glass grossly or coarsely powdered—for that indeed is mortally noxious, and effectually used by some to destroy mice and rats.'

AT MARKET VALUE.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE MEETING.

ARNOLD WILLOUGHBY arrived at Kathleen Hessegrave's door in a tremor of delight, excitement, and ecstasy. During all those long months that he had been parted from her, he had loved her with his whole soul—loved the memory of the girl he had once believed her, even though that girl, as he fancied, never really existed. And now that her letter to Rufus Mortimer had once more reinstated her image in his mind as he first imagined her, his love came back to him with a rush, even more vividly than ever. For had he not now in her own very handwriting the assurance that she loved him—the assurance that she was his, be he present or absent? He could approach her at last without any doubts on that subject. He could be sure of her answering love, her real affection for himself, whatever might be the explanation of those strange expressions Mrs Hessegrave had attributed to her that afternoon in Venice.

He mounted the stairs in a fever of joy and suppressed expectation. Kathleen sat in her little drawing-room, waiting anxiously for the promised second telegram from Rufus Mortimer. A knock at the outer portal of the flat aroused her, all tremulous. Could that be the telegraph boy? She held her room door half ajar, and listened for the voice. When it came, it sent a thrill of surprise, delight, and terror down her spine like a cold wave. 'Is Miss Hessegrave in?' it said; but the tone—the tone was surely Arnold Willoughby's!

'Miss Hessegrave is engaged this afternoon, sir, and can't see anybody,' the maid answered demurely. For Kathleen felt too agitated, with hope and suspense, for receiving visitors.

'I think she'll see me,' Arnold replied with a confident smile; and while the girl still hesi-

tated, Kathleen's own voice broke out from within in very clear tones: 'Let the gentleman come in, Mary.'

At sound of her voice, a strange thrill passed through Arnold Willoughby in turn; he rushed along the passage and burst into the sitting-room. There stood Kathleen, pale and panting, with one hand on a chair, and one on her throbbing heart—much thinner and whiter than he had known her of old—much thinner and whiter, but not one whit less beautiful. In that first tumult of wild delight at his love restored, Arnold Willoughby darted forward, and for the first time in his life would have clasped her in his arms and kissed her as she stood there. But Kathleen, looking hard at him, and recognising in a second how ill and wasted he was, with his maimed arm hanging loose by his side in its helplessness, yet waved him back from her at once with an imperious gesture. 'No, no,' she said proudly, conquering her love with an effort. 'Not now, not now, Arnold! Once I would have let you, if you wished; and still even to day—oh, my heart, my poor heart—I could willingly let you—if it were not for that barrier. But the barrier is there even now; and until you understand everything—until you know I was never what you have thought me so long—I can't possibly allow you. I don't want you to trust me; I don't want you to believe me; I want you to know—to know and understand; I want you to see for yourself how you have wronged me.'

Arnold's face was all penitence. As she spoke, so fearlessly and so proudly, yet with such an undercurrent of tenderness, he wondered to himself how he could ever have doubted her.

'Oh Kathleen,' he cried, standing back a pace, and stretching out his hands, and calling her for the first time to her face by the name she had always borne in his thoughts and his day-dreams, 'don't say that to me, please. Don't crush me so utterly. I know how wrong I have been; I know how much I have misjudged you. But don't visit it too heavily upon me. I have suffered for it myself; see, see how I have suffered for it!—and you don't know yet how difficult it was for me to resist the conclusion. After what I was told, my darling, my heart's love, I could hardly think otherwise.'

'I know that,' Kathleen answered, standing opposite him and trembling, with a fierce desire to throw herself at once into her lover's arms, only just restrained by a due sense of her womanly dignity. 'If I didn't know it, Mr Willoughby—or Arnold, if you will I wouldn't allow you to come here: I wouldn't allow you to speak to me. I would guard my pride better. It's because I know it that I'm going to explain all now to you. It's because I know it that I'm going to lay my heart bare like an open book in front of you. Before I hear anything else—before I even ask what that means'—and she glanced at his useless hand with unspoken distress—'we must clear up this mystery. Till the misunderstanding's cleared, we can't talk about anything else as we ought to one another. And in order to

clear it up, I shall tell you—just everything. I shall open my whole soul. I shall tear my heart out for you. There's no room for reserve between us two to-day. We must understand one another, once for all, oh Arnold, my Arnold, now I've found you, I've found you!

Arnold gazed at her, and melted with shame and remorse. Her passion overcame him. How could he ever for one moment have doubted that pure, that queenly soul? But then—Mrs Hestlegrave's words! that dark saying about the earlhom! those strange mysterious hints of a deliberate conspiracy!

'You thought I knew from the first who you were?' Kathleen began, drawing breath and facing him boldly.

'I thought you believed from the first I was Lord Axminster,' Arnold answered, quite frankly, but still refusing to commit himself; 'and I thought it was through that belief alone that you first permitted a common sailor to win his way as far as he did, if he did, into your affections. But, Kathleen, I won't think so now; if you tell me you didn't, I'll believe you at once; and if you tell me you did, but that you loved me for myself, though you took me for ten thousand times over an Earl, oh Kathleen, I will believe you: I will believe you and love you, with all my heart and soul, if only you'll allow me.'

It was a great deal for Arnold Willoughby, with his past behind him, to say; but it wasn't enough for Kathleen. She was still unsatisfied. She stood before him, trembling and quivering all over with love, yet just waving him back with one imperious hand when he strove to draw nearer to her. 'No, no,' she answered, holding him off with her queenly gesture. 'That's not what I want. I want plainly to clear myself. I want you to know, to be sure and certain, beyond the shadow of a doubt, I was not what you took me for. I want you to understand the whole real truth. I want you to see for yourself what I thought of you first; I want you to see when I began to love you for I *did* love you, Arnold, and I *do* love you still—and how and when I first discovered your real name and personality.' She moved across the room from where she stood to a desk in the corner. 'Read this,' she said simply, taking out a diary and handing it to him. 'Begin there, on the day I first met you in London. Then turn on to these pages where I put this mark, and read straight through till you come to the end—when you went away from Venice. The end of everything for me—till you came again this evening.'

It was no time for protestations. Arnold saw she was in earnest. He took the book and read. Meanwhile, Kathleen sank into an easy-chair opposite and watched his face eagerly as he turned over the pages.

He read on and on in a fever of delight. He read how she had come upon him in Venice in Mortimer's gondola. He read how she had begun to like him, in spite of doubts and hesitations: how she had wondered whether a lady ought to let herself grow so fond of a man so far beneath her in rank and station: how she had stifled her doubts by saying to

herself he had genius and refinement and a poet's nature; he was a gentleman, after all, a true gentleman at heart, a gentleman of the truest in feelings and manners. Then he saw how the evidences of her liking grew thicker and thicker from page to page, till they deepened at last into shamefaced self-confessions of maiden love, and culminated in the end into that one passionate avowal, 'Sailor or no sailor, oh, I love him, I love him. I love him with all my heart; and if he asks me, I shall accept him.'

When he came to that page, Kathleen saw by the moisture rising thick in his eyes what point he had reached. He looked across at her imploringly. 'Oh Kathleen, I may?' he cried, trying to seize her hand. But still Kathleen waved him back. 'No, not yet,' she said in a tone half relenting, half stern. 'Not yet. You must read it all through. You must let me prove myself innocent.'

She said it proudly yet tenderly, for she knew the proof was there. And after all she had suffered, she did not shrink for a moment from letting Arnold so read her heart's inmost secret.

He read on and on. Then came at last that day when the Canon recognised him in the side canal by San Giovanni e Paolo. Arnold drew a deep breath. 'It was *he* who found me out, then?' he said, for the first time admitting his long-hidden identity.

'Yes, it was he who found you out,' Kathleen answered, leaning forward. 'And I saw at once he was right; for I had half suspected it myself, of course, from those words of yours he quoted. And, Arnold, do you know, the first thought that crossed my mind for I'm a woman, and have my prejudices—the first thought was this: "Oh, how glad I am to think I should have singled him out for myself, out of pure, pure love, without knowing anything of him; yet that he should turn out in the end to be so great a gentleman of so ancient a lineage." And the second thing that struck me was this: "Oh, how sorry I am, after all, I should have surprised his secret; for he wished to keep it from me; he wished perhaps to surprise me; and it may grieve him that I should have learnt it like this prematurely." But I never knew then what misery it was to bring upon me.'

'Kathleen,' the young man cried imploringly, 'I *must*! I *must*, this time!' And he stretched his arms out to her.

'No,' Kathleen cried, still waving him back, but flushing rosy red: 'I am not yet absolved. You must read to the very end. You must know the whole truth of it.'

Again Arnold read on; for Kathleen had written at great length the history of that day, that terrible day, much blotted with tears on the pages of her diary, when the Canon went away, and her mother 'spoiled all' with Arnold Willoughby. When he came to that heart-broken cry of a wounded spirit, Arnold rose from his place; he could contain himself no longer. With tears in his eyes, he sprang towards her eagerly. This time, at last, Kathleen did not prevent him. 'Am I absolved?' she murmured low, as he caught her in his arms and kissed her.

And Arnold, clasping her tight, made answer through his tears: 'My darling, my darling, it's I, not you, who stand in need of absolution. I have cruelly wronged you. I can never forgive myself for it.'

'But I can forgive you,' Kathleen murmured, nestling close to him.

For some minutes they sat there, hand in hand, supremely happy. They had no need for words in that more eloquent silence. Then Arnold spoke again, very sadly, with a sudden reminder of all that had happened meanwhile: 'But, Kathleen, even now, I ought never to have spoken to you. This is only to ease our souls. Things are still where they were for every other purpose. My darling, how am I to tell you it? I can never marry you now. I have only just recovered you, to lose you again instantly.'

Kathleen held his hand in hers still. 'Why so, dear?' she asked, too serenely joyous now (as is a woman's wont) at her love recovered, to trouble her mind much about such enigmatic sayings.

'Because,' Arnold cried, 'I have nothing to marry you with; and this maimed hand—it was crushed in an iceberg accident this summer—I'll tell you all about it by-and-by—makes it more impossible than ever for me to earn a livelihood. Oh Kathleen, if I hadn't been carried away by my feelings, and by what that dear good fellow Mortimer told me—he showed me your letter—I would never have come back like this to see you without some previous explanation. I would have written to tell you beforehand how hopeless it all was, how helpless a creature was coming home to claim you.'

'Then I'm glad they *did* carry you away,' Kathleen answered, smiling; 'for I'd ten thousand times rather see you yourself, Arnold, now everything's cleared up, than any number of letters.'

'But everything's *not* cleared up; that's the worst of it,' Arnold answered somewhat gloomily. 'At least as far as I'm concerned,' he went on in haste, for he saw a dark shadow pass over Kathleen's sweet face. 'I mean, I'm afraid I'm misleading you myself now. You think, dear Kathleen, the man who has come home to you is an English peer; practically and financially, he's nothing of the sort. He's a sailor at best, or not even a sailor, but the merest bare wreck of one. Here, a sheer hulk, stands Arnold Willoughby. You probably imagine I got rid of my position and masqueraded in seaman's clothes, out of pure fun, only just to try you. I did nothing of the sort, my darling. I renounced my birthright, once and for ever, partly on conscientious grounds, and partly on grounds of personal dignity. I may have done right; I may have done wrong; but, at any rate, all that's long since irrevocable. It's past and gone now, and can never be reconsidered. It's a closed chapter. I was once an Earl: I am an Earl no longer. The man who asks you—who dare hardly ask you—for your love to-day, is, to all intents and purposes, mere Arnold Willoughby, a common sailor, unfit for work, and an artist too hopelessly maimed for any further painting. In

short, a man without fixed occupation or means of livelihood.'

Kathleen clung to his hand. 'I knew as much already,' she answered bravely, smoothing it with her own. 'That is to say, at least, I knew from the day you went away from Venice, and still more from the day when your cousin's claim was allowed to hold good by the House of Lords, that you had relinquished once for all your right to the peerage. I knew a man so just and good as you are would never allow your cousin to assume the title as his own, and then rob him again of it. I knew that if ever you came back to me, it would be as plain Arnold Willoughby, fighting your own battle on equal terms against the world; and, Arnold, now you're here, I don't care a pin on what terms or under what name you come; it's enough for me to have you here again with me!'

'Thank you, Kathleen,' Arnold said very low, with a thrill of deep joy. 'My darling, you're too good to me.'

'But that's not all,' Kathleen went on with swimming eyes. 'Do you know, Arnold, while you were away, what I wanted you to come back for most was that I might set myself right with you; might make you admit I wasn't ever what you thought me; might justify my womanhood to you; might be myself once more to you. But see what a woman I am, after all! Now you're here, oh, my darling, it isn't *that* that I think about, nor even whether or not you'll ever be able to marry me; all I think of is simply this—how sweet and delightful and heavenly it is to have you here again by my side to talk to.'

She gazed at him with pure love in those earnest big eyes of hers. Arnold melted with joy. 'You speak like a true good woman, darling,' he answered in a penitent voice. 'And now I hear you speak so, I wonder to myself how on earth I could ever have had the heart to doubt you.'

So they sat and talked. One hour like that was well worth those two years of solitude and misery.

CHESTNUTTING IN THE APENNINES.

Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem,
Which an old chestnut flung athwart the steep
Of a green Apennine.

SULLY.

SUCH my position as I write! And many an hour have I spent thus when weary with climbing mountain roads, grateful for the shade which some gnarled limb, wide-spreading and sumptuously clad, has kindly cast over me. But on this 24th of November, a marvellous Indian summer's day, the sun is shining through, and I would that the tree were at present clad in more than a couple of burs and a half dozen leaves. We are near the close of the Chestnutting season. Chestnutting! magical word, which has power to bring a sparkle of anticipatory pleasure and a bright look of eagerness into the eyes of youth! But one season of the 'sport' as indulged in on this Apennine might disrobe it of much of its charm—might

possibly satisfy the cravings of a boyish lifetime.

It was early in July that I entered this region of the chestnut, and fell beneath its spell, not knowing then as well as I do now the interpretation of the word. Whatever it signify in other parts of the world—sport, or simply stale joke—hereabouts it means work, and a plentiful supply; moreover, according as the crop is good or the reverse, it means food or semi-starvation.

Nearly four months have passed since we bade farewell to railroads and towns, and started on a twenty-two-mile ride up this mountain from Pistoia. After a half-hour or so, the complexion of the landscape changed; the dull hue—almost a sickly one, though silvery when wind-stirred—of the myriad olive-trees of the Tuscan plain had been exchanged for a richer, warmer colouring, and when we reached our summer quarters, we were in the very midst of the chestnut country. North, south, east, and west, as far as eye could travel, save on the pine-clad mountain tops, the slopes and steep were clothed in the one garment, deep, glossy green, generously trimmed with a rich creamy tint, for the trees were in fullest bloom. The peasants were full of interest in the promised fine crop, a promise which I can now affirm has been faithfully fulfilled. If I arrived not in time to see the bare branches put forth leaves, certainly every other stage of development in the yearly life of a chestnut tree has been forcibly impressed on my mind. I have noted how the strong ribbed leaves grow out one above the other, following an easily imagined spiral line, on those slender branches which in time of need serve so capitably as switches.

I have watched the birds, at home and happy, nested on high, well-nigh hidden by the foliage so dense. I have almost seen the burs take form at the base of the queer long blossoms, and have felt that they flung the refuse bloom in derision at me, when no longer of use to them. Ay, indeed the bur is a saucy fellow from first to last! And there is a dried, last year's one under me now! Ugh! you spiteful thing! I think to have tossed you away, only to find you have left no ends of spines imbedded in my shawl!

And at last I have seen these tough customers burst and disgorge their sweets. Ah, what a feast! But they are from nature sally stubborn, loth to give up what they have so long nursed and reared; and many need severe chastisement ere they resign their plump charges. Rain, wind, even Jack Frost's touch prove oft-times insufficient. Dashed to the earth, not a few still cling tenaciously to their toothsome treasure, and it would seem that they take a fiendish delight in pricking raw the fingers which are forced to handle them.

It is on account of the chestnuts that the village school is in session all summer. Vacation commences the first of October, and ends with November, in order that the children may—not rest and play—but work hard helping their parents at the *raccolta*, as the gathering of the nuts is called. This year they began to fall early in October, and the last one has not dropped yet. Each peasant family owns its

chestnut grove, called a *selva*, which supplies them with food and fuel; or, if too poor to own a *selva*, they 'gather' for some more well-to-do peasant, who may own a very large one, or perhaps two or three in various parts of the country, and they receive in payment one-half of the nuts brought in. Many *selvas* are far removed from the village, and the gatherers must start before daybreak and walk several miles, in order to begin work with the dawn; and they continue it as long as they can see, especially if the weather is not good, for it harms the fruit—as it is called—to lie long in the wet.

If you kindly permit, I will describe our visit to a *selva*. A two-mile climb brought us to a steep part of the mountain, where the ground was rudely terraced. There Natale, the head of his house, came forward and gave us greeting, mannerly after Italian fashion, although he was encumbered with clumsy wooden implements—a short-handled rake in one hand, and a large-headed mallet in the other. He wore a canvas apron, made double and open a little at the top so as to form a ready receptacle for the nuts as found. His apron was about full. 'Come up to the *metato* [drying-house],' he said. And we followed him over an acre or two of rough hillside, he picking up nuts as he spied them, and keeping us waiting while he pounded open an occasional close-fisted bur with his mallet. He was gracious enough not to stop and rake aside all the leaves for thorough search. Finally, we came to a low, rude stone building, the *metato*, and Natale emptied his store of nuts into a large sack, saying: 'When this is filled, I will empty it up in the loft.' Then he added a few chestnut logs to a blazing fire in the centre of the ground floor.

'But where is the goodwife Vittoria?' we inquired.

'Oh, she is away over on the west border.—Here, Fulvio! Fulvio!' he called lustily, stepping outside the door; and a reply came from far down east: 'Sì, sì, babbo! Cosa vuoi?' (Yea, yes, papa! What wilt thou?) And in a few moments a long-limbed, loose-jointed boy, armed as his father was, came slouching up the hill, munching chestnuts, and not bothering himself to gather any but those that showed plump and russet, without effort on his part.

'Only half an apronful in all this time, Fulvio?' was his father's greeting. 'Drop them in the sack and run—run! stretch your legs for once, and tell mamma the Signorine have come!'

We remonstrated, however, insisting that, instead, we be permitted to visit Vittoria where she was at work.

'Wait, then, Signorine! First, we will have some *ballotti*, eh? I will soon have them cooked.'

On our declining the 'boiled chestnuts,' Natale urged us to sample his drying ones; and disappearing up a ladder, he soon returned with some large-sized specimens from the region above our heads, and we found them hard and sweet. He then undertook to pilot us; and after traversing more acres, we found his wife, equipped in like manner, busily at work.

'Not so bad, this work, when the sun shines as to-day?' I said inquiringly.

'Oh, but the nuts fall much more quickly when it storms!' was the reply.

'A fine crop this year, eh, Vittoria?'

'Truly fine, Signorina; but slow in the gathering. Last year, we had but eighteen large sacksful. This year, if the *benedetto frutto* ever fall, there will be three times that number.'

She accompanied us as far as the frontier of their domain, and directed us how to reach the road via the selva of the 'Old Rat,' as one of the village worthies was dubbed.

The 'gathering,' viewed as above, and for only an hour, appeared a pleasant enough occupation; but when, soon thereafter, the rainy season set in, I saw what wrung my heart with pity. Night after night did the peasants return, dripping wet and chilled to the bone, their fingers numbed and raw, more pricked than those of the most overworked seamstress of olden time. And yet when, one rainy evening, feeling blue for want of something to do, we took our next neighbours by surprise, we found such cheer as restored our drooping spirits. A right merry group was assembled in the low, dingy kitchen, which was paved with irregular stones. A wood-fire blazed in the wide chimney-place, and Natale was roasting chestnuts. Vittoria and two visitors—Armida, her married daughter, and Cousin Pellegrina—sat in a row, upright on a bench at one side near the fire; and within the chimney-place—one on either side of the fire—sat the boy Fulvio and the son-in-law, Giuseppe. As we opened the door without ceremony, a hearty laugh greeted our ears, and a pleasing picture our eyes, illuminated solely by firelight. Of course we were welcomed; and ere long, seated on rush-bottomed chairs near the fire, we and all were enjoying the chestnuts. Delicious indeed! for they were done to a turn.

No doubt, the Italian urchin abroad gives us the best he can, working over charcoal; but for the perfection of a roast, a huge blazing fire is needed, a large, long-handled pan two-thirds full of chestnuts, and—Natale to keep them tossing with never a nut spilled over!

'Eight chestnuts is about a meal, I reckon; if I eat ten, I am apt to regret it.' So spake I; then inquired: 'How many canst thou eat, Fulvio? Forty, perhaps?'

'Forty!' and the boy laughed scornfully. 'Forty *di certo*, Signorina—and many more than forty.'

But then it was his supper, poor boy.

Supper at this season may be varied delightfully. There are three ways of preparing fresh chestnuts: *ballotti* (the boiled), *arrostiti* (the roasted), and *tegliate*, which as yet I fail to appreciate. The nuts are first shelled, then boiled with a quantity of caraway seeds, to give them flavour, the consequence being that the chestnut flavour is wanting. But if I wish to eat *necci*, the delicacy *par excellence*, the goal which the *raccolta* has ever in view, I shall be obliged to remain here well into December.

After the nuts are thoroughly dried—and it takes some weeks of piling on wood at the mill to accomplish this—they are ground at the mill, and the flour supplies the main food of the poor peasantry all winter. *Necci* are simply flat cakes made of this flour mixed with

water—no salt; it is dear in Italy, the tax being heavy—and baked between heated flat stones, with chestnut leaves next the cakes, to prevent their sticking to the stones. These leaves, gathered by thousands fresh from the trees in September, are soaked before using. It gives the village grandams—of which rather shrunken and diminutive creature there seems a fair supply here—a rest from spinning to string the leaves when gathered and hang them up to dry. To my unenlightened idea, these lengthy festoons, which for some days adorned the cottage doorways, appeared something of the nature of a Christmas decoration.

Necci, morning, noon, and night, will assuredly be the winter portion of the peasant-folk hereabouts. For me, one will in all probability suffice; but one, at least, I mean to taste ere leaving this land of the chestnut for the olive slopes below.

THE TENDERFOOT INK-SLINGER.

CHAPTER III—CONCLUSION.

On the Dawson Ridge, Lemuel dismounted, hitched the mare to a sapling, and proceeded to make a close inspection of the place where Chaparral Dick had left the track to conceal his horse in the brush. There was no difficulty in finding the precise spot. A trail of broken twigs and trodden undergrowth led him to the point where, twenty or thirty yards from the road, the horse had been tied to a tree, from which it had nibbled portions of bark. Near here, Lemuel made two important discoveries. From a branch of thorn he picked a fragment of scarf which had, evidently unnoticed, caught on the sharp prickles, and placed it carefully in his pocket. The other find was a small patch of miry ground upon which the horse had left the clear, sharp imprint of its hoofs. He knelt down to examine the impression more closely, and when he rose, the flush of assured triumph was on his face.

Springing into the saddle again, he hurried forward, and never drew rein until he pulled up at Chaparral Ranch. As he approached the farmstead, nobody appeared to be about; but Dick's pony—the black one he had ridden the night before—was grazing close by, tethered to a post, to be in readiness if wanted. Glancing carefully round, to make sure that he was not observed, Lemuel sprang to the ground and went up to the pony. The animal did not resent his interference, allowing him to lift up its off hind-foot without remonstrance. One glance was sufficient to satisfy him. Then he led the mare up to the building, and while hitching her to a ring in the wall, the owner of the ranch made his appearance at the door, looking, as The Flower had prognosticated, 'purty well clawed up.'

The rancher looked surprised as he recognised his visitor.

'You don't look very bright this morning, Dick,' the latter began.

'You can't expect a man to be over chiffe as hez been up all night, not to mention the worry o' thisyer job on the Ridge.'

'How did it happen?' asked Lemuel, with assumed carelessness.

'Thet's wot Jake Brownson wants to know. Ez fur me, I don't allow to offer any opinion. I only know I come across him on the track onsenible, an' druv him down to Breckenridge City. Howsomever I reckon thet ain't wot you borrowed Bill Higgins's roan mare to come out here fur. 'Come in an' liquor!'

'No; thanks! Fact is, I've come with a message. The Vigilantes have met this morning at Higgins's. It seems they've got hold of some sort of a clue as to who it was that robbed Jake, and they swear they'll string him up if they can prove it against him.'

Chaparral Dick's face turned a shade paler, and he gave the other a keen, searching look. Lemuel, though his heart was beating violently, knew that all depended on his keeping up a show of innocence, and went on with an air of consummate ingenuousness: 'They don't wish it to be known until they are sure of their man. So Buck Wagner wants you to ride back with me, and meet him at my hut (which is quiet and out of the way, and where there is no danger of the thing getting blown) to compare notes, and see how your evidence fits in with the clue.'

Then followed a moment of intense suspense for Lemuel; but—his suspicion completely disarmed, and confident that the Vigilantes had stumbled on a false trail the fish took the bait. The black pony was saddled up, and the two prepared to start. It was now more than half past twelve, and they had fully an hour's ride before them. Half-way to the summit of the Ridge they left the turnpike and took to the steep, rough track which led close past the hut to an old abandoned mine half a mile beyond. It was less than half an hour to the appointed time when they reached the shanty.

Fastening their horses to the nearest pine, Lemuel was about to lead his unsuspecting guest inside, when the latter suddenly stopped on the threshold, and, shading his eyes with his hand, gazed long and anxiously in the direction where a portion of the road winding down to Breckenridge City was visible. In the distance, several horsemen, followed by straggling groups on foot, were plainly to be seen making their way up the grade.

'Wot's up yonder?' exclaimed Chaparral Dick, striving to suppress a growing feeling of uneasiness.

'Those are the Vigilantes,' replied Lemuel, who was standing a yard or two farther back within the doorway, with a mocking ring in his voice; 'and they're coming here to swing the cur who lassoed and robbed Jake Brownson!'

In a flash, the ruffian recognised that his misdeeds were known, and that he had been deceived. As he wheeled round, his hand instinctively went for his revolver; but Lemuel was prepared for this, and already had him covered with his weapon, his finger on the trigger. 'Up with your hands instantar, Chaparral Dick, or I'll blow daylight into you,' he cried.

It is somewhat trying, even to the strongest nerves, to take an accurate sight along the barrel of a business-like revolver from the

muzzle end, when you can count the bullets glistening dully in the chambers, and you know a hostile finger rests upon the trigger; and Chaparral Dick recognised his imminent peril, and reluctantly threw up his hands.

'Perhaps it, would be as well if I relieved you of that gun,' observed Lemuel; and, taking care never to leave his man uncovered for an instant, he approached him until the muzzle touched his temple, and quietly possessed himself of the pistol. 'Now,' he continued, slowly retiring a few steps, 'you sit there—and sit tight, too until the Vigilance Committee arrive, or, as certain as I live, I'll spare them the trouble of hanging a dog!'

Chaparral Dick laughed a mirthless laugh, as he took his seat on the stool indicated, and tried to affect an air of easy nonchalance; but the attempt was a failure. 'For a Tenderfoot,' he said, 'you're mighty ready to unload some lead. You 'pear to hev got the drop on me consens o' suthin'. Wot's it all about, Lem?'

'You know well enough what it's about,' returned the other in deadly earnest. 'You know who hid his pony in the brush at the summit of the grade, and waited for Jake to come along in his wagon! You know who lassoed him from out of the shadow of the scrub, and pulled him off the wagon on to the road! You know who crept up to him and rifled his pockets of the bag of dollars; and then lifted him into the wagon, and drove him down to Breckenridge City, to throw off any chance of suspicion! Yes, you know all that, Chaparral Dick; and so do I, for I watched it all with my own eyes!'

The culprit's eyes bulged from his head in sheer amaze as, one by one, his black actions were unfolded to him. 'It's a lie! You can't prove it!' he exclaimed hoarsely. 'I hedn't no hand in robbin' Jake Brownson, an' I never took my pony into the scrub!'

'Then, mebbe, you'll say this bit of scarf, I found on the thorns twenty yards from the track, doesn't match that you have on now? And, mebbe, too, you don't know that your pony has lost a nail out of his off hind-shoe, and that there's the clear print of a pony's shoe, with the same nail missing, on a patch of mire close to where you hitched him up! There's many a man been strung up on less evidence than that!'

Chaparral Dick was on the point of suddenly springing to his feet, when he caught the fierce gleam in Lemuel's eyes, and that, together with the sight of the revolver still levelled at him, cowed him. He turned an ashen colour, and every vestige of bravado left him. Physically, he was a courageous man. Many a time he had looked death in the face without flinching. Yet, before this man, whom he had always regarded as a poor, weak, unsophisticated fool, but whom he now saw transformed, by some strange power, into a stern, fierce, human wolf, he quailed. Weaker in body, though far superior in will-power, Garvey now held the strong man there more by the force of his set determination than by bodily fear, as the serpent is said to transfix his prey by some subtle power.

'In twenty minutes, if they leave their horses on the Ridge and come up through the scrub,

the Vigilantes will be here. You had better think of your future, and try to make your peace with Heaven," said Garvey grimly.

"Lem! Lem!" groaned the unhappy man, "I allow ez all you've said is correct. I'm a black, God-forsaken scoundrel; but don't use your power agen me—don't, for Heaven's sake! Gimme a chance!"

Lemuel was obdurate.

"For The Flower's sake?" entreated Chaparral Dick.

"For The Flower's sake!" repeated the other unconsciously aloud. The fierce unnatural light partially faded from his eyes, and, though he still held his weapon carefully poised, the muscles of his face relaxed slightly.

"Yes, for Flossie's sake! I reckon you love her nigh ez much ez I do. But it's me she loves; an' if you give me away to the Vigilantes, you'll kill her, sure's they'll string me up. I've been a durned, unworthy skunk. Lem! I neglected the ranch to go galootin' about; an' when I got pressed an' heh'n't the chips to settle with, I took to the road.—Keep it dark, Lem, for Flossie's sake, an' you'll never regret it! I'll be a new man—I swear I will, help me! For the sake of Flossie's happiness, Lem!"

"I told her I would give my life for her happiness!" was the thought which flashed through Garvey's brain. Yes; but would it be for her happiness to give away this fear-stricken wretch's life, who, whatever other form of punishment he deserved, had certainly not merited death. If Flossie's whole heart was given to this man, could he (Lemuel) ever hope to win it?

"For the sake of Flossie's happiness!" Could he do it? Perhaps the spasm of sharp pain that passed just then through his chest helped him to decide.

"Dick," he said in softer tones, "I love The Flower better than I do my life. I told her so this morning, and she told me that she was promised to you. You've been nearer Kingdom Come during the last few minutes than ever you were before; and I'd have sent you slick there with my own hands, rather than you should have married her and made her young life miserable. You can make her happy if you will—and something tells me now that you will. Swear to me that, hereafter, your life shall be worthy of her! and no man shall ever know from me what took place last night on the Ridge. If you can, tell her all, and you'll be all the better for it after."

"I will! I'll make a clean breast of it to her! I swear it, Lem!" cried Chaparral Dick, fervently grasping the hand that was now held out to him. The two men stood for a moment and looked into each other's eyes, and in that brief exchange of glances Lemuel saw right down into the other's soul and was satisfied.

"Now go, Dick, before the Committee come," he said quietly. "If they saw you here, the circumstance might possibly throw suspicion in your direction, after what I told them this morning. Go to Flossie, and tell her all as soon as you can; and rest assured that in some way I will remove every chance of them getting on your track. I believe the happiness

of the one girl who is more than all the world to me rests in your hands, and may God deal with you as you do with her!" And Chaparral Dick sprang into the saddle and disappeared by the way he had come.

"For the sake of Flossie's happiness!" Garvey murmured to himself, as he sat down on the log outside the door of his hut.

When the Vigilance Committee found him there a few minutes afterwards, he looked gray and haggard, as though a score of winters had been added to the tale of his life.

"Wall, Mister Garvey, I don't see thisyer white-livered greaser ez we're here to assist with his liddle tight-rope pafformance!" began Buck Wagner blandly, as the expectant crowd gathered in front of the hut. "Ez I remarked afore, in a sorter keerless, gineral way, I hopes you ain't a-tryin' to play it off on us, fur I've got a derringer here ez'll trump that trick every time."

"He's here," said Lemuel, with a faint smile on his wan face.

"Then I beg parding; but you've rather got the bulge on me, fur I don't see him. But ef you *he* got him, then I calls upon you, in the name of the lor—or the Vigilance Committee, which I take it is *our* lor—to perdooce the varmint, so's we kin start thisyer show."

"He is before you: I am the man!" Lemuel replied. His face was ghastly to look upon, and his eyes were full of a strange, wild light; but no tremor of fear shook his frame, and his words rang out clear and distinct.

For an instant the crowd swayed back in sheer astonishment, unable for the moment to grasp the meaning of the words. Then their aspect changed to one of fierce anger; and the tragedy would quickly have been played out to the bitter end, had not Buck held them back with an authoritative gesture, accentuated by a tap of his hip-pocket, that nobody cared to disregard.

"Cheese it, pard! Now you *air* a-tryin' to play it off on us!" he remarked.

"Do I look like a man who is fooling you?" asked Garvey, with agonising impatience. "I tell you it was I robbed Jake Brownson. I knew he was expected back from Caruthersville—that was not hard to find out—and I laid for him in the scrub on the Ridge. Then, as he drove past, I lassoed him from out the shadow, and pulled him on to the road. The fall knocked him insensible, and"—

"String him up!" yelled Pretty Pete. "He allows he did it, an' I reckon thet's enuff for theseyer outtored chill'en of natur. Hitch the blamed, thieving cuss up, an' I'll lay to empty my six-shooter inter him quicker'n any galoot ez is here present! I never did cotton to theseyer ink-bling greasers ez comes browsing round with their high-salutin' palaver. The climate don't suit 'em, an' the kintry wants riddin' of 'em"—sentiments which found a ready echo among the crowd of roughs, who, with one accord, advanced to wreak their vengeance on the self-accused.

"I axes yer parding fur interfering with thisyer percession," serenely interposed Wagner, stepping in front of Garvey, and cocking his revolver in the face of the threatening throng;

'an' I'd jest like to observe, in a friendly, confidential sorter way, that you air a set of the durnedest, blithering idjels to suppose a Tenderfoot, milk-lappin' innercent, could get the drop on a bully boy like Jake Brownson! I allow I don't quite ketch on to thisyer game at bluff the Tenderfoot's a-playin' off agen us—but, mebbe, thet's 'cos I ain't seen his hand, an' it's not onpossible that he may hev a ace or two up his sleeve.'

Just at this point the speaker was interrupted by a thud upon the ground close behind him, and the spectators set up a howl. Lemuel Garvey had fallen prone upon his face. The strain of excitement had snapped his slender coil of life, and the bright red blood spurted from his mouth and stained the ground. He had died with a lie upon his lips—but *what a lie!* Will it be found recorded against him?

'He's shammin'! Swing the skunk on his own confession!' yelled Pretty Pete, as the self-elected President of the Vigilance Committee turned the body over and felt in vain for the beating of the heart, and the cry was quickly taken up.

'You kin take it from me,' observed Buck threateningly, 'thet the pore innocent hez handed in his checks; an' ef any lop-eared greaser lays his dirty fingers on thisyer corpse, I'm on the shoot, an' don't you forgit it! Mr Lem Garvey was white—the whitest man we hed in these parts; an' ef you wanten know ez how I know he hedn't no hand in thisyer road-agentin' deal, I simply axes you how a Tenderfoot ez never handled a raw hide lariat in his life could throw one six yards—an' it must be a matter of thet, at the least, from outer the shadder o' the scrub to the middle of the track at the Ridge—unbeknownst to a rustler like Jake, an' yank him off'n his wagon fust tim'! It ain't possible—it ain't durned well possible, ez Jake hisself will tell von; an', more'n thet, I lay he'll lam any ornery idjel in Californy wot says it is. I calkerlate I'm gettin' the hang o' thisyer job a bit clearer. Now, why did the innercent let on thet he done thisyer thing, when he knowed no more'n a claim about it? It 'pears to me thet he knowed his claim in thisyer mine o' life was worked out, an' he hed get down purty well to the bed rock, an' couldn't stand the strain of waitin' to go up the flume in the usual manner. He hedn't the grit to put a gun to his head an' put hisself through sudden-like, so he jest jumps at thisyer chance o' gettin' a good send-off without it being a case of *filler-d'ye-see*. Howsomever, he's kicked the bucket this time; but he was a squar' man, pards; an' ez I've sorter bossed thisyer show so far, there ain't nothing mean about my style, an' I'll see it through.'

A murmur of conviction ran round the crowd; and as Buck Wagner carried the body inside the hut, locked the door on it, and slid the key into his pocket, they dispersed down the slope.

As Buck slowly and thoughtfully made his way down to Breckenridge City, he met Chaparral Dick, who, having heard a brief outline of what had happened from the foremost of the returning throng, was hurrying to the scene of death.

'Is he dead—clar dead?' he asked Buck anxiously.

'Clar,' responded the other.

'He was white, Buck! Don't you forgit thet!' exclaimed the rancher brokenly, with a vehemence of emotion he was never previously known to be capable of.

'Blame my cats ef the galoot ain't snivellin'!' Wagner murmured softly to himself. Then aloud he said: 'Yes, I believe he was white—whiter'n you an' me, pard—an' ez I've undertaken to see the job through, I'm a-goin' to do it regardless, an' in a fust-rate style sech ez is becomin' to sech ez him. It ain't goin' to be no slonch—searsely. There ain't no reglar boye-yard handy; but we'll plant him up on the mounting yonder; an' we'll hev the gospel-sharp from Caruthersville to jerk out a leetle chin-music an' put him through bully!'

The next morning a curious thing happened. The bag of dollars was found among the straw in the bottom of Jake Brownson's wagon; which fact, notwithstanding the storekeeper's protestations to the contrary, convinced everybody that the whisky at Caruthersville had proved too much for Jake; that he had put the money in the wagon himself, and afterwards forgotten doing so; that he had tumbled into the road at the summit of the Ridge in a state of helplessness, and that the whole affair was nothing more than an accident.

All this happened ten years ago. Save in two hearts, the 'Tenderfoot Ink-slinger' is well nigh forgotten. His old shanty stands doorless and windowless on the mountain-side. Nobody has occupied it since. But close beside it there is a green mound under the shadow of the pine-trees; and to this spot, once a year, on the anniversary of the fatal day, come two persons to pay their tribute to the memory of a noble heart. And Chaparral Dick stands with bared head and bowed face, as his wife lays the wreath of yellow cactus and blue lion flowers on the mound; and no thought of jealousy touches him as he sees the tears The Flower lets fall on the grave of him who loved her so deeply that he was willing to give his life for her happiness.

ABOUT TELEGRAPHIC CODES AND CIPHER MESSAGES.

The Telegraphic Code, now so essential an adjunct to the foreign correspondence department of every business house, may be regarded as the legitimate and lineal descendant of the curious and complicated Cipher by whose aid the statesman of a past age secured his correspondence from the gaze of the unauthorised. But while the principal object of the cipher was secrecy, the objective point of the compiler and user of the telegraphic code is economy, though considerations of strict privacy are not lost sight of.

The necessity for some means of minimising the heavy cost of cable despatches is one of those self-evident propositions that require no

emphasising. But for the telegraphic code, the cable would be as inaccessible to thousands of business people as the phonograph or any other of the high-priced developments of electric science. Yet it is an every-day occurrence for the officials at the cable offices to encounter members of the trading community to whom the existence of such an economiser as the telegraphic code comes as a surprising revelation. Cable clerks tell many amusing stories illustrative of the mingled prejudice and distrust manifested towards the use of a code by some people. There are many old established mercantile houses, spending yearly hundreds of pounds on telegraphic communication with distant parts of the world, more than half of which might be saved by employing a code. But, from motives of old-fashioned conservatism, so difficult for the modern progressive mind to sympathise with, the principals prefer to adhere to the fully worded message, fondly believing that the extra length and cost will somehow ensure an immunity from mistake which they cannot conceive to be compatible with a message couched in few but meaningless trisyllables.

The constructive principle of an ordinary telegraphic code is very simple. The volume—necessarily large—consists of a collection of phrases and parts of sentences likely to be needed in framing a message. These phrases range from such essential colloquialisms as, 'I am not able'—'If you are'—'Has just arrived'—'To-morrow afternoon'—to a lengthened description of the parts of a ship, engine, or machine; names, quantities, and qualities of goods, or of any subject on which business people may find it necessary to use the cable. These sentences are arranged in dictionary order, and to each one is attached an arbitrary word, also running in alphabetical sequence for facility of reference. In coding a message, the sender first writes it out in full, then looks up in the code those phrases which most nearly express the same meaning, noting the code word standing for each particular phrase. A message would be made up somewhat as follows: 'We are not able to (accuracy) complete work in time (sardonic). Can you allow us (emulated) fortnight longer (estuarine)'. The words in parentheses representing the phrases that precede them would be telegraphed, thus reducing a message of fifteen words to one of four—plus address. The saving in transmitting, say, to the Cape, Calcutta, or Melbourne at about eight, four, and nine shillings per word respectively, is too obvious to call for comment.

Nearly every leading business has its own code, specially adapted to its requirements. Shipping people generally use Scott's, a bulky volume, in which is to be found probably every phrase or combination of common phrases likely

to be needed in cabling despatches appertaining to shipping matters. A long message advising the owners of an accident to a vessel, detailing the parts damaged, extent of the injury, time and place of the occurrence, with probable cost and duration of repairs, may be cabled with two or three code-words. By the use of the Mining Code, another remarkable and exhaustive work, an engineer in Mexico can with two and even one word give his employers a detailed report of the progress of work, or describe with minuteness and accuracy a piece of required machinery. A popular code used by London stockbrokers enables their New York correspondents to keep them informed of the fluctuations of over forty or fifty leading American stocks in a message of three or four words only.

The ingenuity displayed by code-compilers in condensing a mass of detail into one word is often well nigh marvellous. This species of code is known as the Combination. Its principle consists in dividing a subject into parts, giving each a number, then combining these several small numbers into one large one, and cabling it by means of its signal word. Suppose, for example, the subject be an announcement of the arrival of a ship at a distant port, with a few details of the circumstances. The page of the code-book devoted to arrivals would be divided into, say, five columns. In each column are written ninety-nine phrases applicable to possible circumstances. Column 1 would contain the names of all the ships belonging to the firm, each being identified by a two-figure number (01 to 99). The second column would contain 99 phrases descriptive of some fact connected with the arrival, such as, 'Arrived two hours overdue,' 'In tow of harbour tug.' Each of the remaining columns is filled by likely phrases, similarly numbered, yielding 396 distinct statements regarding any one of the 99 vessels. In transmitting his message, the sender would pick from each column in turn a suitable sentence. Thus, from column 1, line 17, he would get the name of the vessel, *Seagull*; column 2, line 14 says, 'Arrived at noon'; column 3, line 21, 'Experienced bad weather; starboard lifeboat stove in'; column 4, line 36, 'Captain hurt, not seriously'; column 5, line 16, 'Ship leaves to-night.'

When this long report gets upon the cable, it is in the very abbreviated form of two words, 'elegantly buccaneer.' The receiver on consulting his code finds that the first word stands for 17,142; the second, for 13,616. He ticks these off into five groups of two figures each, and is thus supplied with the numbers of the five sentences that make up the message.

The demand for telegraphic codes should be very large, in view of the number published. The catalogue of a leading publisher who makes a specialty of codes contains a list of some hundreds of distinct works. In addition to this, a large business is done by several firms who supply private codes specially constructed to suit particular needs and businesses.

As might be supposed, inventors make strenuous efforts to produce the 'briefest and most economical code published;' and if the state-

ments of rival authors may be relied upon, there are many volumes in the market that possess this qualification. Unfortunately, extreme brevity is rarely compatible with accuracy; and it is an axiom in code construction that the greater the conciseness, the greater the task both of framing and translating a message.

The compiler of a really reliable and comprehensive code is met at the outset of his undertaking by a difficulty that, so far, has defied all attempts at solution beyond a certain point. Despite the fact that the rules of the cable companies permit him to lay under contribution eight languages, the total number of words that can be used with safety for coding purposes is only about 150,000. The reasons for this are twofold. First, the companies decline to permit the use of any code-word of more than ten letters; and it is dangerous to employ those having less than seven, owing to the difficulty of detecting an error in short words. Further, thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands of words are rejected because of the similarity of the telegraphic symbols that make up the letters. Figures are rarely telegraphed; the possibility of noting an error in a group of arbitrary figures is very remote. Should a letter or two be 'jumbled' in a code-word, there are various ways of correcting the mistake—the sense, the context, and reference to the code; but these guides do not apply to the case of figures. The only remedy for a suspected error is repetition of the message at an enhanced cost of fifty per cent. Numbers, therefore, are expressed by a code-word. Errors in the transmission of amounts of money are very rare. A banker's code contains words for every possible sum of money from one halfpenny up to hundreds of thousands of pounds; and the authors have exhibited great ingenuity in making a limited supply of words do very extensive service.

The advantages of a telegraphic code are often let pass by the general public, owing to the supposition that it is necessary for the receiver of a coded message to possess a copy of the code used. This is not always the case. Most of the cable companies will permit the use of their private codes on payment of a fee generally equal to the cost of telegraphing one or two words. They translate the message into code language—which may necessitate a slight variation on the original text—and transmit it to the station nearest the addressee, where the clerk retranslates it into its original form.

In their early days, some of the cable companies exercised a very shortsighted policy towards the users of codes. By imposing numerous vexatious restrictions, they attempted to compel the public to transmit their despatches in a fully worded form; and even now, one or two companies frequently exercise their right to demand the production of the customer's code-book before consenting to put a cipher message upon the wire. But experience is gradually convincing them that it is to their interest to facilitate instead of restricting the use of the cable, since the cheaper the rates, the greater the bulk of business they will have.

The cheapness of telegraphic despatches in Great Britain renders the use of a code

unnecessary, except when secrecy is an object; consequently, code messages do not cause much trouble to our post-office clerks, as they occasionally do to the officials of the cable offices.

THE LEGEND OF THE PHANTOM SHIP.

It is a somewhat singular fact that there is not a single European nation whose mariners do not share in the picturesque and romantic superstition that certain parts of the ocean are haunted by the Spectre of a Ship. The tradition is quite the best known among the lore of the sea. Poets have told the tale in rhythmic heroics; novelists have taken it for their plots; play writers have dramatised it; and one of the most masterful of modern musicians has founded an opera upon the Old-world legend. Nor can we be permitted to doubt that such an ocean Phantom really does exist. For did not two royal princes see her with their own eyes as short a time ago as the 11th July 1881? Such testimony is not to be disputed by any loyal British subject. In the '*Cruise of the Bacchante*' it is stated that, at four o'clock in the morning of the day just mentioned, '*The Flying Dutchman* crossed our bows. A strange red light as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the masts, spars, and sails of a brig two hundred yards distant stood out in strong relief as she came up. . . . Thirteen persons altogether saw her; but whether it was *Van Diemen*, or the *Flying Dutchman*, or who else, must remain unknown.' The verisimilitude of the spectre is established convincingly by what happened to the unhappy sailor who first sighted her. 'At 10.45 A.M. the ordinary seaman who had this morning reported the *Flying Dutchman* fell from the foretopmast-cross-tree and was smashed to atoms.'

The sighting of the phantom ship by the *Bacchante* had at least the effect of settling one vexed point, the question of her rig. She is a brig, that most homely and commonplace of all craft. The discovery is a little disappointing. The imagination, in picturing the Flying Dutchman, conjures up the portrait of a brave old seventeenth century galleon, gaudy with yellow paint and tarnished gilt-work; a pink-shaped stern castellated into a poop-royal, and crowned atop with a great horn lantern; broad decks guarded by breast-high bulwarks, and flanked on either side by a row of quaint green-coated culverins and carronades; short masts with a great spread of yard, and embellished by huge barricaded tops; and manned by a little crowd of strange-looking Dutchmen, contemporaries of sturdy old Van Tromp; silent, inanimate, ghost-like: kept alive only by the terrible 'spell which rests upon the ill-fated vessel.

There are many versions of the famous legend of the Flying Dutchman. Quite recently, an American gentleman set himself the task of endeavouring to discover the paternity of the tradition, and who the Hollander was that brought upon himself and his companions such a miserable doom by his act of profanity. The result of his investigations would be extremely

interesting, but it does not appear that he has yet given them to the world. Perhaps the story has been nowhere better told than by Captain Marryat in the novel which he founded upon it. Cornelius Vanderdecken, a sea-captain of Amsterdam, coming home from Batavia, is much troubled by head-winds when off the Cape of Good Hope. Day after day he goes on struggling against the balling weather without gaining a foot of ground. The sailors grow weary, the skipper impatient. Still the bleak sou'-wester continues to blow the old gulliot steadily back. For nine dreary weeks this goes on; then a terrible fit of passion seizes Vanderdecken. He sinks down upon his knees, and raising his clenched fists to the heavens, curses the Deity for opposing him, swearing that he will weather the Cape yet in spite of the Divine will, though he should go on beating about until the Day of Judgment. As a punishment for this terrible impiety, he is doomed to go on sailing in the stormy seas east of Agulhas until the last trumpet shall sound, for ever struggling against the head-winds in a vain effort to double the South African Cape. Such, in brief, is the legend of the Flying Dutchman, as it has been accepted by English-speaking sailors for many generations past. The rest is the creation of Marryat's imagination: the extirpation of Vanderdecken's sin by the lifelong devotion of his son Philip, and the ultimate crumbling away into thin air of the ship herself when Marryat had finished with her.

Bechstein, in the 'Deutsches Sagenbuch' gives the Dutch version of the phantom ship, which is totally dissimilar from our own, both as regards the name of its evil-minded hero, and the sin for which he was condemned to wander. 'Falkenberg,' he says, 'was a nobleman who murdered his brother and his bride in a fit of passion; and was therefore condemned to wander for ever towards the north. On arriving at the seashore he found awaiting him a boat, with a man in it, who said "Expectamus te." He entered the boat, attended by his good and his evil spirit, and went on board a spectral barque in the harbour. There he yet lingers, while the two spirits play at dice for his soul. For six hundred years has the ship been wandering the seas, and sailors still see her in the German Ocean sailing northward, without helm or steersman. She is painted gray, has coloured sails, a pale flag, and no crew. Flames come forth from her masthead at night.'

Another Dutch account of the old legend says that the skipper of the phantom ship was a native of Amsterdam, one Bernard Fokke, who lived in the seventeenth century. He was a daring, reckless seaman, who had the masts of his ship encased with iron to strengthen them and enable him to carry more sail. It is recorded that he sailed from Holland to the East Indies in ninety days; and in consequence of having made many wonderful voyages, came at last to be reputed a sorcerer, in league with the devil. In one voyage he disappeared for a while, having been spirited away by Satan, and on his return was condemned—the legend does not say by whom—to sail for ever the ocean between the southern capes with no

other crew than his boatswain, cook, and pilot. Many Dutch seamen believe that his vessel is still to be fallen in with in the Southern Ocean, and that, when he sights a ship, he will give chase for the purpose of coming alongside to ask questions. If these are not answered, all is well; but should those hailed be so injudicious as to make any reply, ill-luck is certain to befall them.

Although, perhaps, no version of the famous old nautical tradition is so quaint and full of a weird kind of romance as the English one, yet there are others which are wilder, and glow with a more lurid colour. The Germans particularly exhibit that quality of eerie fancifulness which enters into most of their lore in the stories they have of the phantom ship. They tell of a spectral ship, to be met with in remote ocean solitudes, whose portholes grin with skulls instead of the muzzles of cannon. She is commanded by a skeleton, who grips in his bony hand an hour-glass; and her crew is composed of the ghosts of desperate sinners. Any honest trader that chanced to encounter this grisly apparition is doomed to founder. Coleridge took his idea of a death ship, in the 'Ancient Mariner,' from an old German legend. She is a vessel that approaches without a breeze and without a tide, whose sails glaucous in the misty sunlight 'like restless gossamers'; and in her cabin Death plays at dice with the woman Nightmare for the possession of the mariner's crew. She wins, whistles thrice, and off shoots the spectre-barque.

In a volume of a German 'Morgenblatter' for the year 1821 is contained another story of a phantom ship. A lookout man sights and reports a vessel. When questioned concerning her, he says he saw a frigate in a faint haze of light, with a black captain, and a skeleton figure with a spear in its hand standing on the poop. Skeleton shapes noiselessly handled the cobweb-like sails and ropes. The only sound which he heard as the mysterious craft glided past was the word 'water.' The history of this strange ship seemed to be known to one of the sailors on board, who recounted it as follows: 'A rich Spaniard of Peru, one Don Lopez d'Aranda, dreamed he saw his son, Don Sandovalle, who had sailed with his bride for Spain, on board his ship with a ghastly wound in his head, and pointing to his own form, bould to the mainmast of the vessel. Near him was water, just beyond his reach, and the fiendish crew were mocking him and refusing him drink. The crew had murdered the young couple for their gold; and the curse of the wandering Dutchman had descended upon them. They are still to be seen cruising off the entrance to the Rio de la Plata.'

The French version of the time-honoured legend is given by Jal, in his 'Scènes de la Vie Maritime.' He says: 'An unbelieving Dutch captain had vainly tried to round Cape Horn against a head gale. He swore he would do it; and when the gale increased, laughed at the fears of his crew, smoked his pipe, and drank his beer. He threw overboard some of them who tried to make him put into port. The Holy Ghost descended on the vessel; but he fired his pistol at it, and pierced his

own hand and paralysed his arm. He cursed God; and was then condemned by the apparition to navigate always, without putting into port, only having gall to drink, and red-hot iron to eat, and eternally to watch. He was to be the evil genius of the sea, to torment and punish sailors, the spectacle of his tempest-tossed barque to presage ill-fortune to the luckless beholder. He is the sender of white squalls, of all disasters, and of storms. Should he visit a ship, wine on board turns sour, and all food becomes beans—the sailors' particular aversion. Should he bring or send letters, none must touch them, or they are lost. He changes his appearance at will, and is seldom beheld twice under the same circumstances. His crew are all old sinners of the sea, marine thieves, cowards, murderers, and so forth. They toil and suffer eternally, and get but little to eat and drink. His ship is the true purgatory of the faithless and idle sailor.'

The old Norsemen had a curious and vague tradition of a phantom ship, which they called *Mannifoul*. The French maritime chronicler, Jal, gives an account of her; so likewise does Thorpe in his work on 'Northern Mythology.' She was so gigantic that her masts were taller than the highest mountains. The captain rode about on horseback delivering his orders. Sailors going aloft as boys came down respectable middle-aged men; and in the blocks about her rigging were dining-halls where they sustained life during their heavenward wanderings. When passing through the Strait of Dover on her way northward, she stuck; but the captain with ready invention ordered her sides to be liberally besmeared with *saup*, and she slipped through, leaving the cliffs of France and England white for ever afterwards. Down to within a century ago, this gigantic ship was known among English sailors by the name of *The Merry Dun of Dover*; but she seems quite to have disappeared from the maritime lore of this country. The seamen of Normandy still believe in her existence, and call her the *Chasse-Froule*. They say that she is so immense that it takes her seven years to tack. On one occasion, in turning, her bowprit swept away a whole battalion of soldiers from the Dover cliffs, whilst her stern boom was demolishing the forts of Calais. When she rolls, whales are tossed high and dry by the swell. Many extravagant particulars of this colossal fabric are given by Jal; and in 'Les Traditions Populaires' of Sébillot, exaggeration runs into wild absurdity.

The fishermen of Normandy have another picturesque legend, upon which Tom Hood founded his poem, 'The Phantom Boat of All-Souls' Night.' They believe that if their masses for the souls of their friends in purgatory are rejected, a ghostly barque will come gliding in to the harbour with a spectral crew of the souls of those who had been drowned at sea. People may recognise their lost ones amongst the grisly group; but at midnight a bell strikes, and the phantom vanishes in a wreath of smoke. In a local history of Dieppe it is stated that 'the watchman of the wharf sees a boat come within hail at midnight, and hastens to cast to it a rope; but in the same

instant, the boat disappears, and fearful cries are heard, which make the listener shudder, for they are recognised as the voices of sailors who perished at sea that year.' The same account says that this boat appears on the night of All-Saints' Day.

The French traditions of the phantom ship are indeed all very gruesome. The natives of Brittany tell of a great spectre vessel manned by huge human figures and gigantic dogs, which wanders ceaselessly about the oceans, never entering harbour or casting anchor. The crew are composed of the souls of men guilty in their lifetime of terrible crimes; and the dogs are demons in disguise, who take care that the unhappy wretches shall not have too comfortable a time. The orders in this dreaded fabric are delivered by means of great conch-shells, which seems a providential arrangement, since the noise made by them is so great as to be audible for leagues, and gives vessels a chance of avoiding contact with the fatal spectre. There is, however, nothing to be feared if an Ave is promptly repeated and the protection of Saint Anne d'Auray invoked.

The Italian legend is a local one, as old as the year 1339, when Venice was first wedded to the Adriatic by the ceremony of a ring being dropped over the prow of a gondola into its limpid blue waters. During a tempest, a fisherman was bid to row three mysterious men first to certain churches in the city, then out to the entrance of the port. The boatman with terror beheld a vast Saracen galley rushing in before the wind, crowded with most fearful-looking demons. The three men in his boat, however, caused her to founder before she could get near the city, thus saving Venice. When they stepped ashore again, one of them handed the waterman a ring, by means of which these three strangers were discovered to be St Mark, St Nicholas, and St George. Giorgione has painted this phantom vessel, with her crew of spectral demons leaping overboard, affrighted by the saints; and the picture may still be seen in the Venetian Academy.

The Icelanders have a superstition which they call 'Skipenjal, or the speaking ship. The idea is a pretty one. They conceive that utterances come forth from the motionless hulls of vessels; but few can understand the strange language. In a volume of Icelandic Legends compiled by Arnason, a story is told of one who could interpret these singular sounds. He overheard a conversation between two ships one night. Said the first vessel: 'We have been long together, but to-morrow we must part.'

To which the other replied: 'Never. Thirty years now have we been together; we have grown old together; and when one is worn out, the other must lay by.'

Then continued the first ship: 'That will not really be so; for, although it is fair weather this evening, to-morrow morning will it be bad; and no one will go to sea but your captain, while I and all the other ships will remain. You will sail away, and nevermore come back, and our companionship is at an end.'

The other vessel replied: 'Never; for I will not stir from this spot.'

'But,' expostulates the first ship, 'you must: this is the last night of our companionship.'

'When you do not go, I will go not. The Evil One himself must take a hand in it else.'

Then the captain of the ship that was to sail came on board and ordered her to be got under way; but the staunch old fabric would not stir, and his crew mutinied. He shipped a fresh one; but they could not get the vessel out, and likewise rebelled. He called on the Deity—still without success; then invoked the Evil One, upon which his vessel flew out into the raging storm, and was lost; and her spectre still haunts the northern ocean, flitting pale and ghostly among the icebergs.

The Americans have many poems on the subject of the phantom ship. Whittier, in 'The Garrison of Cape Ann,' writes of

The spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead men in
her shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of
morning clouds.

Again, his 'Wreck of the Schooner Breeze' is the story of a

Weird unspoken sail;
She flits before no earthly blast,
With the red sign fluttering from her mast,
The ghost of the schooner Breeze.

Longfellow, in 'The Ship of the Dead,' embodies an old New-England tradition. The legend runs that a ship was sent to sea from New Haven one day in January 1647, but was nevermore heard of again. In the following June, just before sunset, a ship like her was beheld sailing up the river against the wind, slowly fading out until she vanished from view. The apparition was accepted as a premonition of the loss of the vessel.

Bret Harte, in his poem called 'A Greyport Legend,' relates a strange, wild superstition of the mariners of that town. The tale goes that a number of little children went off board a dismantled hull to play; the wind rose; the craft broke loose, drifted away to sea, and was lost.

When fogs are thick on the harbour reef,
The haddock fishers shorten sail,
For the signal, they know, will bring relief,
For the voices of children, still at play,
In a phantom hulk that drifts away,
Through channels whose waters never fail.

Instances of traditions and superstitions founded upon the idea of a phantom ship might be multiplied until this article assumed the dimensions of a stout volume; but want of space forbids that the list should be further extended. It is not difficult to conceive the paternity of the romantic old legend. The sudden disappearance of a distant ship through some subtle, imperceptible wreathing of mist upon the horizon, would be sufficient to suggest the notion of a spectral vessel. Herman Melville, in his admirable work 'Typee,' has a quaint idea, out of which might easily grow a tradition of a phantom ship. 'I heard,' he says, 'of one whaler which, after many years' absence, was given up for lost. The last that had been heard of her was a shadowy report of her having touched at some of those unstable islands in the far Pacific whose eccentric wanderings are carefully noted in each new

edition of the South Sea charts. After a long interval, however, the *Perseverance*—for that was her name—was spoken somewhere in the vicinity of the ends of the earth, cruising along as leisurely as ever, her sails all bepatched and bequilted with rope-yarns, her spurs fished with old pipe-staves, and her rigging knotted and spliced in every possible direction. Her crew was composed of some twenty venerable Greenwich pensioner-looking old salts, who just managed to hobble about deck. The ends of all the running ropes, with the exception of the signal-halyards and poop-downhaul, were rove through snatch-blocks, and led to the capstan or windlass, so that not a yard was braced or a sail set without the assistance of machinery. Her hull was encrusted with barnacles, which completely encased her. . . . What eventually became of her, I never learned; at any rate, she never reached home.'

Nor is the belief in the Flying Dutchman a superstition of the past. Sailors in this age give just as great credence to the ancient legend as they did a couple of centuries ago. Indeed, no race is more persistent in credulity than seamen. They continue to cling to traditions that have come down from mariners of a date when the ocean was still shrouded in mystery and romance. Friday's sailing is as unlucky as ever it was; the St Elmo's Fire is yet full of significance; and a Finn amongst the crew ruins the prospects of a voyage at the very outset. It will take many generations, even in this prosaic age of iron and steam, for the sailor to abandon his old beliefs; and it may be safe to predict that the very last fragment of superstition he will be willing to give up will be the legend of the Phantom Ship.

A DOUBLE EVENT.

The merles find Edens in scented hedges,
And sing in chorus the live-long day;
The streamlet dances amid the sedges,
The larks are loud, and the thrushes gay.
The tall, white lilies bend o'er the river;
Butterflies revel in clover seas;
The green leaves ripple; the corn-blades quiver;
The stockdoves croon in the linden trees.

Creamy and pink are the wayside roses;
The year is nearing its golden prime;
Over the poppy the brown bee dozes;
Breezes are fragrant with mint and thyme;
Golden sunbeams keep tryst with shadows
Where the forest branches are closest wed;
Marguerites grow in the spreading meadows
'Mid waving grasses and sorrel red.

The gorses blaze in the fells and hollows;
The tranquil sea is a nether sky;
In many circles the busy swallows
Round the lichened nests in the old wall fly;
Purple and far are the hills of heather,
Lost in distance the mountains gray;
Joyous are I and the earth together;
My love and summer come back to-day.

M. Rook.

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NO. 10 DOWNING STREET.

Few houses of note are plainer in themselves, and yet more redolent of historic association, than the famous official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury. The Ministers of two centuries have met there; State secrets of the deepest moment have been whispered within its substantial walls. Downing Street is not architecturally attractive; yet, as Theodore Hook said, 'There is a fascination in the air of the little *cul-de-sac*; an hour's inhalation of its atmosphere affects some men with giddiness; others, with blindness, and very frequently with the most oblivious forgetfulness.' The sombre byway has a history.

Downing Street—built by Sir George Downing three hundred and thirty years ago—stands where the cockpit of the Palace of Whitehall was; and from the first it was the home of distinguished people. But George II made it the home of statesmanship by conferring one of the houses in it as an official residence on Walpole and his successors in the office of First Lord for ever. During Sir Robert's long term of office, he lived there; and his example was followed by several of those who came after him. North had chambers on the first floor during his eventful period of power; and the story runs that after he resigned, at a critical period in the War of Independence, he forgot one night that he had given up his quarters with his office, and, yielding to the force of habit, ascended to his old rooms. Pitt, too, lived there, and held his Councils in the solemn and rather gloomy chambers; and he was so attached to the place, that he could be happy nowhere else. Downing Street was his home, as well as the headquarters of his power. Those who came immediately after him seem to have regarded the house in quite the opposite way; to them it was an office, not a residence; but Perceval, during the angry years of his official life, lived there, and there also discussed his policy.

At this time, a curious incident occurred in the hall of the house. There Wellington and Nelson met, it is said, for the only time in their lives. Both of them were waiting to see the Minister; and while they lingered in the anteroom, they got into conversation, though neither knew the other. The great soldier, then only at the outset of his fame, made so deep an impression on the great sailor, that Nelson afterwards inquired his name, and expressed his pleasure at the meeting. Many other notable figures have passed in and out of this massive old door, but they have not all left even so feeble an impress upon history as this trifling record. Lord Liverpool and Canning set up their domestic circles in Downing Street while in office; and Lord Grey also lived there, and was painted by Haydon as he pondered by the fire-side after a great debate. But neither Sir Robert Peel nor Lord Melbourne followed these examples; and after Grey, there was no real domestic life at No. 10 till Mr Disraeli first took office. In fact, the two great Parliamentary rivals of the later period alone restored to Downing Street its residential honours; for, like Lord Beaconsfield, Mr Gladstone made it his London home invariably while in office; and, unlike them, Mr W. H. Smith and Mr Balfour did nothing more than transact Treasury business there.

The house itself is solemn and solid; there is no garish adornment, incompatible with the grave dignity of statesmanship. As a residence, too, its conveniences make no compensation for its dullness. Its domestic accommodation is inadequate, and does not meet more than the simplest requirements. But for the work of the Minister its rooms are fairly suitable. Most historic of them all is the old Council Chamber on the ground-floor; a short passage joins it to the spacious hall, and it opens on to an anteroom. Here the conferences of many Ministries have been held, and the settlement of the most delicate affairs of the two centuries arrived at. It is a spacious chamber, and well

lighted; it looks out on St James's Park, and there are four substantial pillars at the lower corners. Around the walls are rows of books—a complete set of Hansard, the Statutes, and other works less interesting than useful. The Old Council Chamber has fallen from its high estate; no longer do Ministers meet there. When Lord Salisbury held his Councils at the Foreign Office, it was given over to his private secretaries; and Mr Gladstone made no change in this disposition of the chamber, but held the Councils in his own much smaller room up-stairs. This apartment is in the brightest corner of the house, and overlooks St James's Park and the Horse-guards parade, with a view of the Duke of York's Column in the distance. The desk at which the late Premier worked was placed in the corner of the room nearest the Park, where the light is brightest and the scene most cheerful. There, sitting in a chair which was anything but luxurious, the Prime Minister performed his manifold labours, surrounded by despatch-boxes, and with communication to all parts of the house at his hand in the shape of electric bells and speaking-tubes. A large open fireplace, a quaintly carved mantel, and a heavy, old-fashioned candelabrum, are signs of the past which seem not, after all, very incongruous with the red and black despatch-boxes, and the 'Bradshaw' and 'Dod' of modern life lying about the room.* There is another chamber close at hand in which Mr Gladstone sometimes worked, but it claims no special notice.

Beyond the chief workroom and Council Room, the reception chambers begin. There are three of them. The first, proceeding in this direction, is the smallest; and its walls, panelled in white, bear some interesting portraits. The larger of the rooms on this side is the principal reception or drawing room. It is not a cheerful apartment; its two windows have a very uninteresting outlook; and in daylight the opposite end of the room, behind the pillars, is almost dismal. Through a small antechamber the dining-room is reached. This is also gloomy, so far as its outlook is concerned; its windows give a view of nothing more cheerful than the back of some official buildings. But the inner view is dignified and impressive. The vaulted and handsomely decorated ceilings, the rich, dark tints of the panelled walls, and the many portraits hung there, leave a sense almost of satisfaction with the partial gloom which merely mellows the scene, and helps the mind the better to conjure up pictures of past assemblies therein. The portraits are interesting. Walpole, first official resident, is robed in gorgeous state, and looks down on the chamber from his exaltation above the mantel. There is a portrait of Lord Godolphin, which Lady de Grey gave to the house seventy years ago; and a likeness of ill-fated Spencer Perceval's amiable face with its eloquent eyes. Portraits of the first Duke of Leeds, Lord Delaware, and Sir John Lowther, the last presented by Lord Lonsdale, are also in this dining-room, where Lord Beaconsfield gave his Parliamentary dinners, and some State banquets are still held.

When you have seen the passage leading to the Foreign Office, and the door on the other

side of the way which gives communication to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's official house, No. 11, you have seen all that the place has to show. And very few save the privileged may see even that. Obviously, the central abode of Government cannot be made a popular exhibition and one of the sights of London. But if that were possible, few show-places of historic interest would stimulate the sympathetic imagination to a greater extent—and an extent so utterly out of proportion with the physical interest of the fabric. As Hook said, the fascination of Downing Street is in its memory-laden air.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XXVI. A QUESTION OF AUTHORSHIP.

AND now that all was over, and her Arnold had come home to her, Kathleen Hessegrave felt as if the rest mattered little. He was back; he knew all; he saw all; he understood all; he loved her once again far more dearly than ever. Woman like, she was more than satisfied to have her lover by her side; all else was to her a mere question of detail.

And yet, the problem for Arnold was by no means solved. He had no way as yet of earning his own living; still less had he any way of earning a living for Kathleen. Kathleen herself, indeed, happy enough to have found her sailor again, would have been glad to marry him as he stood, maimed hand and all, and to have worked at her art for him, as she had long worked for Reggie; but that, of course, Arnold could never have dreamed of. It would have been grotesque to give up the Axminster revenues on conscientious grounds, and then allow himself to be supported by a woman's labour. Rufus Mortimer, too, ever generous and ever chivalrous, would willingly have done anything in his power to help them. But such help as that also Arnold felt to be impossible. He must fight out the battle of life on his own account to the bitter end; and though this last misfortune of his crushed hand was an accident that might have happened to any sailor any day, it made him feel none the less that painful consciousness he had often felt before, of his own inferiority and comparative inability to do for himself what he saw so many of his kind doing round him on every side without apparent effort. He didn't care to acknowledge himself a human failure.

Of course, he had the fifty pounds he had received for his translation of the Italian manuscript; but even Arnold Willoughby couldn't live on fifty pounds for ever, though, no doubt, he could make it go at least as far as any one else of his class could. And it was only a stray windfall, not a means of livelihood. What Arnold wanted, now the sea was shut

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against him, and painting most difficult, was some alternative way of earning money for himself, and, if possible, for Kathleen. As to how he could do that, he had for the moment no idea; he merely struggled on upon his fifty pounds, spreading it out as thin as fifty pounds can be made to spread nowadays in this crowded Britain of ours.

But if this problem caused anxiety to Arnold Willoughby, it caused at least as much more to Rufus Mortimer. As a rule, people who have never known want themselves realise but vaguely the struggles and hardships of others who stand face to face with it. They have an easy formula—'lazy beggar'—which covers for their minds all possible grounds of failure or misfortune in other people. (Though they are not themselves always so remarkable for their industry.) But Rufus Mortimer, with his delicately sensitive American nature, so sensitive in its way as Arnold's own, understood to the full the difficulties of the case; and having made himself responsible to some extent for Arnold's and Kathleen's happiness by bringing them together again, gave himself no little trouble, now that matter was arranged, to seek some suitable work in life for Arnold.

This, however, as it turned out, was no easy matter. Even backed up by Rufus Mortimer's influence, Arnold found there were few posts in life he could now adequately fill; while the same moral scruples that had made him in the first instance renounce altogether the Westminster property continued to prevent his accepting any post that he did not consider an honest and useful one. It occurred to Mortimer, therefore, one day when he met Reggie on Kathleen's doorstep, and, entering, found Kathleen herself with every sign of recent tears, that one of the first ways of helping the young couple would be the indirect one of getting rid of Reggie. He suspected that young gentleman of being a perpetual drain upon Kathleen's resources, and he knew him to have certainly no such conscientious scruples. So, after a little brief telegraphic communication with his firm in America, he sent one morning for Reggie himself, 'on important business'; and Reggie, delighted by anticipation at the phrase, put on his best necktie and his dnyx links, and drove round (in a hansom) to Mortimer's house in Great Stanhope Street.

Mortimer plunged at once into the midst of affairs. 'Suppose you were to get a post of three hundred and fifty a year in America, would you take it?' he inquired.

Reggie brightened at the suggestion. 'Pounds, not dollars, of course?' he answered with characteristic caution, for where money was concerned, Reggie's mind was pure intellect.

Rufus Mortimer nodded. 'Yes, pounds, not dollars,' he said; 'a clerk's post in my place in the States; railway engineering works, you know. We control the business.'

'It might suit me,' Reggie answered, with

great deliberation, impressed with the undesirability of letting himself go too cheap. 'Three hundred and fifty; or say, four hundred.'

'I beg your pardon,' Rufus Mortimer interposed with bland decision. 'I said three hundred and fifty. I did not say four hundred. And the questions before the house are simply these two—first, whether you care to accept such a post or not; and second, whether I shall find you're qualified to accept it.'

'Oh, I see,' Reggie answered, taken aback; for he had not yet met Rufus Mortimer in this his alternative character as the stern capitalist. 'Whereabouts is your place? No much depends upon the locality.'

'It's in Philadelphia,' Mortimer answered, smiling. He could see at a glance Reggie was hesitating as to whether he could tear himself away from the Gaiety, and the dear boys, and the gross mul-honey of town in general, to emigrate to America.

Reggie held his peace for a moment. He was calculating the pros and cons of the question at issue. It spelt expatriation, of course; that he recognised at once; so far from the theatres, the raccourses, the Park, the dear boys of the Tivoli, and Charlie Owen. But still, he was young, and he would always have Florrie. Perhaps there might be 'life' even in Philadelphia. 'Is it a big town?' he asked dubiously; for his primeval notions of American geography were distinctly hazy.

'The third biggest in the Union,' Mortimer answered, eyeing him hard.

'In the What?' Reggie repeated, somewhat staggered at the sound; visions of some huge workhouse rose dimly in the air before his mental view.

'In the United States,' Mortimer answered with a compassionate smile. 'In America, if it comes to that. The third biggest in America. About three-quarters the size of Paris. Will a population of a million afford scope enough for you?'

'It sounds well,' Reggie admitted. 'And I suppose there are amusements there—something to occupy a fellow's mind in his spare time? or else I don't put much stock in it.'

'I think the resources of Philadelphia will be equal to amusing you,' Mortimer answered grimly. 'It's a decent-sized village.' He didn't dwell much upon the converse fact that Reggie would have to work for his three hundred and fifty. 'My people in America will show him all that soon enough,' he thought. 'The great thing just now is to get him well out of England, by hook or by crook, and leave the way clear for that angel and Willoughby.'

For Rufus Mortimer, having once espoused Arnold Willoughby's cause, was almost as anxious to see him satisfactorily settled in life as if it had been his own love-affairs he was working for, not his most dangerous rival's.

The offer was a tempting one. After a little humming and hawing, and some explanation by Mortimer of the duties of the situation—the last thing on earth that Reggie himself would ever have troubled his head about under the circumstances—the young man about town at last consented to accept the post offered to him; and to ship himself forthwith from his

native land, with Florrie in tow, at Rufus Mortimer's expense, by an early steamer.

'A town of a million people,' he observed to Florrie, 'must have decent amusements even in America.'

And now that that prime encumbrance was clear out of the way, Mortimer's next desire was to find something to do for Arnold, though Arnold was certainly a most difficult man to help in the matter of an appointment. That horrid conscience of his was always coming in to interfere with everything. Mortimer and Kathleen had ventured to suggest, indeed, that under these altered circumstances, when his hand made it almost impossible for him to get work of any sort, he should disclose his personality to the new Lord Axminster, and accept some small allowance out of the Membury Castle property. But against that suggestion Arnold stood quite firm. 'No, no,' he said; 'I may live or I may starve; but I won't go back upon my whole life and principles. I gave up my property in order that I might live by my own exertions; and by my own exertions I will live, or go to the wall manfully. I don't demand now that I should earn my livelihood by manual labour, as I once desired to do: under these altered conditions, having lost the use of my hand in the pursuit of an honest trade for the benefit of humanity, I'm justified, I believe, in earning my livelihood in any way that my fellow-creatures are willing to pay me for; and I'll take in future any decent work that such a maimed being as myself is fitted for. But I won't come down upon my cousin Algy. It wouldn't be fair; it wouldn't be right; it wouldn't be consistent; it wouldn't be honest. I'm dead by law; dead by the decision of the highest court in the kingdom; and dead I will remain for all legal purposes. Algy has succeeded to the title and estates in that belief, which I have not only permitted him to hold, but have deliberately fostered. For myself and all who come after me, I have definitely got rid of my position as a peer, and have chosen to become a common sailor. If I were to burst in upon Algy now with proof of my prior claim, I would upset and destroy his peace of mind; make him doubt for the position and prospects of his children; and burden him with a sense of insecurity in his tenure which I have no right in the world to disturb his life with. When once I did it, I did it once for all; to go back upon it now would be both cruel and cowardly.'

'You're right,' Kathleen cried, holding his hand in her own. 'I see you're right, my darling; and if ever I marry you, I will marry you clearly on that understanding, that you are and always will be plain Arnold Willoughby.'

So Rufus Mortimer could do nothing but watch and wait. Meanwhile, Arnold went round London at the pitiful task of answering advertisements for clerks and other small posts, and seeking in vain for some light employment. Winter was drawing on; and it became clearer and clearer each day to Mortimer that in Arnold's present state of health he ought, if possible, to spend the coldest months in the

south of Europe. But how get him to do it? That was now the puzzle. Mortimer was half afraid he had only rescued Kathleen's lover, and brought them together again in peace, in order to see him die with his first winter in England. And it was no use to urge upon him the acceptance of a temporary loan, or even to ask him to go abroad on the strength of that fifty pounds; for, as matters now stood, Arnold was so anxious to husband his funds to the utmost and to look out for future work, that nothing would induce him to move away from London.

While things were in this condition, Rufus was startled one day, as he sat in his padded arm-chair in a West End club, reading a weekly paper, to see Arnold Willoughby's name staring him full in the face from every part of a two-column article. He fixed his eyes on the floating words that seemed to dance before his sight. 'If this is a first attempt,' the reviewer said, 'we must congratulate Mr Willoughby upon a most brilliant *début* in the art of fiction.' And again: 'We know not whether the name of "Arnold Willoughby" is the writer's real designation, or a mere *nom de guerre*, but in any case we can predict for the entertaining author of "An Elizabethan Seadog" a brilliant career as a writer of the new romance of history.' 'Mr Willoughby's style is careful and polished; his knowledge of the dialect of the sea is "peculiar and extensive;" while his fertility of invention is really something stupendous. We doubt, indeed, whether any Elizabethan sailor of actual life could ever have described his Spanish adventures in such graphic and admirable language as Mr Willoughby puts into the mouth of his imaginary hero; but that is a trivial blemish: literature is literature: as long as the narrative imposes upon the reader for the moment, which it undoubtedly does, we are ready to overlook the unhistorical character of the thrilling details, and the obvious improbability that such a person as Master John Collingham of Holt in Norfolk would have been able to address the Council of Ten with such perfect fluency in "very choice Italian."'

Rufus Mortimer had down the paper in a tumult of delight. Here at last he saw a chance for the solution of the problem of Arnold's future. Though art had failed him, he might live by literature. To be sure, one swallow doesn't make a summer, nor one good review (alas!) the fortune of a volume. But Rufus Mortimer didn't know that; and he felt sure in his heart that a man who could write so as to merit such praise from one of the most notoriously critical of modern organs, must certainly be able to make a living by his pen, even if he had only a left hand left wherewith to wield it. So off he rushed at once in high glee to Arnold Willoughby's, only stopping on the way to buy a copy of the review at the railway bookstall in the nearest underground station.

When he reached Arnold's lodgings, now removed much farther west, near Kathleen Hensgrave's rooms, he hurried up-stairs in a fervour of good spirits, quite rejoiced to be the first to bring such happy tidings. Arnold

read the review hastily; then he looked up at Mortimer, who stood expectant by; and his face grew almost comical in its despair and despondency. 'Oh, this is dreadful!' he exclaimed under his breath. 'Dreadful, dreadful, dreadful!'

'Dreadful!' Mortimer interposed, quite taken aback. 'Why, Willoughby, I was delighted to be the first to bring it to you. I thought you'd be so awfully glad to see it. What on earth do you disapprove of? It's all so favourable.' Did the man expect mere fulsome adulation?

'Favourable? Oh yes,' Arnold answered; 'it's favourable enough, for that matter: but just look how they treat it! In spite of my repeated and reiterated statement that the manuscript was a genuine Elizabethan document, they insist on speaking of it as an original romance, and attributing the authorship to me, who only translated it. They doubt my word about it!'

'But that doesn't matter much,' Mortimer cried, severely practical, 'as long as attention is drawn to the work. It'll make the book sell; and if ever you should want to write anything else on your own account, it'll give you a better start and secure you attention.'

'I don't want attention under false pretences,' Arnold retorted. 'One doesn't like to be doubted, and one doesn't want to get credit for work one hasn't done. I should hate to be praised so. It's only the translation that's mine. I've none of those imaginative gifts the critic credits me with. Indeed, I've half a mind to sit down this minute to write and explain that I don't deserve either their praise or their censure.'

From this judicious course Mortimer did not seek to dissuade him; for, being an American born, he thoroughly understood the value of advertisement; and he knew that a lively correspondence on the authenticity of the book could not fail to advertise it better than five hundred reviews, good, bad, or indifferent. So he held his peace, and let Arnold do as he would about his reputation for veracity.

As they were talking it over, however, the door opened once more, and in rushed Kathleen, brimming over with excitement, and eager to show Arnold another review which she had happened to come across in a daily paper. Arnold took it up and read it. His face changed as he did so; and Mortimer, who looked over his shoulder as he read, could see that this review, too, contained precisely the same cause of complaint, from Arnold's point of view, as the other one—it attributed the book as an original romance to the transcriber and translator, and complimented him on his brilliant and creative imagination. Here was indeed a difficulty. Arnold could hardly show Kathleen the same distress at the tone of the notice which he had shown Rufus Mortimer; she came in so overflowing with womanly joy at his success, that he hadn't the heart to damp it; so he tried his best to look as if he liked it, and said as little about the matter either way as possible.

• Mortimer, however, took a different view of the situation.

'This is good,' he said; 'very good. These two articles strike the keynote. Your book is certainly going to make a success. It will boom through England. I'm sorry now, Willoughby, you sold the copyright for all time outright to them.'

'PHOTOGRAPHY UP TO DATE.'

THE Photographic art has been brought so completely within reach of the public, that any one who can spare a few pence may nowadays possess a specimen of it. This familiarity with its wonderful results, however, co-exists with much ignorance of its methods, and of what may be called its more curious or recondite capabilities. As an illustration of the popular ignorance about photography, an instance may be cited that actually occurred not so very long ago. A thief went ostensibly to have his photograph taken, but really to see what he could steal. He seized his opportunity when the photographer had retired to develop the plate, and made off with a valuable lens, quite unconscious of the fact that the few seconds he had sat facing the camera had placed his portrait in the hands of the operator. Of course, the means of identifying him speedily found its way into the hands of the police. An ignorant misconception of exactly the opposite character was displayed some years ago in a then popular drama. The culprit is detected in consequence of his having accidentally committed his crime in front of a camera and lens which a photographer had by chance left in the place. The author evidently entertained the strange notion that, in all places and under all circumstances, a camera and lens would take a picture of what passed before them without the intervention of any sort of human agency.

In various other ways, however, photography has of late years been applied with remarkable success to the detection of crime. A paper just published by a scientist on the application of the art in this direction proves, among other interesting facts, that by means of the camera, not only erasures in a document which cannot be detected by the eye, but the minutest differences in the inks employed, can at once be demonstrated in an enlarged copy of the writing, by the use of suitably coloured light and colour-sensitive plates. Captain Abney, R.E., the chairman of the Photographic Society of Great Britain, states that he once examined an engraving which was reputed to be of considerable value, and by means of photography he was able to bring out the original signature under a spurious one which had been added. The picture, in fact, turned out to be utterly worthless.

The expectation of seeing objects depicted in their natural colours by photography has acted like fascination on many minds, and it would seem that the case is not altogether hopeless, since it is reported that the art of reproducing colours true to nature with the camera has just been discovered by a clever Berlin chemist. If true, the discovery is one of the most important that have been made in photography. M.

Claudet records that Becquerel and Sir John Herschel both succeeded in impressing the image of the solar spectrum, and even of coloured maps, upon a silver plate prepared with chlorine. The image, however, was not permanent. The great point to be attained has always been the fixing of the tints, but whether or not the Berlin experimentalist referred to has successfully overcome this difficulty remains to be seen.

Another wonder of photography is the success that has been achieved in taking photographs of objects in motion. In fact, so great has been the advance in recent years in the making of gelatine dry-plates, that an instantaneous photograph was a short time ago taken of an express train when running at sixty miles an hour, the print showing distinctly, and without blur, the locomotive and five carriages. Successful negatives are now frequently taken where exposure only lasts the one-thousandth part of a second; and a shot or shell has even been depicted at the instant of its leaving the cannon's mouth. By an ingenious mechanical contrivance, the rate at which the shot travels can be ascertained at the same time.

Photographing domestic animals is difficult enough under the most advantageous circumstances when only the ordinary camera is employed, but what the obstacles must be like when ferocious wild beasts are the objects to be photographed, under similar conditions, only those who have successfully and repeatedly performed the operation can give us any clear idea. Mr Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S., whose achievements in this particular direction are so well known, recently inaugurated in London a series of illustrated lectures, with the intention of popularising this interesting branch of the photographic art. His photos of wild beasts are as natural and characteristic in pose as they are instructive with life and admirable in technique.

Photographing under water, although perhaps not so exciting a feature of the art, seems, from all accounts, to be equally interesting and instructive in its way as the photographing of wild animals. A lens for seeing under water is described as producing an effect both astonishing and delightful. Experiments were made in 1889 in the Mediterranean to ascertain how far daylight actually penetrated under the surface; and in very clear water near Corsica, and eighteen miles from land, the limit of daylight was found by means of photographic plates to be fifteen hundred and eighty feet.

A short time ago a Frenchman brought himself to the notice of scientific naturalists by undertaking an exploring tour of the Red Sea, from which he brought back a strange and curious collection of fish and shells, embracing several specimens entirely unknown. Continuing his researches on the coast of France, he assumed a diver's costume to observe at the bottom of the sea the metamorphoses of certain mollusca impossible to cultivate in aquaria. He was struck with the wonderful beauty of submarine landscapes, and resolved to photograph what he could, since a simple description would savour too much of an over-vivid imagination. At first he worked in shallow water with a water-tight apparatus, and the clearness

of the water allowed him sufficient light to sensitise the plates. But proportionally as the depth increased, clearness diminished, and the motion of the waves clouded his proofs. Then the young scientist conceived the idea of utilising magnetism in an apparatus of his own invention. This apparatus consists essentially of a barrel filled with oxygen, and surmounted by a glass bell containing an alcohol lamp. On the flame of the lamp, by means of a mechanical contrivance, powdered magnesium is thrown, flaring as often as a view is taken. The barrel is pierced with holes on the lower side in such a manner that as the oxygen diminishes the sea-water enters, so preserving the equilibrium between external and internal pressure. Beautiful submarine photographs taken on the very bed of the Mediterranean at Banyuls-sur Mer, near the Spanish border, have been produced in this way.

In curious interest perhaps, what is called Microscopic Photography, or the reduction of large objects into such small dimensions as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye, deserves a prominent position in the more experimental branches of the art. Mr Shadbolt, in 1854, was the first who executed these small photographs by making an achromatic object-glass one or one inch and a half focus the lens of a camera, and using a peculiar kind of collodion. His portraits varied from one-twentieth to one-fortieth of an inch in diameter, and would bear to be magnified a hundred times.

Hardly a day passes now but new and important photographs are produced by cameras of ever-increasing power. New stars have been revealed that were heretofore obscured from man. It is difficult to realise how far these worlds are from us. One of the most popular and eminent lecturers on astronomy is Sir Robert Ball, who uses simple and graphic illustrations to give his hearers ideas of magnitude and distance. For instance, he says that going at the rate of the electric telegraph—that is, one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second—it would take seventy-eight years to telegraph a message to the most distant telescopic stars. But the camera has revealed stars far more distant than these, some of which, if a message had been sent in the year A.D. 1—that is to say, 1891 years ago—the message would only just have reached some of them, and would be still on the way to others, going at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second.

The enlargement of photographs, though less wonderful to the common apprehension than their reduction to the infinitely small, is, practically, not less interesting and curious. These enlarged pictures were first exhibited by M. Claudet at a soirée of the British Association some years ago. By means of the solar camera, photographic cartes were magnified to the size of life. The effect when first seen was pronounced very striking and beautiful. M. Claudet at the same time also exhibited some photographs taken by the Count de Montizon of all the most curious animals of the Zoological Gardens; and instantaneous views of Paris by Ferrier, showing the Boulevards full of carriages and people, as they are in the middle of the day.

But the most striking photographs of this topographical character are those which have been taken in balloons floating some four thousand feet above the earth. The first experiments of this kind were made by Mr Negretti in Coxwell's 'Mammoth' balloon in the summer of 1863. They were regarded with much interest at the time, as several problems were involved in success or failure—such, for example, as the difficulty of operating at all in a moving vehicle; and the question whether the actinic power of the solar rays would be as effective up aloft as on the surface of the earth. It was not only the onward motion of the balloon that created a difficulty, but its rotating motion, to obviate which, a good deal of ingenuity in constructing and manipulating the apparatus was needful.

A photographer who recently made several photographs from a balloon has made the following instructive remarks on the possibilities of balloon photography: 'At the height of a mile I was amazed at the clearness of the atmosphere, and the sharp definition of the landscape immediately beneath. I took with me a large camera, and had no trouble in operating it. About twenty good negatives were the result of the trip.'

An exceedingly ingenious invention consisting of a camera combined with a parachute, especially designed for obtaining photographs of fortifications and of the camps of the enemy, although pictures may also be made for surveying purposes, would seem to mark an important step in the science of modern warfare. The parachute is snugly folded in a thin case at the end of a rocket, which is fired to the required height, and bursts open by means of a time-fuse. The explosion sets free the parachute, which is protected from injury by means of a casing of asbestos. The parachute has a number of thin umbrella ribs, and these are forced outward, and kept in that position by means of a strong spiral spring. From the parachute a camera is suspended; and a string held by the operator is attached by a universal joint to the bottom of the device, for the purpose of pulling the parachute back. The camera is fitted with an instantaneous shutter, operated by clockwork, so as to give several exposures at intervals. At the back of the box is an arrangement by which the plates can be manipulated as though by mechanical agency. A swinging motion can be given the camera by the operator, and this will enable him to obtain successive pictures over a wide area. The whole arrangement is exceedingly clever; and if it can be utilised for practical purposes, there is no doubt that 'sky-rocket' photographs will play an important part in the military manœuvres of the future.

From time to time during the last few years there have been various systems advanced and given a practical trial for 'telegraphing' portraits, diagrams, outline drawings, and specimens of handwriting; and an American electrical engineer claims to have discovered a remarkably simple method by which pictures, &c., can be transmitted long distances through the medium of only a single wire. N. S. Amstutz is the reputed inventor; and it is stated that certain

Continental authorities have taken up the matter for the purpose of telegraphing pictures of military evolutions and portraits of fugitives from justice; while in Germany it is understood the Kaiser uses the system for transmitting his imperial signature to the seat of government whenever occasion calls for it. In theory the idea is excellent. 'A crime is committed in Paris, and the assassin flees to America; a photograph of the culprit is found in France; you throw a bright light upon it, place it in front of the transmitter, which you connect with the Atlantic cable, set up a receiver in New York, and in a few minutes the chief of the New York police is in possession of a photographic representation, which is far better than any description.' In other words, if the predictions of a certain learned French Professor, who recently expressed his views on the possibilities of the project, prove correct, we must not be surprised if we are some day enabled to see what is passing in another part of the world without leaving our chairs.

One more of the surprising effects of the art remains to be mentioned here—namely, its application to illustrate geometrical figures and problems. This followed rapidly upon the discovery of the principle of the stereoscope. Every one who has gone through the eleventh Book of Euclid is aware of the great difficulty which is superadded to that of the problem itself by the number of lines crossing each other on a flat surface. By producing these lines on stereoscopic slides they are made to appear as if the figure was made of wires stretching from point to point in space. Planes are seen to intersect each other with as much distinctness as if they were sheets of cardboard inclined at various angles; and solid angles and pyramids have their edges and angular points in such tangible relief that a model could not afford a better illustration of the text. The letters, *etc.*, are so contrived as to appear to belong to the points to which they refer, and to stand out at the proper distances from the spectator.

Before concluding this article we may also notice some remarkable instances of grotesque or caricature photography. When the lamented Abraham Lincoln was President of the United States, his photographic portrait was exhibited, and to the naked eye appeared as if pitted with the smallpox. On examining the dots with a microscope, they were, however, found to consist of portraits of generals, politicians, divines, poets, actresses, and other well-known characters suitably placed. Jeff. Davis would be found in the President's eye; McClellan on the tip of his nose; Miss Cushman, or some other sweet lady, on his lips; and so on. All these likenesses were said to be very striking, and the whole caricature was regarded as a felicitous performance. Something of the same comic character was done in Rome some years ago, when well-known figures, suggestive of a satirical application, were published with the heads of public characters. Thus, the face of Antonelli appeared on the shoulders of Fra Diavolo; and the queen of Naples was made to figure as Moll Flagon. Even the Pope himself was not spared. The speedy result, how-

ever, was a Papal edict against the enormity, by which the photographic artists were subjected to the loss of their places and instruments, a fine of one hundred dollars, and a year in the galleys! The models who dared to sit for such figures were denounced in the same penalties.

THE SULTAN'S EGG.

By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

PEOPLE thought it very strange that Roland Haynes should go to sea again, it seemed such an absurd thing for the owner of one of the finest farms in the county of Salop so to do. But when his wife died, Roland became restless, and his life grew a burden to him. He felt stifled and oppressed, and the sight even of the laurels and laurestinus bushes around the house became hateful. He strove against the feeling with all his might; but do what he would, his thoughts and desires wandered away back to the old days of tall ships, and stormy winds, and wild waters, and all the majesty and beauty of the great ocean on which his early life had been passed. He heard calling to him 'the moanings of the homeless sea,' and went to it.

'Jim,' he said to his reformed scapegrace of a brother, 'I'm off to sea again. I can't stand this place, now Alice has gone. Do your best to look after it. I know I can trust you as myself to take good care of Nora. I'll be back again in a twelvemonth.'

So Roland left the diamond-latticed, black-joisted, rambling old Clayhorns, as the place was called, where generations upon generations of stalwart yeomen had lived and died, satisfied with their lot, and innocent of the *wandergeist*, and went off to see if salt water could allay his perturbed spirit. In most households, but perhaps not for very many years, a wanderer will make his appearance. Roland had been the first of his race, and the simple inlanders deemed him as in some sort possessed.

One morning, rising a boy, he had left the old Clayhorns, and the little village of Hampton-Kirby, nestling amongst its chestnuts and elms, only to reappear a bearded man, grave and bronzed, bringing with him a sweet young girl-wife. He had thrown himself headlong into life's battle, emerging chastened and successful. Therefore, he was received back into his inheritance with open arms, and all people, except his brother James, rejoiced.

So the wanderer settled down, as he thought, to pass the remainder of his days quietly on the broad pasture-lands of Clayhorns. But they were all dead now, all except James and little Nora, his one child, who was just twelve when her father left. And every time he returned she was a year older. He sailed his

own ship, and could afford to choose his freights and measure his absences.

A year to a day, almost, and Nora, at school in Shrewsbury town, would be driven to the station, sure of seeing there the bold, handsome face she loved so well and missed so bitterly, and of being folded to the broad breast of the wanderer before all the sympathising crowd, who would remark one to the other: 'It be Capt'n Roly a-comed whoam from zee to 'is little gel.'

Then came the run home for a brief two or three months' holiday, a time in which Captain Roly and his daughter were all in all to each other and inseparable. These were the epochs that in those days she measured her life by.

When Nora was sixteen, her father, departing as usual, said: 'I'm getting tired, my darling. This shall be my last voyage. I'll come home and stay there, see my pet married—not to a sailor, though, I hope and, in God's good time, have my bones laid alongside those others in the old churchyard over yonder.'

So he sailed away on his last voyage, as he promised it should be. But he never came home any more; and neither of Captain Roly nor of his good ship the *Wrekin* could any tidings be heard. Money was not spared in the endeavour; but the only scrap of news gained was that the *Wrekin* had been spoken in such and such a latitude and longitude on her passage to China, 'All well.'

A year went by—a year of mourning and broken hearted wretchedness for poor Nora, and then James Haynes pretty certain, this time, that his brother was not above-ground—came out in quite a different character. He who had always been so quiet and unassuming, as befitted a man who has had his chances in the world, and tried, and failed miserably again and again, suddenly grew big and blustered, boasting of what might have been, and what yet should be. Briefly, there was no will discovered; and presently, scoundrel James laid claim to the whole estate, on the ground of Nora's illegitimacy. Proceedings were at once taken by both sides, for Squire Melton and the Vicar, and a few other of Captain Roly's old friends at Hampton-Kirby, were quick to espouse the orphan's cause and compass the downfall of the usurper. No marriage certificate could be found at the Clayhorns. All we knew vaguely, and as dropped by themselves, was that Nora's parents had been married in Ireland; therefore, in that country a search was carried on.

Meanwhile, Nora left Clayhorns and came to live with us in the adjoining hamlet of Wrockwardine. My mother was a far-off cousin of Captain Roly's, as everybody around called him; and I had sailed two voyages in the *Wrekin* myself, and but for an accident, should have gone the last as chief-officer of her.

It may perhaps be imagined, then, how we petted and consoled with pretty Nora when she came to us for refuge from the harsh unkindness of her uncle, and one of the farm-women he had installed as housekeeper at Clayhorns. From both her parents James had received nothing but benefits; yet he never seemed to tire of taunting the girl about the mystery surrounding their union, a diversion in which his creature joined *con amore*. So, as I have said, Nora came to us in our little cottage at Wrockwardine.

Many a time she would exclaim: 'I know there was a will! My father told me so. He even told me where he kept it—in the "Sultan's Egg," which no one but himself could open. But the egg has gone. He must have taken it to sea with him. But oh,' she would say, 'never mind the will! Let everything go, if we can but find the other paper. Where *were* they married?' And the poor child would cry as if her heart was breaking.

But look as they might, search where they would, they seemed never able to discover where Captain Roly had found the beautiful, dark-haired, blue-eyed girl that he had brought home with him after those long years of absence, what time the May flowers and violets were blowing at Clayhorns, and all the land was quick with spring.

Never a very communicative man, he appeared to have confided the story of his wooing to nobody. His wife had been equally reticent, whether of design, or of pure unconcern at what people might say or think, was difficult now to guess. The only thing that came to light during these investigations was actual proof of a will having been in existence, thus confirming Nora's story. Agents unearthed a firm of lawyers in Chancery Lane who remembered drawing up such an instrument for Roland Haynes just about the time he returned to the old life. But they positively refused to commit themselves to any statement as to its contents. They could or would remember nothing. Captain Haynes had applied to them as a stranger, not a client. They had obliged him; and he had gone his way, taking the duly witnessed document with him. Nora had seen him place it in the Sultan's Egg—a curious piece of Eastern workmanship, of which more anon. Probably, so the gossips said, the captain had put his marriage lines there also—always supposing them to have had existence—and James had made away with the lot.

Meanwhile, I, having my living to get, went off to sea, leaving Nora, then a tall slip of a girl, all legs and wings, so to speak, at home with my mother and a spinster aunt, both doing their best to spoil her. On my return, eighteen months later, I found the case 'Haynes v. Haynes' still unsettled, and Nora, by some magic process, transformed into a very beautiful and stately young woman, whom I was actually afraid to offer to kiss until she took the initiative.

Injunctions and all sorts of other things had been served upon James Haynes, who, however, still held possession, and, to all appearance, was master at Clayhorns. The lawyers, so far as I could understand, had taken the case from

court to court, had dropped it in a certain one, and now wanted more money to begin over afresh with. Nora's friends had already spent a large sum in defending her rights without any prospect of repayment, and they were beginning to get dubious. Also, there was some talk of James's marrying his housekeeper, the ex-farm labourer before spoken of.

So the years went by quietly and uneventfully enough at our little cottage. Nora seemed fairly happy, and was the joy and delight of the two old people. I had succeeded well in my profession, and was now master and part owner of a smart barque sailing out of Bristol.

Squire Melton was dead, and the Vicar had left the district. 'Haynes v. Haynes' had stopped for good, apparently, in whichever of those courts the lawyers had left it last when funds fell short. James still held the property, was married, and had a son. It seemed a poor lookout indeed for Nora's ever returning to Clayhorns as its mistress. People, generally, when they thought of the affair at all, accepted the state of things as settled. And willing enough though many undoubtedly were to help to remove the slur cast on her parents' memory, no one in that community was rich enough to start the case again.

That Nora at times still felt it acutely, we at Elm Cottage knew only too well. Her faith in and love for her lost father were strong as ever. At each return her questioning eyes would meet mine, but always in vain. Beyond that last brief message from the sea, I could hear nothing of the fate of the vessel whose rugged namesake we could see from our windows.

At last my mother died. The old home was broken up; and in pursuance of a scheme long looked forward to and prepared for, I asked Nora to die my wife. We had, in the good old-fashioned sense of the word, been courting ever since I came back from that West Indian voyage to find her shot up and moulded into the prettiest girl for fifty miles around the Wrekin. So, without any bucking and filling, she just said 'Yes;' and a week afterwards I took her on board the *Daphne* and sailed for Hong-kong, via Singapore, as a honeymoon trip. Having now got things a little clear and ship-shape, I am going to tell you by what curious chance the fate of Captain Roly and his good ship, and the fair fame of his wife and daughter, were, after all these years, made manifest.

We had passed Anjer, and were lying becalmed in the island-dotted Strait of Banca, when, one morning, the cook suddenly discovered that he was out of coal. Ordering the boat to be lowered, I told the second-mate to take three hands and pull to the nearest island for a load of wood, either drift or from the bush. On their return, and whilst they were handing up their cargo just abreast of the galley, Nora, walking forward and looking curiously at the assortment of planks, trunks of trees, and such-like rubbish that they had collected, suddenly cried out to me, standing at the break of the poop: 'Oh Harry, Harry, my father's ship!'

Thinking the sun had been too much for her, I ran to where she was pulling away at a

bit of plank which stuck up from the heap. It was one of the head-boards of a ship that her eye had happened to light on, and on which, in large black letters, was printed 'WRECKIN. LON.' The rest was broken off. But that it was a portion of Captain Roly's old ship there could be no doubt what-ever. In the first place, the name was a peculiar one; then it was not, in those days, very often that a vessel carried her name on her head-boards; the bending had once also been gilded, as was that of the lost ship's. No one amongst the boat's crew seemed to be certain as to the precise spot it had been picked up in. But presently a boy who had accompanied them remembered pulling it out of the sand on the little beach where they landed. He had noticed the lettering, which indeed looked remarkably fresh, but had thought no more than that the plank would make 'fine kindling chips for the doctor.'

We then set to and overhauled every splinter of the stuff; but, with the exception of a bit of spar and a fragment of a grating, there was no sign of any more ship's furniture. However, I was quickly in the boat, and, with Nora, who wished to come, heading for the island. I eyed it curiously as we approached. It was only a rock, hardly more than a quarter of a mile round, but fully a hundred feet high, and covered everywhere, except at the little white beach, with tropical vegetation. Stepping ashore, we examined every nook and cranny, but without making any further discovery.

For my own part, I did not think that the *Wreckin* could have been wrecked either here or in the vicinity without some one hearing of it. Besides, these narrow seas were, as a rule, too well charted for skippers to run against any unknown danger. As I pointed out to Nora, who was unreasonably certain that we stood near the very spot, if not actually on it, the board might have floated in hundreds of miles from either the Indian Ocean or the China Sea, to its last resting-place on this little islet. Also, most vessels passing Anjer were noted, and their destination ascertained. Inquiries, I recollected, had been specially made of the Dutch authorities, and they replied that nothing had been seen or heard of the *Wreckin*.

But Nora was not to be convinced. 'My poor father's bones are lying with his ship somewhere near this rock, Harry,' she said, wiping away the tears. 'Providence led me to see that piece of wood. It was no chance. Surely we can find out by some means. And, oh Harry,' she whispered, 'perhaps the secret of his marriage and the will!'

'Even so, Nora,' I replied. 'The papers were pulp long ago, and digested in fishes' bellies. Nothing of that sort could stand such a soaking.'

'All the salt water in the ocean would never destroy the contents of the Sultan's Egg, Harry,' said she. 'Air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight,' I once heard father say, when he was showing it to the Squire.'

'But how on earth are we to find out, Nora?' I asked, perhaps a little vexed at her insistence, and knowing, as I did full well, that Captain

Roly would never run his ship slap into a place like this.

'If it isn't too deep,' said she, 'couldn't some one dive? Or stay; we might drag with hooks, as I once saw people doing in the Severn.'

'And then?' I asked.

'Well, then, if we find that the ship really is there, go to Singapore and hire a professional diver, and let him go down.'

I confess this rather staggered me. Nora appeared to have the affair quite taken for granted, besides developing suddenly a fund of resource I had never given her credit for. All the business I had in Singapore would only take a couple of days at the most to transact, and here was my lady playing Old Harry with the voyage. 'Well, well, dear, we'll see,' I answered. 'Meanwhile, I fancy there's a breeze coming off the Sumatra coast.--Pull back sharp, Mr Brown, and get the deep-sea lead. We may as well find out what water we've got here.'

Twenty five fathoms--twenty-eight--sandy bottom. Then, as we pulled round to the Banca side, it deepened again to twenty-five; and, before another cast could be taken, the boat's keel scraped over a reef running out, as we saw, for a considerable distance.

'By jingo!' exclaimed the second-mate as he picked himself up for he had been standing with the lead in his hand, and the shock had cap-sized him--there's a pretty customer for a ship on a dark night and everything set.--Is it charted, sir?'

'Sure to be,' I answered shortly, seeing Nora's eyes fixed on my face. 'I don't remember it, though. Let's get on board. Here's the breeze at last.'

Hastily taking its bearings, I ran down into the saloon to find the i-let on the chart. Sure enough, there was the black dot--Pulo something or other--and soundings given as 'deep water' all around it. Not a vestige of a reef for miles. Looking at the date of the chart, which was an Admiralty one, I saw that it was not yet twelve months old.

'Can it be possible,' I thought, 'that Nora is right after all? No reason why, because the *Daphne* is on the safe side, with twenty fathoms under her, that the *Wreckin* shouldn't have been on the wrong one, with a stiff breeze, a dark night, all plain sail, and a poor look-out for white water. Besides, perhaps, then, it wasn't to within feet of its present height. A ship hitting it would go down like a stone, with everything standing.'

Communing thus with myself, and staring at the chart in no very satisfied frame of mind, in comes Nora, and putting her arms round my neck and kissing me, asks, 'Well, Harry?'

'I'll do it, dear,' I made answer. 'We'll leave the *Daphne* in Singapore, and hire a diver, if there's one to be had, and come back and see what we can find. The firm will be vexed at the delay, I expect; but I fancy my share in the old hooker's enough to carry me through.'

'I shall sleep easier to-night, Harry,' she replied, 'than I thought I should.'

Not much relishing such discoveries in a main ocean thoroughfare, until our arrival at

Singapore I kept a man with his eyes skinned on the foreyard in the daytime, and the lead going pretty constantly both night and day right along.

THE SCENE OF GRAY'S ELEGY.

ON a fine afternoon last autumn the writer stood with a friend on the Terrace of Windsor Castle, and as we looked at the charming prospect before us, the Thames winding along through rich meadows, and overshadowed by the stately trees of Windsor Park, and the beautiful Chapel of Eton rising in the distance, our thoughts recurred to the poet Gray, who has immortalised this very scene in his famous 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.'

And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Within those venerable walls of Eton the poet passed the happiest years of his life in the constant society and companionship of his chosen friend, Richard West, son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, whose thoughtful, studious nature accorded with his own, and whose affectionate disposition endeared him to all his school-fellows. Gray was once asked by a friend if he recollected 'when he first perceived in himself any symptoms of poetry,' and he replied 'that it was when he was at Eton, when he and his friend Richard West took pleasure in reading Horace and Virgil for their amusement, and not in school-hours, nor as a task.'

Poor West died of consumption at an early age. Until a few days before this sad event took place, the friends continued to correspond on literary subjects, West being apparently quite unaware that his life was in danger, for in the very last letter he wrote to Gray, he expostulated with him for giving way to low spirits, and advised him 'not to converse so much with the dead, but to seek for joys among the living.'

When at Eton, West was supposed to have possessed more natural genius than Gray, and he might have been one of our most celebrated poets. His 'Ode to May,' which he wrote shortly before his death and sent to Gray, is a poem of great promise. Gray was at that time living with his widowed mother at the little village of Stoke Poges, near Windsor. He had come back to the scenes of his boyhood a sorrowful, disappointed man, his prospects blighted by his father's improvidence; and his beloved friend, whose affection had soothed and cheered him in his darkest hours, slowly sinking into the grave. Gray's first poems were written at this period of his life, and are all pervaded by a tone of deep melancholy. The 'Ode to Spring' was sent to his friend; but he had died before its arrival; and the 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College,' the 'Ode to Adversity,' and the first part of the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' were written in the autumn of that same year, though they were not published for some time afterwards. These

were indeed 'days of sorrow born;' and no doubt the time of year, 'the melancholy days' of autumn, were not without their influence upon the poet, and seem to have brought his great loss continually before his mind.

Gray, on receiving the news of his friend's death, and in the first outburst of his grief, wrote the following exquisite sonnet:

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phoebus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas, for other notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire;
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields, to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain;
I fruitless mourn to him who cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

The Ode on Eton College is generally considered his just poem, with the exception of the famous Elegy; but the melancholy which marked him for her own becomes quite morbid as he looks at these joyous schoolboys, whom he presently designates as 'the little victims,' and consigns them in the future to all the ills that flesh is heir to! In an essay on Gray, Lord Carlisle observes that one of 'the little victims' was Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington! We must remember, however, that the mournful fate of one Eton schoolboy was constantly in his thoughts.

The churchyard of Stoke Poges is generally believed to have been the scene of the celebrated Elegy. Being anxious to see a spot so full of interest, we started from Windsor to the neighbouring town of Slough, from which it is an easy walk to Stoke Poges. Our path lay through cornfields, where the reapers were at work; and although it is a very flat country, it is thickly wooded here and there with pine-trees, which filled the air with fragrance. Gray's own expression, 'incense-breathing,' might be fitly applied to the air in this region. After we had walked for some time through the fields, we came out on a romantic country road, where the trees met overhead, and which led up to the churchyard. The 'ivy-mantled tower' soon met our view, and all the other features of the scene described in the Elegy—'the rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade.' The poet's eye rested, perhaps, upon one immense yew-tree which stands in the centre of the churchyard, overshadowing numberless turf-heaps. Gray's tomb is about a foot from the church tower. The lower part is of brick, with a stone slab on the top. On this are the two inscriptions to his aunt, Mary Antrobus, and to Dorothy Gray, 'the careful, tender mother of many children, of whom one alone had the misfortune to survive her.' We were sorry to see that this inscription, unrivalled for its pathos, was very nearly effaced by time. The poet's name is not on the tombstone; and it was not for many years after his death that a slab was placed on the sill of the chancel window recording the fact that Mr Thomas Gray, author of the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, is interred in the same vault with his mother and his aunt.

Gray himself, then, for some time was one of the 'unhonoured dead' whom he has so touchingly commemorated. There were a great many rude headstones, upon which we read some strange doggerel, reminding us of the 'uncouth rhymes' and 'shapeless sculpture' of the Elegy; and many of the graves were covered with violets which seemed as if they had grown there spontaneously. They recalled to our minds that exquisite verse which Gray intended to have included in the Elegy, but which he afterwards rejected:

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

A low wall divides the churchyard from the grounds of Stoke Park, in which there are some magnificent trees; and there is still a wing of the old manor-house remaining in which Gray spent so many happy hours, in the society of his friends, Lady Cobham, and her niece, Miss Speed. In a letter to Dr Wharton, he speaks of his intercourse with them as his 'only amusement,' without which he 'would only have his own thoughts to feed upon, which were gloomy enough.' Gray has given a humorous account of the beginning of this intimacy in the verses entitled 'A Long Story.' Although it cannot be proved that Gray was ever in love, yet he seems to have felt some admiration for Miss Speed. He mentions her often in his letters to his friends, and wrote, at her request, the song set to an old air by Geminiani:

Thyrsis, when we parted, swore
Ere the spring he would return.

Miss Speed seems to have been a rich, fashionable, young lady, fond of society and amusement; and it is probable she never had any sympathy with the silent, melancholy poet. When Lady Cobham died, she married a wealthy French Count, son of the Sardinian Minister, and who was fully ten years her junior.

Gray met her again some years afterwards, and thus describes the interview to his friend, Dr Wharton: 'Madame de la Peyriere is come over from the Hague. I sat a morning with her before I left London. She is a prodigious fine lady, and a Catholic (though she did not expressly own it to me). She had a cage of foreign birds, and a piping bullfinch at her elbow, two little dogs on a cushion in her lap, a cockatoo on her shoulder, and a strong suspicion of rouge on her cheeks. She was exceeding glad to see me, and I her.'

In an adjoining field, overlooking the churchyard, we saw a monument to Gray, which was erected in 1799, twenty-eight years after the poet's death, by Mr John Penn, grandson of the great William Penn, of Pennsylvania. It is a large block of stone, surmounted by an urn, and at one side there is an inscription, as follows: 'This Monument, in honour of THOMAS GRAY, was erected A.D. 1799, among the Scenes celebrated by that Great Lyric and Elegiac Poet. He died July 30th, 1771; and lies unnoticed in the Churchyard adjoining, under the Tombstone on which he piously and pathetically recorded the Interments of his Aunt and lamented Mother.'

On each face of this monument there are appropriate verses from the Elegy; and on the side which is opposite to Eton College we read the pathetic lines:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain.

The sun had set when we turned to take a last look at the churchyard; and in the deepening twilight we could realise more and more the truth of that wondrous description of 'the hour of parting day,' familiar to most of us from our childhood—a fitting prelude to the solemn thoughts called forth in the succeeding stanzas.

Gray's Elegy is said to be the most universally popular poem that ever was written; and it has been translated into more languages than any other composition in the whole range of English literature. Its popularity seems to have astonished even the author himself, who attributed it entirely to the captivating pathos of the subject: 'Sunt lacrymarum rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.'

MY RIVAL'S REVENGE.

At one time in my life I had the sole charge of a signal-box on one of our great main lines in perhaps the most desolate part of the three kingdoms—at least, it was desolate enough during the winter months. Then, except for the freight of human beings that the trains bore past at stated intervals, I did not see a creature from the time that my mate left me until the hour when he came to relieve me of my duty. But the lonely life troubled me very little, for I was of a thoughtful turn of mind, and, truth to say, at most times preferred my own company to that of others. Thanks to my own exertions, I was better educated than most men in my sphere of life. I had a turn for practical engineering, too, and it was in this direction that my ambitious fancy often led me on.

The railway company, in whose employment I had been for some years, had found me useful to them, and had been pleased to acknowledge my services by promising me a position of trust and importance such a position as men ten years my senior had waited for in vain. In a way, then, my future was secured, and I was only filling the post of signal-man until the vacancy should occur for me to drop into.

Some little distance down the line where my signal-box was stationed ran the big river that gave its name to that part of the country, and over this river a bridge—the construction of which was somewhat out of date—carried trains into the next shire. Much depended upon the bridge, and one of my chief duties was to keep it clear for passenger trains. Goods-trains and the like that did not come up to time were shunted off by a sharp curve into a siding that ran along by the river's bank.

One November afternoon—and a typical November day it was, dark and dismal, with a

heavy oppressive feeling in the air—I was at my post in the signal-box. I was not in a particularly cheerful frame of mind, but I put this down to the weather, and it certainly was enough to give any one the 'blues.' It had been blowing hard all day; but, as the twilight came on, the wind had fallen, and there was a sense of thunder in the air, while that strange stillness which portends a storm had settled over everything. I had a bright fire burning, and I rose from my seat beside it and gazed, in turn, through the many windows of my small domain. The out-lying country looked very dreary; without doubt, a storm was at hand. Even as the thought passed through my mind, there was a muffled, rumbling sound which came nearer and nearer, until one mighty crash broke overhead, and, an instant after, the whole place was filled with blue, lurid light, which made the darkness that succeeded it the more intense. Another rattling peal of thunder, the sound of which echoed far and wide, and then the flood-gates of heaven seemed to open, and the rain poured down rain and hail, that the wind lashed against the windows with a fury that seemed irresistible. It was well that my little tenement was securely built, or such a storm must have brought it about my ears, as it was, at each blast of wind it rocked again, and the fire was all but extinguished by the hail that fell, hissing and spluttering, upon the burning coals. In all my experience I had never witnessed anything like that storm. At no great distance, the river, swollen and turbulent, was rising above its banks, hurrying along, and bearing down all that came in its way.

I was not afraid of a storm. I told myself again and again that I was not afraid, but somehow this storm had strangely affected me. I paced my little room from end to end, brooding over my past life, dissatisfied with myself, and feeling for conscience makes cowards of us all—that I would have given worlds had I been a better man. Then I tried to recall some good deed I had done in days gone by that would encourage me; but, instead, there came before me with startling distinctness the remembrance of a man who had been my rival—my antagonist—one Matthew Holt by name, a man who had openly and persistently avowed himself to be my enemy. It was some years since we had parted. Poor Matthew! I could think of him pityingly after that lapse of time, although his last words had been full of bitter passion, as he swore that one day he would have his revenge. He had gone abroad. I knew not what had become of him; he might be dead. It was not often that the thought of the enmity between us troubled me. When it did cross my mind, I had been wont to lay the blame entirely on him; but on that night I saw the past with different eyes. Perhaps there are other men who, looking back to the time when they were in the twenties, feel half contemptuous for their former selves. At any rate, that was how I felt. 'Ah! Frank Bryant,' I said to myself, 'you fancied yourself a very fine gentleman, indeed, and in many ways you were little better than a conceited coxcomb.' Then, with an

effort, I brought my mind back from the past into the present.

The first fury of the storm was somewhat spent. The rain still streamed down the many panes of glass that surrounded me, and the wind rushed by with an angry moaning sound, but the thunder was growing each moment fainter. I replenished the fire and looked about me. The signal-box, in which so many hours of my life had been spent during the last year, was lighted by several jets of gas; and fitted into their appointed places along the wall were the many mechanical contrivances, the use of which must puzzle the uninitiated, and upon which so much depends for the safety and despatch of our great railway traffic. I myself was like a bit of the mechanism of the whole, for does not habit often become mechanical? And no matter how busy my thoughts might be, there could not have been a movement among the signals, a vibration in the electric bells, but I should have been on the alert, with eye and ear, rendered keen and watchful by long training.

While I listened to the storm, I had not been forgetful that a goods-train was far behind its time, and as I turned from my fire, I had warning of its approach. It could not cross the bridge on such a night, and perhaps endanger the evening express which would soon be due, so I turned the points and sent it off into the siding. I heard it rumble past with a feeling of pity for the engine-driver and guard, who were forced to delay in such weather. As I turned from the levers, having sent the metals back into their places, in readiness for the express, I raised my eyes, and became aware that a man's face was pressed against the wet glass at the end of the box—the pane over the door. As I looked at that strange face, those wild, angry eyes, and the red hair blown about by the wind, my heart seemed to stand still with a sudden terror. I felt, indeed, as if I looked upon a ghost, for the face before me was no other than that of the man who had been haunting my thoughts for the last hour—my old enemy, Matthew Holt!

For an instant only we looked into each other's eyes, and then he disappeared. Even after I had lost sight of him, I was too bewildered to think or act; but as soon as I recovered my presence of mind, I hurried forward and opened the door. The light from within showed me that the little flight of wooden steps that led to the ground had no one upon them. I went down a step or two and peered about me, but the darkness was impenetrable. I shouted out, to know who was there, but no answer came. The rain beat in my face, and the wind was so strong that I could scarcely stand. I re-entered my box and closed the door after me. It was then, and only then, that the conviction forced itself upon me that what I had seen was an apparition, a mere delusion on my part, caused by the morbid influence of the storm and by my brooding over old times.

But no matter whether the face I had seen was real or imaginary, it had set me off dreaming of the past once more, and for the next few moments I allowed my thoughts to take me where they would. They carried me back to a time when I had gone down to that quiet

little Welsh village to do my part in putting down a new line. I was smart and active—a good-looking youngster, too, in those days; so, who could wonder that pretty Nancy, the beauty of the village, transferred her affections from her yokel lover to me. Matthew Holt was a powerful young giant, but ungainly enough to look at. An unmannerly cub, too, in my estimation, and I had treated him accordingly. Yes, it was in that direction that my conscience reproached me, when I remembered how I had lost no opportunity of placing him at a disadvantage and asserting my own superiority. Not content with winning for myself the prize he coveted, I must confess that there were times when I took a malicious pleasure in making my unhappy rival smart. I have seen his eyes blaze with passion, and his brawny fists double themselves ready for a blow. And yet, he never laid a hand upon me; and I knew that his forbearance was only for Nancy's sake. His was an old nature, and even I could not but admire the strength and devotion of his love.

My pretty Nancy! How well I could remember the pride with which I carried her off as my bride from her village home, and for a while life was very sweet. But it was not long before death claimed her, and she passed away, leaving only a tender memory behind, which, as the years went on, seemed almost like a dream.

I sat staring fixedly into the fire, living over those old times again, and wishing, alas! an idle wish, that I had acted, differently, when suddenly a cold blast of wind swept through the room, blowing the gas about and making the fire flare. The door must have come open, I thought; I could not have shut it properly. I rose to secure it, but before I could turn round, I received a violent blow upon my head. It was dealt with such force that I fell heavily to the ground, and for a moment lost all consciousness.

When I came to myself, I found that I was lying on the floor, bound securely hand and foot. The door of the signal-box was shut, and standing before me, but with his eyes fixed on the levers, was Matthew Holt. He looked, as he was, years older than when we had last met; but I could have sworn to that big, loosely-made figure, and that shock of red hair, anywhere. In an instant I had realised the whole situation, and seen how completely I was in his power. Yes, the hour of reckoning was indeed at hand. He had come, in all the strength of his brute force, to take his revenge. He seemed suddenly to become aware that I had recovered my senses, for he turned and looked at me, and as I met the pitiless expression in those savage, bloodshot eyes, my heart turned sick and faint within me.

After contemplating me in silence for a moment, he said sneeringly; 'So, Mr Frank Bryant, you remember me!'

'Yes, I remember you,' I answered, speaking as calmly as I could; 'and although there was not much love lost between us in the old days, I never then thought of you as a coward—one who would take a mean advantage of his enemy.—Come, Matthew Holt, unbind me; let

us meet on an equal footing, and I will hear what you have to say.'

He threw back his head and laughed, a short, mocking laugh that was not pleasant to hear. 'No, no, my fine gentleman; you don't come over me with any of your smooth-tongued speeches,' he said.

There was another pause, during which he drew a bottle from his pocket, uncorked it, and drank. It was strong spirits, I could tell by the smell of it. I shuddered. This was not likely to improve his mood. Indeed, at the first glance I had noticed in his eyes that savage recklessness which comes of the madness born of drink.

It seemed as if nothing could save me. Poor Nancy! There was no thought of her to come between us now, with its softening influence. In all probability, the fact of her death had but recently become known to Holt, and that would in a manner account for his appearance. As this thought passed through my mind, I watched him with a kind of fascination, wondering what the next move would be. He replaced the bottle in his pocket, and drawing the chair into a position from which he could see me, sat down. 'Do you know why I am here?' he asked.—I made no answer; and he went on: 'I will tell you. I am here to take my revenge for the brutal way in which you treated me in days gone by. Yes, Mr Bryant, the tables are turned; I have the upper hand now!'

'And for the sake of a foolish boy's taunts, you would risk bringing the charge of murder upon your own head?' I returned bitterly.

'You think I intend to take your life,' he said coolly, 'but you are mistaken. To kill you would be to end your misery; and there are many things worse than death. It would be harder for you to live with a stain upon your name. Ruin and disgrace would bring your proud spirit down.'

I was bewildered. What could the madman mean? At any rate, it was a relief to hear that I was safe from bodily harm; for the rest, how could he touch me?

'I know all about you,' he went on—'how you have got round your employers, until you think your fortune is made! But how will it be with the company's favourite servant, after to-night?' As he finished speaking, Holt rose and took the levers in his hand, changing the points, as I had done an hour before, so that the next train would run, not over the bridge, but down the siding, on to the trucks of goods that were already standing there.

'What are you about?' I cried, struggling wildly to free myself. 'Matthew Holt, for God's sake, think what you are doing!'

He made no answer, but, leaving the points as he had placed them, resumed his seat, looking down at me with a leer of triumph, that made me see more clearly the pitiless nature with which I had to deal. The whole scene was so horrible, that I felt as if I were in the grasp of a nightmare. So this was his revenge! To ruin me, he was prepared to commit a crime so dastardly that the very thought of it made my blood run cold. God knows that at that moment no thought of my own responsibility, or the blame that would be attached to

me, was in my mind; everything was swallowed up in the knowledge of the terrible fate that awaited the evening express. I could think of nothing but of those unhappy men and women that each moment brought nearer to their doom.

From where I lay, I could see the clock and watch the signals, and I knew that the train was even then due. No words can describe the agony of that moment. My heart beat so that I could scarcely breathe, and every nerve in my body seemed to have a separate pulse of its own. I could only feel and think—I was powerless to move.

I listened, half mechanically, to the moaning of the wind and the beating of the rain upon the windows, for the storm had sprung up again with redoubled fury. Then, with one last effort, I broke into a torrent of eager words, imploring Holt, by all he held sacred—by the God above us—by the memory of old times—of the girl he had once loved, to pause before it was too late, and think what he was doing. I pictured the horrors of a railway collision, and bade him remember that the blood of all those ill-fated creatures would be upon his head. But he only laughed at my ravings, telling me calmly that he had counted the cost, and that 'the game was worth the candle.'

It was just then that there was a movement among the signals, and the electric bell rang out, heralding the approach of the express. Almost at the same instant I could hear in the distance the sharp, wild scream of its escaping steam, and I knew that it was actually at hand. For a moment my reason seemed to desert me. I can remember rolling over upon the floor, struggling madly, passionately, to be free. But all in vain, for, as I lay there, panting and writhing, the train swept past. And then I remembered no more.

How long I lay there senseless I cannot tell; it must have been hours, but it might have been days or months, from my dazed sensations as I struggled back to life once more. As I lifted my head and looked about me, my bewilderment increased, for my room seemed full of people. Strange faces bent over me in anxious solicitude. I gazed at them blankly for a moment, then, with a rush, it all came back to me—the events of that terrible night! I sprang up, crying out wildly to know what had become of the express.

An old guard whom I knew, and who was, in fact, the guard of the express, stepped forward and laid his hand on my arm. 'She is safe,' he said impressively—'saved by your presence of mind. It was a dangerous game, my lad, but our only chance; and God be praised, it worked splendidly.'

I could not understand him, and turned to the others for an explanation of the riddle. And bit by bit it was all made clear. It seemed that the old bridge, which had long been looked upon with suspicion by the engineers, had not been able to stand against the storm, but had collapsed, and only a few seconds before the express should have passed over it! It was believed that I had become aware of the perilous state of the bridge too late to stop the train, and

had therefore resorted to the only other alternative—that of sending the express into the siding, after the goods-train. This in itself was eminently risky; but, thanks to the severity of the storm, the express was going at a reduced speed, and the engine-driver, finding himself upon strange metals, had applied his brakes, and brought her up when within a few yards of the wagons; and thus a great catastrophe had been averted. Every one was loud in my praise, declaring that had it not been for my presence of mind and the promptitude of my action, hundreds of lives would have been lost! I denied this, and tried to explain what had really occurred. But it was an incoherent story, and in the excitement of the moment, few paid attention to it.

Holt had evidently carried out his plan of revenge to the letter, for I had been left unbound, and he had allowed no one to see him near my quarters.

The next day, in the river, among the débris of the fallen bridge, the dead body of a man was found. He was a stranger in that part of the country, and I was the only one who was able to identify him. But I said as little as I could respecting him, as I had no wish to brand his name with shame.

My nerves were so tried by the strain they had gone through, that I never again undertook the duties of points-man, and the night of the great storm was the last that I ever spent in a signal-box.

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

To ramble at night in field or garden is to open a strange and almost fantastic chapter of plant-life, for so essential is light to healthful vegetation, that scarcely a tree, shrub, or blossom but in some way changes its aspect when daylight fades. We find ourselves in a 'pleasing land of drowsy-head,' where familiar plants have assumed the most whimsical postures, or even changed their aspect altogether. One form of the acacia appears at night as if covered with little bits of dangling string instead of leaves; whilst a bank of nasturtiums presents a still more peculiar effect—every slender stem bent at the top, so that each round leaf is tilted on its side. We see balsams with each leaf sharply declined, lilies and eschscholtzias with closed cups and hanging heads; the lupine, 'the sad lupine' of Virgil, its blue spike of blossom erect as at daytime, but with every wheel-shaped leaf drooping against the stem like a closed parasol. Linas and scarlet-runners seem withered, all the lentils nodding, as if broken at the jointure with the stem; the flowers of the potato plant, saucer-shaped by day, now pucker their white rims in gathers round the central stamen; and partridge-peas present a picture of drooping listlessness. Poppies, 'lords of the land of dreams,' are most somnolent of all; soon after sunset, 'their four damask curtains are drawn closely, the inner petals coiled within each other above a tiny crowned head, whilst the outer pair enfold all in their bivalve embrace.'

All the clovers are a drowsy family, and keep

early hours, like the daisy, which Chaucer poetically tells us 'fears night and hateth darkness.'

And when that it is eve, I runne blithe,
So soon as ever ye sonne sinketh west,
To see this flower how she will go to rest
For fear of night, so hateth she darkness.
Her cheere is plainlie spread in ye brightnesse
Of ye sonne, for then she will uncloze.

The Sleep of Plants is so conspicuous a phenomenon that it excited discussion and speculation as early as the time of Pliny, and many explanations were given, which science has since disproved. The drooping of the leaves was attributed by some botanists to an aversion to moisture, a theory which had to be abandoned when such movements were made on cloudy days and dewless nights. The clover tribe, which always close their leaves at night, revel in rain; and nasturtiums will go through a day of tempestuous weather without showing any inclination to change their position. Linnaeus was the first to give to the subject special study and scientific research. Whilst watching the progress of some plants of lotus, he began that series of observations upon which his great work 'Sleep of Plants' is based. He found that nocturnal changes are determined by temperature and the daily alternations of light and darkness; movement is not actually caused by darkness, but by the difference in the amount of light the plant receives during the night and day. Many plants, notably the nasturtium, unless brightly illumined in the day, will not sleep at night. If two plants were brought into the centre of a room, one from the open air and the other from a dark corner, the neutral light which would cause the former to droop its leaves, would act as a stimulant upon the latter.

That nocturnal changes are necessary to the life of some plants, Darwin has proved by a number of skilful experiments. He found that leaves fixed in such a way as to be compelled to remain horizontal at night, suffered much more injury from cold and dew than those allowed to assume their natural nocturnal positions, and in some cases lost colour, and died in a few days. However different attitudes plants take in the day, they have, with a few exceptions, this point in common—at night, the upper surfaces of their leaves avoid the zenith, and come as closely as possible in contact with the opposite leaves. The object gained is, undoubtedly, protection for the upper surfaces from being chilled by radiation. There is nothing strange in the under parts of the leaf needing less protection, as they differ widely in function and structure. It is this radiation of heat which the peasants of Southern Europe fear, more than cold winds, for their olives, and which induces gardeners to cover seedlings with thin layers of straw and spread fir branches over the wall fruit-trees. In the case of some plants, when the leaves droop and fold together, the petiole or leaf-stalk rises, thus making the plant more compact, and exposing a smaller surface to radiation. The tobacco plant does not droop its leaves, but folds them round the stalk, presenting much the appearance of a furled umbrella.

The drooping of foliage leaves has another

use besides the prevention of excessive radiation; by this means the tissues bearing chlorophyll—the green colouring-matter of plants is preserved from injury. A low temperature destroys the normal condition of chlorophyll, a fact to which the autumnal colouring of foliage is attributable.

Whilst foliage seems most affected by alternations of light and darkness, blossoms are most sensitive to changes of temperature. The marigold, which, says Shakespeare,

Goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping,

will expand its petals, in dry weather, between six and eight o'clock in the morning, and close between four and six o'clock in the afternoon; but in rainy weather, or under cloudy skies, it remains closed. The sensitive plant not only shuts spontaneously at sunset, but will do so whenever the temperature of the surrounding air rises above fifteen degrees Centigrade; and fifty-two degrees Centigrade causes permanent loss of motility and death. The crocus is essentially a morning flower, and closes soon after mid-day; whilst some plants—among them the evening primrose and some forms of campion—expand only in the evening or during the night. Wood sorrel has been found to assume 'an attitude of sleep' in direct sunlight. Thus the sleep of flowers is by no means strictly nocturnal, but may be largely attributed to the laws governing pollination. The petals fold to protect the stamens and other sensitive parts of the blossoms from excessive cooling and wetting; and open to gain the benefits of light and warmth and the aid of insects in the dispersal of pollen.

A JUNE MADRIGAL.

O Cuckoo calling when the dawn is breaking,
And all the meadow-land is dewy-white,
Rouse, rouse my love, that, from their rest awaking,
Her tender eyes may bring the tender light.
Tell her the rose-tipped hawthorn flowers are falling;
Tell her the summer season has begun;
Tell her the silver lilies, mately calling,
Wait in her garden till she bring the sun.

O Cuckoo, calling through the sunny daytime,
With liquid notes filling the shady grove,
Now is the noontide rest of Nature's play-time;
Clear ring thy voice, and speak to her of love.
Through wintry ways and dreary days of sorrow,
Poor Love hath wandered, waiting for the May,
His sad eyes looking for the fair to-morrow,
The morrow of his hopes, that is to day.

O Cuckoo, calling while the dew is falling,
And twilight shuts the eyelids of the day,
Sing in her dreams, lest any shape, appalling
Her snow-white soul, should frighten sleep away.
And, ere the eventide has blinded wholly
The latest glimmer of the Western light,
O Cuckoo, call again, repeating slowly
One last low note to bid my love good-night.

S. CORNISH WATKINS.

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OLD-FASHIONED BANKING.

It is easy to understand how, in former times, long before the 'Old Lady of Threadneedle Street' and her gold-gathering progeny were even dreamt of, those of our ancestors who were possessed of any money would have preferred to resort to many strange methods of storing or 'banking' it. Ever since the time of Athelstan, or for fully a thousand years, minted money has been in more or less continuous circulation in this country; but even long ago, when the circulation was nothing compared with what it is at the present day, or even at the date of the establishment of the Bank of England in 1691, the problem of securely 'putting past' any moneys saved must have been one of peculiar difficulty. All classes of the people, excepting, perhaps, the very highest class in the social scale, had this difficulty to meet—increased or diminished according to their circumstances. Generally speaking, therefore, every man and woman possessed of property as represented by the coin then current, had in these days no alternative but to be his or her own banker, and to provide for the safe-guarding of their money in such ways and by such means as were then available. Sometimes, indeed, the 'lord of the manor' constituted himself a kind of treasurer for all who were attached to him by the bonds of service or in any other capacity; and thus, in his 'donjons' or vaults then the only kind of safes or strong-rooms in the houses of the rich and powerful—the money entrusted to the keeping of the lord or baron would, along with other valuables, be as securely 'banked' as possible.

This method was not, all things considered, an undesirable one; and it can reasonably be supposed that when, for example, a dutiful and trustful feeling existed between lord and lieges, such an arrangement would be mutually advantageous. Of course, a treasurership of this kind did not always prove satisfactory; but it was

specially serviceable in rural districts, being, for many reasons, the best possible way in which the savings of an isolated community could be banked. Sometimes, also, the parish clergyman, or attorney, or other leading man in the social community, became the custodian of much of the money, especially that of the poorer people, which had been gathered in the district. It was this very practice that led the Rev. J. Smith, rector of Wendover, Bucks, in 1799, to devise something better than this arrangement, which involved certain risks and other disadvantages, and to establish a scheme of taking care of the moneys of poor folks especially a scheme that eventually paved the way for the founding of savings-banks. The custom may or may not be obsolete now, even in outlandish places: be that as it may, however, it was much in vogue in former times, and, in the absence of anything better to keep safe the 'savings' or savings of the humbler classes, had a good deal to commend it. Where no such arrangement existed, and if there was money to 'lay by,' the owners had no other resource but to 'bank' it how and where they could, its security being of course the first and final requisite.

That many extraordinary devices were followed in these olden times in order to attain the great desideratum of perfect safety, may be readily enough supposed. Even to this day, and in spite, moreover, of the plentiful opportunities of banking money, with absolute security, not a few of these devices are still in vogue, and sometimes adopted by shrewd and intelligent persons. Chief among these methods was the well-known and much practised one of hoarding money by means of the stocking-foot. Almost from time immemorial, the old stocking-foot has rendered a service by no means unimportant in the cause of thrift—at least in this country. Possibly, that once discarded yet oft regarded piece of pedal comfort may have rendered a similar service in other lands where the saving habit prevails; but if so, it can hardly

have been of such general utility as among the labouring and peasant classes of Scotland in times gone by. For all practical, workaday purposes, the old stocking-foot was the purse of every humble housewife who had a 'plack' to put in it. It was the 'guidman's' only savings-bank and exchequer, of which he himself was the sole controller and chancellor; exempt from all regulations or Acts of Parliament excepting such as he and she passed together—her assent being no doubt invariably required to any important monetary measures which he, as chancellor, proposed! What a delight was that bulky piece of old hosen to a thrifty couple! Thinned-off a little now and then in the purchase of various common necessities of existence, its contents generally received a substantial acquisition on term and market days, and the stocking-foot both felt and looked fatter as it was carefully replaced in its snug corner in the great deal 'kist' that had belonged to the mistress of the house in her service days. There it lay, green-grained in its antiquity, yet *galdre* with many a few-penny and good silver piece, with even a few golden guineas 'glintin' among the lot; inviolate against the very dreams of wicked speculation and all the fluctuations and perturbations of an unsteady money market! Happily there *was* a risk in the machinations of the mice or other creatures of *mondi-wart* or burrowing propensities, but that rarely entered into the reckoning.

While the stocking-foot, safely stowed away among the miscellaneous 'things' that found lodgment in the capacious kist, was the usual deposit bank, so to speak, of such persons as had permanent homes of their own, where the kist formed not the least important and substantial article of furniture (well 'established,' indeed!), other devices had to be resorted to by those who were not so favoured. To conceal their money from the eyes of the curious or avaricious, the owners had oftentimes more real anxiety and worry than in the hoarding of it; and so the methods of concealment adopted were as strange as they were numerous. What a tale of treasure cunningly hid by human hands could Mother Earth tell, if she would! Now and again, a secret is wrested from her bosom, though not always intelligibly understood; yet it is sometimes easy enough to comprehend its significance as the pick or ploughshare accidentally brings the buried treasure to light. A 'pot of money' has perhaps quite a different meaning in these days from what it had in the olden times. Assuredly the phrase—whatever its origin may have been—long ago meant literally the carefully concealed hoard of some one who was perhaps no miser, but who had nevertheless selected that utensil as the only possible 'safe' that was available, and to hide it by burial where it was least likely to be discovered. The owner dying, and perhaps, on account of some strange idiosyncrasy with regard to his money, not divulging his secret, the place where his buried treasure lay would never be known until generations after, when those who unearthed it simply wondered how it got there! How much of such buried and 'unclaimed'

money, sunk beyond all recovery, there is even within the area of Scotland, not even a magician could guess; but judging, so far as it is possible to do so from the 'finds' that are made from time to time, there must be a goodly sum indeed.

Many persons, however, not relishing the notion of entrusting their money to the keeping of Mother Earth, betook themselves to other more sensible-like if less secure 'banks.' In the trunks of old trees, for example—trees that could be distinguished by some peculiar mark or position—the savings of provident men and women have been known to be lodged for that security unattainable elsewhere. 'Banks,' or holes in walls by unfrequented ways—such banks as a family of bees or wasps might occupy—have also provided a safe place for the 'canny' man's hoard. These holes had at least this advantage over any other private 'bank,' whether underground or in the tree-hollows—namely, that they were more readily accessible for the withdrawal or further deposit of money; though, on the other hand, they were more exposed to the nose at least of the prying wayfarer, if not to other risks and vicissitudes.

Few persons will suppose that, even in the days we speak of, anybody would have had the hardihood to hazard his money in such an exposed place as a thatched cottage roof; yet even that has done service as a 'bank' in its day and generation: it, too, has been deemed worthy, in spite of summer swallows and winter snows, to have afforded ample safety for the money lodged. Whatever Burns may have meant when, writing of the nobility of independence and the acquisition of money, he said, 'Not for to hide it in a hedge,' &c., it is quite certain that wayside hedges have also hidden many a silver pound, the traveller, dreading danger on his way, having preferred to bank his money there until his return.

Such hiding-places as those referred to by no means exhaust the list. Other odd devices for the safe concealment of money were not uncommon: in secret panels and presses in doors and walls; in old eight-day clocks; and even within the boards of books—in such places has safety been found for money and other valuables, no other place being considered as secure. Some years since, an old family Bible was bought at an auction sale for a trilling sum. The purchaser, quite unwitting of the real value of the book, retained it for a long time in his possession before he took an opportunity of carefully examining it. On doing so one day, he thought the boards of the Bible were unduly thick, and in order to gratify his curiosity, he cut up their inner linings. To his astonishment, he found them to contain a number of genuine bank-notes of considerable value. By whom or for what purpose the money was concealed there—of all places in the world—it is impossible to say. But there can be no doubt of the fact that the old family Bible had, for some reason or another, been converted into a bank of safety by its original owner. The old family Bible naturally suggests the old arm-chair! Here, too, money has been known to have been hidden away; and of all the odd places of concealment that have so far

been referred to, this was the most secure, though, perhaps, not the most convenient. What a suggestive picture one might imagine of some canny old man sitting o' nights on his familiar arm-chair, contented and happy in the thought of his savings being so snugly and securely 'banked' underneath him! True, the money could accumulate no interest there; still, he enjoyed the excellent assurance that, if it grew no larger in amount, it couldn't grow any less!

Where money is concerned, there is sometimes no accounting for the extraordinary caprice of human nature. Even in modern times, when the dividing line between sanity and insanity has been fairly accurately defined, many highly intelligent and decidedly sane people occasionally commit certain acts in connection with their money matters which they would be ashamed to acknowledge, were they to be taxed with the same. Men have been known to carry money about with them in the linings of their hats, and even in the very soles of their boots, when there was really no necessity for such precautions. Women, too, have been accredited with the concealment of money sewn up in their corsets or some other parts of their apparel, and often in such a manner as if they had never intended, while they lived, to use it for any legitimate purpose. Not very long ago, an apparently poor woman, judging from her rags, was taken to the ward of a certain public institution to which she had of necessity to be admitted. Requiring to undergo certain radical changes in her garments, she evinced a too apparent desire to retain an old and tattered skirt of which she was being divested. The curiosity of the attendant was naturally aroused, and the garment was at once carefully searched, presently revealing a bit of crumpled paper which bore to be, and actually was, a genuine deposit receipt, many years old, for a sum of money which was sufficient to buy her a comfortable life annuity! If such odd traits as these exist at the present day—and many prison and parochial officials are not unfamiliar with them—it is easy to conceive how much more general they were in former times, when concealment of money, either upon the person, or in the strange old-fashioned ways indicated, was almost a necessity in the absence of safer and surer provisions.

It is difficult to say if these quaint and curious 'banks' are now altogether obsolete, and to be classed as institutions of the past. Possibly they have not all gone out of vogue, and it may be readily believed that in out-of-the-way places where proper banking facilities are unavailable, the old stocking-foot system at least is still practised. Besides, the recent banking failures abroad may not unlikely have created that feeling of uneasiness in the minds of many persons in remote districts who, unacquainted with business affairs, become only too apprehensive of danger, and accordingly believe that their money is safer in the old stocking-foot locked up in the kist than anywhere else. Probably, if the wisdom of this homely method of banking money were called in question, say, on the ground that it interfered with the legitimate circulation of the

coinage, the answer in most cases would be, in the words of an excellent and undeniably true proverb, that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XXVII.—CONSCIENTIOUS SCRIPPLES.

THIS is an age of booms. Institution and name have come over to us from America. When a thing succeeds at all, it succeeds, as a rule, to the very top of its deserving. So in a few weeks' time it was abundantly clear that 'An Elizabethan Seadog' was to be one of the chief booms of the publishing season. Everybody bought it; everybody read it; everybody talked about it. Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling stood trembling for their laurels. And to this result Arnold Willoughby himself quite unconsciously contributed by writing two or three indignant letters to papers that reviewed the book as his own production, complaining of the slight thus put upon his veracity. Of course he would have been wholly incapable of inventing this idea as an advertising dodge; but he wrote with such earnestness in defence of his own true account of his antiquarian find, that everybody read his passionate declarations with the utmost amusement.

'He's immense!' Mr Stanley remarked, overjoyed, to his partner, Mr Lockhart. 'That man's immense. He's simply stupendous. What a glorious liar! By far the finest bit of fiction in the whole book is that marvellously realistic account of how he picked up the manuscript in a small shop in Venice; and now, he caps it all by going and writing to the *Times* that it's every word of it true, and that, if these implied calumnies continue any longer, he will be forced at last to vindicate his character by a trial for libel! Delicious! Delicious! It's the loveliest bit of advertising I've seen for years; and just to think of his getting the *Times* to aid and abet him in it!'

'But have you seen to-day's *Athenaeum*?' Mr Lockhart responded cheerfully. 'No! Well, here it is, and it's finer and finer. Their reviewer said last week, you know, they'd very much like to inspect the original manuscript of such a unique historical document, and humorously hinted that it ought to be preserved in the British Museum. Well, hang me if Willoughby doesn't pretend this week to take their banter quite seriously, and proceed to spin a cock-and-bull yarn about how the original got lost at sea on a Dundee sloop! Magnificent! Magnificent! The unblushing audacity of it! And he does it all with such an air. Nobody ever yet equalled him as an amateur advertiser. The cheek of the man's so fine. He'd say anything to screw himself into notoriety anyhow. And the queer part of it all is that his work's quite good enough to stand by itself on its own merits without that. He's a splendid storyteller. Only, he doesn't confine the art of fiction to its proper limits.'

Whether it was by virtue of Arnold Willoughby's indignant disclaimers, however, or of

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its intrinsic merits as a work of adventure, 'An Elizabethan Seadog' was all the rage at the libraries. Mr Mudie, crowned Apollo of our British Parnassus, advertised at once a thousand copies. 'And it's so wonderful, you know,' all the world said to its neighbour: 'it was written, they say, by a common sailor!' When Arnold heard that, it made him almost ready to disclose his real position in life; for he couldn't bear to take credit for extraordinary genius and self-education, when, as a matter of fact, his English diction was the net result of the common gentlemanly sojourn at Harrow and Oxford. But he was obliged to bite his lips over this matter in silence. The praise showered upon the book, he felt, was none of his own making; half of it was due to Master John Collingham of Holt in Norfolk, whom nobody believed in; and the other half was due to the actual facts of the Elizabethan narrative. Whatever little credit might accrue from the style and workmanship of the translation, Arnold recognised he obtained under false pretences as the self-taught genius, while as a matter of fact he had always possessed every possible advantage of birth, breeding, and education. So it came to pass by the irony of circumstance that he, the man who of all others desired to be judged on his merits as a human being, got all the false credit of a book he had never written, and a difficulty surmounted which had never existed.

The position positively preyed upon Arnold Willoughby's spirits. He saw he was misunderstood. People took him for just the opposite of what he really was: they thought him a clever, pushing, self-advertising adventurer; him, the sensitive, shrinking, self-depreciatory martyr to an over-exacting conscience. And there was no way out of it, except by ruining his cousin Algy's position. He must endure it in silence, and stand the worst that people could say or think of him. After all, to be, not to seem, was the goal of his ambition; what he was in himself, not what people thought of him, really mattered. There was one man on earth whose good opinion he desired to conciliate and to retain; one man from whom he could never escape, morning, noon, or night; and that man was Arnold Willoughby. As long as he earned the approbation of his own conscience, the rest was but a matter of minor importance.

Nor did the boom promise to do Arnold much permanent or pecuniary good. To be sure, it gained him no small notoriety; but then, notoriety was the very thing he most wished to avoid. London hostesses were anxious after their kind to secure the new lion for their At Homes and their garden parties; and Rufus Mortimer and Kathleen Hestgrave were besieged by good ladies as soon as it was known they had made Arnold's acquaintance at Venice, with vicarious invitations for him for dinner, lunch, or evening. But Arnold was not to be drawn. 'So very retiring, you know!' people said; 'doesn't like to make himself cheap. Quite a recluse, Mr Mortimer tells me. That's often the way with these men of genius. Think so much of their favours! Don't want to let us every-day people have the benefit of their

society.' But Arnold's point of view was simply this—that if Canon Valentine had been able to recognise him, so might somebody else; and therefore he held it best to avoid that great world he had fled long before, and to keep to his own little circle of artistic acquaintances.

Meanwhile, the book made money. It was making money daily. And under these circumstances, it occurred to Mr Stanley one morning to observe to his partner: 'I say, Lockhart, don't you think it's about time for us to send a little cheque to that fellow Willoughby?'

Mr Lockhart looked up from his papers. 'Well, you're right, perhaps,' he answered. 'He's a first-rate man, there's no doubt, and we had the book from him cheap. We gave him fifty pounds for it. We've made—let me see—I should say, seven hundred. Let's send him a cheque for a hundred guineas. 'Pon my soul, he deserves it.'

'All right,' the senior partner answered, drawing out his cheque book and proceeding to act at once upon the generous suggestion.

Generous, I say, and say rightly, though it is the fashion among certain authors to talk about the meanness and stinginess of publishers. As a matter of observation, I should say, on the contrary, there are no business men on earth so just and so generous. In no other trade would a man who has bought an article for a fair price in the open market, and then has found it worth more than the vendor expected, feel himself called upon to make that vendor a free gift of a portion of his profits. But publishers often do it; indeed, almost as a matter of course, expect to do it. Interchange with an elevating and ennobling profession has produced in the class an exceptionally high standard of generosity and enlightened self-interest.

As soon as Arnold received that cheque, he went round with it at once, much disturbed, to Kathleen's. 'What ought I to do?' he asked. 'This is very embarrassing.'

'Why, cash it, of course,' Kathleen answered. 'What on earth should you wish to return it for, dear Arnold?'

'Well, you see,' Arnold replied, looking skinned, 'it's sent under a misconception. They persist in believing I wrote that book. But you know I didn't; I only discovered and transcribed and translated it. Therefore, they're paying me for what I never did. And as a man of honour, I confess I don't see how I can take their money.'

'But they made it out of your translation,' Kathleen answered, secretly admiring him all the time in her own heart of hearts for his sturdy honesty. 'After all, you discovered the book; you deciphered it; you translated it. The original's lost; nobody else can ever make another translation. The copyright of it was yours; and you sold it to them under its real value. They're only returning you now a small part of what you would have made if you had published it yourself at your own risk; and I think you're entitled to it.'

Arnold was economist enough to see at a glance through that specious feminine fallacy. 'Oh no,' he answered with warmth. 'That's not the fair way to put it. If I'd had capital

enough at the time, and had published it myself, I would have risked my own money, and would have been fairly entitled to whatever I got upon it. But I hadn't the capital, don't you see? and even if I had, I wouldn't have cared to chance it. That's what the publisher is for. He *has* capital, and he chooses to risk it in the publication of books, some of which are successes, and some of which are failures. He expects the gains on the one to balance and make up for the losses on the other. If he had happened to lose by the "Elizabethan Seadog," I wouldn't have expected him to come down upon me to make good his deficit. Therefore, of course, when he happens to have made by it, I can't expect him to come forward, out of pure generosity, and give me a portion of what are strictly his own profits.

Kathleen saw he was right; her intelligence went with him; yet she couldn't bear to see him let a hundred pounds slip so easily through his fingers though she would have loved and respected him a great deal the less had he not been so constituted. 'But surely,' she said, 'they must know themselves they bought it too cheap of you, or else they would never dream of sending you this conscience-money.'

'No,' Arnold answered resolutely; 'I don't see it that way. When I sold them the book, fifty pounds was its full market value. I was glad to get so much, and glad to sell to them. Therefore, they bought it at its fair price for the moment. The money-worth of a manuscript, especially a manuscript by an unknown writer, must always be to a great extent a matter of speculation. I didn't think the thing worth fifty pounds when I offered it for sale to Stanley & Lockhart; and when they named their price, I jumped at the arrangement. If they had proposed to me two alternative modes of purchase at the time—fifty pounds down, or a share of the profits—I would have said at once: "Give me the money in hand, with no risk or uncertainty." Therefore, how can I be justified, now I know the thing has turned out a complete success, in accepting the share I would have refused beforehand?'

This was a hard nut for Kathleen. As a matter of logic—being a reasonable creature—she saw for herself Arnold was wholly right; yet she couldn't bear to see him throw away a hundred pounds, that was so much to him now, on a mere point of sentiment. So she struck out a middle course. 'Let's go and ask Mr Mortimer,' she said. 'He's a clear-headed business man, as well as a painter. He'll tell us how it strikes him from the point of view of unadulterated business.'

'Nobody else's opinion, as mere opinion, would count for anything with me,' Arnold answered quietly. 'My conscience has only itself to reckon with, not anybody outside me. But perhaps Mortimer might have some reason to urge—some element in the problem that hasn't yet struck me. If so, of course I shall be prepared to give it whatever weight it may deserve in forming my decision.'

So they walked round together to Rufus Mortimer's London house. Mortimer was in his studio, painting away at an ideal picture of

'Love Self-slain,' which was not indeed without its allegorical application to himself and Kathleen and Arnold Willoughby. For it represented the god as a winged young man, very sweet and sad-looking, mortally wounded, yet trying to pass on a lighted torch in his hands to a more fortunate comrade who bent over him in pity. Kathleen took little notice of the canvas, however—for love, alas, is always a wee bit selfish to the feelings of outsiders—but laid her statement of the case before Mortimer succinctly. She told him all they had said, down to Arnold's last remark, that if Rufus had any new element in the problem to urge, he would be prepared to give it full weight in his decision.

When she reached that point, Rufus broke in with a smile. 'Why, of course I have,' he answered. 'I'm a capitalist myself; and I see at a glance the weak point of your argument. You forget that these publishers are business men; they are thinking not only of the past but of the future. Gratitude, we all know, is a lively sense of favours to come. It's pretty much the same with the generosity of publishers. As a business man, I don't for a moment believe in it. They see you've made a hit; and they think you're likely to make plenty more hits in future. They know they've paid you a low price for your book, and they've made a lot of money for themselves out of publishing it. They don't want to drive away the goose that lays the golden eggs; so they offer you a hundred pounds as a sort of virtual retaining fee—an inducement to you to bring your next book for issue to them, not to any other publisher.'

'That settles the thing then,' Arnold answered decisively.

'You mean, you'll keep the cheque?' Kathleen exclaimed with beaming eyes.

'Oh dear, no,' Arnold replied with a very broad smile. 'Under those circumstances, of course there's nothing at all left for me but to return it instantly.'

'Why so?' Kathleen cried, amazed. She knew Arnold too well by this time to suppose he would do anything but what seemed to him the absolutely right and honest conduct.

'Why, don't you see,' Arnold answered, 'they send me this cheque always under that same mistaken notion that it was I who wrote the "Elizabethan Seadog," and therefore that I can write any number more such works of imagination! Now, the real fact is I'm a mere translator—a perfectly prosaic every-day translator. I never so much as tried to write a story in my life; and if they think they're going to get future books out of me, and be recompensed in that way, they're utterly mistaken. I haven't the faintest idea of how to write a novel. So it wouldn't be fair to accept their money under such false pretences. I shall send their cheque back to them.'

'Don't do that,' Mortimer said, laying one hand on his shoulder. 'Nobody ever knows what he can do till he tries. Why not set to work at a similar novel, and see what you can make of it? If you fail, no matter; and if you succeed, why, there you are; your problem is solved for you. The "Elizabethan Seadog"'

would give you a fair start, right or wrong, with the reviewers; and if you've anything in you, you ought to pull through with it.'

But Arnold shook his head. 'No, no,' he said firmly; 'that would never do. It would be practically dishonest. I can't describe myself as the author of the "Elizabethan Seadog," for that I'm not; and if I call myself even the editor or translator, I should seem to be claiming a sort of indirect and suggested authorship to which I've no right. I must let the thing drop. I'm almost sorry now I ever began with it.'

'At any rate,' Mortimer cried, 'come along with me now to Stanley & Lockhart's.'

'Oh, I'll come along with you, if that's all,' Arnold responded readily. 'I want to go round and return this cheque to them.'

(To be continued.)

ASIATIC IMMIGRATION TO BRITISH COLONIES.

Few Englishmen whose experiences are confined to the mother-country are aware to what an extent our tropical and sub-tropical colonies have been affected during the last fifty years, socially and politically, by the tide of immigration which has set into them from Asia, particularly from India. It may be well to glance briefly at the effects produced in the several colonies to which this immigration has taken place, as well as to the causes that have led to it.

There was no decided influx of Asiatics during the first decades of the present century. There was, indeed, at the Cape, chiefly in the immediate vicinity of Cape Town and the coast towns, a large Malay population. These people were descended from the rebellious subjects of the Dutch in their East Indian possessions, who had been removed by their masters to the Cape. The Dutch at the same time had transferred the prisoners taken in their Kallir wars to Ceylon, at that time in their possession, where they were formed into a regiment, which, in the early days of our occupation of that island, formed the nucleus of the old 'Ceylon Rifles.' In this the Dutch were simply returning to the ancient system of deportation, as practised by Assyria and Babylon in the case of the Jews; and in more modern times by our own Government in the case of the French settlers in Nova Scotia.

This alien population still exists, and has preserved its religion and characteristics to a remarkable degree. The proclivities of the Cape Malays are decidedly nautical; they are the fishermen and boatmen of the Colony. They are often fair mechanics; and one of their chief aspirations is to possess some sort of wheeled vehicle to let out for hire, as any casual visitor who has wished to take a drive in the lovely environs of Cape Town can testify. The fact, too, that the East India Company used to make St Helena a place of call for their vessels, had added a strong Asiatic element to the already hybrid population of that small dependency.

But with these two unimportant exceptions,

and a few others to be mentioned hereafter, it may be stated that the Asiatic influx was the direct outcome of the abolition of negro slavery. Previous to the time slavery was abolished, the West Indies formed our chief slave-owning possession. After the abolition, it was at first fondly imagined that the liberated slave would continue to work for a wage. It was soon discovered how fallacious was this hope. Except in the case of Barbadoes, where over-population forced the negro to work or starve, in no case was he to be depended upon where continuous labour was required. The more important West Indian colonies had then, perforce, to look farther afield for a reliable supply of cheap labour. Their prosperity depended on the success of their sugar, coffee, and cocoa plantations, industries in which this is a *sine qua non* of success. A number of Portuguese immigrants from Madeira were, in the case of British Guiana, at first introduced. The experiment succeeded 'indifferent well.' These people, though coming from a warm country, were hardly efficient as field-labourers on the tropical, fever-stricken mud-flats of that colony. When their term of indenture had expired, they betook themselves to the more congenial occupations of store and canteen keeping. At the present day they hold, with the Chinese, the bulk of the retail trade in the country districts at least of Demerara.

Already, however, attention had been directed to the teeming millions of India and China. Arrangements were made with the Indian Government by which Indians might be imported under indenture, and, at the end of their period of service, have the option of a free return passage. Part of the expense of this introduction was to be borne by the planters; part—as it was supposed to be likely to be generally beneficial—by their several colonial Governments.

A somewhat similar arrangement was entered into in some cases with China, but has fallen through of late years, owing to a dispute with the Chinese authorities as to return passages. A few Chinese labourers there are at the present time, chiefly in Demerara; but nine-tenths of the labour supply in British Guiana, Trinidad, and Jamaica, is derived from India. In fact, this is the case almost everywhere in the West Indies, except in some of the smaller islands, where no large industry requiring a permanent labour supply has been established, or where it had died out, past resuscitation for the want thereof.

The coolie, as he is generally termed—a name which, in most colonies dependent on this species of labour, is generally given by the whites to all Indian residents, much to the indignation of the better classes of the latter—is generally introduced under a ten years' indenture. For the first five years he is assigned to one master; after that, he can choose his own employer. For the first month or so of his indenture—till, in fact, he is supposed to be inured to the change of climate—he is supplied with rations and tools, the cost of which is deducted from his earnings, if sufficient to cover it. After that period, he is thrown on his own resources; except that when ill he is admitted free of

charge into the hospital, with which all estates have to be furnished. Compulsory education is provided for his children. Everything is done by piece-work on most estates, and the remuneration for this is to a certain extent fixed by law. If the immigrant be fairly healthy and industrious, he generally contrives to take back to his native country what is, for him, a considerable amount of savings. But in many cases he chooses to remain in the new country, and directs his energies to the carrying out those smaller industries which are not supposed to pay a white man, and to which the negro is too lazy to attend effectively, such as cow-keeping, rice-growing, and the like. Sometimes he even grows sugar-cane for a central mill.

The advantages of having the coolie as a labourer on the estates are palpable to all, and most people admit the desirability of his subsequent residence as a free cultivator, thus forming a middle class between the white estate owner or his representative and the bulk of the negro population. So much, indeed, is his presence in this capacity desired, that in Demerara, where he has not hitherto shown the willingness to remain he manifests in other parts of the West Indies, and the outcry is that he injures trade by hoarding up money to carry out of the colony—money which, to a certain extent, might be otherwise earned by the negro population, and spent therein an attempt has been made by the local Government to buy up old estates, drain them, and parcel the land out to free coolies, as an inducement to remain in the colony.

The coolie is fairly amenable to authority, notwithstanding that a Commission, instituted by the English Government some years ago to investigate certain grievances more imaginary than real, has rather tended to unsettle him, and make him more keenly alive than is perhaps desirable to the fact that he is master of the situation in this part of the world. This is also the more remarkable when we recollect that the supply of coolies was at first derived from the obscurings of the big Indian towns, this being the material coming most readily to the hand of the recruiter. This, however, is not true at the present time, when greater care is taken by the agents of the various colonies to select the peasantry from the country districts of India, as being accustomed to fieldwork, and generally of better character.

Captain Marryat's description of a 'dignity ball' would even now fairly represent the mere travesty of white civilisation to which the West Indian negro has attained. Instances are certainly not unknown even here of his holding good positions both socially and intellectually; but these are only the exceptions which prove the rule. We cannot expect an inferior race to attain in a few hundred years to what we have taken nineteen hundred to reach. And notwithstanding the fact that the negro here was removed from his savage surroundings at the start, he has had the bad training of a long period of slavery. The Indian immigrant, notwithstanding the conservative instincts of the Asiatic, has already shown, not only in his sustained industry, but in many other ways,

that he comes of a higher race, and that he possesses a far greater aptitude for all the essentials of Western civilisation.

Let us now turn to Mauritius. Here the same causes led to the introduction of the Indian coolie. The system, however, is here somewhat different from that which obtains in the West Indies. A portion of the expense of introduction is here, as elsewhere, borne by the Government. On his arrival, however, the coolie is paid by his employer, on a gradually increasing scale, by the month, with deductions for absences and expenses incurred while in hospital. He is provided with rations free of cost. In Mauritius the free coolies, or Chinese, the latter of whom have come as unassisted immigrants, constitute the bulk of the hawkers and small-tradesmen of the colony. The effect of this competition has been to cause a large emigration from the island of the less energetic coloured French creoles. These have migrated chiefly to South Africa, notably to Natal.

In the latter colony, Indian immigrants are largely imported. The arrangements are much the same as those which obtain in Mauritius, except that the period of service is for five years only. They were originally introduced to work on the sugar, tea, and coffee plantations of the coast-lands. They are now employed all over the colony on the sheep and cattle farms of the more temperate interior, and as unskilled labourers generally. The Kafir has as yet few wants; and as he has a large quantity of some of the best land in Natal granted to his sole use, these wants are too easily supplied to render him a reliable source of labour supply. Natal differs from other coolie-importing colonies in the fact that here a much larger majority of these people than elsewhere elect to remain, forfeiting their right to a free passage back. In Natal, too, the bulk of the white population are undecided as to the benefit to themselves of his doing this. The permanent presence of an Indian element in the population has attracted a large influx of so-called 'Arab merchants,' and latterly of Chinese. These—especially the former—bid fair to monopolise the retail and Kafir trade of the colony. The free coolie is also believed to injuriously compete with the white inhabitants. All the market-gardening in the vicinity of the towns is carried on by him; he supplies Durban with fish; and is scattered all over the colony as a small farmer on plots of land either leased or purchased. His educated offspring are largely supplanting the white man in the more mechanical branches of office-work. The coolie has here adapted himself more readily to European habits than elsewhere; and not only in matters of dress and living. Many of the more well-to-do send their sons to the Government schools, rather than to those which have been established for their exclusive benefit. There are even, in Durban and Maritzburg, several Indian cricket and football clubs. The Indian, however, has to contend here not only against the feeling above mentioned, but also against that prejudice to dark-skinned races which is nowhere stronger than in South Africa. In deference to popu-

lar opinion, the Natal Government has ceased to give free grants of land to time-expired Indians in place of a return passage; and there is an agitation at present to extend their period of service to ten years, as elsewhere; to compel them to return at the end of this; to make the employers bear the whole cost of introduction; and to take from the free Indian the right of voting, to which his property qualifications often entitle him. It is argued in the first case that a five years' industrial service does not repay the community for the cost of introduction; and in the last, that coming as he does from India, where he was the subject of an absolute Government, the Indian is not qualified to exercise electoral privileges.

Natal receives a vast amount of obloquy at the hands of other South African States, as having been the prime cause of the Asiatic invasion of their territories, for the free coolie has spread out of Natal to the Diamond Fields, the Free State, and Transvaal. In his train have come the Arab and Chinaman. The Free State, following the example of some of the Australian colonies, has already put a capita-tion tax on Chinese residents. The Transvaal—to render things as unpleasant as possible for the Indian and Arab has relegated all such inhabitants to fixed locations in its towns. Fear of the British Government only deters these Boer Republics from stronger measures—for the so-called Arab, like the Indian, is generally a British subject, being often a representative of some big Bombay native house of business.

Yet it may be fairly argued that in many parts of South Africa the coolie is nearly of as much benefit to the community as he is in the West Indies. Natal, for instance, is practically a 'black colony.' In all colonies where there is, as here, already a large coloured population, unskilled labour is looked down upon among the whites as degrading. Not that the climate does not permit it. If, therefore, the whole coolie population of Natal were to be forcibly returned to India, the whites would be in a worse situation than before. What the precarious supply of native labour failed to do, would be left undone; consequently, there would be less employment for white supervisors and artisans, for the coolie does not compete appreciably with the white mechanic in this part of the world. With regard to the free coolie, he has often created new industries rather than ousted white competitors from those existing; though, perhaps, this cannot be said of the Chinaman and Arab.

The truth of the above assertion has been proved in the case of Queensland. Here any restrictions on the importation of coloured labour have always resulted in decrease of wage-earning on the part of the white mechanic. Queensland, as is generally known, imports indentured labourers from the South Sea Islands. Yet there is a large Chinese population here, as, indeed, in most of the Australian colonies, which has been attracted in the first instance by the gold discoveries. In deference to the wishes of the labouring classes among the whites, a poll-tax has in some instances been levied on these latter immigrants. In

Queensland the Chinaman is debarred from becoming the purchaser of land, of which, however, he may be the lessee.

Curiously enough, Fiji, instead of depending, like Queensland, on labour supplies from the Polynesian groups, prefers to follow the example of other tropical colonies, and import coolies from India. In Ceylon, the tea estates are principally worked by gangs of coolies, brought over for fixed periods by the *kangnies*, or Indian overseers thereon. As, however, Ceylon is so closely connected with India, both in regard to situation and general characteristics, this may be regarded as a mere temporary transfer of subjects from one part of Her Majesty's Indian dominions to another. The same may be said of the labour supply of Assam.

Confining our remarks more particularly to immigrants from India to our other colonies, we may, from the facts before us, deduce the following conclusions. In tropical colonies, and in those which, though hardly tropical, have a large native population of inferior race to the Indian, there can be no doubt that his presence has on the whole proved beneficial.

It is an undoubted fact that, in industries adapted to his capacity, the Indian shows greater energy than the white native of colder countries, and would therefore be much more likely, within those limits, to conduce to the general prosperity.

THE SULTAN'S EGG.

PART II.—CONCLUSION.

I HAD imagined that there would have been no trouble about getting a diver amongst the natives, who are almost born in the water. But I was mistaken. When they heard the depth and the position, not one of them volunteered, although I offered an exorbitant price. Finally, tired of arguing with them, I did what I ought to have thought of before—I went to the captain of the *Cordelia* sloop-of-war, to whom, amongst others, I had reported the discovery of the reef. To him I told the whole story, and he became interested. 'I can't go with you,' he said; 'I wish I could. But we've been ordered up to Canton on special duty. The natives would have been useless at such a depth, even if you had persuaded them to go. Can't do anything, you see, without the dress in that water. However, I'll lend you a capital diver and all the paraphernalia. We have a couple of turn-outs here, as it happens. In return, you can buoy the reef for me. I shall go and have a look at it directly I come back. Word has already been sent to Anjer, so that there is no present danger to the incoming shipping.—You say you have a boat. Well, get her alongside in the morning, and we'll fix the pumps and things for you.'

Had there been only ourselves, I should have made shift with the *Daphne's* long-boat; but, knowing that it would be useless to think of leaving Nora behind when bound on such an expedition, I hired a good-sized cutter with a comfortable cabin, which I was lucky enough to drop across laid up in the harbour.

I took with me the second-mate and four A.B.s, in addition to diver Williams of the *Cordelia*, whose kind captain wished us all sorts of good fortune as, next morning, she steamed away from us round Cape Romania into the China Sea. We had a quick run down to the Strait, and, on the second night, were all camped comfortably on the sandy beach, with the cutter moored snugly alongside a little natural pier of rock. Next morning, a most unlucky accident happened. Williams, espying a couple of wild pigs, and, sailor-like, starting full tear after them, slipped and fell on the rocks, breaking his arm just above the wrist. Fortunately, the second-mate was a capital bone-setter, and soon had the limb fixed up again. But, apparently, we might as well have stayed in Singapore as be where we were with our crippled diver. Of course his advice would still be very valuable; but in diving—as some of us presently discovered—an ounce of practice below is worth tons of advice given from above. However, under Williams's instructions, we commenced to sweep for the wreck out of the cutter's boat.

We tried the reef-side of the islet first, and worked the whole day, Nora following us on foot along its rocky shore. We had no success; and as this was the part in which we might reasonably have expected to find some traces, I retired that night pretty certain that ours was a wildgoose chase. But Williams, who—barring that propensity to race after things—turned out a most intelligent fellow, was not a bit discouraged. He took no more notice of the pain he must have suffered than of a mosquito bite, and insisted on using his sound limb at every opportunity.

'Lor bless you, sir,' said he, 'I've been down to wrecks—ships as 'ave been seen to sink—an' not found 'em within half a mile of the spot. There's all sorts o' strong currents an' rips below there, as keeps movin' 'em bodily in course o' time. Why, she might be half-ways across the Strait by this.'

But on the morrow, still sweeping near the reef, only farther out, our drag suddenly held fast—caught so tightly that all our strength barely sufficed to bring it up. With it came a broken spar—a piece of a royal-yard, to which hung a lump of rotten canvas.

'That is her!' cries Williams. —'What water? Twenty-five fathom—it's deepish! She's upright, I reckon, or near it, an' if her top spars 'ud been standin', their trucks wouldn't be so very far off this boat's bottom.'

Now, getting the cutter out, we dropped a grapnel, and, after some fishing, it hooked firmly, so that we couldn't move it, even with the winch. This was the line that, but for the accident, Williams would have descended by.

The question now was, who would take his place? Not a soul of us had the least experience, and we eyed the dress, boots, helmet, back and front weights, pipe, and all the rest of the outfit, doubtfully. Everything was ready. But, notwithstanding Williams's earnest explanations and assurances, there were no volunteers. It takes pretty strong nerves to imagine one's self pottering about at the bottom of one

hundred and fifty feet of salt water amongst dead men's bones, sharks, devil-fish, and all sorts of outlandish things, in such a grotesque rig. Nor does it increase one's confidence to know that, if something goes wrong with the pipe amongst rocks or splintered wreckage, one's time in this life is strictly limited to a minute and a half, with perhaps a few odd seconds thrown in.

Nora stood by, pale and anxious, but saying nothing.

At last, the second-mate, a very plucky, strong, young fellow, said that he would try. We got him dressed, put the helmet on; the men at the pumps started the air, then the face-glass was screwed up, and down the ladder he stepped very cautiously. When the water rose to his neck, he stopped, still grasping the ladder and guide-rope; then he signalled to be pulled up. We thought he was ill; but it was only fright. He was pale as a sheet and trembling all over. Nor would he venture more. There was nothing for it, I saw, but to try myself. I didn't like it; but the sight of poor Nora's disappointment gave me courage. For a few minutes I hung on to the ladder irresolutely, more than half-minded to give the signal; then, happening to look up, I caught a glimpse of a white, anxious face gazing eagerly over the rail, and I let go. Physical pain was the first sensation, on recovering from my fright at feeling myself swooping so swiftly down through the thick, opaque greenness. My ears felt as if they were being pierced by red-hot needles, and my head as if it would burst. I was dropping at a good rate, clutching the guide-rope, but it seemed an age before my feet touched bottom.

I fell on my knees, and then scrambling up again, gazed curiously around. All pain was gone, and had it not been so, the scene around me was strange enough to banish all thoughts of any. I stood on the poop-deck of a large vessel, but for a slight list to port, nearly upright. Our grapnel had hooked firmly around the spindles of the wheel, which latter was sound and intact as on the day it was placed there. Her main and mizzen, lower and top masts were still in their places, with their yards hanging at all angles. Giant seaweeds, whose tendrils and flags drooped in thick masses, grew luxuriantly everywhere aloft, whilst amidst these submarine groves flitted thousands of rainbow-hued fishes. A dim, green light—in which, for a limited distance, I could see distinctly enough—pervaded everything. Suddenly I felt a sharp twitch on the life-line; this was Williams signalling to know if I was safe. Duly replying, as agreed upon, I walked to the side and looked over into a clump of huge sponges growing almost to a level with the rail. Putting out my hands to a white object that caught any eye amongst them, I grasped a human skull. Ugh! I had had quite enough for a first attempt, and giving a couple of tugs on the line, was soon at the surface again.

Heavens! what a relief it was to have that face-glass unscrewed and drink in great draughts of pure air! Nora screamed when she saw the blood oozing plentifully from nose and ears

as they removed the helmet, and prayed me to abandon all thoughts of returning. But Williams explained that this was invariably one of the effects of a first descent, and congratulated me upon my success.

I found that whilst I had been below, some of them had been busy getting an anchor out to windward, and so steadying the cutter that she was, what with the grapnel and it, practically immovable.

'Be careful, sir,' whispered Williams, as I prepared for another expedition, 'if you're agoin' into the cabins, as you doesn't get the pipe jammed amongst luggage or such-like. If the life-line's foul an' you can't clear it, cut, an' we'll send down another.'

So, presently, down I went again, but not so straightly this time. For some reason or other, the guide-line sagged, and I hit first the gaff, then the spanker-boom, but, rebounding like a cork, was soon upon deck. Williams was 'tending,' as he called it; and answering his signal, I walked to the break of the poop and tried to take in the scene. But my range of vision was too short to see forward of the main-mast.

I could see the wreathed masts rising through the dull green into masses of rotting wreckage above; but not until I got on to the main-deck, nearly waist-high in ocean foliage, could I recognise the outline of the long-boat on the main-hatchway, the galley, and the two other houses. Everything above the foretop was gone, and hanging in a lump. Close on my starboard had risen a great gray wall, which at first puzzled me, until I remembered the reef. Doubtless, the ship had struck it first end-on, and then gradually shifted into her present position. As yet, although tolerably certain that this lost vessel really was the *Wrekin*, I wished to make quite sure, so turned to the front of the poop, where, I knew, should be inscribed in raised letters, 'The Sea is His, and He made it.' Like all the rest of her, this part was covered with trailing seaweeds and star and jelly fish; but after working away for a while, I felt the first two words, and was quite satisfied.

I stood against the quarter-deck capstan some considerable time, calling up all my courage, for I hated to enter into the blackness of the saloon opposite me. But it had to be done if I wanted to get what I came for. It was like plunging into a tunnel. There was no more seeing than there is in a pitch-dark room. Touch was the only guide, and lucky it was for me that presently returned to my memory the bearings of the place and every berth and locker in it. Keeping one hand on the slimy backs of the table seats, I groped slowly along, pausing often, past the passenger berths towards Captain Roly's stateroom, right aft.

In the saloon there was no vegetation to speak of; but cold, slippery shapes seemed to touch my hands now and then, and strange lithe bodies to twine about my arms and legs. Horrid fancies, too, came into my mind that the pipe would presently get foul of some of these creatures, and that they would eat it through, and leave me to join the dead people around with the ninety seconds of life I carried in my dress. The fact of the matter was that

I had fallen into a state of deadly terror. My nerves were failing fast, and I actually screamed inside the helmet. I felt that in another minute I should faint, when, like the grateful recovery from some frightful nightmare, came the tug at the life-line from above, asking for news.

Replying with three pulls, which told them I was in the cabin, and reassured, I groped my way into the dead captain's berth. The door was wide open, and it seemed to me like entering a tomb. Then summoning up heart of grace, I felt about for the swinging cot I knew should be there. It was empty, and so rotten that it fell to pieces under my touch. With a sigh of relief I turned to where the captain's desk was fixed against the bulkhead. It also was empty and dilapidated.

As I paused irresolute, some long heavy body slid slowly across my shoulder. Involuntarily raising my hand, it encountered a rough, cold skin. I imagined I saw weird forms circling about me, and fierce eyes glaring in at mine out of the suffocating darkness. My fit of fright was returning, and I felt the perspiration bursting forth at every pore. But I was loth to depart without making a thorough search, doubting much whether I should have sufficient courage left to make another descent. So, pulling myself together, I went down on my knees and groped carefully about on the port side, to which, as I have already said, the *Wrekin* had a slight list. The first thing I dropped across was a sextant, easily identified by its shape. Then my searching fingers closed upon a skeleton hand lying alone. Then, as I worked farther along, my heart beating violently, and every nerve strung to its intensest pitch, I found more bones, some loose, others taking the form of still connected ribs and vertebrae. Without a doubt, these were the remains of my old friend and captain, whose daughter was waiting expectant above in the daylight.

Still on, until, in the extreme corner, I touched something smooth and oval, that slipped from my grasp and rolled away. Securing it, and feeling the polished surface with the delicate fingers of one blind, I found at each extremity a small knob not much larger than a pin's head. Then, satisfied that this was indeed the famous Egg, so often and so minutely described to me, I rose, and, with what speed I might, prepared to leave that sad abode of sudden death. I had reached the door, when, moved by a sudden impulse, and almost as feeling the grasp of those poor skeleton fingers around mine, and drawing me back, I returned, and repeated aloud the office for the burial of the dead at sea.

Coming on to the main-deck out of that gloomy sepulchre, where, doubtless, in their berths lay many more dead men's bones, was like emerging into some beautiful garden, and as I ascended with my precious freight, I felt like one who has had a weight lifted off his soul.

If Nora had so wished, I would have returned and brought up her father's remains. But she would not hear of it. 'Let him rest,' she said. 'It would have been his own desire. Let him

rest until the sea give up her dead. Then will they all rise together, and not leaderless on that awful day. Are we not told that "out of the darkness and out of the Shadow of Death" He will bring them in His own good time."

Vainly, on the return trip, did we attempt to explore the secret of that great oval box of silver, over a foot in length, and the translation of whose name in Javanese is 'The Sultan's Egg.' Once, out hunting at Solo—a city and district far inland in Java—Captain Roly had the good fortune to render service to the native Sultan by stopping his runaway horse, and thereby probably saving his rider's neck. Amongst many other curios presented by the grateful potentate, the Egg was chief. That the trick of its opening was connected, somehow, with those two little projections at each extremity of the thing, seemed probable. But pull and press as we might, we made no impression on the lustrous surface, hardly stained by its long immersion, and on which not the slightest hint of seam or join was apparent. Certainly its contents, whatever they might prove to be, would be found intact.

Unwilling, though sorely tempted, to deal violently with it, we put it on one side until our arrival at Singapore. There, taking it to a celebrated Malay dealer in curios, I asked him to open it if he could. Looking at it appreciatively, he said that he could. Then he tried, with just the same amount of success as ourselves. Thereupon, he affirmed that the spring was broken, and that the only way of obtaining the contents was to cut it in twain. Having no time to spare, I told him to do the best he could with it. Possibly, I thought, knowing the skill of Eastern workmen with such things, and perhaps unable himself to open it, Captain Roly, on that last fatal trip, had brought the Egg with him for repairs. But this was of course merely a guess.

In it we found, besides the long missing will and the marriage certificate, together with many other valuable papers, a number of uncut precious stones, and a collection of jewelled ornaments, worth a considerable sum. The will left everything to Nora, with the exception of two hundred pounds per year to be paid to James Haynes out of Clayhorns. But the great prize of all for Nora was the piece of rough blue paper, legal testimony of the marriage of Roland Haynes with Alice McCarthy at the parish church of the island of Inishibollin, off the west coast of Ireland. No wonder that, all search had been in vain!

On opening our mail at Hong-kong, a great surprise met us: James Haynes had drunk himself to death. By his will, a copy of which was addressed to Nora, Clayhorns and everything appertaining thereto was left to her, except, curiously enough, a legacy of two hundred pounds per annum to his wife.

Also came a letter, written almost at the last, repenting him of the evil he had wrought her, and solemnly declaring his innocence of any destruction of the will. He added, too, that, so far as he knew, his brother's marriage had been perfectly legal; all that he had stated and upheld in contradiction thereof being merely the effect of malice and envy, for which

he prayed most heartily to be forgiven, as he hoped to find forgiveness elsewhere. It was a tardy atonement, and we were almost miraculously, as it happened, independent of it.

We found, on our return home, that the widow had already left the old farm. She has long since married again, on the strength of her legacy, which is as regularly paid as if lawfully due.

Visitors to Clayhorns always ask inquisitively respecting two objects in the little museum there. The first of these is a diving suit, complete in all its parts, that hangs upon the wall, and which was acquired as a memento from the captain of the *Cordelia*. The other is a great egg-shaped vessel of silver, that has evidently been cut in two and the parts re-attached by hinges. Even our youngest children know and can tell the story of the Sultan's Egg.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NOTABLE feature of Professor Dewar's recent lecture, at the Royal Institution on the Solid and Liquid States of Matter was the perfect manner in which delicate experiments were projected on the screen by means of the electric light, so that all details could be appreciated by the entranced spectators. In one case the image of a vessel, of liquid oxygen was thus shown, a miniature snow-storm raging above the surface of the liquid, owing to the condensation of the moist air of the lecture theatre. Into this cold but limited area was introduced a soap-bubble, which was at once seen to freeze into a solid egg-shell-like body, which subsequently dropped off and floated on the liquid oxygen. This was one of the unique illustrations to the most recent fairy tale of science.

One of the greatest difficulties in rescuing lives from a wrecked ship, either by a rocket or other apparatus, is found in the circumstance that the wind is almost invariably blowing from the ship to the shore. Upon more than one occasion has the rocket failed from this cause to carry the life-saving line to those in peril of their lives. This difficulty has long been felt, and has led to some experiments in America which seem to have been very successful. It was found that if a ship were provided with two or three kites, a ready means is found of conveying a hawser from ship to shore in a very short time. With a wind blowing at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour, two moderate-sized kites will do the work with ease. This system will, we trust, form the subject of experiment by our own maritime authorities.

It is said that last year this country paid for foreign game, poultry, and eggs a sum of money amounting to close upon four millions sterling, while only one-eighth of that amount

was paid for English produce of a like nature. The principal reason for this preference for foreign eggs and poultry lies in the common belief that poultry-farming in this country is unprofitable; yet there are many poultry-farms here which compare favourably with large establishments of the kind on the Continent, and the Board of Agriculture are so convinced that such farms could be greatly increased in number with benefit to trade, that they are employing lecturers to visit various districts in order to show how the work can be economically carried out. The conditions of success would seem to be the provision of plenty of space for the birds, including grass pans which must never be permitted to become foul, careful feeding, and careful crossing. In the opinion of one large poultry raiser, nothing can excel for table purposes a cross between the Indian game fowl and Dorking breed; while for laying eggs, the white Leghorn and black Minorca are to be preferred. It may be as well to note in this connection that eggs are now being shipped from Australia to England. It is found that they keep perfectly fresh and sweet if the shells are first rubbed over with grease, and afterwards packed in bran, flour, and lime.

A medical man, writing to one of the daily papers, calls attention to the cramped position of the riders of modern cycles, and says that it must be most prejudicial to physical development and general health. According to him, the cycle is producing a race of young men with round shoulders and pigeon breasts. He calls for some means of altering the position at present occupied, so that the back of the rider may retain its natural upright position and his lungs have fair-play, which at present must be impossible.

Another M.D., who is a practical cyclist, declares that with the modern 'Safety' there is no necessity to stoop in the saddle, for the seat-pillar and handle bars are adjustable to any position, from the strict perpendicular to any degree of convexity of the back. The stooping position, he tells us, is simply a necessity of the racing-path, and is adopted for the same obvious reason as jockeys bend over their galloping steeds. This enthusiast says that he is now constantly prescribing cycling instead of medicine with the most successful results.

A new method of clearing water from mechanical impurities is represented by the 'Nibestos' filter. This instrument is very simple in arrangement, and can be cleaned and renewed at trifling trouble and cost. It consists of upper and lower earthenware containing vessels, which are divided by a strainer of the same material. Upon this strainer is fixed a sheet of specially prepared asbestos cloth; and above this, again, there is a sheet of the same material, but of far finer texture. In percolating through this filtering material, the water

is robbed of all suspended matter, including any organic germs which may be present. As an example of its powers, the filter was charged in our presence with water, strongly coloured with ordinary washing blue, but the effluent was perfectly clear and drinkable. When the filtering material becomes clogged with impurities, it simply ceases to act, and will allow no liquid to pass through. The asbestos cloth is then removed, and another one fitted into its place. The Nibestos system of water-purification is being introduced by a company at Charing Cross Road, London.

The most recent method of disposing of household refuse is, as our readers are aware, by means of combustion in so-called 'destructors.' Hitherto, it has been the custom to convey the refuse of houses to this public crematorium; but recently, in Chicago, the operation has been reversed, and the destructor is brought to the householder's door. The contrivance is mounted on four wheels, is made of wrought-iron, and comprises a furnace and a drying chamber, the fuel used being petroleum. The refuse is first dried, and is then completely burnt. It is said that one of these portable instruments will do the work of fifteen collecting carts hitherto employed.

There will shortly be placed upon the market a very convenient form of atmospheric engine, which will be found suitable for driving sewing-machines, coffee-mills, small circular saws, &c. It is set in motion by lighting a simple gas-burner, and is extremely powerful considering its size and weight, which is only thirty seven pounds. We have recently seen the engine at work; but we understand that the exact model which will be adopted commercially is not yet decided upon. The contrivance is known as the 'Lowne Atmospheric Engine,' and those interested in the details of its construction would do well to consult the Patent Office specification.

It has long been known that modern systems of milling deprive the wheat of those bone-forming materials which are so necessary to the health of man. Oatmeal, which for so many years has served as a staple article of food in the north, has of late years come into common use in the southern part of the country, in order that this defect in white bread may be to some extent neutralised. With a view to restore to bread and other food-stuffs of which flour forms the chief part those constituents which are removed by modern milling, a new agent has been introduced under the name of 'Cerebos Salt.' This is a palatable salt, which can be used at table, for bread-making, and in cooking generally, and is charged with the concentrated food-strength of the grain which is so necessary to the healthy body. We anticipate for this very valuable salt a wide use.

Mr Lawson Tate, in a treatise on Alcohol, has pointed out that human beings are not the only creatures who display a liking for intoxicating fluids. Wasps, he tells us, may be numbered among the most confirmed tipplers. He has often watched them attacking over-ripe fruit, in which the sugar has to some extent been converted into alcohol, and that over such

fruit, especially rotten plums and grapes, they will fight for the best position, after which they will crawl away in a torpid condition, and hide themselves until they have slept off the effects of the potent spirit. Like certain bipeds, they are, when in this intoxicated condition, extremely quarrelsome, and will sting most viciously on the slightest provocation.

A French paper recently described and illustrated a new form of cycle, which is used in Russia to run on the ordinary railway track so that the road can be periodically inspected. The cycle has three wheels, two resting on the right-hand rail, and the third, associated with a counterweight, on the other rail, so that in general form the vehicle may be described as a bicycle with flanged wheels, with an extra wheel to balance it. No steering being necessary, the rider is able to employ his hands in working a couple of levers which help in propelling the machine.

In a paper recently read by Mr. Holmes before the British Astronomical Association on Astronomical Drawing, it was pointed out that such drawings very often exhibited curious discrepancies, although they were supposed to be of the same object. These discrepancies might be caused by varying state of the atmosphere, differences in the telescopes used, greater or less keenness of vision, or varying ability in the observers. Too often, perhaps, they drew an object as they imagined it to be rather than as they actually saw it. He suggested that on a chosen night a number of observers should at the same hour agree to make a drawing of the same object, say Jupiter. A large number of drawings thus produced would enable anybody to arrive at a decision as to the actual appearance of the planet, and it would also be seen how far individual peculiarities affected the work of the observers.

A correspondent of *Nature* reports that one of the recent earthquake shocks which occurred in Greece was observed by him at Birmingham by means of a delicate pendulum apparatus in use there for detecting minute earth-tremors. On comparing the time given by the newspaper correspondents of a notable disturbance which occurred on April 27th with the time at which the observation was made in Birmingham, a discrepancy of fourteen minutes is found. This may be taken to represent the time which the pulsation took to travel from Athens to the Midland town; a distance of about fifteen hundred miles, giving an average velocity of 184 miles per second.

Another interesting observation with regard to the propagation of earthquake shocks was quoted at a recent meeting in Italy, when Professor Riccò drew attention to certain records which had been made as to the time occupied in the travelling of pulsations between Zante and Catania. The distance between these places is three hundred and twenty miles, and it was found during the latter part of last year that four shocks originating at the former place ranged from four minutes twenty seconds to seven minutes thirty seconds in their speed of travelling. This speed very nearly coincides with the velocity of sound in water. It is therefore proved that the shock was not trans-

mitted along the ground, but by the water to Sicily. Professor Riccò assumes that the reason for this is that the ground round about the Etna district is much broken up, and is too discontinuous to propagate pulsations.

A new anaesthetic formed the subject of a paper recently brought before the Odontological Society by Mr T. E. Constant, who strongly recommended the agent for dental operations. The name of this preparation, which is a colourless liquid of low specific gravity, is Pental. It is very volatile, and its odour is somewhat disagreeable, but it can be inhaled without discomfort, is easy of administration, and, unlike chloroform, it leaves no after effects. It may also be noted that after the administration of Pental, the patient recovers consciousness very rapidly.

Experiments have been made in the Russian army with the Norwegian cooking-stove, the object being to provide the troops with hot food while on the march. The form of stove used was an ordinary camp kettle, with a thick covering of non-conducting felt. The food is placed in the kettle, raised to the boiling-point, and is then removed from the fire and closely packed up in its felt jacket, with the result that the retained heat continues the cooking operation, and after several hours have elapsed a comfortable meal is provided at a temperature of over 100 degrees Fahrenheit. This form of cooking-stove is a very old device, and it seems a pity that it does not receive fuller employment in our own and other countries.

There has been a constant outcry during the last few years that our seas are being over-fished. The same cry has gone up from other countries, and sea-fish hatcheries have been established in the United States, Canada, and Norway. Such an establishment has lately been completed at Dumbur, in Scotland, and during the last two months, plaice have been hatched there in large numbers with complete success. The spawning tank is made of concrete, and through it a constant current of sea-water is urged. In this tank the fishes spawn naturally, and the eggs rise to the surface, when they are transferred to the packing-room. The hatching takes nearly three weeks, but the little fishes are retained in a nursery for some time. Already nearly eight million fry have been put in the Firth of Forth, and it is expected that during the present season the number will be increased to thirty million. When the spawning period of the plaice is over, the more valuable common sole will be dealt with, and possibly the turbot also. The apparatus at present at work at Dumbur could serve a hatching-house three times as large as the present one, and when the premises are extended there will be no difficulty in turning out many hundreds of millions of food-fishes every year.

Professor Judd, in a recent course of lectures at the Royal Institution on the subject of Rubies, pointed out that this most rare and beautiful stone has many rivals, chief among which is the Spinel; but the ruby is harder than all red stones, with the exception of that great rarity, the red diamond. It is not generally known that rubies and other precious stones are subject to curious changes of colour;

uish rubies turn green under the action of heat, but recover their original tint on cooling. In like manner the blue sapphire turns white, and yellow turns green. Even glass is subject to change under the action of light, as most observant householders know. According to Professor Judd, the green glass employed in the conservatories at Kew Gardens has gradually passed through various shades of yellow, until at last it has assumed a distinct purplish hue.

Mr G. B. Pense, who is superintendent of a gold mine at Nicaragua, writes to the *Scientific American* about a new cure for snake-bite. He happened to stop one evening at an Indian village, and found the chief had been bitten on the foot by one of the most venomous serpents in the country. The poor Indian was in the most pitiable condition, and it was at once resolved to try a remedy which was said to be a sure cure for snake-bite. The wound was cauterised with carbolic acid, and three drops of the same agent dissolved in glycerine and mixed with half a wine-glassful of water was given internally. The next morning the medicine was repeated. Mr Pense was then obliged to resume his journey; but he heard some time afterwards that the patient fully recovered, and that he had successfully cured another man with the same remedy.

The question has been asked, 'Are flying birds ever killed by lightning?' The correspondent of a contemporary answers this question in the affirmative, and says that on one occasion in company with others he was watching a severe thunder-storm at the village of the Haugh, Ayrshire. The lightning was playing in the neighbouring valley with great brilliancy, when a dog chased some ducks which were near at hand, and one of the birds flew in the direction of a corn-field. While on the wing, the duck was struck by lightning, and instantly killed. It is supposed that one reason why this accident is not oftener recorded is that birds invariably seek shelter on the approach of a storm.

We are indebted to the same publication for the account of a singular bird's nest which was found on the removal of an old tree at the Cossipore Ordnance Factory near Calcutta. This nest was that of a crow, and was composed mainly of bent and twisted fragments of stout iron wire, some of them being of considerable length and weight. The observer who recorded the existence of this wonderful nest had the opportunity later on of seeing a crow carrying a piece of crumbled iron wire, which it ultimately dropped during its flight. He secured the wire, and found it to be, when straightened out, nearly a yard in length, and to weigh close upon two ounces.

The British steamship *Baku Standard* arrived recently at Philadelphia from Shields, after a very trying passage of twenty-six days, the vessel having been caught in Arctic drift-ice. The voyage is noteworthy from the circumstance that the boilers were fired by oil. This oil, the residuum from petroleum, is converted into spray by a steam jet, the consumption of oil being about twenty tons for every twenty-four hours. The number of firemen required was reduced considerably, there being on duty only

four men at one time. The *Baku Standard* is a vessel of nearly four thousand tons, constructed to carry about 1,200,000 gallons of petroleum in bulk.

NEST-BUILDING INSECTS.

OF the instincts of insects we find examples to parallel those of the larger animals: by one important test, the construction of buildings and habitations; the sagacity of these tribes outstrips that of all others, and vies in its way with the most singular efforts of humanity. Urged by the necessity of the preservation of their species, many, whose term of life does not admit of them nurturing their young—which, moreover, are peculiarly exposed to danger—exhibit a foresight truly marvellous, and an indomitable perseverance in anticipating wants which they cannot supply at the time of need. In like manner, other insects, in their architectural skill, while they have the interests of their offspring at heart, chiefly or otherwise, as the case may be, keep also their own conservation in view, against changes of temperature and natural enemies.

Insects that excel every other of their kind in the variety and charm of their dwellings belong to the order Hymenoptera. To this order appertain species among the most interesting of insects: the group containing the bee and the wasp is especially attractive. Perhaps this is more particularly the case with the Social species, or those that dwell together in communities; but the Solitary ones are sufficiently remarkable. The latter not only merit attention for their own sake: there is this to be said in favour of observing their comparatively simple economy, that thereby may be gained a clearer insight into the works of the Social series; and from the less elaborate of these a better understanding of the complex arrangements and all the difficult questions connected with the hive.

Among the great family of Bees the so-called Miners make admirable subterranean burrows. '*Andrena vicina*,' a common form, spends the early days of spring in idleness among the flowers: suddenly, about the month of May, it turns from sloth and sets to work, literally tooth and nail, with spade-like jaws and busy feet. In some grassy field eventually, a perpendicular hole is sunk, six inches to a foot deep, having a rounded chamber at the end, and several short accessory burrows which radiate from the main shaft. While the gallery is rough-hewn, the cells are coated with a mucous-like secretion. A ball of pollen mingled with honey is deposited in every chamber with an egg, and the entrance to the hole being sealed, the bee's labours are now complete. Solitary, imprisoned each in its cell, the eggs hatch, those in the highest ones first; the grubs feast on the pollen masses, and grow fat; at the beginning of August change to pupæ or the resting-stage, and towards the end of that month seem to conclude their transformations, and make their début in the world as perfect bees. A curious fact as regards these bees is the invasion

of their homes by obscure visitors. Stranger-bees, clad in gay fantastic colours, frequently effect their entrance to the Miners' premises. What the business of the intruders really is has not been definitely ascertained; probably they place their eggs on the food accumulated by the working-bee, and close the cell; and the industrial, finding an egg laid, starts a fresh cell for its own progeny. Clearly, the parasitism does not go the length of causing the death of the host, for the young of the parasitic *Nomada* or cuckoo-bee has been seen in cells also containing the young of the rightful owner. Thief and inheritor, therefore, must feed on the same pollen mass, which is inadequate for the nourishment of both; or the hostless, discovering the foreign egg in her nest, stocks additional provision, to ensure the proper development of her larva.

The art of boring symmetrical tunnels in wood culminates with the Carpenter bees, so termed from their carpenter-like capabilities. Numbers of the members of this class are enormous, and very beautiful. '*Xylocopa violacea*'—the generic name signifies a wood-cutter—larger than the largest humble-bee, exhibits choice contrast of colour: a brilliant, velvety-black body, its wings of a rich violet. Several African species claim more than a passing glance from those to whom beauty affords delight: black body with bronze-green iridescent wings; body black and orange, with iridescent wings; body pale yellowish green with transparent wings—these are lovely combinations of hues displayed. England is believed to possess no specimens of these charming creatures. Their tasks are as interesting as they themselves. They show partiality for old posts or palings, or the woodwork of houses which is soft, because commencing to decay; but apparently they do not form fresh tunnels save when old ones are not to be had. The bee usually begins boring obliquely across the grain of the wood, about two days being taken to make the workman's own length; but this may not be so easily done as the remainder, which runs parallel with the sides of the wood for from twelve to eighteen inches. Sometimes an excavation or two suffice, which generally take opposite directions from the opening; sometimes the bee cuts extra galleries, one above the other, using the same opening. Sharp jaws, moved by powerful muscles, are its only tools; and as it descends into the heart of the solid wood, the tunnel is swept clean and regular with stiff brushes of hair on the legs, and all raspings made in eating the burrow out are cast forth from the entrance. The sawdust expelled becomes of subsequent use. One by one, successive partitions of the chippings, caused to adhere with some sticky fluid, probably saliva, are constructed, dividing the entire tunnel into cells somewhat less than an inch long. Each is supplied with an egg and a compound of pollen and honey; the door is closed; but before deserting her bevy finally, the bee forms a lateral opening from the outside to the bottom of the cells and chokes it with sawdust paste; and through this the young escape when the time for their emergence arrives.

More saving of labour, the little green *Ceratina*, a pretty bee, chooses a branch of briar or bramble, elder or syringa, for its nest. Clearing out the stems, it builds cells of amazing nicety, drawing a thin cloth of silk across either end of the dainty chambers, which are placed at nearly equal intervals apart.

The tribe Fossoræ include some of the largest and most beautiful of the Hymenoptera; strong, vigorous, handsome insects, their movements watchful and alert. Others are less conspicuous; but the mutual resemblances between the different families in their habits are remarkable. Their name denotes their usual work—they are burrowers in sand or earth, at times in walls; they also penetrate the branches and stems of trees; and some, unable to burrow, build mud-cells to make safe homes for their larvæ. While the legs of the majority are formed for burrowing, they are not fitted to collect pollen. To the liquid nectar of flowers, or the sap or gum from trees, they resort for their sustenance, taken rarely. But their larvæ are carnivorous, and for them alone exists all the wonderful rapacity of the adults. It is the mothers that issue forth to hunt to furnish the young ones' larder. Some desire spiders; some, caterpillars; some, bees; some, beetles. Often the choice falls upon larvæ, probably because they are more succulent and nourishing than the perfect form; but whatever the Hymenoptera require, it can only be derived from living tissues. Pouncing upon her prey, the fossorial does not kill it; she pricks it with her venomous sting, producing lethargy, from which the hapless creature never recovers, and in this state carries it to her cell, places beside it an egg, and, taking leave, covers over the hole. A more dreadful fate than that of the poisoned victim can hardly be imagined; animation is suspended, yet it is alive, doomed, powerless, to be slowly eaten by the young of the wasp, for death cannot be said to take place until a large portion of its substance has been consumed. The preservative nature of the venom is such that, when nests, doubtless several years old, have been discovered where the egg, for some reason, had not hatched, there lies the wounded insect as on the day it was housed, not dead; no signs of decomposition about it: and looking as though it knew of its deplorable position, and could almost move its legs. Instinct guides the wasp to close the entrance when the abode is victualled, to secure her delicate progeny from their parasites and ants, which might be fatal to them, or consume their provision; perhaps, also, to exclude the air, lest it should absorb the moisture of the provision too quickly. The burrow penetrates beyond the dry surface-crust into the damper sand below, for the purpose of rendering the buried insects soft enough for the larvæ to feed on.

The characteristics of one of these families may be at once recognised in *Ammophila*. Large gay species of *Ammophila* come from Africa; their bodies and legs black; their wings a deep brown colour, adorned with a brilliant iridescence, vying with some of the Asiatic species, with black bodies, legs yellow, and smoke wings, likewise showing iridescent purple. Only a species or two inhabit Britain.

41? With fiery zeal, their wings and antennæ quivering with excitement, the mothers dig burrows for their young. Having stung their prey, they do not fly with it directly and boldly forward, but walk backwards, dragging it behind them in their mandibles and fore-legs, and display ingenuity and perseverance in managing at last to stow it away in the selected hiding-place. To the family belong some notable unsons; slender and unfit to bear burdens as they appear, raising cell after cell of mud with the greatest intelligence and assiduity, out-of-doors and indoors, often in the oddest spots imaginable. As soon as a cell is finished, the wasp goes hunting, armed with its terrible sting, chiefly for spiders, and as many as twenty may be packed in one cell. Brave but prudent, it approaches the web with circumspection, its aim to take the snarer unawares, for if once it touches the spider, resistance is over; but sometimes the spider is ready for the combat, and, dexterous with its own weapons, succeeds in paralysing the movements of the Hymenoptera by its fine silk threads.

Taken as a whole, the true Solitary wasps somewhat resemble the Fossors in their habits. The perfect insects sustain themselves by sucking flowers; but they attack spiders, larvae, and other animals, stupefying them with their poison to the state of living mummies, to provide abundant food for their off-spring.

There is not a more universally distributed tribe of insects than the Wasps; the genus 'Eumenes' is found over the whole surface of the globe. Only one representative inhabits Britain, a local insect, but tolerably plentiful in the districts that suit it—a tiny creature compared with some of its congeners; its general colour black, with a fine velvet-like pile on the abdomen, picked out with yellow lines and spots, and the first ring of the abdomen narrowed into a decided footstalk. It fastens pretty little capsules of mud, shaped like a vase, to the twigs of shrubs, particularly the common heath, depositing in each a single egg, provisioned with a large supply of the larvæ of small Lepidoptera. Beautiful Indian species have a preference for placing their cells about doors and windows, on the posts. The clay used by one is wonderfully fine and well kneaded. The wasp seems to take the greatest pride in its performance; and after spreading each load of earth, continues to pat it, and runs in and out, thoroughly inspecting the edifice, apparently with approbation. At its mouth it has a recurving rim; it is stored, and carefully closed, and the imago emerges in about five weeks. Owing to the thinness of the walls, which are easily pierced, these species are much troubled by parasites. No sooner is the wasp developed and steps from its cradle, than the ants come in troops and carry everything off, not merely any fragments of food that may have been left by the occupants, but even the skins of the caterpillars and spiders; they do not despise the cast larval and pupal skins of the young Eumenes itself. For this reason, it is rare to find a cell from which a Eumenes has escaped which is not absolutely empty.

Certain of these wasps ('Zethus') appear to establish a link between the Solitaries and Socials by their habits, for Zethus, although undoubtedly solitary insects, form nests composed of a few irregular cells, but agglomerated, a tendency probably towards the construction of numerous regular cells arranged side by side on a general plan. Most of the Solitary wasps do not group their cells, however confusedly, but disperse them into different positions.

HER ROSE.

I.

A RED rose grew in a garden fair,
Down by a Western bay;
A red rose breathed in my lady's hair
On the night when I went away;
I sailed and sailed o'er the severing wave,
And a rose to my heart lay nigh,
The first sweet gift that my lady gave,
And the last ere I said 'Good-bye.'
Oh! Spring may pass, and the Summer fade,
And many a bloom be shed,
But love will live till the debt is paid,
And I bring her rose home red.

II.

Oh! Fate is strong, and the world is wide;
Broken with toil and pain,
I came at last on the turning tide
To the home of my youth again;
No roses grew on the south sea-wall;
And the maiden my heart loved best,
My first, my last, and my all in all,
Was away in the Land of Rest.
Oh! Spring is past, and a hope betrayed,
And the fairest bloom is shed;
But love will live till the debt is paid,
And I bring her rose home red.

-III-

And there is Home, where my darling waits,
Where there is no more sea;
Fair faces throng at the open gates,
And a welcome is waiting me.
Oh Love! I come, be it late or soon,
• And my promise was not in vain;
The rose you gave in that golden June
Shall be yours, when we meet again.
Sad years have passed to the silent shade,
And my dearest hope is dead,
But love will live till the debt is paid,
• And I bring her rose home red.

WILLIAM WOODWARD.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
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THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

BY JOHN K. LEYS, AUTHOR OF 'THE LINDSAYS,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—PARTED.

BACKWARDS and forwards Hugh Thesiger tramped for the best part of an hour, as it he had been on sentry; and always, as he passed the stile, he threw a wistful glance up the field-path which lay beyond. Yet no one came; and the red winter sun was already touching the horizon. A tall, strong fellow he was, with bright, dark eyes, a short, black beard, and a resolute step—such a man as any woman might be proud to have for a lover.

After pacing to and fro for a long time, he stopped, pulled out a silver hunting-watch, looked at it hastily, and closed the lid with an exclamation of despair. It was more than an hour after the appointed time. But small as the remaining chance was, Hugh would not forego it. He sat down on the stile and gazed over the snow-clad landscape—white fields and fallows, black woods, and a few clustering cottages without seeing them. The level sunbeams glanced full on the battlements of a fine old house called Roby Chase, the residence of Sir Richard Boldon, which stood among its sheltering trees about two miles away. As the young man's eyes fell there, a frown gathered on his face; then the frown passed away, and he sank into a reverie. The sun's last rays trembled on the topmost branches of the wood, and vanished, leaving them brown, bare, and cold; but Thesiger did not move.

It was almost twilight when he started and looked round. His ears had not deceived him. Light as the girl's tread had been on the soft, new-fallen snow, he heard, and as he turned, he blushed like a girl. Yes, it was she, her dainty figure, strong and supple, drawing swiftly

nearer. In a second, Hugh had crossed the stile and was running to meet her.

'Thank you so much for coming, Adelaide!' he cried. 'I was beginning to fear that something had detained you, and that I should have to go back to London without seeing you.'

'I am sorry to be so late; but really it was impossible for me to get away sooner. And now it is nearly dark! I shall not be able to go to the Moat with you, after all.' Her words and tone were cold; but a keen observer would have noticed a flush on her cheek, which, slight as it was, betrayed her real feeling. Hugh Thesiger, however, had his eyes on the ground at his feet, and when he looked up, the blush had vanished.

'Never mind the Moat; that was only an excuse,' he answered almost roughly. 'I felt as if I *must* see you alone as it I could not endure silence any longer. I have wanted to speak to you, for years, Adelaide, and you know why I have waited. I have longed to tell you'—

'Hush, Hugh; don't tell me! I know what you are going to say; but I cannot listen to you.'

'Cannot listen to me! Why?'

'I mean, it would only give needless pain to us both. Why spoil the pleasant friendship that has—united us so long, ever since we can remember? Why risk putting an end to it for ever? Why not go on as we have always done?'

'You do not love me, then,' said Hugh sadly. 'You cannot feel for me one spark of what I

feel for you, or you could not'— He caught sight of a look in her face, though it was turned partly away from him, a look which contradicted her words. 'Oh Adelaide!' he cried, 'have I mistaken you? Do you really care for me? Is it only that you think we ought to wait?'

'No, no, no!' she exclaimed, turning and facing him. 'Why do you pretend to misunderstand me? I said that I cannot listen to you, and I beg you to say no more.'

They walked on a little way in silence.

'Shall we go back to the Rectory now? It is getting almost dark,' said the young man quietly.

They turned and walked back to the stile that they had quitted.

'Adelaide, I cannot understand you,' he continued. 'I have never concealed from you that I love you, and have loved you for years; and I thought—perhaps I was altogether wrong—but I thought you had a little of the same feeling for me. You know why I have been so long silent; but now that work is beginning to come in, now that there is a fair prospect of my being able to make a home for you, I must speak. I must say, "Adelaide, will you marry me?"' He stopped, and held out his hand.

She brushed it lightly aside and went on. 'Now, Hugh, do be reasonable,' she said. 'Why harrow your feelings and mine by saying all that over again? I have told you that it can't be. You must go back to town and busy yourself over your law-books, and forget this little scene.'

'Adelaide, do you mean that?'

'Of course I do.'

'Then you cannot really love me?'

The girl was silent.

'And yet I cannot believe that you are indifferent to my love. It is not that you are afraid of poverty, or of a few years of waiting, surely? You are not a coward, Adelaide?'

'Since you choose to call it cowardice, I am a coward! The words flashed out in a burst of temper, which the girl wilfully indulged herself in. It was at least a relief from the deeper and keener feelings which were torturing her. 'I am a coward,' she repeated; 'and why? Because I am not willing to spend the best years of my life in waiting for the good fortune that may knock at your door—or may not. You must forgive my plain speaking, Hugh. You are poor, almost as poor as we are at the Rectory. I shall not tell you how badly off we are—never mind. If I were to marry a poor man, I should be miserable, and I should make my husband miserable. If I were to marry otherwise, I should lighten the load that is crushing my father into his grave, bring a little brightness into my mother's eyes, and probably change the whole future for my brothers.'

'And you mean that?'

'Stop! Hear me out. It is the popular

notion—an idea sprung from reading many novels—that the first and noblest duty a girl has is to marry as it pleases her fancy—marry the man she thinks herself in love with. If she does not do this, more especially if she marries any one else, she is "false to her womanhood." That is the modern cant. It is cant, and nothing else. It is a low and false conception of a woman's duty; certainly it is not my conception of it.'

'So you would marry me, then, Adelaide, if I were a wealthy man?' asked Hugh Thesiger slowly, searching the girl's handsome features with his eyes as he spoke.

'I do not see how that affects the question,' she answered, as the rich blush rose to her cheek.

'But would you?'

'It is possible.'

'Whether you loved me or not?'

The girl was silent. 'Your question is a wanton insult,' she said at last.

'I wanted to test you, Adelaide, to see whether you would admit that you would act up to your theory of a woman's duty. I don't believe you would. But forgive me if I have pained you. Don't let us quarrel when we must part at least for some months. I wanted to say this, Adelaide—If you like, or rather, if you would consent to wait for one year, I will give up my profession, and take to some quicker method of earning a living. I have friends. I will get work in an office, or on the press. Or, we could emigrate. Even if we were poor, we would be happy. Oh Adelaide, you have no idea how I love you!'

'You think so now—you think we could be happy in poverty; but it is not so. Love in a cottage might be tolerable; but what poor married folks have nowadays is not a cottage, half hidden, as a cottage should be, in honey-suckle and roses, but a small, ugly, workman's dwelling, one of a row. Married life for us would mean food that we couldn't eat, clothes that we should be ashamed to wear, a thousand petty meannesses. It would mean that we could not have even fresh air, or clean things to put on, or books, or the society of our friends. You would like it, Hugh, just as little as I should.'

'I will risk it, Adie, gladly.'

'But I won't.'

'You don't think much of the Milly Barton type of womanhood, it appears,' said Thesiger, rather bitterly.

'You are quite mistaken,' answered the girl, with some emphasis. 'I think Milly Barton is one of the most lovely characters in fiction, certainly the sweetest George Eliot ever conceived. She was a hundred thousand times too good for poor Amos, of course.—But I never pretended to be a Milly Barton, Hugh. Did I?'

'No,' he replied.

That, at least, was true. Adelaide Bruce had never laid claim to the more saintly of the feminine virtues, but she was at least no hypocrite. If she gave up anything for a friend, as she sometimes did, it was always with a struggle. She never pretended that she did not care for the good things of this life;

and, as a rule, she took care that she had her fair share of them—not more than her fair share, but the full portion of goods that fell to her. Just then, Hugh Thesiger remembered a little scene of which, some years before, he had been an involuntary spectator—a scene that illustrated Adelaide's character pretty well. He had gone up to the Rectory to escort the girls, Adelaide and her younger sister Marjory, to a boating party. As it happened, Marjory had a headache.

'If you were an unselfish girl,' said Mrs. Bruce in a complaining tone, 'and really cared for your sister, you would give up the party, and read to Marjory.'

'Spend this lovely afternoon in a dark room?' cried Adelaide. 'Indeed, mamma, I couldn't do such a thing. If I loved Marjory ever so much more than myself, I might do it; but I don't; and I don't know why I should. And it she were a horribly selfish girl, she might allow me to do it, but not otherwise.'

'I have known girls who would have done it,' said her mother.

'I dare say; but my goodness doesn't go so far,' coolly returned Adelaide. 'If it were possible to change places with her, I might do that for half an hour; or even, perhaps, for an hour, if I wasn't enjoying myself very much; and I wouldn't mind taking the headache for that time; but I really couldn't give up the whole afternoon, you know.'

And Hugh remembered very well, that although he had been somewhat shocked by Adelaide's frank renouncing of the higher path, he had thought, even at the time, that there was something to be said for her view of the matter.

But the two young people had now got close to the church. Only one field, and that a narrow one, lay between them and the Rectory gate.

'Now we will forget this conversation, won't we?' asked the girl brightly.

'I can never do that.'

'Well, we can agree not to think of it, and never to speak of it. We will simply go on being friends, as we have always been.'

'It is very good of you to say that we may,' murmured Hugh. He was thinking that perhaps, many years after this, when the golden days of youth had all run out, and passion had grown cold, they might be able to marry. Suddenly he turned, and there was a look on his face such as the girl had never seen there before. 'Adelaide,' he said, 'I heard a rumour yesterday, a very absurd rumour, and one I should not have dreamt of mentioning to you, but that'—He had meant to say that some things she had said within the last half-hour had seemed to confirm the report; but fearing to displease her, he substituted: 'I should go back to London with an easier mind, if I heard you deny that it was true. The rumour was, that you were going to marry Sir Richard Boldon.'

It had come at last—the accusation Adelaide had been dreading all through the interview; and though her heart beat fast and her limbs trembled, she schooled her face and her voice, that she might be able to answer her lover calmly.

'Of course, I know it's absurd to couple your name with that of a man almost old enough to be your grandfather, an uneducated, purse-proud boor into the bargain, but—— It's not true, is it, Adelaide?'

'Sir Richard has never asked me to marry him,' she said.

'But if he did, what answer would you give him?'

'Oh, really, Hugh, this is too much! You are abusing your privileges. How can I tell what I should do under imaginary circumstances? Let us talk of something practical. When are we to see you down at Woodhurst again?'

'So you intend to marry that old man, that mean, common man, with his years, and his temper—and his money.'

'You say so, not I.—Good-bye, Hugh.'

'Don't, Adie! Don't! I love you; and in your heart I believe you love me. Marry me. Wait a year or two, till I can earn enough to live upon, and marry me. After all, "the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." Don't sell yourself to a man you can't respect.'

A second time Adelaide was glad of an excuse for being angry. 'You seem not to care how grossly insulting your words are, so long as you can give me pain,' she said; 'but as we shall not meet again for some time, it would be a pity to quarrel; so I shall not resent them. It will be time enough to consider Sir Richard's proposals if he makes any. In any case, you have no right—' But I didn't mean to say anything to wound you. Think of me at the best, Hugh.—Good-bye. Give me your hand—I will have it—Oh!'

She got more than she bargained for; for Hugh, carried away by his passionate love of her, seized her in his arms, strained her to his breast, and covered her face with mad, passionate kisses.

'How dare you! For shame, Hugh! Let me go, or I shall scream.'

He let her go at last. 'There: I couldn't help it, Adie. I hope you will forgive me one day—when we are married.'

'That day will be never!' cried the girl defiantly.

'Oh yes, it will. You have given me fresh hope, somehow. I can hardly tell how. I think we shall be married yet one day.'

'You?—' The tears would no longer be kept back; and Adelaide would not for the world let her lover know that she was on the verge of crying. She slipped inside the little wicket-gate, near which they had been standing, and ran up to the house, waving a farewell with her handkerchief.

Hardly had she reached the shelter of her bedroom, when the storm of sobs and tears broke forth. She had borne up well, and had said what she meant to say; but that mad embrace, so sweet to remember, so unexpected, had upset all her calculations. She could not, if it had been to save her life, simulate the indignation which, if she had not loved Hugh, she would have naturally felt. There could be no doubt that he knew now that in her heart she loved him; and that being so, it meant,

he feared, that he would soon cease to respect her. For Adelaide knew very well that Sir Richard Boldon meant to propose to her; and she had made up her mind to marry him.

A FRIEND OF LIVINGSTONE.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

THERE died recently, at the great age of nearly ninety years, at his principal town of Molepolole, in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, Sechele, chief of the Bakwena tribe, one of the earliest and best friends that David Livingstone ever found in Africa. In 1812, Livingstone, on first penetrating the African interior, founded a Mission station among the Bakwena. Sechele became his first and most important convert, and it was mainly due to this chief that the great missionary explorer was able to settle for some years in a comfortable home at Kolobeng, where he acquired his wonderful knowledge of the surrounding tribes and of their dialects and customs. From the Mission station of Kolobeng, Livingstone made some of his earliest and not least remarkable journeys: the crossing of the Kalahari Desert, the discovery of Lake Ngami, and the Botletli and Chobe Rivers; and the first expedition to the Zambesi, were all made from the base of Sechele's country. And from Sechele's knowledge of the interior and its tribes, Livingstone undoubtedly derived the greatest possible assistance in these earlier days.

Like most other South African chiefs of the earlier part of this century, Sechele had seen many vicissitudes of fortune. When a child, his father, Mochoasele, was murdered in a tribal struggle; and Sechele himself was only reinstated by the interference of Sebituane, the great chief of the Makololo, then on his conquering journey towards the Zambesi. Sechele never forgot his deliverer; and it was mainly through his good offices with Sebituane that Livingstone was long afterwards to be so warmly received on the Zambesi by that great chief, and to be able to establish his wonderful influence with the Makololo tribe. And it was by the aid of volunteers from among the Makololo that Livingstone made his striking journey up the Zambesi to St Paul de Loanda on the west coast, and thence back again, right across the Continent, tracing the Zambesi to its mouth, and discovering the marvellous Victoria Falls *en route*.

Livingstone lived for some years at Kolobeng with the Bakwena tribe. Sechele became a very apt scholar and quickly learned to read. Formerly, he had been a great hunter and warrior. Now, so closely did he apply himself, that he became rapidly corpulent from want of exercise, a habit of body he was never afterwards able to rid himself of. He put away his numerous wives, confined himself to one, and in every possible way laboured hard with Livingstone to introduce Christianity among his tribe. So eager was he, that he often amused Livingstone by suggesting the aid of corporal punishment. 'Do you imagine,' said he, 'that these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them;

and if you like, I shall call my head-men, and with our rhinoceros-hide whips we will soon make them all believe together.'

But, as Livingstone and many another devoted missionary has found, the African native is extremely difficult of conversion that is, of real and not of simulated conversion. In spite of all Sechele's influence and hopes, and of Livingstone's labours, not much progress was made among the Bakwena. And years after, when Livingstone had passed away out of South Africa to the unknown regions in which he met his death, Sechele, probably in despair at his great teacher's ill success, himself abandoned the struggle, and returned to the old tribal ways and habits. It may be doubted whether even a stronger man than Sechele, and Sechele was a chief of far more than average strength of character—could have resisted the solid and massalable resistance of heathenism offered by almost his entire tribe. Even in his principle wife he had a stubborn unbeliever. This lady, named Masebele, was, in Livingstone's words, 'an out-and-out greasy disciple of the old school. . . . Again and again have I seen Sechele send her out of church to put her gown on; and away she would go with her lips shot out, the very picture of unutterable disgust at his newfangled notions.'

During Livingstone's early years with Sechele, an abnormal drought of three years prevailed. The Bakwena of course attributed this to the Doctor's coming, and their hearts became yet more hardened against Christianity. They believed that Livingstone had cast some magical spell upon the chief, and the head-men would often come to him begging for the blessing of only a few showers. 'Only make rain once,' they said, 'and we shall all, men, women, and children, come to the school and sing and pray as long as you please.' But the rain never came, and Sechele's position became more difficult than ever. Considering the many troubles and trials of these early years, it is greatly to the credit of the chief that he fought the fight he did, on Livingstone's behalf, so stoutly and so long.

During the years of Livingstone's life at Kolobeng, the Transvaal Boers, who had recently crossed the Vaal River and driven the marauding Matabele to the north, viewed his settlement with the greatest jealousy. Those were the days in which these rude frontier-men claimed the whole African interior beyond the Orange River as '*ons rijk*' (our country), and disputed the right of any Englishmen to enter it. In those days, Livingstone strenuously contested this claim, and said prophetically: 'The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; and we shall see who have been most successful in resolution—they or I.' Pretorius and Potgieter, the Boer leaders, set about an absurd story that Livingstone had presented Sechele with a cannon for the defence of his town—the present had really consisted of an iron cooking-pot—and were always threatening the Bakwena tribe. Finally, during the missionary's expedition to Lake Ngami, they attacked Kolobeng, raided a quantity of cattle, slew a number of Sechele's people, and wantonly destroyed Liv-

Livingstone's station. They looted all the available effects, destroyed the missionary's treasured library and medicines, and plundered also a quantity of stores and cattle left by two English gentlemen then hunting to the north. For this wanton outrage Livingstone never obtained one farthing compensation. In those miserable times Great Britain severely disclaimed any interests north of the Orange River! Even the Orange River sovereignty—now the thriving Orange Free State Republic—was abandoned to the Dutch; and English hunters, travellers, traders, and missionaries who dared to penetrate the interior did so at their own risk, and even with the coldest discouragement. Matters have changed indeed since those days—thanks, however, not to the British Government entirely.

In this attack on Kolobeng, Sechele defended himself stoutly, and slew twenty-eight Boers. After the battle, he at once set off for Cape Town, with the intention of proceeding to England to seek the Queen's protection. At Cape Town, however, finding his means at an end, and his projects little encouraged, he changed his mind, and returned adly home. Shortly after this affair, a Boer *commando* was entrapped in ambush among the Bakwena hills. The Boers only purchased their liberty by restoring Sechele's children, who had been carried into captivity; and, after this lesson, the Bakwena seem to have been left severely alone by their Transvaal neighbours, although often threatened. Sechele always remained the firm friend of the English, and was one of the first among the northern chiefs to welcome the expedition of Sir Charles Warren to Bechuanaland in 1881-85. Besides his long intimacy with Livingstone, his friendship for the English, and his stout resistance to Boer encroachments, Sechele acquired great renown among the Bechuana tribes as a king-maker—a sort of African Earl of Warwick. The Bakwena tribe formerly ranked first and highest among its neighbours, and its chief took precedence. Sechele was not slow to avail himself of this advantage. His northern neighbours, the Bamangwato, were at the middle of this century, in the constant throes of intertribal feud. Sechele tendered his offices and aid time after time, and frequently assisted in the restoration of deposed or fugitive chiefs.

Sekhome, chief of the Bamangwato—father of the present chief Khama—and his brother Maeneng, were constantly at variance. During the long period between 1810 and 1870, there were many tribal intrigues and revolutions, in which first one, then the other, of these worthies was successful. The deposed chief always seems to have taken refuge with Sechele, and when his turn came round, was assisted by that chief into power again. In these transactions, Sechele's strength and authority became greatly augmented.

For many years past the old chief has been settled at Molepolole, where Livingstone first found him—it was often called *lituburuba* in those early days. Here, in a strong place among rocky hills, a great native town, mustering some eight thousand inhabitants, finds shelter. It is a most picturesque place, manifestly chosen from its unassailable position for the

defence of the tribe in time of war. The grass-thatched huts of the Bakwena are seen dotted closely about the hill-sides, and, from a distance, look not unlike a vast collection of monstrous beehives.

Of late years Sechele had become too old for business, and his son Sebele—no great lover of the English—has acted as chief-regent. The old chief—'Black Sechele' as he was called of old, from the extreme darkness of his skin, even among dark-skinned Africans will be long remembered among the Bechuanas as a strong, sagacious, and most capable tribal leader.

And among Englishmen, the man who first offered Livingstone a foothold in Africa, who successfully preserved middle Bechuanaland from the assaults of the frontier Boers, and who ever heartily welcomed the great English hunters and explorers—such as Oswell, Vardon, Gordon Cumming, and others—to the then unknown hunting-grounds of the far interior, is surely deserving of a modest niche in the fabric of South African history.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

By GRANT ALLAN,

Author of *This Market Vale*, *Foot Road*, *The Scallywag*, &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MORTIMER STRIKES HOME.

WHEN Arnold arrived at Stanley & Lockhart's, it almost seemed to him as if the sun had gone back upon the dial of his lifetime to the days when he was still an Earl and a somebody. True, the shop-boy of whom he inquired, in a timid voice, if he could see one of the partners, scarcely deigned to look up from his ledger at first, as he murmured, in the surly accent of the underling, 'Name, please?' But the moment the answer came, 'Mr Arnold Willoughby,' the boy left off writing, awe-struck, and scrambling down from his high perch, opened the low wooden door with a deferential, 'This way, sir. I'll ask if the head of the firm is engaged.—Mr Jones, can Mr Stanley see Mr Arnold Willoughby?'

That name was like magic. Mr Jones led him on with attentive politeness. Arnold followed up-stairs, as in the good old days when he was an unchallenged Earl, attended and heralded by an ushering clerk in a most respectful attitude. Even the American millionaire himself, whom the functionaries at once recognised, scarcely met with so much honour in that mart of books as the reputed author of the book of the season. For Willoughby spent money for the firm just that moment. And the worst of it all was, as Arnold reflected to himself with shame and regret, all this deference was being paid him no more on his own personal merits than ever, but simply and solely because the publishing world persisted in believing he had written the story, which as a matter of fact he had only deciphered, transcribed, and Englished.

In the counting-house, Mr Stanley met him with outstretched arms, metaphorically speaking. He rubbed his hands with delight. He was all bland expectancy. The new and rising

author had come round, no doubt, to thank him in person for the cheque the firm had sent him by the last post of yesterday. 'Charmed to see you, I'm sure, Mr Willoughby,' the senior partner exclaimed, motioning him with one hand to the chair of honour; 'and you too, Mr Mortimer. Lovely weather, isn't it?—Well, the reception your book has had both from press and public is flattering; most flattering. We are selling it fast still; in fact, this very day I've given orders to pull off another thousand of the library edition. I'm sure it must be most gratifying to you. It's seldom a first book comes in for such an ovation.'

Arnold hardly knew what to answer; this cordiality flurried him; but after a short preamble, he drew forth the cheque and explained in very few words that he couldn't accept it.

Mr Stanley stared at him, and rang his little bell. 'Ask Mr Lockhart to step this way,' he said, with a puzzled look. 'This is a matter to be considered by all four of us in council.'

Mr Lockhart stepped that way with cheerful alacrity; and to him, too, Arnold explained in the briefest detail why he had refused the cheque. The two partners glanced at one another. They hummed and hawed nervously. Then Mr Lockhart said in slow tones: 'Well, this is a disappointment to us, I confess, Mr Willoughby. To tell you the truth, though we desired to divide the profits more justly than they were being divided by our original agreement, as is our habit in such cases, still, I won't deny we had also looked forward to the pleasure of publishing other books from your pen on subsequent occasions.' (Mr Lockhart was a pompous and correct old gentleman, who knew how to talk in private like the set language of the business letter.) 'We hoped, in point of fact, you would have promised us a second book for the coming season.'

Arnold's face flushed fiery red. 'This persistent disbelief made him positively angry. In a few forcible words, he explained once more to the astonished publisher that he had not written 'An Elizabethan Seadog,' and that he doubted his ability to write anything like it. In any case, he must beg them to take back their cheque, and not to expect work of any sort from him in future.'

The partners stared at him in blank astonishment. They glanced at one another curiously. Then Mr Lockhart rose, nodded, and left the room. Mr Stanley, left alone, engaged them in conversation as best he could for a minute or two. At the end of that time a message came to the senior partner: 'Mr Lockhart says, sir, could you speak to him for one moment?'

'Certainly,' Mr Stanley answered.—'Will you excuse me a minute, if you please, Mr Willoughby?' There's the last review of your book; perhaps you'd like to glance at it. And with another queer look he disappeared mysteriously.

'Well,' he said to his partner, as soon as they were alone in Mr Lockhart's sanctum, 'what on earth does this mean? Do you suppose somebody else has offered him higher terms than he thinks he'll get from us? Jones

& Burton may have bribed him. He's a thundering liar, any way, and one doesn't know what the dickens to believe about him.'

'No,' Mr Lockhart replied confidently; 'that's not it, I'm sure, Stanley. If he were a rogue, he'd have pocketed our cheque without a word, and taken his next book all the same to the other people. It isn't that, I'm certain, as sure as my name's Lockhart. Don't you see what it is? The fellow's mad; he really thinks now he didn't write the "Seadog." Success has turned his head. It's an awful pity. He began with the story as an innocent deception; he went on with it afterwards as an excellent advertisement; now he's gone off his head with unexpected triumph, and really believes he didn't write it, but discovered it. However, it's all the same to us. I tell you what we must do: ask him if ever he discovers any more interesting manuscripts, to give us the first refusal of his translation or decipherment.'

But when they returned a few minutes later with this notable proposition, Arnold could only burst out laughing. 'No, no,' he said, really amused at last. 'I see what you think. Mr Mortimer will tell you I'm as sane as you are. You fancy I'm mad; but you're quite mistaken. However, I can honestly promise you what you ask that if I have ever again any publishing business to transact, I will bring my work first to you for refusal.'

So the interview ended. Come as it was from one point of view, it yet saddened Arnold somewhat. He couldn't help being struck by this persistent fate which made him all through life be praised or admired, not for what he really was or really had done, but for some purely adventitious or even unreal circumstance. He went away and resumed once more his vain search for work. But as day after day went by, and he found nobody ready to employ a practically one-armed man, with no recommendation save that of having served his time as a common sailor, his heart sank within him. The weather grew colder too, and his weak lung began to feel the chilly fogs of London. Worst of all, he was keeping Kathleen also in England; for she wouldn't go south and leave him, though her work demanded that she should winter as usual in Venice, where she could paint the range of subjects for which alone, after the hateful fashion of the present day, she could find a ready market. All this made Arnold not a little anxious, the more so as his fifty pounds, no matter how well husbanded, were beginning to run out and leave his exchequer empty.

In this strait, it was once more Rufus Mortimer, their unflinching friend, who came to Arnold's and Kathleen's assistance. He went round to Arnold's rooms one afternoon full of serious warning. 'Look here, my dear Willoughby,' he said; 'there is such a thing as carrying conscientious scruples to an impracticable excess. I don't pretend to act up to my principles myself; if I did, I should be compelled to sell all I have, like you, and give it to the poor, or their modern equivalent, whatever that may be, in the dominant political economy of the moment. But somehow, I don't

feel inclined to go such lengths for my principles. I lock them up in a cabinet as interesting curiosities. Still, you, you know, rush into the opposite extreme. The past is past, and can't of course be undone; though I don't exactly see that you were bound in the first instance quite so utterly to disinherit yourself—to cut yourself off with the proverbial shilling. But as things now stand, I think it's not right of you, merely for the sake of pampering your individual conscience—which, after all, may be just as much mistaken as anybody else's conscience—to let Miss Hessegrave live in such perpetual anxiety on your behalf. For her sake, I feel sure, you ought to make up your mind to sacrifice to some extent your personal scruples, and at least have a try at writing something or other of your own for Stanley & Lockhart. You could publish it simply under your present name as Arnold Willoughby, without reference in any way to the "Elizabethan Scadog;" and if, in spite of all your repeated disclaimers, people still persist in describing you as the author of the book you only translated, why, that's their fault, not yours, and I don't see why you need trouble yourself one penny about it.

'I've thought of that, these last few days,' Arnold answered, yielding slightly; 'and I've even begun to plan out a skeleton plot for a projected story; but then, it's, oh, so different from "An Elizabethan Scadog;" a drama of the soul; a very serious performance. I couldn't really imagine anything myself in the least like Master John Collingham's narrative. I've no taste for romance. What I think I might do is a story of the sad lives of the seafaring folk I have lived and worked among—a realistic tale of hard toil and incessant privation and heroic suffering. But all that's so different from the Elizabethan buccaneer, that I don't suppose any publisher would care to touch it.'

'Don't you believe it, Mortimer answered with decision. 'They'd jump at it like grizzlies. Your name would be enough now to make any book go. I don't say more than one; if your next should be a failure, you'll come down like a stick, as you went up like a rocket. I've seen more than one of these straw fires flare to heaven in my time, both in literature and art; and I know how they burn out after the first flare-up—a mere flash in the pan, a red blaze of the moment. But at any rate, you could try: if you succeeded, well and good; if not, you'd at least be not a penny worse off than you are at present.'

'Well, I've worked up my subject a bit in my own head,' Arnold answered more cheerfully, 'and I almost think I see my way to something that might possibly stand a chance of taking the public; but there's the difficulty of writing it. What can I do with this maimed hand? It won't hold a pen. And though I've tried with my left, I find it such slow work as far as I've yet got on with it.'

'Why not have a type-writer?' Mortimer exclaimed with the quick practical sense of his countrymen. 'You could work it with one hand—not quite so quick as with two, of course, but still, pretty easily.'

'I thought of that too,' Arnold answered, looking down. 'But—they cost twenty pounds. And I haven't twenty pounds in the world to bless myself with.'

'If you'd let me make you a present of one'—Mortimer began; but Arnold checked him with a hasty wave of that imperious hand.

'Not for her sake' the American murmured in a very low voice.

And Arnold answered gently: 'No, dear Mortimer, you kind, good friend—not even for her sake. There are still a few prejudices I retain even now from the days when I was a gentleman—and that is one of them.'

Mortimer rose from his seat. 'Well, leave it to me,' he said briskly. 'I think I see a way out of it.' And he left the room in haste, much to Arnold's mute wonder.

A few hours later he returned, bringing with him in triumph a mysterious paper of most legal dimensions. It was folded in three, and engrossed outside with big black letters, which seemed to imply that 'This Indenture' witnessed something really important. 'Now, all I want,' he said in a most business-like voice, laying the document before Arnold, 'is just your signature.'

'My signature?' Arnold answered, with a glance at the red wafers that adorned the instrument. 'Why, that's just the very thing I'm most particular about giving.'

'Oh, but this is quite simple, I assure you,' Mortimer replied with a persuasive smile. 'This is just a small agreement with Stanley & Lockhart. They covenant to pay you one hundred pounds down—look here, I've got the cheque in my pocket already—the merest formality—by way of advance on the royalties of a book you engage to write for them; a work of fiction, of whatever sort you choose, length, size, and style to be left to your discretion. And they're to publish it when complete, in the form that may seem to them most suitable for the purpose, giving you fifteen per cent. on the net price of all copies sold in perpetuity. And if I were you, Willoughby, I'd accept it offhand. And I'll tell you what I'd do: I'd start off at once post-haste to Venice, where you'd be near Miss Hessegrave, and where she and you could talk the book over together while in progress.' He dropped his voice a little. 'Seriously, my dear fellow,' he said, 'you both of you look ill, and the sooner you can get away from this squalid village, I think, the better.'

Arnold read over the agreement with a critical eye. 'I see,' he said, 'they expressly state that they do not hold me to have written "An Elizabethan Scadog," but merely to have discovered, deciphered, and edited it.'

'Yes,' Mortimer replied with a cheerful smile. 'I'm rather proud of that clause. I foresaw that that interminably obtrusive old conscience of yours would step in with one of its puritanical objections, if I didn't distinctly stipulate for that exact proviso; so I made them put it in; and now I'm sure I don't know what you can possibly stick at: for it merely provides that they will pay you fifteen per cent. on any precious book you may care to write; and they're so perfectly sure of seeing their money

again, that they'll give you a hundred pounds down on the nail for the mere promise to write it.'

'But suppose I were to die meanwhile,' Arnold objected, still staring at it, 'what insurance could they give themselves?'

Rufus Mortimer seized his friend by the waist perforce; pushed him bodily into a chair; placed a pen in his left hand, and laid the document before him. 'Upon my soul,' he said, half humorously, half angrily, 'that irrepressible conscience of yours is enough to drive any sane man out of his wits. There! Not another word. Take the pen and sign.—Thank Heaven, that's done. I didn't ever think I could get you to do it. Now, before you've time to change what you're pleased to call your mind, I shall rush off in a cab and carry this straight to Stanley & Lockhart. Sign the receipt for the hundred pounds at once.—That's right! One must treat you like a child, I see, or there's no doing anything with you. Now, I'm off. Don't you move from your chair till I come back again. Can't you see, you donkey, that if they want to be insured against the chance of your death, that's their affair, not yours? and that they have insured themselves already a dozen times over with the "Elizabethan Seadog"?''

'Stop, stop a moment,' Arnold cried, some new scruple suggesting itself; but Mortimer rushed headlong down the stairs without heeding him. He had a hansom in waiting below. 'To Stanley & Lockhart's,' he cried eagerly, 'near Hyde Park Corner.' And Arnold was left alone to reflect with himself upon the consequences of his now fairly irrevocable action.

In half an hour, once more Mortimer was back, quite radiant. 'Now, that's a bargain,' he said cheerily. 'We've sent it off to be duly stamped at Somerset House; and then you can't go back upon it without gross breach of contract. You're booked for it now, thank Heaven. Whether you can or you can't, you've got to write a novel. You're under agreement to supply one, good, bad, or indifferent. Next, you must come out with me and choose a typewriter. We'll see for ourselves which is the best adapted to a man with one hand. And after that, we'll go straight and call on Miss Hesselgrave; for I shan't be satisfied now till I've packed you both off by quick train to Venice.'

'I wonder,' Arnold said, 'if ever fiction before was so forcibly extorted by brute violence from any man?'

'I don't know,' Mortimer answered. 'And I'm sure I don't care. But I do know this— if you try to get out of it now on the plea of compulsion, why, to prove you clearly wrong, and show you're in every way a free agent, I'm hanged if I don't brain you.'

As they went away from the shop where they had finally selected the most suitable typewriter, Arnold turned towards Cornhill. 'Well, what are you up to now?' Mortimer inquired suspiciously.

'I was thinking,' Arnold said with some little hesitation, 'whether I oughtn't in justice to Stanley & Lockhart to insure my life for a hundred pounds, in case I should die, don't you know, before I finished my novel.'

Next instant, several people in Cheapside were immensely surprised by the singular spectacle of a mild-faced gentleman in frock coat and chimney-pot hat shaking his companion vigorously, as a terrier shakes a rat. 'Now, look here, you know, Willoughby,' the mild-faced gentleman remarked in a low but very decided voice; 'I've got the whip-hand of you, and I'm compelled to use it. You listen to what I say. If you spend one penny of that hundred pounds— which I regard as to all practical intents and purposes Miss Hesselgrave's, in any other way except to go to Venice and write this novel, which must be a really first-rate one I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll publicly reveal the disgraceful fact that you're a British peer, and all the other equally disgraceful facts of your early life, your origin, and ancestry.'

The practical consequence of which awful threat was that by the next day but one Kathleen and Arnold were on their way south together, bound for their respective lodgings as of old in Venice.

THE INDIAN RIVER COUNTRY, FLORIDA.

TEN years ago, when the boom in Florida was at its height, the Indian River was almost unknown, except to some enthusiastic sportsmen and tourists who left the beaten routes of travel in search of novel scenes and experiences, and the few settlers along its banks were contented, cultivating their orange groves with the hope that in the future, when a railway tapped this section, the Indian River oranges would become famous. The foresight of the old settlers has been amply justified, as Indian-River oranges now command the highest market price of any grown in Florida. Oranges, however, do not constitute the only product of this section, as the pine-apple industry, although not a dozen years old, has now a more valuable crop than even the orange; and there seems little doubt that this industry will continue as a profitable investment for a good number of years to come. Among others from different States in the Union, quite a number of young Englishmen are now successfully engaged in this lucrative business, and each year sees their numbers increase.

Taking a look at the map of Florida, you will notice that the east coast is lined by a series of inland water-ways or lagoons, improperly termed rivers, which at present are being connected by means of dredges, operated by the East Coast Canal and Transportation Company, so as to give water-communication the whole length of the coast. Nor is this all. 'The East Coast Line' of railway in April last ran their first through train from Jacksonville to Lake North, a distance of some two hundred and fifty miles, in almost a straight line, following the west bank of Indian River and Lake North.

Mr Flagler made St Augustine what it is—a city of the finest hotels in America; the famous 'Ponce de Leon' and 'Cordova' hotels being known by every tourist in the land. For some years his railway stopped there. Last

year he extended it to Rockledge, on Indian River; and becoming interested in Lake North, he built one of the finest hotels in the country at Palm Beach this year, opened it, and at the same time made that the terminus of his road. Although the terminus of railway travel, next year tourists will get along comfortably far south of that, as there are two powerful dredges working day and night cutting a canal between Lake North and Biscayne Bay; and it is confidently expected to be open for steamer traffic ere next year.

It is not to be supposed that Mr Flagler is spending millions in railways and hotels for tourist travel only, as this source of revenue lasts but three months of each year. The natural resources of the east coast determined him to open it up and develop the country; and a short article on this section of Florida may prove interesting to some of our readers.

Indian River is a sheet of water about one hundred and fifty miles in length, varying from one to seven miles in width, and separated from the Atlantic Ocean by a narrow strip of land with an average width of half a mile. As the Gulf Stream flows northwards quite close to the Florida coast, the shores of the river have a more equable and milder climate than the interior of the State; and owing to its near proximity to the ocean, with its south-east summer breezes, it is cooler in summer than anywhere in the Northern States, while malarial complaints are almost unknown. The river teems with fish; and a large trade is done shipping mullet and the toothsome pompano to Northern markets. There are two ice factories on the river; and a canning factory is being built to dispose of pine-apples and other fruits that, from over-ripeness or blemishes, would not stand shipment. Truck-farming is engaging the attention of many; and owing to comparative immunity from frost, this must always be a favoured section in this particular. Merritt's Island, situated opposite Cape Canaveral, is famed throughout the State for its early beans, tomatoes, egg-plants, and pine-apples. In the centre of the island, sugar-cane grows luxuriantly in the rich hummocks; while on the prairies, dotted over with clumps of palmetto trees and small cedar hummocks giving splendid shade, cattle keep in good condition all the year round; and though there is not a sheep on the island, a farmer with colonial experience could do well sheep-raising for mutton alone, as the grazing is excellent.

Titusville, the county seat of Brevard, at the north end of the river, has a population of about sixteen hundred, its streets 'shelved,' lit by electricity, with good stores in quick buildings, a bank, half-a-dozen churches, and a jail—is a go-ahead, lively little town, doing a business with all parts of the river and back-country; and while the East Coast Line passes right through, it is the terminus of the Jacksonville, Tampa, & Key West Railway, here connecting with the Indian-River Steamboat Company, which acts as a feeder, and carries freight to and from all parts of the river.

Taking the steamer *St Lucie*, we leave the wharf with a somewhat vague feeling as to what is before us. The steamer is built of iron,

about one hundred and sixty feet long by twenty-five feet beam, with a stern wheel. She was built specially for the river, which is shoal in many places, and draws only about three feet of water. Comfortably fitted up with good staterooms, and well officered, a few days spent on board an Indian-River steamer leaves pleasant recollections to all who have ever done so. True, we make only about eight miles an hour. If we want to go on business in a hurry, we can take the railway; but for comfort and freedom from dust, a good passenger steamer is not to be compared with railway travel, however luxurious going quickly along, watching the pompano and caralle leap with an easy grace in the air, then fall sideways into the clear cool water again. We are amazed at the breadth of the river—seven miles. It almost looks, from the low shore on the east side, as if we were going out to sea. The west side for ten miles is lined with lovely building sites; but it is an old Spanish grant, and no title could be got to the land till recently.

Passing the Bay, the river narrows at Pine Island to about three miles; and the growth on either side changes to hummock—a mixture of oak, other hardwoods, and palmetto trees, from among which we catch glimpses of houses with an occasional gleam of light; and an orange grove, but partly seen, on account of the margin of virgin hummock left standing to act as a wind break.

Making a stop at City Point for a few minutes, we notice a good-sized store, more houses than we anticipated; and we learn that there are some forty thousand boxes of oranges shipped from this neighbourhood alone.

A couple of miles further down, on the Merritt's Island side of the river, we call at Indianola, one of the most attractive and go-ahead little settlements on the island—oranges, pine-apple, mangoes, and truck being grown by the settlers, who have a public hall, and evidently enjoy a fair measure of prosperity. Getting some passengers and baggage ashore takes a minute or two only, and we are again off. A mile or so farther on we come to famous Rockledge. Landing, we make our way to the hotel. It is now dark; but the scene is one never to be forgotten. A crowd of hotel guests, porters, and boatmen are on the wharf, scanning the passengers for known faces; and while there is none of that bustle and din about the place associated with hotel landings generally, your baggage is promptly looked after; and turning away from the blinding glare east on the wharf by the steamer's head-light, our eyes rest with pleasure on the big hotel, only a couple of hundred feet away, every window lit up, and electric lights shining among the palmettos in front so softly, that no picture of the imagination can conjure up anything so perfectly in harmony with the feeling of rest after travel, except it be that which the traveller feels on coming to his own home; and the orchestra on the veranda softly playing some old familiar air helps out the comparison.

The 'Hotel Indian River' is a plainly-built house of three hundred rooms in keeping with surroundings; and after engaging our room, we sit on the veranda and look out on the scene

in quiet enjoyment. Under tall palmettos and huge oaks, or on the pavilion over the bank of the river, guests are quietly chatting; and the bits of colour in the dress of the ladies add the one touch of life required to make the picture complete.

Rising early next morning, we take a stroll along the footpath that follows the shore, and at once divine the reason why the place got its name, as there is no beach, but instead, a rocky shore-line extending north and south for several miles. Walking north, we passed numbers of unpretentious villas among the orange groves, till we came to a bright sandy point of land running some distance out in the river, almost a counterpart of the 'Silver Strand' on Loch Katrine. Retracing our steps, we pass another handsome hotel, 'The Alcazar,' even larger than ours; and the railway station of the East Coast Line lies right between the two. Were it not for the track, however, one would never guess the neat-looking, bright, lemon-painted station was anything more than an office connected with one of the hotels. In the season, January, February, and March, Rockledge has a population of about two thousand; and during the balance of the year about two hundred. About the same number of boxes of oranges is shipped from this place as at City Point.

After breakfast, we board the steamer *St Augustine*, a day boat without staterooms, calling at all the landings on Merritt's Island, among them Georgianna, Lotus, and Tropic. Passing Eau Gallie, we come to Melbourne, so named by the first settler, an Englishman, who had lived years in Australia. This is a nice little settlement, with several stores, a couple of small hotels, and some pretty villas owned by Northern people of means, who spend their winters here, on the opposite side, at East Melbourne. On the beach-strip there are some large pine-apple patches. There is nothing particularly inviting about this beach-strip in its natural state, as it is covered with only saw-palmetto; but it certainly does grow pine-apples to perfection. One settler the other day sold his place for ten thousand dollars. He bought it six years ago for fifty dollars an acre. At the end of three years he had spent nine hundred dollars on it, and taken thirteen hundred and fifty dollars out of it, besides getting the crops of the past two years. Whether he retained this year's crop or sold it with the place, I did not learn. Of course, he did all the work himself.

Staying at 'Hector's Hotel' at Melbourne till evening, we got on board the through-steamer for Jupiter—this time, *St Sebastian*. Waking at daylight, we were just in time, passing St Lucie Inlet, to get a glimpse of the ocean. Calling at Fort Pierce, a small fishing village, for wood, we proceeded on our way, the shores gradually becoming higher again, and covered with a luxuriant tropical growth till we came to Eden, famous for its pine-apples. The rolling hills, or rather knolls, are cleared of every tree and stump, and in the distance the patches look something like corn-fields. All the settlers round Eden and Jensen are comfortably 'fixed,' as they say here; and at the latter place—which

was started by a Dane of that name—there is a very comfortable hotel of about fifty rooms, as well as a cunning factory.

Rounding Sewell's Point, the finest building site on the river, we turn up the St Lucie, which joins Indian River at this point. This is a genuine freshwater river, coming from the Everglades. At first, it is narrow and deep; but gradually it opens into an egg-shaped basin, with high banks on the east side. This river is the home of the manatee, an almost extinct mammal; and the State legislature have just passed a Bill prohibiting its destruction.

Landing some freight at Pobsdam, we put about, and got back to Indian River, where, after crossing St Lucie Inlet, we enter Jupiter Narrows, a tortuous passage among high mangroves of eight miles. On a bright day the scene is pleasant, although one can never see more than three or four hundred feet ahead; but on a dull day the Narrows have a weird, melancholy look, which only a desolate uninhabitable place can give. Suddenly emerging from the Narrows, we enter Hobe Sound, about a quarter of a mile wide, with high banks and rolling spruce pine-woods. Here quite a number of pine-apple growers are settled and doing well. At this point the principal growers are English. Nearing Jupiter, we see the light-house and signal station; and getting out of Hobe Sound, cross the Loachatchee River, and tie up at Jupiter wharf, this being the end of navigation on Indian River.

There is an inlet here also, and a fine view of the ocean can be had. An old steamer lies alongside the shore, and is converted into a hotel, where fish of all varieties is made a specialty, and quite a business is done during the winter and spring catering for tourists by steamers, sail-boats, and launches. At Jupiter there is a railway one eight miles in length, connecting Indian River and Lake Worth, called the 'Celestial Line' from the names of the stations on the route. Till Flagler's Road was built, it was the farthest south in the United States.

Taking the train in the afternoon, we rapidly pass Venus and Mars—about two houses at each place—and arrive at Junco, on Lake Worth, where a small steamer awaits our arrival, and carries us down the lake to Palm Beach. Lake Worth has an inlet from the ocean of its own; and at present, boats coming here go outside at Jupiter or St Lucie, run down the coast, and come in at Lake North Inlet. But in a month or two this somewhat hazardous experiment will be avoided, as the canal between Indian River and the lake will be completed. Lake Worth, rather more tropical than Indian River, is about twenty-five miles long and half a mile wide. A number of Chicago millionaires during the past few years built fine winter residences here, and spent enormous sums in beautifying their places; then Mr Flagler came along and built the 'Royal Poinciana Hotel' with six hundred rooms. This, coupled with the railway coming in, has made the lake a sort of millionaire winter home. A stage-line connects Lantana at the south end of the lake with Biscayne Bay, the most southern inhabited part of the mainland of Florida.

Returning from Palm Beach, we cross over the ferry on the lake in the morning, take our seats in the train via the East Coast Line, arriving in the afternoon at Titusville, after enjoying a novel tour through entirely new scenery over a route just opened, but with all the conveniences of an old settled country. Nine years ago, there were no steamboats here, and it is only eight years since the Jacksonville, Tampa, and Key West Railway tapped the head of Indian River, on which there has been no fictitious boom, but a steady growth; so, who shall say what possibilities lie in the future for this favoured section? The people are peaceful, law-abiding, and cosmopolitan to a degree, gathered together as they are from every quarter of the globe, building up what eventually will be the garden-spots of America.

Of millionaires and non-residents we have a full hand, but want more men with small capital, workers, who can live here comfortably the year round, and make a living with more ease than anywhere known to the writer. There is a good living to be made raising pine-apples on Indian River. The crop this year will be from fifty to sixty thousand barrels, which net about three hundred dollars per crate, or, say, three hundred dollars per acre. Plants bear the second year after setting-out; and a carefully tended patch will pay for itself, ordinary land included, in two years. Failures will take place in this as in every other industry; but they have been so far rare, and good reasons could be given for each one of them; and any young fellow with a few hundred pounds wishing a pleasant occupation abroad, could not do better than cast in his lot with the pine apple growers of Indian River.

BURGLAR JIM.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

MR. BERTRD LEXTON was steadily migrating eastward. From Chelsea he had gone to Hampstead, from Hampstead to Hackney, from Hackney to Hoxton, and now he was not far from the purlieus of Whitechapel. At every successive migration, his heart, and what was infinitely more to him, his wife's heart, had been wounded more deeply by the iron heel of Misery.

Till he was twenty, Bertrd had lived near Stockport, in Cheshire. His father was one of the cotton lords of that dingy, dirty town, and had risen from Councillor to Alderman, from Alderman to Magistrate, from Magistrate to Mayor. His cotton mill was the largest in that town of cotton mills, his wealth surpassed that of his brother-spinners. 'An obstinate man,' his friends and fellow-citizens called him; but his enemies used a harsher word. Once, the mill-workers went out on strike, and he had been the leader of the masters, the bitterest and most unyielding of all. The work-people triumphed in the end, because the other masters were not so firm as he. He was reported to have said that his work-people should 'eat dirt' before he would have yielded, if he had been fighting for himself.

His words were passed from lip to lip, and the hunger-bitten operatives for a time hissed him in the streets. But having won, they were magnanimous; and as he—seeing he had gone too far—judiciously spent a few hundreds in charities that brought him prominently before the workers, the matter dropped. When next he stood for the Town-Council, his opponents sought to make capital out of his words; but the attempt failed, and he was elected by a large majority.

He had three children—Bertrd and two girls. On Bertrd his ambition was centred, and he told him, when but a boy of fifteen, that it would be his own fault if he did not wear a coronet, and then sent him to Eton and Oxford.

It was during the summer vacation that the festivities on his coming of age took place. He developed a great liking for the mill that summer, and it was whispered that he was fond of visiting the porters' lodge, where a pretty girl, Rhoda Brighton, worked at roller-covering. Rhoda was only a factory girl, but a superior factory girl. Of middle height, shapely and graceful, with a face that would have challenged admiration at a Drawing-room, was what she was to the outward eye. Bertrd soon found that she was refined as well. She had had but a National School education; but she had made good use of her opportunities. The best commentary on her was that of the ruder and vulgar factory girls, who stigmatised her 'stuck up'; the worst possible sin in their eyes.

Her father had been a mechanic, who by intelligence had risen to be foreman of an engineering firm. He had saved a few hundreds, and invested them in a Building Society. The Society was defrauded, and became bankrupt, and his heart broke with it. The week after the first and final dividend of sixpence, he was dead. His wife had nothing; and Rhoda, who was looking forward to a High-school education, at fifteen was sent to earn her bread. By great good fortune, she got engaged as roller-coverer, one of the most genteel of cotton factory employments.

Bertrd was often in the lodge on various pretexts, but in reality to talk to pretty Rhoda. His father was not a Puritan, and Bertrd had some transient dreams at first of making Rhoda a shame. But a few days' conversation with her made him hate him-self for his half-conceived thought; and gradually there grew in his heart a hope that she might be his jewel, not his plaything. He gave no heed to the fact that he was a master's son and rich, and she only a factory girl, and that the world would look upon such a union as degrading to him. He knew his grandfather had been but an operative him-self, and his immature intellect could not perceive any difference in rank. True, Rhoda was not so educated as he would wish his wife to be, but that could soon be remedied.

If he looked forward with delight to his daily visit to the mill, Rhoda's heart had also begun to beat and her cheek to flush when she heard him coming. One morning he went down to the mill and said straightforwardly: 'Rhoda, I love you.'

Rhoda blanched to the lips. 'Oh, Mr Bertrod, shame!'

'Shame, Rhoda?'

'Yes; shame to make sport of me so.'

'Rhoda,' he cried in a tone there was no mistaking, 'by my life and honour, I swear that you mistake me. I love you love you with my whole heart. If you will be my wife, I shall be happy; if not cursed. You will not curse me, Rhoda?'

She flushed, then paled again. 'Oh, Mr Bertrod, it cannot be. How can I, a poor?'

'Rhoda, do you love me? Tell me the truth.'

'Oh, please, do not ask me. It cannot

'I don't want to know what can or cannot be,' he said angrily. 'I want to know if you love me. Speak out honestly, in Heaven's name.'

Rhoda was in dire straits. Visions of delight flashed across her brain, mingled with visions the reverse of joy.

'Rhoda, as you are a true girl, answer me Yes or No.'

'Yes, I do,' she said, summoning up courage to articulate the words and to look him fully in the face. 'But it cannot be; it is impossible'—

He clasped her in his arms and kissed her trembling lips. 'There are no impossibilities in love, my darling, as you see. You love me, and you are mine, possible or impossible.'

Rhoda's eyes were alight with love fires, but there was doubt in them too. 'How can I, a poor factory girl? What will your father, what will the world, say?'

'Let them say what they will. What can they say when you are honouring me above all men, giving me what I most crave for?' He kissed her again.

The manager was coming straight to the lodge, so he whispered: 'Meet me in Didsbury Fields this evening at nine. Promise.'

When the manager came in, he found his young master arguing with Rhoda as to the best way of covering a roller, and was appealed to by Bertrod. He pronounced against Bertrod, who appeared to be much chagrined thereat.

Didsbury Fields were a little bit of Paradise that evening. Bertrod spoke frankly and to the point. He wanted Rhoda educated, because that was all that was necessary to make her an ideal wife. 'You have the instinct of refinement and culture now, my darling; all you want is the polish. If you love me, darling, you will consent to what I now propose. No one must know of our engagement yet. You must give notice at the mill to-morrow evening. Then I shall find a place where you may get all the knowledge and accomplishments of a lady. I think I know a lady in Windsor who would be glad to take charge of you—a lady who is a lady. Your mother can live in Windsor, if you wish it. By the time you are ready, I shall be in a position to marry you. I shall then announce our engagement; and if all the world says "No," I shall marry you just the same. Have you any objection, darling? Speak frankly, as you love and trust me.'

Rhoda had many objections to make, many

fears to express, many doubts to explain. But her lover brushed them aside lightly, and they gave themselves up to the happiness that lovers only know.

'Tell your mother,' he said as they parted, 'I shall call and see her to-morrow morning.'

Mrs Brighton likewise had many misgivings, but they vanished before the genuine frankness of the handsome young fellow. 'Rhoda is my all-my pride,' she said. 'God bless you as you do by her.' He answered that no words of his should have any weight only his actions. She consented to his plans; and a fortnight later, mother and daughter left for Windsor.

The meetings of the master's son and Rhoda had not been unnoticed by the neighbours; and the departure of the Brightons gave food to much malicious gossip. 'A proud, saucy baggage,' was the verdict: 'them stuck-up uns as looks down on the like of us are sure to come to that. A good honest woman as works for her livin is worth a hundred o' their sort.' Happily, Rhoda and her mother were not there to blush.

Two years have passed, years big with happiness to the lovers. Bertrod has just left college to get a little insight in the working of the mill. Old Leyton is about to give up the mill, and has proposed that Bertrod should try it for six months. If, then, he should choose to follow the business, he may; if not, it will be sold to a company, and Bertrod can play the gentleman.

But a week after his home-coming, the bomb-shell explodes in the Leyton breakfast-room, and blows father and son apart for ever.

'Never! never!' shouts the father. 'Give her up at once, or I've done with you for ever.'

'No, sir; as an honourable man, I cannot will not.'

His sisters, from whom he has expected sympathy, murmur, 'A factory girl,' and show unmistakably that they are on their father's side.

'Hark you, my ungrateful son,' said the father after a pause. 'You know me. I give you a night to sleep on it. If you do not obey me, you leave here in the afternoon, and never a penny of mine or a word of mine shall you have again.'

Bertrod had inherited something of his father's stubbornness, and there was love also to keep him unyielding. At breakfast next morning he said to his father: 'Are you still determined to disinherit me because I choose to marry a girl who once honoured your mill with her presence?'

'Are you going to give her up?'

'Certainly not, father. I should not be your son if I yielded in a matter of life and honour.'

'Then I give you till three this afternoon to clear out. And you only take your personal belongings, please; don't be a thief.'

'I shall take nothing that does not belong to me,' said Bertrod calmly, in spite of the taunt, 'you may rest assured. I shall not take all that does belong to me, for it seems your love and my sisters will be wanting.'

Old Leyton kept out of the way till Bertrud had gone; and the tips of his sisters' fingers, grudgingly given, were his only farewell.

Rhoda and her mother were in terrible distress when they heard; but Bertrud, with cheerful optimism, chased the shadows away; and a fortnight later, he made Rhoda a wife. They had a quiet honeymoon at Bournemouth, which ended tragically and abruptly, for they were summoned back by telegram to close Mrs Brighton's eyes and receive her blessing. Under such cheerful auspices, their married life began in a Chelsea flat.

Bertrud, soon finding that an Oxford graduate was not a unique article in the market, got engaged as traveller for a firm of wholesale chemists at one hundred and fifty pounds a year. The worst of it was it took him a good deal from home. But they were all the happier at the week-end, when they were able to spend a few hours together in peace.

Bertrud took to literary work as he rushed about country in the train, and, to his unspeakable satisfaction, several articles and sketches were accepted by an evening paper. He was as delicious with joy as Rhoda herself. He was destined to be a famous author, the idol of the reading public. He got eight pounds for seven articles, and the money was put by to feast their eyes upon. They were not eight paltry gold coins, but riches; and when either of the twain was depressed, they would go to the precious box and toy with the coins, and under their potent influence care and depression took wings.

Bertrud was so elated and so proud of the sympathy and help of his wife that he worked early and late, and after a day's travelling, would often sit up the whole night working hard on the novel that was to bring him fame and fortune. He delighted in work, for it was for her sake, and he often quoted Carlyle and others who had written on the dignity of labour. Rhoda copied for him, and talked over the characters with him till he declared that the story was as much hers as his, and ought to be issued in their joint names. What was better, the literary atmosphere they had created had its effect on Rhoda, who wrote two or three short tales, full of a gentle, unobtrusive pathos, which were accepted and paid for.

At last the novel was finished, written out in Rhoda's clear-cut hand. What a labour of love it had been! How she had toiled till her eyes ached, destroying every sheet that was the least blotted, or on which she had made a mistake or correction, till it was copy clear enough to merit the encomium of the most fastidious compositor!

The story, amid many flutterings of heart, and many a little ripple of laughter at nothing in particular, was daintily packed, and, without any due sense of fitness, was sent to one of the great London publishers. They pretended not to be castle-building; but all the same they counted on what was to come in the next twelve months; not a shop did they see but Bertrud pointed out what he would buy her when—when they were 'better off.'

A fortnight of buoyant hope, and the manuscript came back with a very polite 'Declined.'

It was a shock, and Bertrud laughed a cheerless, little laugh. 'Of course it would not be accepted at first. If it had been, I should have given up in despair; genius, or even talent, has never succeeded at the first attempt. Mark my words, Rhoda—that same publishing house will in a few months be asking me for a story—anything from my pen. I'll be magnanimous, and forgive them.'

Time after time the manuscript came back. It was getting shabby and frayed at the edges. It had been everywhere, likely and unlikely, and the best they had received was: 'If this story were twice as long, we might consider it.'

Nothing but hope had kept Bertrud from sinking under the great strain he had undergone. Now he sank, and sank deeply. Ghastly paleness, great circles round the eyes, sleepless nights, irritable temper, had long warned him. At last he fell, and Rhoda's nights and days were spent in nursing him.

It was six months before he was out in the street again. Brain fever had left him a wreck of himself. The firm had been very kind; they had paid his salary for two months, and then reluctantly had filled his place. Bertrud had no pleasant prospect. Here he was, weak and helpless, but a few pounds in the house, his occupation gone, and with a wife who would soon give him another name.

Active labour was out of the question, and it was only by exhausting effort that he managed to write, with Rhoda's help, a few articles, that brought in about a guinea a week on an average. There was no help for it; so, with tears such as they had never dreamed they would shed, they began to march backwards. They took rooms in a northern district, and there managed to exist. Bertrud would have sunk down in despair if Rhoda had not played the part woman is ever called upon to play. He sought for work of all kinds, for the irregular literary work was too precarious a living. One week they might not receive five shillings, another week three pounds might come. As spring came, he managed to get a clerk's place at thirty shillings a week. 'I can do literary work in the evenings, dearie,' he said cheerfully. But she could give him no help; a fortnight after he got his clerkship, a baby girl came. For a moment it was a bright spot in the dark clouds. But fresh sorrow was added. The weeks and months of ceaseless care and watching had drained Rhoda's vital forces, and it was her turn to be helpless and suffering for weeks together. Then Bertrud became ill again, and only by a great effort could crawl to his work.

The story of that spring-tide is too pitiful to dwell upon. Now faster, now slower, they went east, which is to say, down hill. In an agony of despair, when Bertrud became ill again, Rhoda wrote to his father, telling him that his boy was 'in want' (through sickness alone), she added proudly. Rhoda did not tell him that she was writing—if the father should aid his son in his strait, she wished it to appear spontaneous. The only answer was the letter returned, through Mr Leyton's solicitor, who was 'authorised to say that Mr Leyton declined to hold any communication with his

on or his wife.' She showed Bertrod the letter. He set his teeth firmly, but wept bitter tears as he went to the office.

At last they were in Hoxton, menaced by the Union. Bertrod was now a pawnbroker's assistant at twelve shillings a week. Their lodgings were such as they would have shrunk with horror from a year ago; now they were thankful they had such a home. Both were still weak, and subject to spells of illness. Their life could be summed up, when both were not ill, comparative happiness; one alone, tolerable; both, despair.

And yet they had managed to keep their souls and minds intact. It was western feeling in the heart of the east. Sometimes it worked for happiness; at others, it made life exquisite torture. The rough people among whom they lived recognised the difference, and christened them the Lady and Gentleman. At first, it was sarcastic and malicious; but by-and-by it became a good-natured appellation, and, by some, even of affection. If the husband did not fraternise with his neighbors at the 'Victoria Arms'—the chief house-of-call of the street—he was cheery, and spoke kindly to them, some of whom addressed him as 'Sir.' If Rhoda was a lady to them, they soon began to find that she was a lady after the order of the vicar's wife and the Sister of Mercy, and ever ready to help in sympathy if she could not in purse. 'A rare lady, but comed down; as weak as a lally, and her man consumptive,' was the general description of her by her rough neighbours. Their fellow-lodgers were anything but refined; and it was like an open wound in Bertrod's heart to think that, instead of giving the girl who had worked in his father's mill a life immeasurably better, it was immeasurably worse. Drink, fighting, bad language—such was the atmosphere in which the gentle girl had to live. And what of their child, the darling girl who was to be such a 'jewel as never child was before or since? What would she be in the atmosphere of Dackman Street? Not that their fellow-lodgers had no respect for their feelings; but, of course, it was an impossibility that they could, even if they would, alter their mode of life and change their nature just because a superior couple happened to be lodging in the same house. They did tone down their picturesque language a little, when they thought of the pale-faced, gentle trio in the room above; but when softened, it was still torture to Rhoda.

THE GIGANTIC WHEEL.

THE 'Ferris Wheel,' which formed one of the leading attractions of the Chicago Exhibition, will shortly be eclipsed by the huge structure now being erected at the Earl's Court Exhibition in London; for, whereas the American wheel had a diameter of two hundred and fifty feet, that which is being carried to completion in this country has a diameter of three hundred feet—a dimension, it may be noted, not far short of the total height of the Forth Bridge, a comparison which will enable our

readers to realise at once the proportions of the Gigantic Wheel.

The Ferris Wheel, we may briefly remind our readers, was carried on a horizontal axis one hundred and thirty-five feet above ground-level, and took its name from Mr Ferris, the civil engineer who designed and built it. The wheel carried on its circumference thirty-six cars, each of which was twenty-four feet long by thirteen feet wide and ten feet deep, and accommodated thirty-eight persons; so that the total seating capacity was no less than thirteen hundred and sixty-eight persons, which, at fifty cents a head, gives an income of six hundred and eighty-four dollars, or one hundred and thirty-seven pounds, per trip. Each revolution occupied about twenty minutes; and as two rounds were permitted to each visitor, the above sum was earned in forty minutes with full cars; which is equivalent to an income of over two hundred pounds per hour, from which, of course, working expenses, &c., fall to be deducted. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising to learn that the Chicago Wheel earned seven hundred thousand dollars, or one hundred and sixty per cent. on its cost, in twenty weeks.

But to return to the engineering features of the construction of the Ferris Wheel. The total width is twenty-eight feet; and the rim crowns are formed as hollow 'box' girders, bound together by diagonal bracing; whilst on the outside is bolted the huge circular cast-iron spur-rack by which the whole is driven. The wheel is strengthened by an inner circumference having a diameter of one hundred and eighty feet, and similar in design, though smaller in sections than the outer circumference already described; whilst one hundred and forty-four round-iron spokes connect the circumference with the main shaft, which is a steel forging forty-five feet long and thirty-two inches in diameter. The whole is turned by means of a large chain, a steam engine supplying the motive power.

Having now dealt in brief outline with the American gigantic wheel, we pass to some account of its British prototype, which is designed to seat sixteen hundred persons in forty cars, each of which will be twenty-five feet long by fifteen feet wide and ten feet high, and will be carried on two towers, each one hundred and seventy-five feet high. These towers, on whose summit the main axle will revolve, are fitted at the top with large saloons, surrounded by balconies, communication being given by means of elevators and stairs; whilst below, three tiers of floors will be devoted to restaurants, buffets, promenade concert rooms, and other purposes of recreation.

A feature of the British wheel will be a hollow central axle no less than seven feet in diameter, permitting passage from one tower to another; such arrangement being in marked contrast to the American main axle, which was only thirty-two inches in diameter, and solid.

The London wheel will be driven by a steel wire hawser one and seven-eighth inches in

diameter. Two such hawsers will be provided, one on either side, passing round grooves on the wheel-sides; but it is the intention only to use one at a time; the other being ready in case of emergencies or repairs.

Electricity will furnish the motive power, two fifty-horse-power dynamos being provided; but here, again, provision has been made for casualties, as one dynamo will be sufficient to drive the wheel, the other being in reserve. In this connection, it may be mentioned that the towers and saloons will be furnished throughout with the electric light, and that several interesting novelties will be introduced, such as the illumination by electricity of the huge wheel. The towers are carried on concrete blocks under each leg, the dimensions being fifteen feet square at the top by eighteen feet by nineteen feet at the bottom, the depth of each block being fifteen feet. Eight steel bolts, two and a quarter inches diameter and twelve feet in length, secure the tower legs to each block of concrete on which they rest.

Into the minutiae of the construction of the towers carrying the main axle of the wheel we do not propose to enter; suffice it to point out that steel plates and angles are liberally used throughout, and that the stiff form of construction known as 'box' girders has been adopted with much diagonal and cross bracing, to ensure absolute rigidity and reliability at every point.

The wheel itself is built with two circumferences, of similar type, but differing in strength, the outer rim being considerably the heavier. A distance of about forty feet separates the two circumferences, the cars being suspended from the outer one. The circumferences are well braced together by cross diagonal tie rods three and a quarter inches in diameter; whilst the spokes are of steel rods having a diameter of two and a half inches. Owing to the great length of the rods, they are stiffened about the centre by 'channel' bracing, to prevent undue 'sag' when in the horizontal position. Both circumferences, it should be noted, are made in straight lengths, to facilitate construction, the formation of a straight girder being considerably easier and cheaper than that of one built to a true curve, however slight. Coupling screws are liberally supplied on all rods, enabling any slack or tendency to droop to be at once taken up.

Eight stages will be provided near the ground-level, from which the cars can be entered or left, so that the wheel will stop five times during each revolution, which will occupy about twenty minutes.

The total weight of steel in the undertaking will be about fifteen hundred tons; and it is of interest to learn that not only is Scotch steel being employed, but that a Scotch contractor is executing the girder and structural work of the gigantic wheel.

The views to be obtained from the huge structure on clear days will be unrivalled; and though no special utility can be claimed for this latest engineering wonder, yet as a means of amusement and recreation in these days of high pressure and keen competition, it is something to find new fields of enjoyment opened up and fresh modes invented of shaking off the cares

of work, and enabling the toiler to return to his task with renewed energies and reawakened vigour, after the novel sensation of spending twenty minutes on the Gigantic Wheel.

NOVEL NOTICES.

ANY observant person in large towns may find frequent entertainment in marking amusing announcements to be seen in shops, on buildings, placards, bill-heads, among advertisements, and so forth. In London, the writer often notices laundry legends certifying that 'collars are washed.' 'Try our coker nuts' and 'Korg drops' are common invitations among the smaller shops, and are evidently well understood of the people. 'Gents sox' may be seen in many hosiers; but we were rather startled by the phonetic simplicity of 'liekrice, one penny a stick,' in a Liverpool toffee-shop.

Last summer, in the window of a walking-stick shop in Plymouth, some canes were marked 'Gents swagger sticks as used by the officers of the garrison.' This we thought rather funny; but were afterwards to find more amusement in a stationer's shop in Bristol, in the window of which was a card bearing the encouraging information: 'School Girls and Boys' Pencils—Excellent make. Warranted to spell correctly and write easily.' Most of us will wish we had only had such an offer in our school-days.

A curious placard posted on the door of a little shop lately attracted the attention of a visitor to Naples. It informed the public that 'the title of Duke is offered for sale inquire within.'

A book-seller's catalogue is said to have contained this information, 'Memoirs of Charles I. - with a head capitally executed.' This was run pretty close by an advertisement in another catalogue which called attention to a 'new work on Pedestrianism, with copious foot-notes.'

Still in use at some stores near Derby is the following bill-head: 'Boot and Shoe Merchant, Stationer and Haberdasher; dealer in mangles, sewing machines, trunks, bedsteads, cartridges, gunpowder, and shot. Wools, shovels, furniture, agricultural implements, iron and tinware.—S.B. Agents for Pullar's Dye Works; also for the White Star Line, Liverpool and New York. Prompt attention given to bookbinding. Registry office for servants. Houses completely furnished.'

The cycling mania spread rapidly in Paris. One of the theatre managers there actually announces that 'Ladies and Gentlemen arriving at his house "on bicyclette," can have their machines warehoused free of charge during the performance, in a room specially set apart for the purpose.'

A writer from Sydney gives a curious instance of British enterprise in Australia. In an up-country town, a young Scotchman has

just opened a small hotel, and in order to compete successfully with his longer-established rivals, placed a notice on his door to the effect that 'Persons drinking more than four glasses of his "Burton XXXX," would be sent carefully home free of charge in a wheelbarrow if desired.' This offer would probably be keenly appreciated by some of the rough customers of the neighbourhood.

Once on a time a placard was to be seen at Kretscham announcing the fact that a dance was to be given. The notice concluded with the following *Nota Bene*—'Ladies without shoes will not be allowed to participate in the dance.'

A churchyard is not usually considered a very cheerful place for courtship; yet there seemed to be a good deal of it in the Northwood Cemetery at Germantown, Pennsylvania. The Directors have found it necessary to erect at the entrance a sign bearing these words: 'Flirting is Prohibited.' The country church is localised to this day in which a very curious notice was once given by the clerk to the congregation. It was to this effect: 'There'll be no service in this church for n'appen a matter of fower weeks, as t' parson's hen is sitting in th' pulpit.'

When an emigrant vessel is expected to arrive at Fremantle, the port of West Australia, notices something like the following are issued on all sides: 'There will arrive by the "Devonshire," shortly—Seventy-two single women—Thirty married couples and Forty-five single men. The Single Women can be seen, on arrival of vessel, at the Home. There are amongst them experienced Cooks, Housemaids, and General Servants. People requiring domestic servants must state their requirements in writing to Mrs G—'. Such announcements cause great excitement among the colonists, some of whom are seeking wives, and others good servants (much harder to get).

Now that we are on a nautical part of our subject, it may be mentioned that humour can sometimes be gleaned from a tariff bill. For instance, the rate schedule of one of the transatlantic steamship companies sets forth that the price of passage for dogs, cats, and monkeys is ten dollars each; and that those animals 'must be caged before being brought on the steamer, and will then be placed in charge of the butcher.'

For combination of business and sentiment this notice is hard to beat: 'Mr Bronson has the honour and regret to inform his patrons and friends that he has just published a new waltz, "The Breeze of Ontario," and lost his daughter, Susan Deborah, aged fifteen years. The waltz is on sale at all music-sellers, and the funeral will take place to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock.'

From notifications to that effect it now appears that Englishmen are expected not only to be ready to risk their lives, but to pay money down for the luxury of danger, or to what are we to attribute the following announcement? 'War in South Africa.—Expedition now organising to proceed to the front.—Gentlemen of position, who ride and shoot, may join. Cost £204. Guides provided.—

African, G 915, Address and Inquiry Office, &c.' Two hundred pounds will secure to gentlemen of position the pains and pleasures of an ocean voyage, followed by weeks of early rising, bad food and weather, probable sickness, and certain fatigue, which may at last offer the opportunity of a personal experience of the prowess of the warriors who figure in the pages of 'King Solomon's Mines,' with the power of the mounted white and his rifle when pitted against the impi and the assegai.

As we have remarked, amusement can be derived from noticing the slips in grammar and orthography in odd announcements. Still, one may at times discover a mare's nest, as in this instance. A showman had a bill outside his tent which read, 'Come and see the great sawed fish.' A learned gentleman noticed it, and informed the showman that it ought to be 'sword' fish. 'Yer'd better come in and see for yer-self; the hadmission is only tuppence,' was the showman's reply. So the learned man paid his tuppence, went in, and was shown a large cod sawed in half. 'Yer aint the fust gent wat's tried to teach me 'ow to spell; but I've had a good eddication, and I'm running this show to prove it,' grinned the man. The learned gentleman stayed to listen to no more.

O. H.

BRAVE IN DEATH.

'Once between the attacks when the Matabele had fallen back, they all stood up and took off their hats and sang. The Matabele say they will never attack the white men again, for when men can fight and die like Wilson's party, Kallus can do nothing against them.' From *H. Stander's* *Garth*, on the death of Major Wilson and his party.

'Tut! sang the white men sang
Sang in the face of death,
And the forest echoes rang
With their triumphant breath
What know they that we do not know,
These white men, who can perish so.'

'They had looked their last on life,
They knew their hour had come;
Yet, for merrcy after strife,
Those haughty lips were dumb,
But they sang before their Victor, Death,
And the forest rang with their parting breath!'

'Brothers, in vain we rage;
We cannot conquer such;
We have torn wide the cage,
But the bird escapes our touch;
On our spirit falleth a mighty dread;
We leaved them most when we left them dead!'

Oh men, who perished thus!
You have not died in vain;
Your memory lives with us,
A triumph through the pain;
And our children's children the tale shall tell
Of how you conquered as you fell!

MARY GORGES.

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DUNKERY BEACON.

BY A WANDERER IN EXMOOR

To stand upon the cairn of stone that marks the summit of Dunkery Hill, and drink in the cool, exhilarating wind, filtered and freshened by the Bristol Channel, is an experience not easily forgotten. The wild upland district of Exmoor, of which the Beacon is the crowning point, rolls away to the westward in a series of low, undulating hills. In the far south, the rugged outline of the highest Tors of Dartmoor can just be seen severing the misty skyline; while northward, beyond the beautiful little Bay of Porlock, stretch the foam-flecked waters of the Channel, mottled here and there with dark patches of shadow, having the appearance of submerged reefs, but in reality caused by slanting cloud-effects on the waves. The slopes of this solitary hill sweep downwards in magnificent curves of purple heather and yellow broom, ultimately widening out into the peaceful valley beneath. One does not regret the toilsome climb up, the scramble through the deep ravines and over the terribly rocky ground, for every minute spent in the clear, sonorous wind that sweeps the barren summit is a fragment of existence singularly pure and elevated. One feels distinctly elevated, perched at this great height of over seventeen hundred feet, and dreamily watching the sheep wandering in the sunlit bracken, and a venturesome adder taking a siesta on a block of glistening granite.

It is a foretaste of the fascinating solitude that is one of the charms of Exmoor, although it is far from that feeling of complete and lonely isolation which overtakes the wanderer in the untrodden recesses of that grassy wilderness. Here can be seen, far down in the valley, prim, cultivated plots and slate-roofed farm-houses, the red soil of the Somersetshire lanes and byways, and many other signs of life and civilisation. The cattle not unlike red ants at this distance—stray over the moorland, and

collect in the vicinity of a slender thread of silver that winds about the bright patches of green. The influence of the wind becomes, after a while, decidedly soporific; and if one faces the cool, rushing breeze, humming melodiously through the cairn of stones, to scan the broad, shimmering expanse of the Bristol Channel, a drowsy intoxication is pleasantly felt. The eye lazily watches the struggles of a brig, slowly beating up Channel, or endeavours to make out the dimly outlined Welsh coast that rises like a gray cloud beyond the waste of waters. Still farther can be seen indications of the Malvern Hills, a mere shadowy impression against the blue sky. The red-tanned sails of a lugger catch a glint of sunlight, and thereby signal its tiny presence in the vast panorama unfolded beneath; or the white wings of a yacht, not unlike the movements of a seagull at this altitude, are boldly silhouetted against the shadow of a cloud poised on a level with the Beacon.

Then one's attention is drawn to the pulsing flight of a moor buzzard, sweeping out of the abyss, and slowly circling over the purple heather, and mounting the slope of the hill. A striking and somewhat uncanny impression of atmosphere and distance is conveyed to the eye when gazing down on the gyrations of the bird's flight, as it at last drifts out of sight with motionless wing in the direction of Exmoor Forest. One cannot help following the bird in fancy to the wild, dreary upland, with a traveller's longing to foot the treeless wilderness of rolling hills, and lose one's self awhile in such perfection of solitude. Haunt of the red deer that once roamed in numbers through the deep coombs, and dipped their antlers for a morning drink in the river Barle, startled in the gray dawn by the cry of the bittern or the neigh of a wild pony.

The keen, salt air begets a wholesome appetite at last, and a rough clamber is necessary down the sweet heather and black burnt patches which clothe the southern slope. The picture

esque valley of the little stream called the Avill is soon reached, and promise of refreshment of a frugal kind is observed in the curl of smoke that lingers over a clump of beech. The marshy character of the soil is somewhat unpleasantly discovered, for the tempting-looking field of new-mown hay, traversed by a lazy, dun-coloured bull, conceals an overflowing spring fully ankle deep. At the end of this damp, odorous, and unconventional hay-field is the muddy yard of an isolated farm, apparently built in the watershed of the Avill. It is pleasant to sit in the cool, stone-paved kitchen and listen to the rough dialect of the typical west-countrywoman; to watch her clearly figure bustling here and there, and then depositing a white jug of cool, real cider on the coarse home-spun cloth; to mentally take note of the square, open fireplace; the bare simplicity of the rough benches where the farm-hands take their meals, and the goodly view of salt, white bacon hanging from the rafters.

The huge loaf is attacked with the smiling approval of the broad, open face, ruddy and clear as an old apple, while the kindly farmer's wife delivers a fusillade of questions. She cannot gauge, perhaps, the pleasure to be obtained at the summit of her lifelong neighbour, the Beacon, and does not hesitate to confess complete ignorance of the famed and highest point in the county. Once, the good soul mentions how the whole country-side flocked to the base to see the Beacon fired in honour of the Queen's Jubilee. The remark kindles the recollection of forgotten history, and calls to mind the important part played by Dunkery Beacon in the middle ages, when the only means of rapid communication was the crude method of flashing fire signals from hill to hill. In the quiet atmosphere of this quaint homestead one can picture the lurid glare of the Beacon fire shedding its warning light across the wilds of Exmoor, startling the denizens of the dark coombs, and fringing the distant hills with the dull, red glow. What a contrasting picture now surrounds one: outside can be heard the bubble of the tiny Avill as it threads its way by the pollard willows through the luxuriant grass; the hum of insect life; the distant bellow of a cow too full of milk, and the general drowsy murmur of farm-life.

The sour, cool cider is drained, and a cordial hand-shake with the cheery little woman exchanged before parting. Regretfully one takes leave of the bare, spotless kitchen, pleasantly redolent with the aroma of bruised apples, for the folk are busy cider-making.

The brown cows thrust their wondering heads through the leafy hedges of these peaceful Somersetshire lanes, as if demanding a reason for the unwonted intrusion; and the droning beetle whirs in and out of the shadows that

now begin to lengthen a little. The air in these narrow lanes, overhung with trailing branches, feels damp and moist, and so one is not sorry to have done with the confined path, and tread the breezy Codsend Moor.

The solitude is presently disturbed by a couple of ten-year-old natives trudging along the uncertain track on the moor, their shoulders dwarfed under the weight of huge wooden rakes, and a miniature barrel-shaped water-bottle in their brick-coloured fists. The spontaneous greeting of 'Gude-dey, zur,' is quaint and courteous, and deepens the kindly feeling already existing in one for this peaceful upland, so out of the world, and yet so pregnant with the traditional hospitality of its inhabitants. Every passer-by has a smile of greeting for the stranger, and the applicant for shelter at the most primitive lamhouse is given a broad-tongued welcome by the genial west-countryman.

Looking backward, the heather-clad hill of Dunkery is still in view, rearing its sentinel crest above the gory plains, and reminding one of the wild tales that shed the glamour of romance upon this still wilder district of rolling hills and breezy moorland.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

CHAPTER II.—ADELAIDE CARPENTER'S OTHER HISTORY.

HUGH THESIGER went back to London with a heart full of hope. He knew Adelaide well; he had hardly expected that she would accept his love at the first offer. When he had been so far carried away by his passion as to embrace her without any right to do so, he had expected an outburst of anger. It came indeed; but something told him that she was not so angry as he had feared she would be. Surely, he thought, her heart must be his, in spite of what she said. All the greater, therefore, was the shock to him when he heard, as a fact, about a month after his return to town, that the girl he loved was about to become the wife of Sir Richard Boldon. In his grief and indignation, he set off at once for Hampshire. Thesiger, it may be mentioned here, was an orphan, and he had been brought up by his uncle, a retired naval officer of small means, who lived in a cottage near Chalfont village, about two miles from Woodhurst. Lieutenant Thesiger was married; but he had only had one child, who had died in infancy, and his wife had acted as a true mother to her husband's nephew.

Hugh arrived at his uncle's cottage late that night; and before he went to rest, he ascertained from his aunt that the rumour he had heard about Adelaide Bruce's engagement was founded on fact.

'Oh yes,' said the old lady, 'it's true enough. They are to be married in six weeks. I forced

myself to go to the Rectory and congratulate Adelaide. Poor girl, she is to be pitied rather than congratulated.'

'It's her own doing, I suppose?' said Hugh coldly.

'Of course it is. Nobody forced her to it. But I believe she is sacrificing herself for the sake of her family. Poor Mrs Bruce has a hard struggle at the best of times; and naturally Adelaide will be able to do something for them now.'

Hugh could have blessed his kind-hearted aunt for her charitable view of the girl's conduct; for already pity was taking the place of anger in his heart. He changed his mind, and went off to London again next day without making any attempt to see Adelaide. He told himself over and over again that she had done him no wrong, that she was herself the mistress of her destiny, and that perhaps it was more for her family's sake than for her own that she was about to do the thing. But it was all cold comfort, cold as the icy waves that battered against the carrier's bows as the train sped on its way. He went on living as usual, making the tiresome round of a homeless, homeless existence; but the future held for him no promise of happiness. The one woman he desired was not to be his; and for all the other good things in the world he cared nothing.

Mr. Theger had said no more than the truth when he told her nephew that no one had forced this marriage upon Adelaide Bruce. The Rector, indeed, had even advised her against the match. But it was too evident that what he had spoken had been said purely from a desire to pacify his conscience. There was a look in his pale, watery eyes, a weary, wistful look, and a tremor in his voice, which belied his words. The girl knew very well that he would bless her in his heart for the comfort, and, above all, the freedom from anxiety, which she was about to bring him in his old age.

The man whom Adelaide was about to marry was not, in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, a self-made man. His father, Joseph Boldon, had been in his youth a day-labourer; but while still a young man, he had entered a soap-boiling establishment, where he had risen to be foreman, manager, and finally a partner in the firm. His son, afterwards Sir Richard Boldon, had thus started in life a rich man; and by dint of extending his business and advertising his soap in every newspaper and at every railway station in the three kingdoms, he had become a very wealthy man. His knighthood was the reward which a grateful Premier had bestowed on him for money freely spent in advancing the interests of his party.

Sir Richard had married rather late in life, and he had not been blessed with children. The first Lady Boldon had now been dead more than a year; and it was not to be wondered at that Sir Richard should think of

marrying a second time. He had looked about him for a suitable person to fill the vacant place; and his choice had fallen on the Rector's handsome daughter.

The preparations for the wedding were on a very modest scale, partly because Mr. Bruce could ill spare the money even for the plainest of trousseaus and the simplest of wedding-feasts, partly because Adelaide could not bear the idea of any unnecessary display. She was, in fact, very far from happy. She well knew that while some would envy her, and some, even, might be found to commend her, none would, in their hearts, respect her the more for what she was doing. Of her inward repugnance to the match she said not a word to any one. She bore her burden without flinching. But her mother and sister could not help noticing a certain hardness in the girl's manner, and even in the expression of her face—a hardness which augured ill for her future happiness. She turned from the diamonds and the exotics which her septagenarian lover sent to her, with unconcealed aversion. She could hardly bring herself to treat the dull, common-looking old man with a decent show of affection. But none the less was she determined to marry him.

A marriage settlement was to be prepared as a matter of course; and Sir Richard wrote to his London solicitor, a Mr. Felix, asking him to come down to Roby Chase one evening, stay overnight, and go to the Rectory with him next morning. There the terms of the settlement would be arranged; and Sir Richard added that he would at the same time dictate to him the terms of a fresh will, which could be prepared along with the settlement, and which he proposed to execute shortly after the marriage ceremony.

This arrangement was duly carried out; and one evening in March, Mr. Felix arrived at the Chase. He was an elderly man, with a smooth-shaven face, hair apparently just turning gray, and an extremely quiet and agreeable manner. So well preserved was he, that it would have been difficult to guess correctly at his age; in reality he was considerably older than he looked. He had never married.

On the morning after his arrival, Mr. Felix accompanied his host for a promenade on the terrace under the drawing-room windows.

'This is really a magnificent place, Sir Richard,' said Mr. Felix, glancing from the stately pile beside him to the avenues of noble trees which seemed to stretch from the further side of the lawn for an infinite distance beyond.

The owner was pleased with the compliment; he was never tired of hearing what a splendid house and estate he owned; and if a man may without absurdity feel proud of his possessions, Sir Richard was justified in feeling proud of Roby Chase. True, he had neither planned nor built it—the Robys had disappeared half a century before—he had only bought it. Yet a man who buys anything worthy of admiration, whether it be a house, or a picture, or a yacht, or a wife, generally feels as proud of it as if he had created it, and Sir Richard Boldon was no exception to the rule.

'Yes, it's a fine house,' he rejoined; 'and

the estate is a large one. Of course, I hope that I shall have a son to inherit the place after me. That will be the first point in the settlement you have to draw up. Roby goes to my eldest son; and his eldest son; failing him, my second son—and so on, you know, in tail.

'Just so. And failing sons? It's as well to make provision, you know.'

'Failing sons, for my daughters,' said Sir Richard, a little stilly.

'And—hem!—in case of your surviving—in short, if that limitation should fail?'

'I don't see that the settlement need go any further,' said the knight, after a short pause. 'There might be a small annuity, say three hundred a year, for my widow. But I mean to leave Roby to her for her life, by my will.'

'Leave Roby to her?' echoed the lawyer, standing still for a moment in his surprise. 'The estate, do you mean?'

'Certainly, the estate; that is, if there are no children to come after me. Why shouldn't I leave it to her? It's my own, I suppose, as I've bought and paid for it.'

'To be sure it is.'

'Well, I choose to leave it to my wife for her life (failing an heir). But I shan't settle it, and so put it beyond my own power.'

The solicitor murmured something which implied approval of this policy, adding: 'You have told Mr Frederick Boldon of your intention, I presume?'

'My intention to marry?'

'I mean—about the estate.'

'No; I haven't,' answered the old man angrily. 'What business has my nephew to count on my estate coming to him, if I leave no children of my own? Eh?'

'None, of course. Only, he may have been looking forward to it, perhaps; that's all.'

'If he has, he's a fool, in addition to being a stuck-up, good-for-nothing, dandified prig. He's my half-brother's son, to be sure. His mother called him after me, to— Well, it's an old story. They tell me the young man has brains, and of course I shall leave him something. But that has nothing to do with Roby. I shall do as I please about that; and if my wife behaves to me as well as I expect she will, and if we have no children, it may as well go to her. She is worthy of that, or of anything, as you'll say when you see her.—Here's the dogcart. It's only a two-mile drive, so you'll soon be able to judge for yourself what the future Lady Boldon is like.'

The visitors were received at the Rectory with some degree of ceremony. The lawyer bowed low before the mistress-elect of Roby (hase; and as he raised his eyes to her lovely, blushing face, he confessed to himself that she was worthy of the richest gifts a husband could lay at her feet. He drew back a little, allowed Sir Richard to talk—as he was always ready to do—and watched her. And as he watched her, the first seeds of a passion that was soon to master his whole being took root in his heart. Even then, before his old friend Sir Richard had led his espoused wife to the altar, he thought within himself: 'He is an old man, at least ten years older than I am. He cannot

live very long. Perhaps, if I play my cards well, that radiant girl may one day be my own bride.'

Not a look or a tone, however, escaped the old lawyer, from which any one could have guessed his thoughts. He was respectful, pleasant, unobtrusive, as he always was; but it was with difficulty that he could fix his attention on what his client was saying.

'Write it down, Mr Felix—you have paper and pens at your elbow. Five hundred a year no, six hundred for pin-money during my life; and an annuity of some trifling sum, say three hundred a year, to be secured to her in any event. This is only *pro forma*, you understand,' he added in a whisper to Mr Bruce. 'I intend to do much more for my wife than this.'

Adelaide, seeing that her presence was not desired at the moment, slipped out of the room; and her future husband went on: 'I intend to leave your daughter, if she should survive me but these things, you know, are very uncertain a thousand a year for her life; and if she has no child, I intend to make her the mistress of Roby for as long as she lives.' He paused, to make room for expressions of gratitude, and the Rector forced himself to say something civil; but the fact was that he would have much preferred a larger annuity for his daughter in the settlement, and a smaller interest under a will which might at any moment be revoked.

'Take these instructions down for the will, Mr Felix; and prepare the two instruments while you are about it. I will execute the settlement as soon as it can be prepared, and sign the will the day after the marriage.'

When the two visitors had gone, Adelaide questioned her father as to the benefit which it was proposed she should take under her husband's will; and when she was informed of Sir Richard's intentions, a look of satisfaction came into her face, but she made no remark.

In due time the marriage settlement prepared by Mr Felix was signed and sealed, and shortly afterwards the wedding took place.

'There, there, mamma,' said the bride, as she kissed her weeping mother in her bedroom, before setting out on her bridal tour, 'You won't miss me. Marjorie is ten times a better daughter than I am; and then I shall be so near you!'

'Yes, but—if it were any one else, Adelaide!'

'Mamma! you forget that it's over and done now, and we must make the best of it!'

'Do your duty by your husband, Adie!' said the old lady anxiously.

'I will,' said the girl; and there was a ring in her voice which showed that she meant what she said. 'He has done what he could to make things pleasant and easy for me; he is not to blame.—O God, I wish I were dead! But the last words were spoken so that her mother could not hear them.'

Adelaide Bruce, now Lady Boldon, kissed her father, her brothers, and Marjorie, shook hands with the servants, smiled upon everybody, without even the suspicion of a tear, and drove away, apparently in the best of spirits.

Sir Richard and his bride came back from Italy in July, when the Chase was looking its best; and the county people began calling at once. The Bruces, poor as they were, were recognised as county people, since they came of a good stock; and the local magnates were disposed to be no less civil to the new Lady Boldon than they had been to the poor woman in whose place Adelaide now reigned.

The benefit of the marriage was chiefly felt at the Rectory, for Adelaide gave a large share of her pin-money to her father. Marjorie had new dresses, new books, new gloves. The boys went to school; and most important point of all the Rector engaged a curate, the Rev. Stephen Lynd.

The new curate of Woodhurst was a young man, of very grave manners, and with a thin, ascetic face. His straight black hair, worn rather long, made his pale features seem even paler than they really were; and there was at times a strange, incomprehensible look in his fine black eyes. He was a man of High-Church principles, but he kept these for the most part to himself. The country folks did not like him: they liked people they could understand. Sir Richard Boldon, however, was an exception to this. He had a great respect for the curate, chiefly, people said, because he was the only man in the neighbourhood who stood up to him.

A year went by; and when Lady Boldon reached the second summer of her married life, she perceived that a change was coming over her lord and master. The old man was growing rapidly aged. As time went on, his hopes of having a son to succeed him at Roby Chase grew fainter and fainter; and the disappointment preyed upon his mind. He became peevish, ill-tempered, and miserable; and his bodily strength rapidly declined. The innate coarseness of the man's nature now came out; Adelaide had a hard and bitter life with him. But she never complained—never hinted, even to her mother, that her days and nights were inexpressibly dreary, and that her patience was often tried to its utmost limits. Everybody said that she behaved like an angel.

The summer, as it happened, was cold and wet; and one rainy day Sir Richard persisted in going out against his wife's advice, the consequence being that he caught a chill. If he had been a younger or a stronger man, it would have been nothing; but, feeble as he was, it was not surprising that pleurisy supervened. On the third day of his illness, Sir Richard, who seemed to have been brooding over something in his mind, telegraphed for Mr. Felix. Lady Boldon was not in the room when the order was given. The nurse had written the message at his dictation; and the first intimation Adelaide had that the lawyer had been sent for was a request from her husband that a room might be prepared for him. She answered that she would see about it at once, and tranquilly left the sick-room as if to carry out Sir Richard's orders. But as soon as she reached her boudoir, she threw off the restraint under which she habitually talked and acted.

‘It must be that he wants to make a new will and disinherit me!’ she cried aloud, walk-

ing up and down the room with clenched hands and flashing eyes. ‘I know that he has hated me—hated me for months past. But he shall not do me this injustice! I will not suffer it. After all I have gone through!’

Then she threw herself on a couch and tried to think. Who could help her? Who could influence her husband? Mr. Felix—he was an old friend as well as a lawyer. And there was Mr. Lynd; Sir Richard had always paid heed to his words. Perhaps he could show her husband the injustice of altering his will to his wife's detriment.

She rose, went to her writing table, and wrote a hurried note to the curate, begging him to call next day. As for Mr. Felix, she determined that she would see him and speak to him that night.

It was past nine o'clock before the solicitor arrived, and he was taken to Sir Richard's room at once. Lady Boldon had given orders that as soon as he left the sick-chamber he was to be brought to the library, where she had supper ready for him.

Patently she waited, sitting alone before the fire, for she had caused a fire to be lighted, to render the room more cheerful for her guest.

It was half past ten before the door opened, and Mr. Felix entered, followed by one of the footmen. Lady Boldon had hardly time to greet the visitor, before the servant said: ‘Sir Richard's compliments, and he would like to see you at once, my lady.’

The thought darted through Adelaide's mind: ‘He means to prevent my speaking to Mr. Felix; but that he shall not do.’

‘Very good, Thomas. Tell your master that I will be with him in a moment,’ she replied.

The instant the man had closed the door behind him, she turned to her guest. ‘I must see you to-night, Mr. Felix—I must. It is of the utmost importance; and you see I am prevented from speaking to you now. Will you wait here until I rejoin you, however late it may be?’

The lawyer hesitated. He knew well what Lady Boldon wanted to speak to him about; and he knew that his professional honour demanded that he should say nothing to her of that matter. But Adelaide's beautiful eyes, gleaming with the excitement of her purpose, shone down upon him, and he felt unable to resist her.

‘Perhaps to-morrow morning?’ she suggested, a blush rising to her face as she spoke. The blush made her look more lovely than before.

‘No,’ said Mr. Felix in an agitated voice. ‘I must leave by the six-thirty train. There would be no time then. But I will wait here with pleasure.’

‘Thank you,’ answered the lady quietly. ‘I won't keep you a moment longer than I can help.’

Mr. Felix sat deep in thought for some moments after she left the room; then he started up, sat down at the table, and ate a hurried meal.

When it was over, he purposely did not ring for the servant, knowing that if he delayed long enough, the man would very likely go off

so bed without troubling himself to come to the library again.

Another hour passed; and then the door opened, and Lady Boldon glided into the room.

THE FLANDERS GALLEYS.

IN the middle ages, Venice—the prototype of modern commercial England among all the cities of the world stood first for enterprise, wealth, and culture. While Tuscany, though constantly disturbed by civil wars, shone with literary and artistic glory, the Queen of the Adriatic on her part had reached a degree of civilisation quite unknown to other nations. By following the history of Venice, at this period of her greatness, the whole mercantile transactions of the world may be traced; and in the Calendars and State Papers, preserved in the Monastery of the Friari and other archives of the city, are found many interesting details of her relations with England, kept up for upwards of two centuries, by that famous fleet known as the Flanders Galleys, which exercised so important an influence in the development of trade in these islands, by introducing luxuries hitherto unknown, that quickly became necessities.

Venetian trade, managed by merchants proverbial for astuteness, and controlled by a Government that encouraged venture and fostered industries, for years held the monopoly of buying, selling, and distributing to other countries not only home products, but also the wealth of the Indies and the treasures of the East. In 1202 the Republic entered into an alliance with Baldwin, Count of Flanders, for improving the slow and laborious land transit of that heterogeneous collection from all lands, of which the city was then the vast emporium. Later, again, the Flanders Galleys, by arrangement, became the State mercantile fleet, with the Doge for its head, but with this strange inconsistency, that the Venetian patricians were forbidden to take part in any branch of commerce, 'that they might be free from anxiety, and have leisure to attend to State affairs.' The realisation of large fortunes in those days by private individuals was an impossibility, for every enterprise was largely subsidised by the Council of Ten, was under direct political control, and strict regulations of the civic authorities.

Somewhere about 1317, the first fleet of the Galleys, freighted with a rich argosy, left the peaceful Lagoons, bound for the British shores. The hardy races of the neighbouring isles, and the Slavonians from the Venetian province of Dalmatia, contributed men for the Galleys, each of which had a hundred and eighty rowers, and a sufficient staff to uphold the dignity and impress on others the power and strength of the famous Republic. On board was a physician for the cure of bodies, and a priest for the cure of souls; a *magnifico* or supercargo, who ranked high; a public notary, to adjust difficulties at the several ports and settle legal questions with consignees; and a scribe, to indite documents or sign papers. Two trumpeters and two pipers helped to keep things lively on *festas* and State

occasions; and pilots ensured safety from dangers of intricate channels and treacherous currents incidental to a coasting voyage.

The political economy of the Signory included the idea of a liberal education of a rough-and-ready kind for patrician youths of Venice, who were compelled to serve an apprenticeship on board the Galleys. By removing them for a time from the temptations offered by the increasing wealth and rare luxuries of the rich city, the State hoped not only to counteract the danger of degeneracy into an effeminate race, but, as the Calendar has it, 'they were to have an opportunity to see the world, become hardened by toil, accustomed to peril, and be willing to expose their lives for their native land.' If poor, their outfits were provided, and they were given posts of honour as commanders of the bodies of archers accompanying each Galley to protect the valuable cargoes from pirates, who infested the seas and rendered the very harbour unsafe.

The Commodore or Admiral of the Fleet had a most responsible, but not altogether enviable, position. It required a man of great ability and immense discretion, who, with a thorough knowledge of seamanship, must also be a merchant, a diplomatist, and a courtier. Orders received from headquarters were peremptory; and the arbitrary, uncompromising sort of way they were carried out was characteristic of the State that issued them. All pledges given were to be redeemed, yet no sacrifice of profits made on the merchandise committed to his and the *Magnifico's* charge. In cases of dispute in England, the Admiral had the Venetian ambassador to appeal to, who in those days acted as, and discharged the duties of, consul. The Galley Admirals not infrequently entertained kings on board; and in an account of a banquet offered to Henry VIII. at Hampton, written by the ambassador Sebastiano Crustiani, an Admiral is shown in yet another character—that of a learned man. 'On the day of his arrival, the *Magnifico*, the Admiral, and myself went out of the town to meet His Majesty; and on coming up with him, the most noble Captain delivered a Latin oration on horseback, so well suited to the time and place, that more could not be desired, surpassing the expectation of his entire auditory, which had no idea a professor of navigation and commerce could prove himself so noble a rhetorician.' In the same account mention is made of Venetian glass, even then much prized: 'The rest of the company of the middling class was placed at the tables, which were not merely cleared of the confections, but we even distributed amongst them the glass vessels, which had been full of wine'—such vessels, doubtless as appear in pictures by Veronese, Titian, and other painters of the Venetian school.

A little glimpse is also given of the English court at that time, in a record of a visit of another Admiral, Capello, to Richmond Palace, where the king, 'taking him into an apartment, showed him Catherine of Aragon practising on a spinnet with Lady Mary, at that time nine years old.' This same Capello, declining the honour of knighthood offered him by the king, consented to quarter the English lion on his

heraldic shield; and on his tomb in the church of St Marie Formosa in Venice is inscribed, 'The man whom King Henry of Britain delighted to honour.'

The fleet of the Flanders Gallies, thus well manned, strongly armed, and excellently commanded, set out on its leisurely voyage to England, which voyage lasted a little over a year. The boats seldom left the coast, calling at all the chief ports, exchanging, delivering, or receiving merchandise. They first went across to the Istrian peninsula, then down the Dalmatian shores to the Levant, where, at Smyrna, dried currants were shipped. That this was as important an article for the English market then as now, is seen by an answer given by the Venetian ambassador, Contarini, who, when fears were expressed that, from some political complications, the currant trade between the two countries would be prohibited, replied, 'That cannot take place without discontenting the entire population of England, who consume a greater quantity of fruit than all the rest of the world; so accustomed are they to the luxury, and loving it so dearly, that individuals have been found who, from lack of money to purchase it on certain high-days and holy-days, when it is the customary law, are said to have hanged themselves.' The Levantine merchants also supplied Europe with sugar until 1499, when the Portuguese discovering Madaga—where the cane was indigenous interbred considerably with the eastern supply.

After leaving the Epirus, the Gallies crossed over to Otranto for oil and wine, then down to Messina for Sicilian products—dried fruits, confectionery, coral, silk, wine, sulphur, &c. England, if records are to be trusted, unfortunately failed to act with strict honour when dealing with the wine-merchants, who, it is asserted, met with duplicity for their own unexampled honesty, and were victims of fraud in return for their generosity. The arrangement was one of barter, the foreigners taking cloth for their wine, of which they said they gave 'overflowing measure,' but in return received 'deceitful cloth.' These cloths, made in Somerset, Dorset, Bristol, and Gloucester, they complained 'were taken and folded together, the outside of fair show, but the inside not agreeing in colour.' Eventually, the merchants refused any longer to give them 'overflowing measure' for 'deceitful cloth,' which, spite of constant edicts and prohibitory laws, remained of the same bad quality, till at last English cloth ceased to be an article of export.

From Sicily the fleet followed the coasts of Morocco and Spain, thence touching at the first English harbour, which was either Camber, or that now sleepy old inland town, two miles from the sea, Rye, both on the coast of Sussex. Here the boats parted company, one portion proceeding to Antwerp; the other, with the flag Galley and the Commodore, remaining sometimes at Sandwich, but more often at Hampton, now Southampton. Within this city of arched walls, fortified gates, and solemn churches, the muster of the fleet always took place, previous to returning to the bright city on the Lagoons. On the day of embarkation the sailors would pass to their boats from under the now built

up old sea-gate which, years before, those warriors passed through who went to fight at Crécy and Poitiers. A relic of the strong-armed Dalmatian race who rowed the Gallies still remains at North Stoneham Church, where is an inscription on the pavement in the north aisle, 'Sepulchre de la Schola de Slavoni Ano Dni McccLXXXI.' This was the burial-place set apart for the Slavs who owned their own 'Consorteria,' where religious rites were performed after their own manner.

Commencing on a comparatively small scale, the growth of the Flanders Gallies was steadily progressive. They were, in fact, the true pioneers of the great mercantile navies of the present day. All that reached England from India was brought to her shores by these vessels, together with the 'fashions of proud Italy,' then the centre of taste and luxury. At home, the amenities of life were still almost unknown. The dress of the people was as simple as their manners were primitive; and even as late as 1602, Coryate, in his 'Crudities,' records how much he was impressed when he first saw forks in common use whilst travelling in Italy, 'each sticking his fork into the piece of meat in the dish, as the people objected to those at table touching the viands they were going to eat, with their fingers, because they were not always clean.'

In addition to European produce, the boats were laden with Eastern stuffs, dyes, indigo, spices, aloes, myrrh, gums, ginger, pepper, camphor, gold, jewels, large pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, turquoises, and other precious stones, all gathered by the Venetian fleets trading to India, Syria, the Red and Black Seas, the Sea of Azov, and the Caspian, at the ports of which the caravans and merchants deposited their stores for the Venice market. In the description of medieval court ceremonies, frequent mention is made of cloth of gold, and gold embroideries of Florentine manufacture, together with Venetian brocades and Genoa velvets, all presumably brought to the West by these Flanders Gallies.

In these days of express trains, and of swift boats traversing oceans, seas, lakes, and rivers with unvarying punctuality, it is a little difficult fully to realise how trade then flourished or fortunes were made. Overland transit was almost an impossibility either for security, time, or locomotion. The ambassador Giustiani—previously mentioned—gives an account, in his 'Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.,' of his hurried journey from the seat of the Doges to the metropolis in 1515, lasting from January to April, the physical discomforts of which were only equalled by potential dangers from violence and robbery. Carriages were almost unknown, nor any roads adapted for them yet made. Giustiani therefore followed the general custom when he set out on horseback to cross the Apennines in mid-winter, where snow lay deep on the passes and effaced the rough tracks. On reaching Savona, the roads were reported both unsafe and bad, which compelled him to make a detour to Nice; and thence, by way of Lyons, Avignon, and Paris, he got to London.

Meantime, Andrea Badoer, his predecessor at the English court, anxiously awaited the coming

of Giustiani, hoping he would be the bearer of his letters of recall, and bring with him the ducats so much needed to pay off certain debts before leaving for Italy. But the Signory were more generous in their promises than prompt in their payments, and the new ambassador had money neither for Badoer nor for himself, for he states that money had to be borrowed for his own needs before he could set up his court in London.

If the ambassadors had been permitted to retain the rich gifts received from the foreign courts to which they were accredited, wealth, instead of poverty, would have rewarded their labours for their country's interests. But, by a strangely mean decree, all these valuable presents were passed on to the Procurators at Venice. Sanuto more than once mentions the use made of them. One entry reads of a resolution passed in Council to the effect 'to sell the chain given by the king of England to the ambassador Sebastiano, with five hundred ducats; also two cups given by the king of Hungary to the ambassador Aloise Bon, with about two hundred ducats—proceeds to be expended for the purchase of sixty Damascene carpets, to be sent as a gift to Cardinal Wolsey, as it would be well to make a present to this individual, who might be styled the king of England.' The purchase was made, the carpets duly sent; yet this insatiable princely priest remained unsatisfied, for another entry later says, 'Cardinal Wolsey devoutly urged the Signory to have him supplied with sixty Carlo carpets.' This request, made in March, was increased in April to one hundred. The Council evidently divided upon the justness of this request, put it to a ballot, when a heavy majority decided 'that sixty beautiful and choice carpets be purchased in this city, and sent direct to London, to be presented by our ambassador to the Cardinal in the name of the Signory.' The carpets were long on the journey, not reaching Wolsey till the end of the same year; and, on their arrival, 'he anxiously asked how many there were, inspected them one by one, and humbly said they pleased him much, but were worthy of a greater personage than himself.'

During the two centuries when the Flanders Galleys were the sole sea-carriers of the then known world, many dynasties of kings and emperors reigned and passed away, and not a few kingdoms and states rose to celebrity and fell into decay. There are records of the crews frequenting the old 'Boar's Head' and other taverns at Eastcheap; and in the streets of Southampton and in quiet Rye the coming of the picturesque foreigners would be the event of the year, when ducats would circulate, and tempting goods be exchanged with the simple townfolk, who, possibly, seldom or never saw any other strangers. But history repeats itself, and when the flood-tide is at its height, the ebb is inevitable. Portuguese enterprise had already begun to supersede the failing vigour of Venetian venture, when the discovery by Vasco da Gama of the Cape passage gave the final blow to the power of the Republic, and took away from her merchants the monopoly of the seas they had so long

and honourably held. The world had progressed, trade had developed, and the science of navigation was better understood when, on a certain May day in 1532, the last of the famous fleet left Southampton Water in ships that had gained in speed what they had lost in singularity of form. They were no longer propelled by stalwart men straining at one hundred and eighty oars, but wafted away, never to return, by sails catching the favouring breeze which would take them 'to the haven where they would be.'

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XXIX. ARNOLD'S MASTERPIECE.

IN spite of hard fare and occasional short commons, that winter at Venice was a happy one for Arnold. For Kathleen, it was simply the seventh heaven. Every day of it was pure gold. For women are not like men in their loves. If a man's engaged, he pines and frets to get married; he sees a goal ever beckoning him forward; whereas if a woman's engaged, she is amply satisfied to sit down in peace with her lover by her side, to see him and to talk with him. That feminine joy Kathleen drank to the full through one delicious winter. What matter to her that perhaps at the end of it Arnold's projected book might prove a dismal failure?—in which case, of course, they would be plunged once more into almost as profound difficulties and doubts as ever. Meanwhile, she had Arnold. She lived in the present, as is the wont of women; and she enjoyed the present a great deal too much to be seriously alarmed for that phantom, the future.

Besides, she had such absolute confidence in Arnold. She knew he could write something ten thousand times better than the 'Elizabethan Seadog.' That, after all, was a mere tale of adventure, well suited to the grown-up childish taste of the passing moment. Arnold's novel, she felt certain, would be ever so much more noble and elevated in kind. Must not a man like Arnold, who had seen and passed through so many phases—who had known all the varied turns and twists of life, from the highest to the lowest—who had lived and thought and felt and acted—be able to produce some work of art far finer and truer and more filling to the brain than Master John Collingham, the ignorant lolly of an obscure village in Elizabethan Norfolk? To be sure, Arnold, more justly conscious of his own powers and his own failings, warned her not to place her ardent hopes too high; not to credit him with literary gifts he didn't possess; and above all, not to suppose that knowledge, or power, or thought, or experience, would ever sell a book as well as novelty, adventure, and mere flashy qualities. In spite of all he could say, Kathleen persisted in believing in Arnold's story till she fairly frightened him. He couldn't bear to fix his mind on the rude awakening that no doubt awaited her.

For, after all, he hadn't the slightest reason

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to suppose he possessed literary ability. His momentary vogue was altogether due to his lucky translation of a work of adventure whose one real merit lay in the go and verve of its Elizabethan narrator. He had been driven against his will into the sea of authorship, for navigating which he felt he had no talent, by Rufus Mortimer, in dire conspiracy with Stanley & Lockhart. Nothing but disastrous failure could possibly result from such an undertaking; he dreaded to wake up and find himself branded by the entire critical press of England as a rank impostor.

However, being by nature a born worker of a quality which he had inherited from Mad Axminster once he had undertaken to supply Stanley & Lockhart with a novel unspecified, he worked at it with a will, determined to give them in return for their money the very best failure of which his soul was capable. With this intent, he plied his type-writer, one-handed, morning, noon, and night; while Kathleen often dropped in at odd moments to write for him from dictation, and to assist him with her advice, her suggestions, and her criticism.

A good woman can admire anything the man of her choice may happen to do. To Kathleen, therefore, that first callow novel of Arnold Willoughby's '*A Romance of Great Grimsby*' was from its very inception one of the most beautiful, most divinely inspired, most noble works of art ever dreamt or produced by the human intellect. She thought it simply lovely. Nothing had yet been drawn more exquisite in its tender and touching delineation of the seafarer's wife than Maggie Holdsworth's character; nothing more stern or sombre or powerful than the figure of the gaunt and lean-limbed Skipper. It was tragedy to her real high-class tragedy; when Arnold hinted gently how the *Hibernian Scourger* would laugh his pathos to scorn, and how the *Antiquated Gravel* would find it 'dull and uninteresting, not to say positively vulgar,' she thought it impossible to believe him. Nobody could read that grim story, she felt sure, without being touched by its earnestness, its reality, and its beauty.

All that winter through, Arnold and his occasional amanuensis worked hard at the novel that was the man's last bid for a bare subsistence. He felt it so himself; if that failed, he knew no hope was left him; he must give up all thoughts of Kathleen or of life; he must creep into his hole, like a wounded dog, to die there quietly. Not that Arnold was at all of a despondent nature; on the contrary, few men were so light and buoyant; but the difficulties he had encountered since he left off being an Earl made him naturally distrustful of what the future might have in store for him. Nevertheless, being one of the sort who never say die, he went on with his story with a valorous heart; for was it not for Kathleen? And if he failed, he thought to himself more than once, with just pride, he would have the consolation of knowing he had failed in spite of his best endeavour. The fault, then, would lie not with himself, but with nature. The best of us can never transcend his own faculties.

Rufus Mortimer spent that winter partly in Paris, partly in Rome. He avoided Venice.

Though his palazzo on the Grand Canal lay empty all that year, he thought it best not to disturb Arnold's and Kathleen's felicity by interfering with their plans or obtruding his presence. But as spring came round, he paid a hasty visit of a few short days to the city that floats in the glassy Adriatic. It seemed like old times both to Arnold and Kathleen when Rufus Mortimer's gondola, equipped as ever by the two handsome Venetians in maize-coloured sashes, called at the doors of their lodgings to take them out together for their day's excursion. In the evening, Rufus Mortimer dropped round to Kathleen's rooms. Arnold was there by appointment; he read aloud a chapter or two for Mortimer's critical opinion. He chose the episode of the Skipper's marriage; the pathetic passage where Ralph Holdsworth makes his last appeal to Maggie Holdsworth; and the touching scene where Maggie at last goes forth, with her baby in her arms, in search of Enoch. 'Isn't it lovely?' Kathleen exclaimed with her innocent faith, as soon as Arnold had finished. 'I tell Arnold he needn't be afraid of its reception. This is ten times as fine as the "*Elizabethan Seadog*."'

'I don't quite feel certain,' Mortimer answered, nursing his chin, and conscious of his responsibility; he feared to raise their hopes by too favourable an opinion. 'I don't seem to recognise it's just the sort of thing the public wants. Doesn't it lack dramatic interest? You and I may admire certain parts very much; and I confess there were passages that brought tears into my eyes; but the real question is, will the world at large like it—will it suit the great public at Smith's and Mudie's? We must remember that Willoughby's a quite new author; the very fact that the world expects from him something like the "*Elizabethan Seadog*" may tell against this simple domestic story. My experience is, that when once a man has stood on his head to amuse the public, the public will never allow him to stand on his feet again. And that's what I fear in this case; the people who read Master John Collingham greedily may vote Arnold Willoughby slow and uninteresting.'

'Oh, Mr Mortimer, how can you?' Kathleen exclaimed, quite horrified.

'He's right, Kitty,' Arnold answered (it was Arnold and Kitty nowadays between them). 'I've felt that myself all along as I was writing it. The story's so sombre. It's better suited, I'm afraid, to the tastes of the generation that read "*Adam Bede*" than to the tastes of the generation that reads Rider Haggard and Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling. However, in patience must we possess our souls; there's no telling beforehand, in art or literature, how the British public may happen to look upon any new departure.' And he went to bed that night in distinctly low spirits.

A week later, the manuscript was duly conveyed to London by Arnold in person. Kathleen followed a few days after, out of deference to Mrs Grundy. Arnold was too shy or too proud to take the manuscript himself round to Stanley & Lockhart; but Mortimer bore it thither for him in fear and trembling. Scarcely had Mr Stanley glanced

at the book, when his countenance fell. He turned over a page or two. His mouth went down ominously. 'Well, this is *not* the sort of thing I should have expected from Mr Willoughby,' he said with frankness. 'It's the exact antipodes, in style, in matter, in treatment, and in purpose, of the "Elizabethan Seadog." I doubt whether it's at all the sort of book to catch the public nowadays. Seems a decade or two behind the times. We've got past that type of novel. It's domestic, purely. We're all on adventure nowadays.'

'So I was afraid,' Mortimer answered; 'but, at any rate, I hope you'll do the best you can for it, now you've got it.'

'Oh, certainly,' Mr Stanley answered, in no very reassuring voice. 'Of course, we'll do our level best for it. We've bought it and paid for it—in part, at least—and we're not likely, under those circumstances, not to do our level best for it.'

'Willoughby retains an interest in it, you remember,' Rufus Mortimer went on. 'You recollect, I suppose, that he retains a fifteen per cent. interest in it?'

'Oh, certainly,' Mr Stanley answered. 'I recollect perfectly. Only, I'm afraid, to judge by the look of the manuscript—which is dull at first sight, undeniably dull—he hasn't much chance of getting more out of it than the hundred pounds we've paid him in advance on account of royalties.'

This was disappointing news to Mortimer; for he knew Arnold had spent a fair part of that hundred on his living expenses in Venice; and where he was to turn in the future for support, let alone for the means to marry Kathleen, Mortimer could form no sort of conception. He could only go on hoping against hope that the book might 'pan out' better than Stanley & Lockhart supposed that the public might see things in a different light from the two trade experts.

Three days later, Mr Stanley came down to the office, much perturbed in spirit. 'I say, Lockhart,' he cried, 'I've been reading over this new thing of Willoughby's—this "Romance of Great Grimsby," as he chooses to call it—what an odious title!—and I must say I'm afraid we've just chucked away our money. He wrote the "Seadog" by a pure fluke, that's where it is. Must have been mad or drunk or in love when he did it. I believe he's really mad, and still sticks to it. He discovered and transcribed that manuscript. He's written this thing now in order to prove to us how absolutely different his own natural style is. And he's proved it with a vengeance. It's as dull as ditch-water. I don't believe we shall ever sell out the first edition.'

'We can get it all subscribed beforehand, I think,' his partner answered, 'on the strength of the "Seadog." The libraries will want a thousand copies between them. And after all, it's only the same thing as if he had taken the hundred pounds we offered him in the first instance. We shall be no more out of pocket, if this venture fails, than we should have been if he'd accepted our cheque last summer.'

'Well, we'd better pull off only as many as we think the demand will run to,' Mr Stanley

continued with caution. 'It'll be asked for at first, of course, on the merits of the "Seadog;" but as soon as people begin to find out for themselves what feeble trash it really is, they won't want any more of it! Poor pap, I call it!'

So the great novel, which had cost Arnold and Kathleen so many pangs of production, came out in the end in its regulation three volumes just like any other. There was an initial demand for it, of course, at Mudie's; that Arnold had counted upon: anything which bore the name of the 'editor' of 'An Elizabethan Seadog' on the title-page could hardly have fared otherwise. But he waited in profound anxiety for what the reviews would say of it. This was his own first book, for the "Seadog" was but a transcript; and it would make or mar him as an original author.

Oddly enough, they had longer to wait for reviews than in the case of Arnold Willoughby's first venture. It was the height of the publishing season; editors' tables were groaning with books of travel, and biographies, and three-volume novels, and epochs of history, boiled down for the consumption of the laziest intellects. A week or two passed, and still no notice of the 'Romance of Great Grimsby.' At last, one afternoon, Arnold passed down the Strand, and stopped to buy an influential evening paper on the bare chance of a criticism. His heart gave a bound. 'Ye, there it was on the third page—' Mr Arnold Willoughby's New Departure.'

He took it home with him, not daring to sit and read it on the Embankment. The very first sentence chilled him. 'When a man begins by doing good work, the public has a right to expect good work in future from him. Mr Arnold Willoughby, or whatever gentleman chooses to veil his unknown personality under that obvious pseudonym, struck fresh ground, and struck it well, in his stirring romance of "An Elizabethan Seadog." He would have done better to remember the advice which a Scotchman in the Gallery once gave to Boswell on a famous occasion: "Stick to the coo, mon!" Mr Willoughby, unfortunately, has not stuck to his coo. He has a distinct talent of his own for wild tales of adventure, in which he can well simulate a certain air of truth, and can reproduce the style of a bygone age with extraordinary fidelity and historical accuracy. But the higher pathos and the higher constructive faculty are altogether beyond the range of his not inconsiderable powers. To put it frankly, his three-volume novel, in spite of obvious straining after the most exalted qualities, almost induces one to accept Mr Willoughby's own improbable story of the finding of his manuscript in a Venetian cook-shop, and to believe that he was really nothing more, after all, than the translator and editor of that excellent tale of buccaneering life in the Sixteenth Century.'

Arnold's head reeled round. Still, he read on and on. It was all in the same strain. Not one word of cold praise for his poor little bantling! The reviewer demolished him as though he were not a vertebrate animal. His plot was crude, ill-considered, and ridiculous. His episodes were sometimes improbable, but

oftener still impossible. His conversations were unreal; his personages shadowy; his picture of fisher life melodramatic and unconvincing. It was plain he knew nothing at first hand of the sea. Everything in the book from beginning to end was bad. Bad, bad, bad; as bad as it could be. The reviewer could only hope that in his next venture, Mr Willoughby would return from this puerile attempt to put himself outside his own natural limitations to the proper sphere he had temporarily deserted.

Arnold laid down the paper, crimson. Very new authors are affected by reviews. He knew it, he knew it! He had been betrayed into attempting a task beyond his powers by the kindly solicitations of that good fellow Mortimer. For Mortimer's sake, even more than his own, he felt it acutely. One thing he prayed—that Kathleen might not happen to see that review, and be made utterly miserable by it. He must try, if possible, to break his salute gently to her.

He went out again, to call on her, and hint his despondency. After that, he thought he would go and see Stanley & Lockhart, to ask them how much they were buying by his novel.

He walked along with burning cheeks. And as he passed Rums Mortimer's club, that clever young Vernon, who writes such stinging reviews for the evening papers, turned with a smile to the American. "There goes your friend Willoughby," he said with a wave of his cigarette. "Have you seen what a dressing I've given that silly book of his in this evening's *Pencil-ditty*?" "A Romance of Great Grimshy," indeed! "A Drivel of Idiotry" he ought to have called it."

RABBIT LAND.

No one who has not travelled over the Rabbit-infested districts of Australia can form anything like an adequate idea of the destructiveness of the furry little rodent whose presence lends so much charm to rural life in many parts of the Old World. Less than half a century ago there was not one rabbit in the whole of Australasia. A few were introduced into New Zealand in 1860; and into New South Wales and Victoria some eight or ten years previously; and now the multitude of them is so great that no one would attempt even to approximate their number. The hostility of man they practically defy. They march westward or northward, multiplying as they go, and devouring as they go; and sheep and cattle and men leave plains and ridges to them. The central Governments have contended against them with every weapon which promised success; and provincial bodies and energetic private individuals either supplemented these central Governments, or carried on the war on lines of their own; but the rabbits are victorious to-day in a more effective manner than they were ten years ago.

The soil and climate of Australia are largely responsible for this. Under general conditions, rabbits will breed five or six times a year;

on the plains of the great interior of Australia they will breed eight times a year regularly, and instances where this record was exceeded are chronicled. Bearing in mind that the litter seldom numbers fewer than eight, one can see what multitudes must arise if checks, be not applied. The common estimate of offsprings from one mother in four years is given at over a million and a quarter; but if that estimate had been formed on the exceptionally favourable conditions which Australia affords, the figures would be much more startling.

None of the methods adopted so far to exterminate or restrict the pest can be called even moderately successful. Two contiguous colonies spend respectively twenty and forty thousand pounds per year in direct State effort; while hundreds of thousands are expended indirectly; but the answer comes as a still increasing plague. One of the most perplexing difficulties the Governments encounter in applying some of their remedies is what may be called an alliance, offensive and defensive, which becomes formed between the persecuted rabbits and speculative members of the general community. For instance, one plan of extermination permitted the squatters to fix the amount of the scalp-bonus, while the State undertook to pay back fourpence-halfpenny of every sixpence thus paid by the squatter. It was thought that under this system the squatter would see that the men he employed to trap, poison, or shoot did their work efficiently, the State and he standing together as partners, and proportionately bearing the expense. This theory, however, produced very human results, and results, too, which, were they not pernicious, might be considered amusing. After an expenditure of about a quarter of a million of money, the rabbits had mostly increased in number; and then it was discovered that on the terms set down it was more to the interest of many selectors and squatters to grow rabbits than to grow sheep. The rent paid per acre for a run was so small that the lessee who made good terms with his men derived, from cultivating and scalping rabbits under this bonus system, a larger income than was attainable in his proper occupation. Thus, one lessee of 95,000 acres paid in rent to the State £119, and drew as rabbit bonus £740. Another, for 117,000 acres paid £96, and drew £1330. Another, for 416,000 acres paid £1307, and drew £4005. One for 411,000 acres paid £665, and received £12,292. One for 150,000 acres paid £1997, and drew £12,781. Another for 511,000 acres paid £311, and received £13,325; and yet another for 270,000 acres paid £348, and received £10,490. It is to be noted in such lists that rent per acre is not uniform over the lands of any of the colonies, various classifications of land existing in each of them.

But this bonus system had another bad feature, for where the lessee fulfilled his bargain with the State, the rabbitier almost invariably bred rabbits on his own account. It was opposed to his interest to cut away the root of his occupation, and he accordingly so worked a piece of country that when he reached the boundary on one side, a new generation awaited him on the other.

For these reasons, the bonus system is now generally regarded as a delusion and a snare; and though it still has admirers, it is unlikely to be again approved on any large scheme.

Fencing the rabbits out with wire-netting is an expedient whose promise has been greater than results yet fulfil. Victoria has stretched hundreds of miles of wire along the South Australian border; and Queensland is daily adding lines of similar defence to arrest incursions from New South Wales. Some of these fences are four hundred and five hundred miles long without a break; and if they prove able to realise the purpose in view, lines of fence thousands of miles long will come into existence in a short time. But confidence in these wire fences is far from being universal. Rabbits are often accidentally shut in instead of out when the fence is being raised, and even those shut out have in many cases managed a way in. Besides, it is a fact that Australian rabbits are developing powers totally unknown to their kin across the seas. There are authenticated cases of their getting through, over and under the netting, and of their climbing both fences and trees; and in presence of such developments, faith in fences is subject to waver.

The tank trap is growing greatly in favour. This, however, is successful on a large scale only during the dry months of the year. A run dotted with these traps should be able to report well at certain seasons. A couple of stations using seven of them captured 23,000 rabbits lately in one week, and calculate that they can destroy 80,000 a month regularly. Poisoning the water is often suggested, and has been occasionally tried; but, when tried, the results were not commensurable with the risks run. Settlers generally dislike the expedient. Birds get to the poisoned water, and even stock find it out. A like objection lies to the employment of poisoned grain or other food.

The air is constantly charged with scientific and quasi-scientific methods of extermination. Chief among the former is M. Pasteur's plan. A couple of the great chemist's colleagues are still in Australia experimenting on the subject. Pasteur's proposal is to inoculate the rabbits with microbes which will drive them mad. But to the settlers this sounds even more unpleasantly than the killing of them with poisoned water or food. The Governments were and are willing to make all reasonable concessions, and liberally reward the scientist who can exterminate the pest; but the prospect of having the land overrun with millions of mad rabbits made them pause. Might not the dogs eat the mad rabbits? Might they not next, mad themselves, bite sheep and cattle and other animals? Might they not bite human beings? Might not the birds of the air go similarly mad? The outlook was tragically terrible; and though the New South Wales Government still permits M. Pasteur's representatives to experiment on a little island in Sydney Harbour, it declines to allow him a free hand. A Royal Commission considered the subject, and supported the view of the Government; and the community in the bulk support the Commission. The quasi-scientific plans are almost as numerous as the rabbits themselves. From every part of the

world the post carries specifics, or accounts of specifics, warranted to terminate the plague. Up until a year ago, the authorities kept standing an offer of £25,000 for an effective specific; but so much time was wasted in considering schemes which turned out impracticable, that the reward was withdrawn.

The flesh of rabbits is very little used in Australia; that is partly because the animals abound to such an extent that they are classed with vermin. Doubt as to how they come by their death also causes the public to pass them by. Of late years, the exportation of skins has received attention, something like £100,000 being now the annual profit on that account. But very much more might be done, and should be done, to turn both flesh and fur to profitable use.

Is there a means of exterminating the Australian rabbit? Is it possible to cultivate a microbe in a chemist's laboratory which shall deal death to this national pest, while being innocuous to bird and beast? Nearly two thousand years ago, the Balearic Islands were devastated by this voracious rodent. Is science more a match for it now than it was then?

BURGLAR JIM.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

Two of the lodgers puzzled the Leytons very much. Jim Beadel and his wife rented the rooms under theirs. Jim was a burly, frank-looking fellow of about thirty; his wife was not more than twenty-five, rather pretty, and of a cheerful, good humoured disposition, which found vent in singing all the comic and popular ditties of the day. In the daytime she managed to go through some half-hundred songs in a style that was very excruciating to Rhoda's ear. The Leytons could not make out what Beadel's occupation was. He seemed to have nothing particular to do, and spent the greater part of the day at home. 'Liza seemed very fond of him, and he of her, except when he got tipsy on a Saturday, and then he was quarrelsome. She did not make any fuss, but simply said: 'He's not nice when he gets boozy.'

One day the Leytons remarked that Beadel had not been at home for two or three days, and 'Liza seemed very downcast. 'They've quarrelled, and he's left her for a time,' said Bertrud, who felt a relief in turning from his own troubles to discuss those of others.

The following day Mrs Beadel got caught in the rain, and very soon became ill, so ill that the doctor had to be called in.

'E says it's inflammation o' the lungs,' said the landlady to Rhoda. 'She is mortal bad, and no mistake.'

'Do you think she would object to me going to see her?'

'Bless yer 'art, no! She'd be precious glad, I bet.'

And so Rhoda went to see her. She needed careful nursing, and, weak as she was, Rhoda determined to undertake the task, for no one else seemed capable or willing. Bertrud demurred a little; but Rhoda silenced all objec-

tions by a few quiet words that appealed to his finer feelings.

When it was gossiped about from door-step to door-step, Rhoda rose in Darkman Street estimation. If not willing to do it themselves, they could appreciate its being done. The other inmates of the house in a rough fashion tried to help her as much as possible—nursing Rhoda's little Gertrude and tidying her room—acts which Rhoda hardly appreciated at their proper value.

'Would not your husband come to see you?' Rhoda ventured to inquire of her patient when confidence had been established between them.

Mrs Beadel looked at her inquiringly, and then said: 'He can't.'

'I'm sorry to hear that. I thought perhaps you had—had quarrelled a little.'

'Not we,' she answered with energy. 'Jim 'ud be here if he could.'

'Would he not come if he knew how ill you were?'

'Jim's in quod,' Mrs Beadel answered, half shyly, half proudly.

'In quod,' echoed Rhoda. 'Where is that?'

'Why, in prison, of course.'

'In prison?'

'Yes; don't three months—'

'I am sorry to hear that,' said Rhoda. 'Was he innocent?'

'He was dewed unlucky. Jim's never been copped before. He's clever, is Jim; and if he'd been sober, he'd have been all right.'

'I am sorry, for your sake, he cannot be with you. I hope he won't get too much drink again.'

'I men to that. If Jim'll keep sober, there's not a cleverer burglar in London.'

'Burglar?' Rhoda exclaimed in horror. 'Surely he's not that?'

'That's just what he is,' said Mrs Beadel, excitedly and exultantly.

Rhoda told her husband, and he was as much amazed as she was. 'This is what we are come to,' he cried bitterly, 'herding with robbers.'

Rhoda was afraid that he might forbid her nursing 'Liza any longer, but, to her relief, he did not mention it.

Robber's wife as she was, Mrs Beadel was 'grateful; and, little by little, as she got better, Rhoda found herself telling her patient her history.

'Ah! I knew you were a lidy, 'und 'ad 'ad trouble. A nice father-in-law. Wex, my Jim is worth a cartload o' sich.'

Jim came out of prison just as his wife was able to do a little for herself. He certainly did not look in any worse health for his enforced holiday. He tried to express his gratitude to Mrs Leyton; but it was a very awkward attempt. But he and his wife talked over matters together, and at last he determined to give his gratitude a tangible shape. He asked for an interview with Bertrod, which was accorded.

'Your missis been like a mother to my missis, and I'm mighty grateful for it. I shouldn't 'ave 'ad the little ooman now, if it 'adn't been for your missis. Now, I've 'eared, sir, as you've come down in the world—'

no offence meant. Everybody about 'ere can see you're a gentleman. You know what I am. Now, why shouldn't you join me and make a decent livin'? I wouldn't 'ave taken my own father in partnership, for I can work better on my own 'ook. But I'm mighty grateful; and I'll go 'all profits, and put you up to the business.'

Bertrod did not know whether to laugh or be angry. Yet he could not but appreciate the man's earnest effort to aid him, and so he said: 'Mr Beadel, I am very grateful to you. You have a generous heart. But I could not join you. You see, Mr Beadel, I have been brought up to think that robbing is wrong in itself; and even if we were totally without food, starving to death, neither of us would touch a penny we had not come by honestly. Your ideas and mine are different, Mr Beadel. I do not wish to offend you; but I must give you my honest opinion.'

'I'm sorry, sir. It strikes me, sir, you're a bit soft-headed. That is—I mean—ang it, what do gentlemen call it?'

Bertrod smiled. 'Eccentric, perhaps.'

'That's it, I s'pose. —But there's no more to be said, I guess.'

'Nothing only, that my wife does not want any reward for what she did. She felt it her duty to help her neighbour.'

'Ah! that's out o' the Bible, I reckon. That Book's right about some things, I've 'eared. I s'pose that's why you can't see your way to joinin' me.'

'Yes; I cannot, because I believe it is wrong.'

'Well, I'm mighty sorry. I wish I could have your respected parent in the back-yard for five minutes, though; I might knock sense in 'im. Does 'e believe the Bible, mister?'

'He does not follow it,' said Bertrod with a sad smile.

The next day was the beginning of a darker and more bitter time for the Leytons. Rhoda, worn out, by the nursing most probably, sickened again, and it seemed as if the shadow of Death was resting upon her. It was no positive illness, only the wasting of all health and strength, brought on by anxiety and care and insufficient nourishment. Bertrod, not knowing where the money was to come from, called in a doctor. He gave his opinion with brutal frankness: 'She must get to a warmer climate at once—the south of France, I should recommend. It is her only chance.'

'I earn twelve shillings a week, doctor; I cannot well send her on that.'

'I am sorry,' said the doctor, less curtly; 'but she will die here, directly the cold weather sets in.'

It was now the beginning of November. Bertrod stamped his feet in agony. His father, he had learnt, for more than a year had had a house in town, and another at Henley, for he was nursing the river-side constituency. Once he made up his mind to take a pistol and confront his father. 'Money for my darling's life, or your life.' He gave up the idea in a saner moment, and also the idea that he would accept Beadel's offer; and in their place arose the idea that grew stronger and stronger, 'My darling will die, and it will be better for

her. I will keep sixpence for lamplum, and we will be happy together where fathers are unknown.'

But the cup of bitterness was not quite drained. His mind was so unbalanced, that he failed at his work, and one day, making a big error, he was given three days' pay and told to be gone. He went with a curse in his heart, a bitter smile on his lips. He pawned his watch and best suit, and then went home to sit by his wife, who did not know the new horror that had been added.

Mrs Beadel did all she could for the woman who had been so kind to her. But she was not marked out for a nurse, willing though she was. She and Jim talked earnestly over their neighbours' affairs, and many a dainty did they get for the sick woman, giving it to her with the fiction that they were just having a bit o' dinner, and thought she might like a bit.

Four days did Bertrud wander through the streets seeking work and finding none. He had three shillings and twopence left, not enough to buy a bottle of port wine for his darling.

The Beadels never asked, but they guessed pretty shrewdly the state of affairs, and their conversation generally resolved itself into a committee of ways and means for their neighbours. And that night, while Bertrud was casting longing eyes on the Thames, Jim sprang up crying: 'I've it. I've it.'

'What?' said Liza.

'I've it. Wait till I come back, Liza—wait.'

It was the following morning about nine o'clock, and Bertrud had just sunk into an uneasy slumber, when he was roused by Beadel knocking loudly at the door. He roused himself at once. 'Quick, dress yourself,' whispered Jim excitedly, 'and come into my room. Quick's the word now.'

In five minutes he had joined them. Husband and wife were standing, Liza with her arms thrown round her husband's neck.

'Oh, I beg pardon'—Bertrud began.

'Come in, come in; good news, mister.'

'Good news! Then it was not for him.'

'I've been to your father's, sir,' Jim began nervously, looking steadily away from his face. ('I'opo you'll excuse Jim for the liberty,' Liza put in); I said: "Look 'ere; your son wants some tin tremendous bad; 'is wife's dyin', unless she goes abroad, doctor says. If you're a man, give 'em somethin'."

Bertrud's head seemed almost bursting as Jim paused. 'Go on,' he whispered.

'Well, sir, 'e looked at me, and I reckon 'e saw I meant business. Then 'e took out a pocket-book. "'Ere's four hundred and fifty in notes," ses 'e—"take it to 'em.—They've got nice friends," ses 'e. "But never let me ear from 'em again; not another penny from me will they get. I curse 'em with this."

'Curse 'em again, and double the money,' ses I; 'bnt 'e looked so black, I picked up the flimsy and come away.'

'My father sent!' said Bertrud, his breath coming in gasps.

'Didn't I say so?' asked Jim, half petulantly.

'You must take her off to France this very

day. Take her, for you need it almost as bad.'

When Bertrud realised the truth, nature asserted herself, and he fell back in a faint. Jim always kept brandy at hand; and, restored by a draught, Bertrud rushed off into his room. Husband and wife sobbed together such tears as they had not wept for many a day.

But there was work to be done; and Bertrud was rushing about all day making purchases and preparing for their journey. Hope is a powerful stimulant, and even Rhoda laughed merrily.

They left by the evening mail, intending to rest a day in Paris. Bertrud vainly endeavoured to give a little of his unexpected wealth to Jim, but the housebreaker and his wife steadily refused the proffered gift. 'No, sir,' said Jim stoutly; 'it's a shame to insult me so. When I wants tin, I works for it.'

'Forgive me,' said Bertrud. 'I did not mean to insult you. But my wife and I will never forget your kindness: never.'

Rhoda kissed Liza as she went, which, she afterwards said, was the one thing she was the proudest of, of any in her life.

Bertrud laughingly said that his fellow-passengers would think, if it were not for the baby, that they were a couple just off on their honeymoon; and one or two seemed greatly scandalised at their gaiety. But they did not know that the pair had passed from death to life.

Bertrud thought more kindly of his father and his sisters than he had done since he left home. 'He is relenting, Rhoda, and he tried to hude it by roughness.'

Their days on the Riviera were days that seemed Elysium after Darkman Street. Bertrud was feeling much better, and, what was best of all, Rhoda was fast regaining her health and cheerfulness. Again could they talk of the rosy future, of what they would do, and what they would become, when they were back in England again.

About a fortnight after their arrival, Bertrud was reading at breakfast-time—Rhoda was not yet down the English *Standard* of the day but one before. Suddenly a paragraph in the Police Court News met his eye, and his cheek blanched as he read: 'James Beadel was brought up again on remand on a charge of stealing several hundred pounds, the property of Mr S. Jeyton of River House, Henley-on-Thames. It will be remembered that the River House was broken into on the night of the 24th ult, and an escritoire was forcibly opened and the money stolen. The accused, who is a man well known to the police, was seen in Henley that day, and the police arrested him at his lodgings in Hoxton. When charged, he said: "I'm only sorry it wasn't more; but it was all I could find." The accused was committed for trial at the assizes, which begin on Thursday week.'

Bertrud put on his hat and went out. He must have time to think! He saw it all now. Jim, rough, uneducated burglar as he was, had risked his liberty to save him and his wife. His heart glowed within him as he thought of the unassuming heroism of the man. Come

what would, he would go back to England and endeavour to save him.

Should he tell Rhoda? No; it would only distress her. He went back, calmer, now that his mind was made up. 'Darling,' he said, 'I must go to England at the end of this week. You will not mind my leaving you for a few days?'

'What is it?' she asked, apprehension leaping in her eyes.

'I do not wish to tell you now, dearest. It is something that concerns our future happiness—nothing evil.'

She had always trusted him implicitly. 'Very well, my dear. But I shall be glad when you come back.'

He did not form his course of action till he reached London; then he made up his mind that he would tender himself as an informal witness, for he shrewdly guessed, from the way in which he had acted throughout, that the burglar would strongly object to his appearance in court.

For two days Bertrod sat quietly through the proceedings in court, waiting. On the third day his father came, and he knew that the case would soon be called. In fact, it was the first, and the prisoner was put in the dock. He did not seem at all abashed, but glanced nonchalantly round the court, though he did not notice Bertrod. Counsel opened the case; and after his father, the police, and several others had been called as witnesses, the judge asked if there were any witnesses for the defence.

'No, my lord,' was the answer; when Bertrod, pale and determined, stood up.

'My lord, I wish to give evidence for the defence.' He saw his father start, and a look of surprise come upon the face of the burglar.

'My lord, pardon me, but it was only through accidentally seeing the report of this case before the magistrate, when I was in France, that I am here, and I did not know with whom to communicate so as to be heard in the regular way.'

'Let the witness be sworn,' said the judge abruptly.

Bertrod told briefly but clearly, though with a nervous voice, the story of his life, relating how his father had cast him off, and how, through misfortune, he had sunk deeper and deeper. Then he told of his Darkman Street days, and how in the last extremity, the money had been brought, which he really believed his father had sent. Then he went on: 'My lord, it was not till I happened to see a report of the case in the *Standard* that I really knew now the money had been obtained.'

There was a strong attempt at applause; but it was sternly checked, and the prosecuting counsel rose to speak. 'My lord, Mr Leyton desires me to say that he had not the slightest suspicion that the prisoner came on any such errand. If he had'—

'That will do, Mr Fardell,' said the judge curtly. 'I hold a strong opinion as to your client's conduct.'

And when he came to sum up, he gave voice to his opinion. 'We have to-day been witnesses

of the contrariety of human nature. Here is a man, holding a high position, who allows his son to sink into the lowest depths, not caring whether he lives or dies, because he obeys the dictates of his heart; and on the other hand, a man who is a confessed thief, saving that son from utter despair by—I can call it by no other name—an act of generous self-sacrifice.' Then he went on to warn the jury that they must be guided, not by their sentiments, but by facts.

They were not absent more than five minutes. In answer to the usual question, the foreman said: 'Guilty, but with the strongest recommendation to mercy.'

'James Beadle,' said the judge, 'you are a man possessed of sentiments that are incompatible with the course of life you have chosen. If you persist in that course, justice will infallibly mark you down. Try some honest course of life. I sentence you to one day's imprisonment, to count from the time of your apprehension.'

It was in vain to try to stop applause then. There was wild cheering in the street as the burglar and Bertrod came out together, and many pressed forward to shake hands with the robber.

Mr Leyton, senior, for some time felt what it was to bear the storm or outraged opinion. He was told by the constituency who had chosen him as candidate that his services were not required, and Society for once was on the popular side. Sullenly he tried to propitiate public opinion, and offered his son five hundred a year; but Bertrod refused it. There was no love in the gift, and he was not in need of money, for several lucrative appointments had been offered to him.

Two years afterwards, his father died from apoplexy, and Bertrod stepped into his rights.

Burglar Jim is now a millionaire. He is Bertrod's general factotum at Henley, and his and 'Liza's' chief delight is to gaze at the window through which he entered when he saved Bertrod and Rhoda.

BASS BROOMS.

Bass Brooms are a production of the nineteenth century. Many of the generation that is just now passing away can recall the days when they had to content themselves with the common birch or besom, that had held an undisputed sway for so many years. Like many other useful appliances, its introduction was to a certain extent accidental; and it may be said to owe its parentage to that insatiable desire, which is even more apparent in the present day, of utilising every product that is looked upon as waste, or that can be had for the mere cost of collection and freight.

About fifty years ago a ship arrived at Liverpool from Brazil, bringing over sugar; and, as was usual in those days, the necessary dunnage or packing used when stowing the sugar-cases between the decks consisted of *Piassava* fibre—or, as it is now more conventionally known, *Bass*—which the stevedores in Brazil always utilised for the purpose. To prevent the ship

from being damaged by striking against the sides of the dock, the captain had a round fender made out of the *Piassava*; and this, after it had served its purpose, was thrown away upon the quay, and picked up by a working brushmaker. He at a glance divined a future use for the fibre, and taking it home, set to work steaming and otherwise preparing it, and made some street brooms with it. He was at first only laughed at for his pains; but he continued his operations, and managed to eke out a living. Little by little, the common-broom makers of Birmingham, London, and other large towns were induced to take up the material, and they were very much helped in this by a Mr Richard Dean of Birmingham, who, in addition to dressing the *Piassava*, retailed it out to the working brush-makers, and supplied them also with the wood-stocks and pitch, so that they could purchase a few shillings' worth of materials and work them up. The larger brush-manufacturers were slow to take up the industry; they considered it derogatory to their trade, and did not like the idea of interfering with the birch broom makers. They could not, however, shut their eyes to the developments which were constantly brought under their immediate notice, and so at length paid some attention to the product, at first mixing it with other substances, and ultimately using it alone.

Bass-broom making may now be regarded as quite an important branch of the brush-trade. Elaborate machinery has been specially invented for the manufacture of the brooms. After the backs have been partially pierced through and centred for the reception of the bunches, they are brought into contact with a most ingenious piece of mechanism in the shape of a fixing-machine. The bass is placed in a hopper, so arranged that it is kept uncompressed; sufficient to form a bunch is deftly abstracted by a curious piece of machinery sometimes called the 'thief,' and at others the 'extractor;' and the fibres are by this seized, held, and deposited just at the proper time, whilst a punch following immediately, doubles the bunch, carries it down into one of the holes in the brush-stock, and there securely fastens it.

Piassava is received both from Brazil and Africa. The Brazilian variety is derived from two sources: that which is usually black and of a fine description is obtained from Para from the palm '*Leopoldina Piassaba*;' a coarser variety, of a brown colour, is brought from Bahia, and is the product of the '*Attalea funifera*.' The '*Leopoldina*' grows in great abundance on the extensive plains between the Rio Negro and Orinoco rivers, forming entire forests. The usual height to which the palm grows is fifteen or twenty feet; but occasionally it is found much larger, trees as high as forty feet being met with at times. The fibre (*Piassava*)—or beard, as it is usually called—is the envelope of the young leaves, and hangs down all round, and completely covers the trunk quite to the ground at least, except in the case of very tall trees.

The *Piassava* from '*Attalea funifera*' is derived from the decaying of the cellular matter at the base of the leaf-stalk and the

consequent liberation of the fibrous portions. In Brazil the fibre is used for rope-making; and it may be of interest to remark in passing that the seeds of '*Attalea funifera*'—which are known in commerce as *Coquilla Nuts*, and are extremely hard—are largely used by turners for making the handles of doors, umbrellas, &c. There would seem to be a vast difference between the sight of a single tree and that of a forest of them. Some travellers tell us that a sunset viewed through plantations of this palm presents to the eye one of nature's most striking pictures of interest and beauty; but, taking the trees individually, other authorities describe them as of very unsightly appearance.

The fibre is collected by the natives, who climb the trees nimbly during the wet season, and speedily strip the fibrous foliage, casting it down to the ground. It is then roughly heckled or combed through stakes or sticks driven firmly into the ground, and the long and stronger fibres drawn out. These are doubled in at each end to about a foot, and made up into rude bundles of fourteen pounds weight, which are placed on rafts and floated down the rivers to the nearest seaport town. Here the natives barter it away for food—in most instances for '*Manioc*,' a root much resembling that of a dahlia, which when ground becomes a kind of coarse flour.

The success attending the use of *Piassava* naturally induced many competitors. From time to time numerous substances have been introduced with a view of replacing it; but none, up to the present, have been found as satisfactory. In 1856 a patent was taken out for the use of material obtained from various species of the Palm tribe, in reality the midribs of different members of the family; in the following year, the fibre of certain South African plants was proposed. Only comparatively recently, a fibre much resembling *Piassava* in appearance was introduced to the trade from Java as a material superior in many respects. It was thoroughly elastic, and however much it was bent, it did not break or snap, as many grades of *Piassava* are liable to do. It was very well received, and at first had a quick sale; but we believe has now fallen out of the ranks, and given place again to old-fashioned Bass.

KESWICK.

WHEN I am dead and gone, oh! lay me not
Within some city churchyard's darksome mould,
Where all around foul smoke its reign doth hold;
But lay me rather in some country spot,
Where the free air of heaven no smoke doth blot;
Even in thy Vale, O Keswick, where my heart
Feels in each sound and sight it has a part—
Here I could rest me happy, though forgot.
Then, when the wind of heaven on winter nights
Blew from the hills of God o'er dale and moor,
Bringing to me fresh memories of delights,
Which I had felt upon these mountains hoar,
My soul would haunt the hills it loved of yore,
And happy be upon the mountain heights.

S. R. G.

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MORWENSTOW AND HAWKER.

HIDDEN away in an out-of-the-world district of North Cornwall lies the tiny village of Morwenstow. The parish is large and straggling. Beautifully wooded combs, barren uplands, and rough pasture-land, make up a varied scene. Many a throb of pleasure pulses through the mind as you wander up and down the steep slopes of this wild and romantic country. The chief delight, however, of this 'out-of-the-world' parish is to be found in that part where land and ocean meet. Wild and rugged are the cliffs. Remorseless is the sea. No boats are to be met with on the shore for many a mile; and as the visitor watches the rollers, in the distance beneath him, breaking on the jagged rocks, once cliffs, now worn into fantastic angry shapes, he learns the reason of their absence. The shore cannot even be approached. A difficult path, which once allowed access to the beach, is now half fallen away, and you are compelled to contemplate the grandeur of the scenery from above. In the words of Kingsley, it is 'a waste and howling wilderness of rock and roller, barren to the fisherman, and hopeless to the shipwrecked mariner.' The innumerable sea birds, whose screeching tones accompany the roaring of the waves, are the fit occupants of such a scene. To them, and to them alone, man is compelled to resign his claim. The highest cliff on this part of the north Cornish coast is in the parish of Morwenstow—a mass of contorted schist, named Henna-cliff, after the eagles that once tenanted it.

Half-way down one of these precipices is a holy well. In the ninth century, St Morwenna, a Welsh saint, left her native country, and, at King Ethelwolf's command, arrived at his court to instruct the Princess Edith in the learning of the time. Long and patiently she did her duty; and when the time arrived for her to depart, she asked largess of the king. In answer to her entreaty, he gave her a messenger and a priest, and together they set up

a little church, 'a living temple, built by faith to stand,' upon the mighty cliffs of Morwenstow—the cliffs, on which, in her early days, her eyes had so often rested. Thus, then, was the 'Statio' or 'Stow' of Morwenna founded. This is why the little village of to-day that stands upon that site is called Morwenstow.

St Morwenna's well is still to be seen. It was restored in the middle of the present century by the celebrated poet, the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker. Alas! it is now overgrown with thickly clinging plants; and, owing to the crumbling nature of the schist that composes the cliff, it is very difficult of access. Here St Morwenna received the pilgrims to her shrine, and bathed their bodies with the clear spring water. But although the chapel of this saintly woman has disappeared, the beautiful church of the village is still standing to remind us of her work—an old gray sanctuary, between two steep hills, with its tower towards the sea.

The graveyard is divided into three parts, and each portion has its story to tell. In the centre are the multicoloured slabs of slate and stone recording the virtues of departed villagers. The southern part is unmarked by any slab. Nature alone has worked here, and covered the many mounds with a thick covering of green plush, with one exception—an old figure-head from a vessel. It was thrown up on the shore from the brig *Caledonia*. The vessel was wrecked on the vicarage cliffs and all hands drowned. The bodies of the mariners were collected one by one and confined on the shore. When everything was ready, the sad procession, headed by the vicar, slowly wound its way up the dangerous, crumbling path to the sanctuary above. The coffins were placed in the chancel of the church. The burial service was read over the remains of the poor seamen, and they were laid to rest in the southern portion of the little cemetery, side by side with many another brother who had met his death in the infinite Atlantic. At the head of the captain's grave was placed

the figure-head of his vessel; and there she stands to-day looking out over the sea—fit token of those that lie around—the old ocean thundering at her feet. A few years before, these bodies would have been thrown back into the sea as worse than useless. The change is due to the late Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, for over forty years vicar of Morwenstow. During his life here, he witnessed many a painful scene. Wrecks, before the introduction of the steam-tug, were very frequent on this coast. One of the late inhabitants of Morwenstow saw over eighty in his own parish.

We have looked at the central and southern portions of this little burial-ground. Let us now turn to the part that overlooks the north. It strikes us with a chill. The desolation of the bare, bleak north seems to impregnate this little corner, for here no one is interred. Only a few trees exist, stunted by their battle with the blast. The absence of graves is easily accounted for. Traditionally, the north is always here dedicated to the demons; and naturally man would shun the idea of making his last resting-place in their midst.

In the centre of this 'Garden of Sleep' stands the weather-beaten church. The interior is approached through a beautiful Norman doorway. The chevron mouldings are surmounted by grotesque figures of the creatures of the deep. The tympanum of the arch is decorated with an eloquent allegory in stone. Two dragons, bound with chains, are cowering in the presence of a lamb. The descent into the church is made by three steps, as all ancient churches dedicated to St John the Baptist were built, to signify the 'going down' into the Valley of Jordan. The interior of this edifice is singularly in harmony with this storm-swept country. The door is always open. Look inside! Study that rude font that stands before you. It was hewn by the Saxons from a block of stone taken from the shore. When fresh from the mason's workshop it stood in the Saxon church. Then that twisted cable which binds its middle was sharp and angular; now it is smooth—rubbed by the passage of a thousand years. In the vicarage garden there is a holy well of sparkling water dedicated to St John. With this water the children of the village have always been christened.

Opposite the font in the north arcade there are two excellent Norman arches with beautiful zigzag moulding, surmounted by grotesque figures. The south arcade is sixteenth century.

The carving of the oak bench-ends is one of the chief features of this story in stone. The date of these exquisite pieces of workmanship is 1564. They are in excellent preservation. The carving has for its subjects the symbols of the Passion, the initials of donors, and uncouth sea-monsters on shields. Each bench-end is unlike all the others, and all are

surrounded with Tudor border-work of elegant design.

When Dr Phillpotts offered Mr Hawker the living of Morwenstow, there was a beautiful rood-screen in the church. Imagine the good man's dismay when, on arriving at his cure, the clerk informed him that he had burned the greater part of the 'rubbishing old screen.' Perhaps the poor clerk was likewise astonished when the vicar replied 'that he had better of burned himself instead.' Mr Hawker, however, managed to rescue part of the screen; and fitting in the missing pieces with devices of his own, he restored it in this condition to its original position.

But the lover of such beauties can see it no longer. Since the restoration of the church in 1881, it has found a resting-place—probably its last—in the lich-house adjoining the quaint old lichgate.

Many an old tomb paves the aisles, the most modern being connected with the church's poet-vicar. It marks the grave of his first wife, who died in 1863. In 1886 a fresco was discovered in the north wall of the chancel—a Female Saint clasping a scroll and blessing a monk.

This, then, is the beautiful church of which the poet Hawker was so fond, where he learnt and taught so many lessons. Here he loved to wander, seeking the hidden meanings of that book of centuries. Not a stone but what had its story to tell. Once, suddenly stopping and pointing to the carved oak roof, he exclaimed to his companion:

'A sign! beneath the ship we stand,
Th' inverted vessel's arching side,
Forsaken when the fisher hand
Went forth to meet a mightier tide.'

A vine runs along the whole length, and on either side of the chancel and nave—

'Its root is where the eastern sunbeams fall,
First in the chancel, then along the wall,
Slowly it travels on a leafy line,

With here and there a cluster; and anon

More and more grapes, until the growth hath
gone

Through arch and aisle. Harken! and heed the
sign;

See at the altar-side the steadfast root,

Mark well the branches, count the summer fruit.

So let ye meek and faithful heart be thine,
And gather from that tree a parable divine!'

Morwenstow with its angry sea, its forbidding cliffs, its lovely church, and its wild moorland, was for over forty years the home of the poet. In his church his face was to be seen every Sunday. From far distances, people would come to listen to his eloquence; and the little patch of green outside the primitive lichgate would on Sabbath mornings be thronged with vehicles of all descriptions. From this tiny centre his ideas spread in ever-widening circles throughout the whole of England. Here, on the 1st Sunday in October 1843, he first inci-

tuted, with suitable decorations, the harvest thanksgiving service of the Church of England. In Morwenstow church the first weekly offering for 'the expenses of the church and parish' was held under his directions.

Hawker had decided to build himself a vicarage. One day, in thecombe (or sloping hollow) just below the church, he noticed some lambs taking shelter from the storm. There he built his house, and there he lived to protect his 'lambs' from the tempests of the world. Very pretty do the quaint chimneys look amongst the trees of the valley. There is a history connected with them all. With one exception, they are copies, in miniature, of the towers of the churches in which Mr Hawker served as curate. The exception stands in the centre—it is a likeness of his mother's tomb.

The net value of the living of Morwenstow is exactly three hundred and sixty-five pounds a year. Over the front door of the vicarage there is the following verse:

A house, a globe, a pound a day;
A pleasant place to watch and pray.
Be true to church, be kind to poor,
O Minister, for evermore!

On the highest and steepest cliff of the globe, Hawker built a hut out of the wood thrown up on the coast from wrecked vessels. Over the door he placed a figure-head. Here, sometimes in sunshine, sometimes in storm, the poet would sit with his muse. The chief of his works, 'The Quest of the Sangreal,' was written here.

Hawker's poems thoroughly enter into the spirit of his old country. A ballad of his on the subject of the trial of the 'Seven Bishops,' into which he had woven an old refrain—'And let Trelawney die,' &c.—that was sung in Cornwall during the agitation that prevailed at the time, was so characteristic of that period that it deceived Lord Macaulay and Sir Walter Scott, from whom he received letters, some years after, when the author's name had become public, acknowledging the talent of the spirited composition.

Many celebrated *littérateurs* of the century visited Hawker at his 'out-of-the-world parish,' as he loved to designate it. Prominent amongst them are the names of Tennyson and Kingsley. One morning his servant took him up a card on which was written the name of Alfred Tennyson. He was delighted to receive his guest, as his admiration of our late Laureate was very great. He was not quite sure, however, that the stranger was the poet. They had not met long before they found themselves wandering along the edge of the 'token stream of Tidna Combe' as it rushed along in tiny cascades to give its tribute to the ocean. Hawker remarked to his companion, it was 'falling like a broken purpose.' 'You are quoting my verse,' replied the Laureate; and Hawker's mind was set at rest. It was during this visit that the vicar of Morwenstow pointed out to Tennyson the cliffs of Tintagel in the blue distance, and remarked what a grand subject was there for his genius. The 'Idylls of the King,' one of the finest poems in the English language, was the fruit of this suggestion.

Kingsley visited Morwenstow many times. A large part of the plot of 'Westward Ho!' is laid in the parish. Here he met Hawker, who pointed out to our great novelist the site of the old house of the Grenvilles at Stowe. Chapel House, of 'Westward Ho!' fame, is in this parish also. It is a fine old country manor-house, in beautiful preservation—altogether, as Mr Baring-Gould remarks, 'a perfect specimen.' The proper name of this interesting house is Tonacombe, and here Kingsley wrote a large portion of his famous novel. The arms of the Leighs are to be seen with those of others above in this 'great, rambling, dark house on the Atlantic cliffs.'

In the early part of this century, Morwenstow was a parish largely occupied by wreckers. Before Mr Hawker took the living, there had not been a resident vicar for over a hundred years. There was no vicarage—the place was a ruin. For the most part the villagers lived for the wrecks, and did their best to lure the struggling ships on to the 'jagged shark-tooth rocks,' one rasp of which would 'grind abroad the timbers of the stoutest ship.' The prey of the sea was their prey. The excisemen, if, indeed, they had courage to show themselves, were paid to wink at their proceedings. The following rhyme was strictly adhered to, and Heaven help the man that was thrown up amongst them. The doggerel runs as follows:

Save a stranger from the sea,
And he'll turn your enemy.

Such were the inhabitants of this Cornish village when Mr Hawker arrived. With them he battled night and day. He formed a body of volunteers to find and save those who were washed up on the shore, doubling the Government bounty on those found drowned, from his own purse. His kind-heartedness and unbounded generosity won these semi-barbarians one by one over to his side, and they at length recognised their brothers in the storm-beaten men that lay at their feet upon the shore. It is, however, extremely difficult to eradicate a feeling that has been inherited by man from his ancestors, and even to-day the villagers of Morwenstow will assure you that there is 'nothing like a good wreck for getting a little together.' 'I do not see why it is,' said a Cornish clerk one day, 'there be prayers in the Book o' Common Prayer for rain, and for fine weather, and thanksgiving for them, and for peace; and there's no prayer for wrecks, and thanksgiving for a really gude one when it is come.'

Nothing has changed at Morwenstow since Hawker was last there, eighteen years ago. His memory is deeply cherished by the villagers who remember him. The little village is still as much out of the world. No railway runs within fifteen miles, and the coach-route is five miles distant. Morwenstow lives the life of years ago. To the lover of romantic scenery it offers such that few places can equal, and none excel. To the admirer of its poet it teems with reminiscences. The hut and vicarage remain to tell us of their designer. 'The daily round, the common task,' is as it was in the days of the poet. The same bells

ring out the villagers at the close of divine worship.

Still points the tower, and pleads the bell;
The solemn arches breathe in stone;
Window and wall have lips to tell
The mighty faith of days unknown.
Yea, flood, and breeze, and battle-shock
Shall beat upon this church in vain:
She stands, a daughter of the rock,
The changeless God's eternal fane.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER III. LADY BOLDON SPEAKS HER MIND.

LADY BOLDON came to the point at once. Sitting down before Mr Felix, she said in a soft low tone—'You must be tired with your long journey, and I am infinitely obliged to you for sitting up for me. I shan't keep you long; but it was necessary that I should see you. What I wished to ask you is Did my husband telegraph for you to come?'—She stopped abruptly. In spite of her outward calmness, her agitation was so great that she could not go on. In a moment, however, she mastered herself, and proceeded 'Is Sir Richard going to make a new will?'

Mr Felix said nothing. He had already determined that he would tell Lady Boldon all he knew; but something in the way of a price he was determined to have. At least she must acknowledge the extent of her obligation to him. And yet he knew very well he must not allow her to feel such obligation to be insupportably heavy.

'You must surely know, Lady Boldon,' he began in his low, quiet tones, 'that a lawyer holds his client's secrets inviolable.'

'Oh, I know,' said the lady impatiently. 'But I have always been used to having my own way—and I am going to have it now.' This was said with a smile which dazzled the lawyer's eyes. He shaded them with his hand and remained silent.

'You surely don't wish me to feel that you are my enemy, Mr Felix?' she said with another smile.

'No; I would do much to win your friendship,' was the reply. He trembled, fearing that he had said too much; but Lady Boldon had not noticed any special significance in the words.

'Well, if you wish to be my friend, here is a way to serve me. What harm can possibly come of your telling me what my husband's intentions are? And after all, I have a right to know.'

'Yes, Lady Boldon, I think that morally you have a right to know.—Sir Richard does mean to make a new will, revoking the one which, as you know, he signed the day you were married.'

'And I?—Mr Felix, if you are a man, do not torture me in this way!' She was deadly pale, and looked as if she must faint.

'Dear Lady Boldon!' cried the solicitor, springing from his seat in genuine alarm, 'do try to be calm. I will tell you—yes, come

what may, I will tell you all. I would do anything to spare you this agitation and alarm.—Drink this first, I beg of you.' He poured her out a glass of wine, and made her drink it.—'Yes; it is true,' he continued. 'Your husband has asked me to prepare a new will, by which you are to have only a trifling legacy; and Roby is to go to his heir-at-law, Mr Frederick Boldon.'

Lady Boldon gave a cry. 'No!' she said, in a loud, resolute voice. 'This injustice must not be permitted. My life interest in the estate must not be touched.'

'Do be calm, Lady Boldon! The—the servants may hear you.—It is grossly unjust to you, I admit.'

'You remember the conversation at the Rectory before I was married to this—Sir Richard Boldon. It was agreed that only a nominal sum should be settled upon me, in consideration of the bequest in the will, which was to be signed immediately after the marriage?'

'Yes, I remember it all very well. And I may tell you that I urged Sir Richard, as strongly as I dared, not to make this new will, or at least to leave you a large sum under it.'

'Thank you, Mr Felix!' cried the lady, holding out her hand to the lawyer with an impulse of gratitude. 'Now I know that you are my friend. But he would not take your advice?'

'No. He would not listen to me. The truth is, Lady Boldon, I fear that your husband has had his mind set against you for some reason. He seems to think that you'

'I entreat you to speak plainly.'

'That you married him from purely mercenary motives, and that you are looking forward to be freed from the incubus of his presence in the house.'

A contemptuous curl of the lip was Lady Boldon's only answer.

'The question is, how we are to bring Sir Richard to a more equitable frame of mind?' he said, after a pause.

'That will take time,' said Lady Boldon quickly; 'and I look to you to procure me some respite. When is the new will to be signed?'

'The day after to-morrow.'

'No, no, Mr Felix—not so soon as that. That leaves my husband no time for reflection. I thought lawyers always were so slow!'

'I might perhaps venture to delay one day longer,' said the solicitor after a pause; 'but I must bring it for signature on Friday at the latest.'

'Well, I must hope that Sir Richard will have changed his mind by that time,' said Lady Boldon, as, with a forced smile on her lips, she took Mr Felix's proffered hand and wished him good-night.

For another hour, however, she continued to pace up and down the room, deep in thought. She was almost angry with herself for not having made a better use of her opportunity. She had meant to induce the lawyer to throw obstacles in the way of her husband carrying out his wishes; she had even thought that she

might make him promise to refuse to prepare the new will, and thus procure at least a considerable delay. She had intended, too, to sound him, and see how far she could bend him to her desires. But when it came to the point, she had not been sufficiently mistress of herself—in fact, she had not had the courage to attempt so much. She had gained a delay of twenty-four hours. That was all.

Next morning she saw Mr Lynd, told him frankly how matters stood, and begged for his assistance. The curate frowned heavily, and studied the pattern of the carpet carefully for a minute or two before replying. 'You can understand, Lady Boldon,' he said at last, 'that this is one of those cases in which a clergyman can hardly act. If he does anything, offers so much as a word of advice—one side or the other are sure to resent what they call "priestly interference," and talk of undue influence. Personally, you understand, I have a great reluctance to do anything in the matter. Yet I acknowledge the justice of your complaint. If Sir Richard's intentions are what you imagine them to be, I should admit that you are being hardly treated. I will feel my way; and offer a little advice, if I perceive that I can do so with good effect. I'm afraid that is all that it is in my power to do.'

'Oh, thank you, Mr Lynd, so much!' cried Lady Boldon. 'It is so good of you!'

'Don't thank me, please!' This was said in a tone of genuine shrinking; and the lady remembered that it was one of the curate's peculiarities that he positively seemed to detest praise, or even thanks. She said no more; and Mr Lynd added, 'If I may advise you, I would say—Don't utter a word to your husband on this subject, either now or at any future time. I feel sure that in a man of his disposition, remonstrances from you would only settle his mind more firmly on—on—in short, increase his misconceptions, and work injury to your interests.'

This advice exactly coincided with Lady Boldon's own opinion. If she were to complain to her husband that he was not keeping to his bargain, he would retort that she had been actuated solely by a mercenary spirit all through; and that it was her own fault that she had not protected her own interests more securely. Bickerings of that kind would certainly not further the end she had in view.

Lady Boldon waited near the hall, while the curate was up-stairs, so that she might see him before he left the house without the formality of sending a message through a servant. She was all anxiety to know whether any success had attended his efforts. So, when Mr Lynd at length came down from her husband's room, she met him as if by accident as he came through the hall, and said in a half-careless tone—'Any success, Mr Lynd?'

The clergyman shook his head. 'I am afraid my intervention is not of the slightest use,' he answered in an undertone; 'but I will see Sir Richard again in a day or two.'

Lady Boldon let him go, turned into the nearest room, and closed the door behind her. 'A day or two!' she repeated. 'In a day or two it may be too late!'

Some minutes passed, and Lady Boldon became more calm. She composed her features, and went up-stairs; and as she entered the sick-chamber, she noticed that when Mrs Fenwick, the sick-nurse whom the doctor had sent, left the room, she carried away with her a telegraph form which had been lying on a side-table.

'You are better, dear, I think!' said Lady Boldon in a calm, gentle tone, as she bent over her husband.

The old man threw her a keen, searching glance—a glance that spoke of suspicion and dislike. 'Yes; I feel much better,' he answered. 'You are glad of that, aren't you?' he added, with a sneer.

'Of course I am, Richard. We shall have you going about as usual by the middle of next week, I hope.—But here is Dr Jackson. I will call nurse.'

Lady Boldon said a word or two of greeting to the doctor, and slipped out of the room. She wanted to see Mrs Fenwick, and say a few words to her at once; and she was just in time to do so. The nurse had been told that the doctor had called, and she was already in the corridor.

'Sir Richard has been telegraphing to Mr Felix again, I see,' said the lady, a slight frown resting on her handsome face.

Mrs Fenwick stood still in astonishment, not quite sure what to make of this speech; and the quick-witted Lady Boldon learned from the woman's hesitation two facts—first, that the telegram had actually been to Mr Felix—which had been only a guess on her part—and secondly, that her husband had desired the nurse to keep the sending of the message a secret.

'You know that Dr Jackson forbade my husband to trouble himself about business matters, and yet you make yourself the medium for his disobeying the doctor's orders,' said the lady, with a touch of haughty displeasure. 'I must mention this to Dr Jackson.'

Mrs Fenwick was thoroughly alarmed by this threat. On the good-will and confidence of the local doctors her livelihood depended. 'Oh my lady!' she cried, 'I didn't think it was so particular as that; and Sir Richard being so decidedly better this morning, I thought there could be no harm in sending off at his wish a simple telegram.'

'I daresay not. No actual harm, Mrs Fenwick. But it is the principle of disregarding the doctor's injunctions that I object to. However, as I daresay, it will not happen again, I will not mention this to Dr Jackson. If, in future, Sir Richard wants anything of that kind done, you had better let me know at once. If he seems strong enough to attend to the business, and it is a small matter, we can allow him to have his own way. But, you know, Mrs Fenwick, patients are not always to have their own way.'

'Certainly not, my lady.'

Mrs Fenwick, thinking that she had had a lucky escape, passed on to the sick-room, while Lady Boldon turned into an adjoining bedroom and waited. She would have dearly liked to make the nurse tell her what was in the tele-

ram her husband had sent to Mr Felix; but she was too proud to question the woman. And besides, she reflected that if Mrs Fenwick had been bribed by Sir Richard to do his bidding and hold her tongue, as she probably had been, there was no certainty that she would tell the truth about it.

After waiting a few minutes, Lady Boldon went back to her husband's room.

The doctor had concluded his examination, and he pronounced his patient better—decidedly better. 'The great thing we have to guard against is a relapse,' he added. 'No disturbance, no excitement; above all, no chill. With these favourable conditions we shall be all right in the course of a few days.'

'As my husband is so much better,' said Lady Boldon with a smile, 'do you think, Dr Jackson, there would be any harm in my spending to-morrow at the Rectory? I find that the confinement is very trying; and'—

'No harm at all, Lady Boldon; on the contrary, I think it would be an excellent plan. Sir Richard would in any case be safe in Mrs Fenwick's hands; and, fortunately, he is just now in a state when you can leave him without any anxiety.'

'I may go to mamma's, then, for the day?' said Lady Boldon to her husband, not with any exaggerated humility, but with just a proper suggestion of wifely obedience in her tone.

Sir Richard was obliged to answer, 'Of course you may;' and the thing was settled. His wife knew very well that if she had made the request otherwise than in the doctor's presence, and under the lee, as it were, of his opinion, it would have been instantly rejected.

Later in the afternoon, Mrs Fenwick said to her, as they met on the stairs: 'Sir Richard called for a pencil and a sheet of paper just after lunch, my lady; and I let him write the note, as he said it would be a very short one.'

'If it did not excite him, I suppose it doesn't matter,' said Lady Boldon graciously.

As soon as the nurse had gone up-stairs, she went to the letter-bag which hung in the hall. As she had expected, it contained a letter addressed in Mrs Fenwick's handwriting to Mr Felix. Lady Boldon's face, as she stood with the letter in her hand, would have been a study for a painter. She grasped it tightly between her finger and thumb, as if she would have forced it to yield its secret to her. This sending of messages in which she was vitally interested, without a word of them being known to her, was maddening. She felt as if she were being treated like a child, who can be deprived of its treasures without being left so much as the right to complain. It was intolerable. Before she had dropped the letter back into the bag, Lady Boldon had made up her mind to do something which would effectually prevent the threatened injustice. What that something was to be, she could not yet tell; but she was resolved that she would find a way of accomplishing her purpose.

Suddenly the thought darted through her brain—'I have to-morrow at my own disposal. Why not go up to London, see Mr Felix, and

find out how far he is disposed to help me?' The next moment, she had adopted the suggestion. 'I will do more than that,' she said to herself, as she finally put the letter back into the postbag; 'I will *make* him help me.'

The first step was to warn the solicitor of her coming. It would not do to go to London for nothing. Lady Boldon snatched up a pen and wrote with feverish haste: 'Another letter to you from my husband; and yet I am told nothing, kept in the dark like a child, while I am being robbed of my rights. I appeal to you as a gentleman and a man of honour to say whether you hold that Sir Richard has any moral right to alter his will to my detriment. I will not allow it. I tell you frankly that I will prevent it, if necessary by force. I will stick at nothing—please, understand me—at *nothing*, to prevent this gross injustice from being committed. I hope I shall have you for my friend in this matter. God knows, I have few enough friends. I am going to London to-morrow, and will call on you about twelve o'clock, to ask your advice and assistance. You may refuse me this; but I will not believe it until you tell me so with your own lips. I will not believe that you would voluntarily make yourself the enemy of an unfortunate, defrauded, and cruelly ill-used woman.'

This letter went to London in the same mail bag that carried the note Sir Richard had written to his lawyer.

DWELLERS IN THE REEDS.

Our river winds placidly through a varied country—for the most part meadow-land, green and sloping, daisy-dappled and cowslip-flecked, with alders and willows and thorn-bushes at intervals overhanging the banks. Sometimes it runs through wilder country—heath, with furze-bushes and hollies at irregular intervals. But wherever it goes—and its windings are many—by bends and turns, a thick fringe of reeds is luxuriant on either side. And herein are the Dwellers of which we would speak, depicting them as they are in the happy spring-time. Though not engaging the attention of antiquaries, as do other dwellers among the Reeds, prehistoric centuries ago, whose dim remains are here and there existent by lake and stream, the subjects of our theme are not familiar, any more than are those far-away sojourners, to the great majority of readers. Only a small minority, and that consisting of those who live in well-watered districts, and who use their eyes—a far rarer accomplishment than is generally supposed—are acquainted with the dwellers in the reeds of whom we intend to speak.

They are the birds of the stream and mere—the freshwater birds whose nesting aspect and habits are little known in comparison with those of their race who live in the woods and fields. Nay, some there are who have long lived near their haunts, yet know nothing of them, though, as regards birds in general, they may be fairly well informed.

Walking by the margin of our stream, the unskilled observer sees a growth of reeds, tall,

thick, and luxuriant. Their tops sway musically in the breeze; and now and again there is a sound sometimes of bird-notes, sometimes, but more rarely, of splashing and rustling within them. Except for this, they might, and, to the inexperienced, do, seem uninhabited. Yet within this green miniature jungle there are many feathered inhabitants, which are most interesting in the spring-time, though at all times full of attraction to the lover of bird-life. For one person, however, who is acquainted with the habits of freshwater birds, you may count a hundred to whom land-birds are familiar. Rivers are usually lonely places; reed-beds are by no means easily explored; but hedges, copses, and fields are within the ken of everybody.

Here is a nest that is perhaps one of the most wonderful and beautiful things which the study of nature in her simplest guise can afford. By pushing aside the reeds close to the margin of the stream, you get a clear view of it among those farther out. Long and deep, so as entirely to conceal the sitting bird, the nest swings with each breeze that sways the three or four reeds to which it is attached. It is fastened to their slender stalks by strips of grass, woven exquisitely into the nest itself. Composed of grass, sedg-top, and the like, this admirable abode swings hither and thither, sometimes even to the water's edge, when the breeze is so high as to bend the reeds downwards, yet neither bird nor eggs are onstled. Backwards again come the quivering reeds to their upright position, and the placid bird still sits on. She is the reed-warbler, a summer visitor, whose varied melody is heard mostly in the morning and twilight hours by those who are near the stream. The eggs within are of a greenish white olive flecked.

But you must not mistake—which many do—this bird of the reeds for another equally fond of them, but very different in its song—though living and nesting in the same localities. This is the sedg-warbler, which has often made young anglers and others imagine that a whole orchestra of different song-birds were among the reeds, as they heard the notes of the chaffinch, redstart, lark, linnet, willow-wren, and various other birds, hurriedly succeed each other—all being the utterance only of the little sedg-warbler, a bird which loves equally a hawthorn hedge, a reed-bed, and a sedg-fringe. It builds amid the water-plants, and sings as a rule among the reeds. It is an obliging little bird, for, when it pauses in its imitations, you have but to fling something among the reeds to induce it to recommence. It well deserves the title which it has in the north of England of the 'English mocking-bird.' The nest is of moss—hair and grass forming its interior.

A little bird of the most amusing kind as an aquatic performer lives also among the reeds. Science calls it the little grebe. Homely English calls it the dabchick; and the latter epithet is, as usual with the local names, the most expressive, for the tiny bird 'dabs' or dives with a readiness and precision which many an aquatic performer before an audience would be glad to equal. The nest of the dabchick is one which can hardly fail to attract

the attention of the most careless wayfarer. Well out among the reeds is a great heap (as you imagine) of brown and withered vegetation. It grows bigger day by day, which seems curious. But this is really the dabchick's nest, the base of which is really in the water. Within are some half-dozen eggs, originally white, but water-stained till they are of a nondescript greenish and dirty hue. As the tiny mother leaves her nest each day, she protects it by pulling up freshwater weed and piling it over the eggs, which are always wet, yet warm and productive. Then one day, as you walk by the accustomed spot, the nest is empty; and in the water near it are some half-dozen little black mites of birds following their tiny mother; yet, though almost fresh from the egg, swimming, diving, and disporting themselves in the water as though they were of her own age. This is one of the commonest sights of the stream; and though one of the commonest, one of the most wonderful.

Of coot and moor-hen as reed-dwellers it is almost unnecessary to speak, for any one, however unobservant, who has walked by pond or river, sedg or rush fringed, cannot but have observed them. The nest of the former is among the reeds, and very big. The clanking cry of the coot is always resonant among the rush-beds and in mid-stream. The lower note of the moor-hen is equally familiar; and the bird is more valued, for there are many people who, despite its flavour, like it as an edible when properly cooked. Happily for themselves, this remark does not apply to any other of the birds which dwell in the rush-forest that is thick on each side of the main current of the stream.

How many of those who read these lines know anything about the water-ousel? Only a few, though they will comprise all who are anglers. For the contemplative man's recreation is one which offers the best chances of seeing the merry little white-breasted aquatic bird. Merry it is; for amid hardest frosts, when the poor kingfisher sits in gorgeous array, a mute, melancholy spectacle, the water-ousel flirts its tail, uses its wings, and circling round in the keen air, utters its song.

The nest of the water-ousel is indeed a remarkable construction, often overhanging the stream. It is a domed one, and beautifully built; yet, by the exquisite adaptability of nature to surroundings, which acts as such a protection to animals and birds, is, when looked at by the observer who knows little, a heap of debris. Within, however, the skill of the little feathered builder is perceptible, and it matches the transparently white eggs which it contains. In many instances, the nest, large and well constructed as it is, could only be discovered by watching the old birds flying backwards and forwards, or listening to the soft chirruping of the youngsters inside. Those youngsters, while yet unable to fly, plunge into the water with as much ease and address as do their parents. The old birds dive frequently, and run under water. The water-ousel's song is rare, indeed, in the ears of even the student of bird-music. It is very charming, as all will agree who have heard it by the side of some lonely stream,

when its melody seems to accord to everything—with the wild solitariness of the surroundings—and not seldom evokes 'thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

The reed-beds, too, are favourite haunts of the murmurous starlings. They form in autumn a favourite roosting-place for these interesting birds, which, on being disturbed by the intrusive dog as the shooter, in quest of nobler game, wanders by the banks of the river, rise in a vast cloud of wings, whose hues gleam in the setting sun; and, with vociferous cries, turn and wheel, a sheet, as it were, of birds, to return again when quiet is restored to the friendly reeds.

AT MARKET VALUE*

CHAPTER XXX.—WHAT ALWAYS HAPPENS.

WHEN ARNOLD reached Kathleen's room, he found Mrs Irving quietly seated there before him, while Kathleen herself was immensely excited about something unknown that had happened in the interval.

'Have you seen the evening papers?' she cried, almost as soon as he entered, rushing up and seizing his hand with sympathetic fervour. 'That dear Mrs Irving, she's just brought them round to me!'

'What papers?' Arnold answered, trembling inwardly for her disappointment. Such friendliness was cruel. '*Not to-night's Piccadilly!*'

'Oh, dear no,' Kathleen answered, unable any longer to restrain her delight. 'Who cares for the *Piccadilly*? The *Hyde Park Gazette*, and to-morrow's *Athenæum*. Do look at them at once! There are such lovely reviews in them!'

'Reviews?' Arnold exclaimed, drawing a deep long breath. 'Oh Kitty, of our look?' For it had been 'ours' with both of them in everyday talk from its very beginning.

'Yes, ours,' Kathleen answered, overjoyed. 'And, oh Arnold, I'm so proud. To think it's your very, very own this time! I shall always be so glad to remember I helped you to write it!'

'Let me see them,' Arnold cried, half mazed; and Kathleen, with a glowing face, handed him over the papers.

The poor fellow began, still tremulous, with the *Hyde Park Gazette*. How his heart beat fast, and then stood still within him! The heading alone was enough: 'Mr Willoughby's New Triumph.'

Once more, the ground reeled under him, though in the opposite sense from the way it had reeled an hour or so before. He clutched a chair for support, and sank into it, all dazed. This was too, too splendid! 'Mr Willoughby,' the notice began, with journalistic stiffness, 'has scored a second success, far greater in its way than the success he scored over "*An Elizabethan Seadog*." His new novel, though utterly unlike its popular predecessor, is as admirable in execution; but it is infinitely

superior in design and purpose. The change is fundamental. Mr Willoughby's new book strikes a far higher note, and strikes it firmly, clearly, definitely, with a hand of perfect mastery. His maiden effort had the merit of an exciting romance of action and adventure; it belonged to the type now so unduly popular with the vast body of readers; and our author showed us there that he could hold his own against any man living in the department of lurid historical fiction. He has done wisely now in revealing those profounder qualities of thought and of artistic workmanship which can only be adequately displayed in a more serious piece of psychological analysis. The result is most satisfactory. We must congratulate Mr Willoughby on having escaped from thralldom to the foolish fancy of a passing day, on having abjured the fearful joys of gore that flows like water, and on having ventured to use his own great powers to the best and highest purpose in the production of a sterling and pathetic romance, far worthier of his gifts than his in many ways admirable "*Elizabethan Seadog*."

Arnold read on and on in a fervour of reaction. This was glorious! magnificent! Line by line, the review revived in him all his belief in himself, all his belief in the reality of his own creations. And it flattered him profoundly. For it saw in his work those very qualities he himself had striven hardest with all his might to put into it. That is the only kind of praise a sensible man ever cares for; he wants to be given credit for the merits he possesses, not for the merits he lacks: he wants to be approved of for producing the effects he actually aimed at. Arnold's face glowed with pleasure by the time he had reached the end. And as soon as he had finished that first flattering notice, Kathleen, smiling still more deeply, handed him the *Athenæum*.

Arnold turned to the critical organ again with a vague sense of terror. The first few sentences completely reassured him. The leading literary journal was more judicial, to be sure, and more sparing of its approbation, than the penny paper, as becomes a gazette which retails itself to this day for an aristocratic threepence; but the review, as he read on, gave Arnold no less pleasure and gratification than the other one. For he perceived in it before long a certain tone and style which form as it were the hall-mark of a very distinguished critic, to have gained whose suffrages was indeed no small joy to him. For the first time in his life, Arnold felt he was being appreciated for himself alone—for the work he had really and actually performed, not for his artificial position or for extraneous merit falsely attributed to him.

As for Kathleen, glowing pink with delight, she stood glancing over his shoulder as he read, and watching with a thrill the evident pleasure in his face at each fresh word of approval. Her cup was very full. At last he was appreciated! As soon as he had finished, she turned, with a face all crimson, to her silver-haired friend. 'I must, Mrs Irving!' she cried, with a womanly gesture—'I really must!' And in a transport of joy and triumph, she flung her arms round him and kissed him fervently.

'I think,' Mrs Irving said, rising with a quiet smile, and setting the bonnet straight over those silver locks, 'I'd better be going to look after some errands.—No, dear; I can't possibly stop any longer; and I daresay you and Mr Willoughby will have lots of things now to talk over quietly with one another.'

And so they did. Arnold felt, of course, that it one bad review didn't make a chilling frost, neither did two good ones make an established reputation. Still, it did seem to him now as though the sky were clearing a bit; as though it might be possible for him at last to marry Kathleen some time in the measurable future. They must wait and see, to be sure, how the book went off; but if it really succeeded, as a commercial venture, Arnold thought his path in life would henceforth lie tolerably smooth before him.

So he waited a week or two, not daring meanwhile to go near Stanley & Lockhart's, for fear of a disappointment. During the interval, however, Kathleen couldn't help seeing for herself at the book-stalls and libraries abundant evidence that the 'Romance of Great Grimsby' was making its way rapidly in public favour. Wherever she went, people spoke to her of 'Your friend Mr Willoughby's book—oh, charming, quite charming! What a delightful man he must be to know—so clever; and so versatile! I wish you could bring him here.' And when Kathleen answered briefly, with a deep red spot on her burning cheek, that he didn't care to go out, people murmured to themselves, half aside: 'Ah, a little affectation! He'll get over that, of course, as soon as he ceases to be the lion of the moment. But it's always so with lions. They're invariably affected.' For it was Arnold's fate in life to be persistently credited with the virtues and vices alike that were most alien to his shy and retiring disposition.

At the end of three weeks more, with a very nervous step, he went round by himself to Stanley & Lockhart's. The moment he got inside the publisher's door, however, he was no longer in doubt whether or not his book was really selling. The office boy recognised him at once, and descended deferentially from his high bare stool, flinging the wooden barrier open wide with a respectful sweep for the man who had written the book of the season. Arnold went up in a maze to the senior partner's room. Mr Stanley, humming and bowing, received the new lion with much rubbing of hands and a very glowing countenance. 'Selling, my dear sir?' he said in answer to Arnold's modest inquiry. 'Why, it's selling like wild-fire. Biggest success of its kind since "Robert Elsmere." I confess I certainly had my doubts at first; I had my doubts: I won't deny it. I thought, having once fixed your public with the first book you—edited!—Mr Stanley, catching his breath, just saved himself with an effort from the periclit verb—'you would do better to stick in future to the same kind of thing you'd made your original hit with. It was an experiment; an experiment. But you judged your own real talent more justly than I did. There can be no sort of doubt now that your book has hit the mark. It's being read all

round. We're going to press to-day with a third edition.'

Arnold's face grew pale. 'A third edition!' he murmured. This sudden success at last was almost too much for him. 'Well, I'm glad of it,' he answered again, after a moment's pause: 'very glad indeed; for I've found life hard at times, and once or twice lately, since my hand got crushed, to tell you the plain truth, I've almost despaired of it.'

'Well, you won't find it hard in future,' the publisher said kindly, with a benignant smile. 'No despairing henceforward! Whatever you write after this will command its own market. We're pleased to think, Mr Willoughby, we were the first to encourage you. It's a feather in our cap, as I said to Lockhart. Would you like a small cheque on account, say for a couple of hundreds?'

'A couple of hundred pounds?' Arnold cried, taken aback. To have earned such a sum for himself as two hundred pounds seemed to him well-nigh incredible.

'Why, yes,' the man of business answered, with a good-humoured laugh. 'A great deal more than that must be due to you already. Let me see: three thousand at eighteen-and-six—h'm, h'm: exactly so. Judging by what we made on the last book we published (the sale of which, after the same length of time had elapsed, was barely two-thirds of yours), I should fancy, before you've done, your book ought to bring you in somewhere about two thousand five hundred.'

Arnold gasped for breath. Two thousand five hundred pounds. And all of his own making! With that one maimed hand too! For the first time in his life, he was positively proud of himself.

'There's only one thing, Kitty,' he said an hour or two later, as he sat holding her hand in her own pretty room in Kensington—'only one thing that mars my complete happiness, and that is the fact that I don't feel quite sure whether such work as mine is of any use to humanity. I don't feel quite sure whether a man can hold himself justified to the rest of his kind in living on the produce of labour like that, as he might if he were a sailor, now, or a shoemaker, or a miner.'

'I do,' Kathleen answered, with a woman's simpler faith. 'I feel quite certain of it. What would life be worth, after all, without these higher tastes and these higher products—art, literature, poetry? It is they, and they alone, that give it its value. I thought to myself, as you were writing it and dictating it to me at Venice: "How wrong it would be for this man, who can think things like those, and put his thoughts so beautifully, to throw away his gifts by doing common sailor's work, that any ordinary workman with half his brains and a quarter of his sensitiveness could do a hundred times better, most probably, than he could!"'

'Not better,' Arnold exclaimed, correcting her hastily, and put on his mettle at once by this stray suggestion of inferiority in his chosen craft. 'I'm a tip-top mariner! I don't know whether I can paint; and I don't know whether I can write a novel worth the paper it's

printed on: but I *do* know I was always a first-rate hand at reefing a sail in dirty weather; and the bo'sun used to say, "Send Willoughby aloft, cap'n; he's the surest of the lot of 'em." Till my hand got crushed, I could haul a sheet with the best man in England. My one consolation now is, that I lost it in the performance of my duty to the world; and that so, having served my time, as it were, till accident maimed me, I'm at liberty to live on, like a sort of literary Chelsea pensioner, on whatever light work I can best turn the relics of my shattered hand to!"

"And I'm sure it's *good* work, too," Kathleen persisted, unabashed, with a woman's persistency. "Work that does good in the world quite as much as seal-oil, or shoes, or coal, not only by giving pleasure to whoever reads it, but also by making people understand one another's difficulties and troubles better—breaking down barriers of class or rank, and so unconsciously leading us all to be more sympathetic and human to one another."

"Perhaps so," Arnold answered. "I hope it is so, Kitty!"

There was a long pause next, during which Kathleen stared hard at the empty fireplace. Then Arnold spoke again. "After what Stanley & Lockhart told me," he said, soothing her hand with his own—"can you see any just cause or impediment, darling, why we two shouldn't make it Wednesday fortnight?"

Kathleen leaned forward to him with happy tears in her brimming eyes. "None at all, dear Arnold," she answered, too happy for words, almost. "The sooner now, I think, the better."

They sat there long, hand in hand, saying all they said mutely—which is, after all, the best way to say many things that lie deepest in the heart of humanity. Then Kathleen spoke again. "Only for one thing, dearest Arnold, do I wish you could have married me under your own real name.—No; don't start and misunderstand me. I don't want to be a Countess; I have no mean ambitions: I'd rather be Arnold Willoughby's wife, who wrote that beautiful book, than ten thousand times over an English Countess. But I do wish the world could only have known how brave and how strong you are, and how much you have gone through for the sake of principle. I want it to know how you might at any time have put out your hand and reclaimed your true rank; and how, for conscience' sake, you refused to do it. Many a time at Venice, this last long winter, when I saw you so poor and ill and troubled, I thought to myself: "Oh, I wish he could only break through his resolve, and go back with a rush to his own great world again." And then I thought, once more: "Oh no; for if he could do that, he wouldn't be the Arnold I love and admire, and believe in so firmly: he is himself just in virtue of that; and it's for being himself that I love him so utterly." And—it's irrational, of course; illogical; absurd; self-contradictory; but I somehow do wish you could proclaim yourself to the world, so that the world might admire you as it ought and would—for never so proclaiming yourself!"

Arnold stooped down and kissed her. "My

darling," he answered, smoothing her cheek, "if I have gained your love, that's more than enough for me. What we are, not what we are taken for, is the thing that really matters. Most men, I suppose, are never truly known—not to the very heart and core of them—except by the one woman on earth that loves them. I often wonder whether I did right in the first place; whether I ought ever to have shifted all that responsibility and all that wealth to dispose of, on to the shoulders of my cousin Algernon, who is certainly not the wisest or best man to make use of them. But would I have used it better? And once having done it, my way then was clear. There was no going back again. I shall be happy now in the feeling that, left entirely to myself, and by my own work alone, I have so far justified my existence to mankind that my countrymen are willing to keep me alive in comfort, for the sake of the things I can do and make for them. As the world goes, that's the one test we can have of our usefulness. And, Kitty, if I hadn't done as I have done, I should never have met *you*; and then, I should never have known the one woman on earth who is willing to take me, not for the guinea stamp, but for the metal beneath it—who knows and believes that the man's the gold for a' that!"

THE END.

THE SALEMLEK.

THE more one moves about the world, the more astonished one is at the curious customs in other countries. You imagine that each nation has been described so often, that you must know all the habits and ideas of its inhabitants, yet it is only when you go to the country itself that you find out how much you have yet to learn. One drawback that we as a nation suffer from is our inability to speak many foreign languages; we think if we can converse in two others besides our own, that we are quite linguists; whereas, on the Continent, go where you will, you generally find it is the usual thing for a person to speak three or four foreign languages. In the Levant, to be able to speak six or seven different ones is a common accomplishment with both ladies and gentlemen. Last year, while staying in Turkey, I felt very stupid not being able to speak either Turkish or Greek; and as both are too difficult to learn in a short time, I was dependent on friends or interpreters for getting about. My ignorance of these languages did not, however, prevent my seeing many curious sights, or hearing a few strange stories concerning the lives of the subjects of His Majesty the Sultan. Perhaps a few words about one of the principal events in the life of Hamid II. himself may interest some of my countrywomen.

That the life of the Sultan is monotonous to the last degree, is known to most people; and when you think that he leaves his palace once a week for but three-quarters of an hour, and

always with the same object—namely, a state ceremony, even that ceases after a while to be any change for him. It is considered the orthodox thing for each Sultan when he comes to the throne to build a palace for himself. The present sovereign, Hamid II., has built a nice but unpretentious one on a hill behind Béchiktache, about a mile and a half from Pera. All the roads over which His Majesty is ever likely to pass are kept in fairly decent repair: the others must be seen and felt; description fails to picture the ruts, holes, boulders, stones, and crevices that you encounter in going along the roads and streets of Constantinople. If it rains heavily for twenty minutes, you have seas and lakes of mud, to pass over which is almost an impossibility. The road leading up to Yeldiz, however, is delightful to ride on; everything here is 'fair to see.' Before you arrive at the palace, you come to the Mosque of Yeldiz, where the Sultan goes to service every Friday. The mosque is a very fine building of white marble, richly gilt, though it has but one minaret. Compared with the older mosques in Stamboul, it is quite small. Lately, a very handsome clock tower has been built just within the gates, the clocks showing both Turkish and Frankish time. Exactly opposite the mosque is the Pavilion, a house which belongs to His Majesty, where visitors go to witness the 'Salemlek, or Sultan going to mosque.' If you have no friends who can take you there, you must apply to your own Embassy for an invitation—each ambassador has so many invitations to give away every week.

To get a good view of all that takes place, you must be at the Pavilion two hours before the time the Sultan appears, for the windows get very quickly appropriated. I was lucky in having a friend to take me who lives in Constantinople; her relations are connected with the Imperial court, and as she knew all the officers of State, she told me who they were as they passed in the procession. Every Friday there are from eight to ten thousand soldiers stationed round the mosque, guarding all the approaches. Among such a number of men, you can imagine the variety of uniforms. In one regiment the soldiers wore blue uniforms, with, of course, the universal red fez; they carried small red and white pennants; and all the horses were white. Another regiment had the same uniform and pennant, only the horses were black. The sailors wear a pretty dress in summer, consisting of white cotton suits, with blue cuffs and collars, a bright red sash round their waists, and the red fez. They look nice and cool. In winter, blue clothes are substituted for the white ones. There are always eight or ten bands present, generally two or three playing at a time. Some of them are very good; but, as a nation, you cannot say the Turks are

musical; and after our military music a Turkish band is not a treat.

During the time you have to wait, you see men passing to and fro in all kinds of dress. Priests of every order and kind, some of whom have on a green turban; some, better still, a light green coat, which shows that the wearer has at some time made a pilgrimage to Mecca. You can imagine how dazzling is the picture of this great number of soldiers with their glittering uniforms, and the rich oriental dresses of so large a crowd. Add to this the exquisite surroundings of marble buildings, blue sea and sky, lovely gardens, and cloudless sunshine, and you have a *comp-d'ail* an equal to which you cannot get anywhere else in Europe.

The place of Yeldiz is about three minutes' drive from the mosque; and just before the Sultan comes, fresh gravel is thrown down, to let him think that all roads are in a good condition. There is an enclosure round the mosque, into which one or two carriages are allowed to enter. They generally contain some members of the Sultan's harem, guarded by eunuchs. There were two or three small Princesses there the day I was present; and as girls do not wear the 'yashmak' till they are fourteen years old, I had a good view of the children. The ladies were veiled, so I could not well see their faces.

The procession of the Sultan consists, firstly, of the ministers and high officers of State walking slowly two and two; then comes His Majesty, driving in a gorgeous carriage, dark red in colour, but with a great deal of gold about it, drawn by a pair of magnificent Arab horses. The coachman also was richly apparelled. Seated in the carriage opposite to the Sultan was the (then) Grand Vizier, Osman Pasha. After the carriage came more officers and soldiers. At the gate of the mosque, the ministers form two lines, when the Sultan drives between them up to the door of the mosque, bowing right and left to every one. As he approaches the mosque, a priest on the minaret calls the Faithful to prayer; and, among other things, he cries to the Sultan: 'Oh, you think yourself a great man; but know that there is one greater than you, one Allah.' As the bands are playing and the troops shouting a Turkish 'hurrah'—which is done according to command, not spontaneously or heartily—very little of this reproof is heard. I had a good look at His Majesty. He had an anxious, sad expression, and looked quite twelve years older than his age. After remaining about twenty or thirty minutes in the mosque, he reappears; and sometimes he holds a review, when the ten thousand soldiers pass before him.

He never returns to the palace in the same carriage as he came; his riding-horse and an elegant park phaeton are waiting, and he chooses whether he rides or drives himself home. If he drives, the Pashas ride round his carriage. If he rides, every one else walks; nobody does the same as the Sultan. When I saw him he was not in uniform. He looked like any ordinary gentleman, only he wore the fez. Sometimes—perhaps once in six or seven weeks—he sends out at the last moment to say

he is going to another mosque—one situated on the Béchiktache Road—then soldiers, visitors, &c., have to scamper down hill as fast as they can, to be ready to receive His Majesty. Here the ceremony loses much of its grandeur and importance, owing to the locality and want of space round that mosque. For over thirteen years, the present Sultan has never missed to appear one single Friday to his subjects. If he did not show himself, they would think something was wrong.

The same state and ceremony take place year after year, till I should say that both men and horses can go through their duties blindfold. I was often very sorry for the troops. They have to stand for two or three hours under a blazing sun without any shade to protect them, for the fez is anything but a protection against the heat. They looked hot and tired after their morning's work.

To get so many troops massed and into position takes some time. Generally, they begin to assemble about ten o'clock, and as the Sultan only appears at one, it is two before they leave Yeldiz. One day, and one only during the summer, it began to rain, and came down whole waters on these unlucky men. I met them returning from the Salenlek, drenched to the skin; and I wondered whether for once they liked a wetting as a change to their usual weekly bake.

The lives of Turkish women are dull and monotonous in the extreme; but Friday being the day they go to mosque or to visit their cemeteries, they often take that opportunity to look at the soldiers passing by. On the Béchiktache Road you see numbers of them squatted on the kerbstone, where they remain for hours chatting and looking about them. They make a pretty picture *en masse* with their bright dresses of every hue—harmony of colour is unknown in Turkey and they carry parasols, which are also always of the gayest colours. They must be much attached to their parasols, for you never see them—even as late as eight or nine at night—but they have their parasols open, getting shade from something. It cannot be the sun. No flatterer could call Turkish women either pretty or elegant, for they are simply a mass of clothing without any shape. They have very large feet, clad in white cotton stockings, and they walk badly; so that their charms—no doubt they have many—only become known on acquaintance. The 'yushmak' is a very becoming addition to their attire; it makes the plainest woman look nice. You sometimes get rather a shock when it is taken off, so many women bear the traces of smallpox. Their bills for cosmetics must often be a little startling; hands, feet, hair, eyes, and complexion are generally 'improved,' according to their ideas. To see the soles of their feet, the nails and palms of their hands, dyed brown with henna, is the reverse of pretty; and the 'beauty' of orange-coloured hair I fail to perceive. They always tell Franks that only in Turkey do you see beautiful women.

When we consider that the Salenlek is about the only pleasure these poor women have, we must admit it is an innocent one—one that may, perhaps, after a time become a little monoton-

ous. Until the life of Turkish women is more rational, and fanaticism is a thing of the past, we will agree with the old proverb that 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

THE MAN FROM GRIMSBY.

By GEORGE G. FARGHAR.

OF the old folk of the bleak little seaport, Andrew Copley dwells most vividly in my memory. As prosperity is gauged at Port St Bede, Andrew—the owner of some half-dozen fully equipped fishing smacks—was accounted a prosperous man. I recall him now—his kindly face, tanned and netted in wrinkles; his long hair, grizzled this many a day; his stubbly gray beard; his light blue eyes, bespectacled for reading—yes, there he sits. Many is the 'crack' I have had with him; yet there was one story he chose to leave buried in silence—and that, his own. I never dared broach the topic, albeit I inwardly burned with impatient curiosity. One day, however, the history became mine unsolicited. Some remark I chanced to let slip about his lifelong bachelorhood caused an infrequent far-away look to settle upon his eyes. We were walking up the steep, cobble-paved 'street' at the time, past the lime-washed front of the 'Trawlers' Inn,' to the higher ground, from which the old Norman church tower kept ward over the slumberous village.

'Why ha'e I never married, say ye?' the old man exclaimed, after a long spell of silence. 'Like enow, ye'll hear afore long; an' I don't see what should stop me fro' tellin' ye mysen, if so be'—Hurriedly stepping into the roadway, Andrew whipped off his broad-brimmed hat and stood motionless. Turning into the sanded lane that zigzagged past the church, we had well-nigh jostled two slow paced women, the younger of them about fifty years of age; the elder, twenty years or so older. It was the latter that attracted my marked regard, for it was towards her that Andrew held his down-bent head. A wan, frail-looking creature she was, dressed in black, with a close-fitting, old-fashioned bonnet tied under her chin in a bow of broad black ribbon. Her hair, smoothed evenly upon her forehead, shimmered silvery as the new-churned foam in the bay. She moved haltingly, even with the aid of an oaken staff and the helping arm of her companion.

Withdrawing her arm, she paused in the pathway and pointed her stick towards the bare-headed old fisherman. In thin, quavering tones, as if the words were said by rote, there being no vehemence in her utterance, she cried: 'Ah, I knaw ye—I knaw ye. Ban ye, for no speakin' me fair.' With no more passion than if she were repeating some soulless formula, she added: 'Curse ye, Andrew Copley! It was a lie! Curse ye for't!'

'Come awa', the other woman put in coaxingly; 'come thee awa' home, then.'

Unresisting, the old lady allowed herself to be led away. Through it all, Andrew did not stir a limb, but stood there with doffed hat, his head bowed and his mane of gray hair

ruffling in the breeze. We had left the church behind, the deep-rutted lane, the narrow stone stile that gave upon the fields; we had traversed half the length of the meadows themselves before he spoke. 'Ye asked me how 'twas I never married,' said he slowly. 'That is the reason.'

So he began upon his life-story. But as his narrative would be hard to follow if I adhered to his exact words, with his numerous digressions and irrelevancies, uttered with quaint burr of tongue; and, moreover, as his modesty saw fit to gloss over certain facts, which I heard of later in other quarters, I venture to set it forth after my own fashion.

We hark back a full half-century. Port St Bede - no vast size at this present - was then a mere nest of sandstone, shale-roofed cottages, planted at the foot of the hill, and straggling disjointedly up it to form the 'street.' Later improvements have displaced or rebuilt most of these one-storeyed dwellings, and filled in the gaps; but the old 'Trawlers' Inn' looks just as it looked fifty years ago. It lies back some ten paces from the roadway, the shingled space thus obtained being highly favoured of loungers and gossipers. The spot served an identical purpose so far back as the oldest memory goes.

A little knot of fisher folk, men and women, forgathered there one Wednesday morning to await the arrival of the Morperland letter-carrier. Twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, he trudged the ten miles to deliver his meagre package of letters. He always made his way first to the 'Trawlers,' where it had become customary for the populace - those who did not expect letters alike with those who did - to assemble and waylay him. In that manner the cannie souls got news from the outside world without being put to the expense of a postal fee, while the official on his part was quit of his letters all the sooner. On this particular morning, however, the gaiety of the group was under eclipse. They talked together in hushed tones, full of concern, every now and then preferring a question to the bronzed, middle-aged seaman in their midst.

'An' ye're sure ye've got the rights o' t, Jake?' queried a big-faced woman, whose skimpy petticoat showed her ample brogues and shapeless ankles. 'It'll kill t'lass if she hears o' t.'

'Oh, I'm naan mista'en - not me,' answered the seaman positively. 'I seed him my-en i' Grimsby not three days back, an' I 'ard it read out i' church - the second time o' axin' it were - last Sunday.'

'Poor maid - poor maid! An' her waitin' for him here as patient an' lovin' as onybody could wish. Ah, them men - them men!'

While the frowsy old crone was shaking her gray locks over the perfidy of mankind, she stole a sidelong look towards the window-bench, against which Andrew Copley - then a well-set-up young fellow of four-and-twenty - was moodily leaning.

'Ay, but he takes on badly wi' t,' she said, jerking her head in Andrew's direction. 'I'm gtain sorry for him, too. He allays were sweet on her, ye know; an' I do believe she'd a' had

him if that Man fro' Grimsby hadn' come this way wi' his pert, weel-favoured face.'

Further tattle was nipped short by the appearance of the letter-bag. In all there must have been close on a dozen letters - a goodly batch for Port St Bede. It was one of the last which the postman held astant to catch the light. 'Miss Kellett!' he called out wheezily.

'Why, that mun be Hilda,' exclaimed one of the bystanders. 'She isn't here. Ye'll ha'e to take it up to the hoose.'

'I'll save ye the walk,' said Andrew, stepping forward. 'I'm bout' that way, an' I'll see she gets it.'

'Don't tell her o' the goings-on o' that Grimsby chap,' cried the fishwife before mentioned. 'It'll drive her clean daft. Conscience-sake, Andrew, don't tell her that.'

During the period we are dealing with, education at Port St Bede was at a wofully low ebb. Not twenty people in the whole thorp could write their names, or recognise them when penned; few could read anything but 'print'; fewer still were able to puzzle out written characters. Among this community, Andrew Copley was reckoned a 'fine scholar'; and by virtue of that reputation his services were in frequent demand by those who, having passing need of the 'larning,' chanced to be in the bad books of the Rector or the Wesleyan minister.

With the 'gammer's' injunctions echoing in his ears, Andrew strode quickly towards the cottage occupied by Hilda Kellett and her widowed mother. 'Miss Kellett, Port St Bede,' said he, furtively scanning the superscription. 'It's fro' that scamp, as I live. An' now, belike, she'll ha'e me to read it to her.' Slackening his pace, he added grimly: 'Shall I tell't to her - shall I? It'll kill her, say they, an' they're reight - it will.'

He stuffed the letter into his jacket pocket long before he came abreast of the cottage. Rapping a tattoo on the door, he lifted the latch, and - as was the custom - walked straight in. A slim, fair-haired girl peeped into the room from a side-door. 'Oh, it's you, Andrew,' she said, coming forward.

'Ay, it's me. I can' just to ask how your mother is to-day.'

'She's a piece better this morn; but she rested ill last night. Nellie an' me sat up wi' her most all night; but she's dropped off asleep now. - Tak' a chair, Andrew.'

Andrew perched himself on the edge of the nearest rush-bottomed chair and fumbled hesitatingly with his cap between his knees. 'I was doon by the "Trawlers" when the letters came,' he said, after a strained interval. 'There was one for ye, Hilda, an' I made free to say I'd bring it. Here 'tis.'

'For me!' and Hilda's eyes brightened as she stretched out her hand. 'Then it's fro' Ben, isn't it, Andrew?'

'It's the Grimsby mark,' replied Andrew shortly.

'Then - it must be fro' Ben. He said he'd let me know as soon as the brig got back to Grimsby. An' how I trembled for him all through that storm o' Monday. But he's safe - this shows he's safe, Andrew.' A plaintive

look of alarm crept into her blue eyes as Andrew, never answering, kept his gaze clamped to the floor. 'This shows he's safe!' she repeated quaveringly.

'I'll tell ye straight out, Hilda, what they were sayin' over at Morperland yesterday. P'raps that letter may contradict it all, but there was a deal o' nasty talk about the *Vampire*—as how she'd gone doon i' the'—

'Read it to me,' cried Hilda, thrusting the missive into his hand. 'Ye know I can't mysen. Read it, Andrew!'

Taking firm grip of his lips, Andrew opened the letter and glanced at the signature. 'It's noan fro' him,' he said. 'It's wrote by Peter Worsley, the skipper o' the *Vampire*.'

'Not fro' Ben!' exclaimed Hilda tremulously. 'He isn't, he isn't—dead!'

Andrew nodded. 'Drowned!' he murmured huskily.

Clutching at her throat, Hilda sank into a chair and hid her face in her palms. Presently she looked up, her lips pallid, her eyelids scarlet. 'I can bear it now, Andrew,' she said. 'Read it all to me.'

The caligraphy of the *Vampire's* master must have been all but illegible, judging from the difficulty Andrew had in deciphering it. He read slowly, humming and hawing through the whole epistle. Here is the gist of it. In the recent heavy gales, the *Vampire*—a crazy, undermanned timber-ship—had sprung a leak, her crew being eventually compelled to abandon the foundering vessel and take to the longboat. Their perilous case was little bettered thereby, for twice the boat had been cap-sized; when she was righted the second time, only four of the sailors succeeded in scrambling into her. Of the two men missing, the mate, Ben Webb, was one. The survivors were picked up on the following day and landed at Grimsby. It was in fulfilment of a pledge made at the outset of their peril, and in fateful anticipation of its outcome, that Captain Worsley now broke the sad news to the dead man's sweetheart.

Even in the intensity of her grief, Hilda had thought of her mother's much-needed slumber, and not a cry escaped her lips. Andrew, the big, clumsy, soft-hearted gomeal, saw that no sympathy of his could soothe her distress; she must just 'fret her dole.' And so he left her with her sorrow.

'I had to do't,' he muttered, striding backward. 'An' it's better that nor t'other—it's better.' Fervently he added: 'God send she doesn't let anybody else read it!'

He might have been at peace on that score. To Hilda, the skipper's letter was as the last words of her drowned lover—a sacred thing, not lightly to be fingered or spoken of; she packed it away with the sundry ribbons, gloves, and cheap gewgaws Ben had given her, to be treasured with them throughout this side of time.

They who best know the Port St Beale folk will least accuse them of want of heart. Out of sheer mercy for the girl, they avoided all allusion to Ben Webb; and on her side, Hilda kept her woe to herself. The blow was for her shoulders alone, and she bore its smart bravely. Besides, she and her mother had to

live; the net making and mending must be attended to, even though the heart may ache and the eyes blister with unshed tears.

So two years went by. Then, her mother having been laid to her last long rest under the gnarled elms in the churchyard, Hilda went to live with her sister, Abel Moxon the cooper's wife. At this juncture, hoping that Time had salved her wound, Andrew Copley made bold to offer her all an honest man can offer the woman he loves—his name, his home, his big steadfast heart. His insight was at fault, for she would have none of them. In all simplicity, she told him that her love lay dead with him who slept in the deep seas; she chose to share the lot of no man to whom she could not give herself heartily, wholly.

'I know ye like me, Andrew,' she said frankly; 'I've al'ays known it, an' I thank you. If ever I come to think i' that other way, an' if I see ye're i' the same mind still, I'll speak first. Don't ask me any more, Andrew; I'll speak first.'

Henceforth, as before, they were friends—close, firm friends—but no further. Season after season Andrew sailed off in his yawl for the white fishing on the Dogger, returning each time with brain aflame for the sight of her. And she met him with mere smile and hand-shake, in her eyes no token of change, no glimmer of awakening affection.

Eight years thus lumbered away—eight weary, joyless years—and neither Hilda nor Andrew had sought to break through their pact of silence. About this time, Hilda was sore stricken with typhoid, then rife in the village, and for an anxious space she dwelt on the very border-line of Here and Hereafter. On Andrew's persuasion—he staking his word that the great man's fees should be forthcoming—Abel called in Dr Rakcliffe, of Morperland, under whose care Hilda slowly began to mend. It was while Andrew was away at the Banks—the Doctor's comforting assurances for company—that the truth stripped itself before Hilda, to torture and afflict her with its mocking ghastliness.

As yet she was not able to leave her bed, but lay there with pinched face, her hair tangled on the pillow, her thin blue fingers twitching idly at the garish patchwork quilt, her eyes wandering to the half-open lattice through which was borne the distant sigh of the waves, and whence she could see their sun-drenched crests far out beyond the Fork Rocks. Then she would turn to answer some question put to her by her little niece, Mary—Abel's eldest daughter, 'rising ten'—who had crept into the sick-room. Presently, the little maid fell to babbling, childlike, of the doings and sayings of her school friends.

'Ay, but ye'll be gettin' a fine scholard, Mary,' said Hilda. 'It was a guid thing for the weans when t' parson opened a school. I wish it had been done long sin.'

'It was our 'xam'nation to-day,' replied Mary, eager with fresh news. 'Mr Harvey heard me read an' patted me o' the head. Out of a newspaper—hard words they was, too.'

'An' maybe ye can read writin', Mary?'

'Oh yes,' returned she, nowise disposed to

belittle her attainments. 'When you get any letters, Aunt Hilda, I'll read them all through to you—every word. I'm sure I could.'

'Well, I'm goin' to try ye,' said Hilda smilingly. 'Now, open that drawer—no; the second one—an' bring the little black box to me.—Yes, that is it.'

Tenderly picking out the finery with which the box was filled, Hilda placed the various articles by her side on the bed. Underneath, untouched since that day, lay the very letter which had told her its sad tale through Andrew's mouth.

'Now, what name's that?' said she, pointing to the signature.

Mary screwed her eyes into beads, hung her head sapiently on one side and spelled the words under her breath.

'Be-n, Ben; W-e-b-b, Webb,' she announced at last with a ring of triumph. 'It's main bad writin', but'—

'No, no!' cried Hilda, rising excitedly upon her elbow. 'Not Ben—not Ben Webb. Are you sure, Mary?'

'Be-n, Ben; W-e-b-b, Webb,' repeated her niece.

Hilda sent up a choking cry. 'He said it came fro' Captain Work-y,' she ejaculated gaspingly. 'He lied to me. It's fro' Ben—fro' Ben. Ben isn't dead!' Her whole frame trembled, she turned to Mary with: 'Begin at the first. Read it all to me. Can ye, can ye?'

Mary at all events was willing to try, and although she blundered often and painfully under the task, between them they managed to piece the words into sense.

'Dear Hilda,' it ran, 'I didn't mean to say a word, but I can't do it without telling you first. Don't hate me, for I did love you, and do, more nor her. Anyways, you can't say I didn't tell you all about Polly Barclay how we was to be married, and how it was broke off. Well, me and her have made it up again. Her uncle's dead, and left her everything—his three houses and four hundred pounds in the bank. You see, I didn't have a free hand, so you can't blame me. Besides, there's Andy Copley only too glad to have you; and the banns has been read twice in Grimsby church. I think things are best left alone, and no fuss made, especial as I don't ask the presents back, nor'—

Mary had plodded through the letter so far, when Hilda, with a loud shriek, dropped back upon her pillow. Abel and his wife hastened up-stairs to find her again sitting up in bed, round-eyed, and gesticulating with clenched fists. 'I might ha' won him back—I would ha', she cried shrilly. 'A lie, Andrew Copley! It was a lie!'

In this fashion she raved all through the night and long into the next day. Dr Hatcliffe said it was brain-fever; and although he eventually brought her back to bodily health, her mind never recovered its sanity.

Poor Hilda! She knows not that for the bread she eats, for the shelter above her head, for the very clothes upon her back, she is beholden to the man whom she, for forty years past, has daily execrated.

'She never sees me but she throws them awfu' words i' my face,' said Andrew to me. 'I thowt I were actin' for t' best when I did as I did—I thowt so truly.'

'I suppose you have never met this Ben Webb since?'

'Oh, but I ha'e. I went to Grimsby o' purpose to spoil his beauty. If he's livin' now, he's livin' w' the nose o' him all askew. That prank cost me a week o' jail; but I'd stand a hundred years o' lock-up for the comfort that job gave me.'

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

It very rarely happens that such rapid strides are made in the general adoption of innovations and improvements as has been the case with Electric Lighting. We were certainly somewhat slow in making a start in this country, but having made that start, we are now progressing at a pace worthy of our American cousins. The electric lighting installation has been a familiar institution across the Atlantic for years, even in small towns; but the Americans are a go-ahead race, whilst a beneficent Parliament watches over us to temper our advancement with caution.

One of the earliest instances of public lighting by electricity in England was in 1863, when, on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, London Bridge was the scene of a 'grand illumination.' About the year 1880 the new light was tried on Holborn Viaduct and the Thames Embankment; but the luxury was found to be too expensive, and, after a few months, gas again reigned supreme. Installations subsequently established at Brighton and Eastbourne met with a greater measure of success; but other attempts were at this period few and far between, and electric lighting was still sufficiently rare as to be one of the 'wonders' of the various Exhibitions held at South Kensington during the years 1883 to 1886.

It at one time seemed as if the Electric Lighting Act (passed in 1882) was about to give the necessary impetus for which the new industry appeared to have been waiting. From a Report presented to Parliament by the Board of Trade in June last, it appears that no fewer than sixty-nine provisional orders were granted under the Act in 1883, fifty-five being granted to companies, and fourteen to local authorities—that is, municipal corporations, local boards, &c. The Report has rather a dismal aspect, however, as it shows that the only additional orders granted prior to 1889 were four in 1884, and one in 1886. It has a still more dismal aspect in that it shows that of the seventy-four orders granted before 1889, only one of the company orders and seven of the local authority orders now exist, the remainder having been revoked or repealed.

In 1888 a further Electric Lighting Act was passed, to amend the Act of 1882, and this appears to have had an awakening influence, as from that date the Board of Trade Report above referred to bears a much more cheerful appearance, the orders granted being as follows:

in 1888, eleven to companies and one to a local authority; in 1890, thirty-one and forty-three respectively; in 1891, twenty-five and thirty-four; in 1892, eight and seventeen; and in 1893, four and eleven—making a total of orders granted since 1888 of one hundred and eighty-five, seventy-nine having been granted to companies, and one hundred and six to local authorities. Of these, twenty-three company orders appear to have been revoked or repealed. Consequently, the number of orders now existing appears to be one hundred and seventy, fifty-seven being in the hands of companies, and one hundred and thirteen in those of local authorities. In addition to these, there are seven licenses, five granted to companies, and two to local authorities; the total number of existing powers under the Electric Lighting Acts is therefore one hundred and seventy-seven—companies and local authorities possessing sixty-two and one hundred and fifteen respectively. No fewer than thirty-one of these powers—twenty-two belonging to companies, and nine to local authorities—apply to London.

From these figures it will be seen that there has been a considerable movement since 1888, at least in obtaining parliamentary powers; and a tabulated statement recently published by the 'Electrician' shows that the movement has not ended there, but that the powers are rapidly being put into execution. From this statement it appears that there are sixty-nine central lighting stations actually in operation in the United Kingdom, fifty-two being under the control of companies, and seventeen under that of local authorities. In addition to these, there are twenty-five stations in course of erection, and thirteen schemes under consideration. We have therefore reasonable hope of shortly having at work in the United Kingdom no fewer than one hundred and seven central stations for electric lighting, companies being responsible for fifty-five and local authorities for the remaining fifty-two.

A recent number of 'Lightning' gives some interesting statistics showing the amount of capital which has been expended on the various undertakings. The total amount is nearly five and a half million pounds, having been increased by nearly a million during 1893. The sums expended by companies and local authorities respectively appear somewhat disproportionate, the former being responsible for about four and a half millions. About three and a half millions have been spent in London alone.

The works in course of erection, or shortly to be commenced, are expected to cost about a million and a half; so that by the end of the present year the total amount expended on electric lighting undertakings will probably be nearly seven millions. Almost the whole of the million and a half just referred to is what may be termed 'municipal money;' and as local authorities are always averse to embarking on any undertaking of a speculative nature, this, together with the fact that the stock and share market quotations show that several of the electric lighting companies are in a decidedly thriving condition, tends to prove that electric lighting as an industry is no longer the 'scare'

that it was ten or twelve years ago, but that it is founded on a firm basis, and may be counted among our recognised institutions.

Although, therefore, we may have been slow in adopting the electric light, we are now, at all events, doing much to amend our ways; and even so doughty a champion of the rival light, gas, as the 'Journal of Gas Lighting,' admits that 'in recounting the history of electric lighting for the past year, it is better to begin by acknowledging that this industry has made a certain amount of progress.'

M E R T I N G.

So take my hand, and let all lingering cloud
Be chased away.
I would have loved you, dear, had you allowed,
Not said me nay;
I would have cherished you through all the years—
Have stood beside
To kiss your eyelids when they welled with tears;
But you denied.
I would have given my life to save a pain,
To ease a woe—
Have brought a love which time should test in vain;
But you said no.

Enough of idle words, and useless blame '
All *that* is past.
To our brief dream of summer-tide there came
A biting blast;
And one bowed to the eastward, one the west.
So torn apart,
We lost the chance to bless and to be blest,
Heart driven from heart.
You thought me faithless, and I thought you cold—
Alas, the pain!
All is forgotten, darling, now I hold
Your hand again.

We know that both were foolish, one was wrong,
And both were true;
We know that both have suffered much and long.
O love, we knew
That all must yet be righted, soon or late,
Ere we should die;
And so we were content to pray and wait,
Both you and I—
Content if but one pressure of the hand,
Before the night,
Should tell us all that we could understand,
And give us light;
Content if doubt and pain should pass away
Into the glow
Of sunset's perfect peace. O darling, say
It has been so!

And we can rest untroubled now, and see
The sun descend:
No more of cloud to sever you and me
Until the end;
No more of selfish doubt or mad distrust
And troth undone;
But we shall pass beyond the 'dust to dust'
Two souls in one.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

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IN PRAISE OF FRIENDSHIP.

Few things are more common in this world, happily, than friendliness; but Friendship in its highest sense is a rarity. It is even more rare than what we call love. Love, as commonly understood, occurs at least once in the majority of lifetimes; but a true friendship hardly comes to one in a hundred persons. It includes the best part of love, without the evanescence that sometimes accompanies the stronger passion. He is a fortunate man who finds a friend. Emerson says that 'when a man becomes dear to me, I have touched the goal of fortune.' He is right. Higher than this one cannot easily go. And again, Emerson says that true love 'cannot be unrequited.' Again he is right. A true love is its own requital. It may bring trouble, affliction—its very root is a sort of divine discontent; but it brings with it life's truest gold. No one has truly lived till he has loved.

It is usually supposed that in friendship there must be an equality—that one must not be giving more than he receives. Possibly such might be the case in an ideal communion; but it is very seldom the case upon this earth. In most friendships, one is the more active, the other more passive; one offers, and the other takes; one gives, and the other receives his light. The bond between them need be none the less sacred and binding, none the less beautiful. The heart that gives most loses nothing by its giving, but gains. If it be more blessed to give than to receive, then he who receives gives a blessing by receiving. Not only so, but there are different kinds of giving. The man who is willing to receive my affection, my sympathy, and such tenderness as it lies in me to offer him, is conferring upon me a priceless benefit. I feel that I owe him more than life can ever repay. If he will allow me to do and to suffer for his sake, it is I who am indebted, and not he. How can I ever repay him for having accepted what I offered?

Can the devotion of a lifetime in any way requite? My friend is never more my friend than when he is receiving and I am giving.

Perhaps that is not the light in which this matter is usually regarded. Such practice might not do for cases of mere acquaintanceship and society. The laws of social etiquette demand that an equivalent be given for everything. But the laws of spiritual love know that no equivalent *can* be given, consciously, for anything. The effort to make a return is an outrage on friendship's finest essence. Current coin goes for nothing here. There is no such thing as giving value for value. What is received is priceless, what is given is priceless; it cannot be figured and ticketed. The obligation on both sides is greater than can be acknowledged; neither can write out a receipt and cry quits. There is no nobler tie between heart and heart than this mutual debt, which neither can feel as an obligation, because it is a part of the soul's very life.

It is generally supposed that one friend may counsel and advise another, may point out his faults and urge their removal. A friendly adviser, a kindly-disposed companion, may do this; but hardly a friend. To do so would imperil the very ground on which friendship is based. I may know, theoretically, that my friend has faults; as a question of intellectual discernment, I may see that he has shortcomings. I may even suffer from them myself. But what does that matter? I love him entirely, and dare not speak of his fault. Who am I, that I should look for the moles in my brother's eye? My very doing so would prove that there is a beam in my own. If he pains me with a hasty word, it is enough, or perhaps too much, that I look grieved; I will not utter a word of complaint. The silences of friendship say more than the words. I can talk commonplaces, I can scold or praise or condole, with any casual acquaintance; with my friend, I know how to keep silent, and need no utterance.

'Oh yes, I see—Mrs Grundy.'

It was on the tip of his tongue to tell her that Mrs Grundy was in the right nine times out of ten, but he only laughed, and said—'Don't quarrel with Mrs Grundy, Lady Boldon; it doesn't pay. But this is an emergency. Suppose we look in at one of the picture-galleries to kill the time?'

'That will be the very thing.'

If Adelaide Boldon had been any other woman, Hugh would have thought that she was straining the privileges of her sex. But her wilful, impetuous manner so vividly reminded him of the past, that he could not find it in his heart to judge her harshly.

They went to a picture-gallery in Bond Street, Hugh feeling all the time a strange mingling of pleasure and discomfort. Lady Boldon apparently quite at her ease and happy. Once or twice Thesiger could almost have pinched himself, to make sure that he was not dreaming. Could it be possible that this was the Adelaide whom he had loved, and whom he had mourned as one dead to him—that this was Adelaide herself, walking, smiling, chatting at his side?

'Can I take you anywhere?' he asked, when the hour had expired.

'If you wouldn't mind seeing me as far as Chancery Lane,' she said, not daring to tell him more.

He got a cab; and they drove together to Fleet Street.

'Now, I must say good-bye, and thank you ever so much for your kindness,' said Lady Boldon, as Hugh helped her to alight.

'When are we to meet again?' he asked, holding her hand for a moment.

'When you come to call at Roby Chase.'

You will come, won't you? Promise me that you will.'

Before he had time to answer, Lady Boldon's face changed. She had caught sight of Mr Felix, who was coming straight towards them. Hugh could not help noticing the alteration in her manner, and her subdued agitation, as she said—'This is a gentleman I wish to see; I must speak to him.—Come and see me the first time you are at Chalfont. Do.—Good-bye.'

Mr Felix, looking up, saw them together, and stopped short. He shot a quick, inquiring glance at Thesiger, for he had noticed that the two seemed to be on intimate terms with each other; and a painful sting of jealousy darted through his heart.

'How d'ye do, Mr Felix? It is so lucky that I have met you,' said Lady Boldon. 'I might have had some difficulty in finding your office; and now you can be my pilot yourself.' She spoke with kindness, but with an air of authority, as if it were her place to signify her wish, the solicitor's place to obey her. And he obeyed her without question. Trembling with apprehension, yet with a strange delight, he offered Lady Boldon his arm—for the street was crowded—and led her, first up Chancery Lane, and then down a small street to the right—Norfolk Street.

'How is Sir Richard?' he inquired.

'Much better, or I should not be here,' she replied calmly.

Entering a house which contained several suites of offices, Mr Felix took his visitor up to the second floor, and there she saw the lawyer's name in dingy paint on a door. Lady Boldon was surprised. She had expected to see a handsome building, and large, well-furnished rooms, filled with polite young gentlemen in training for the law. Instead, she saw only one dirty room half-filled by a great cupboard for holding papers, and a huge, old-fashioned mahogany double desk. Two clerks, perched on high stools, were seated at the desk—one, an elderly man, with a thin, pinched, mean-looking face, as yellow as the parchment at which he was labouring. This man's name was Matthew Fane. The other clerk was much younger, not much over twenty. Fane descended from his stool as his master entered the office, and obsequiously opened for him the door of his private room—first, an ordinary door, and then an inner one without a lock, covered with green baize.

'Not to be disturbed, Matthew,' said the lawyer to his subordinate, as he followed Lady Boldon into the inner room.

Matthew Fane went back to his stool.

'Dan,' he said, after a minute's silence, 'I think you'd better try again to serve that writ on Randolph & Bigge as you go to dinner. You can be off now.'

The junior clerk directed a queer look at his senior, when the other's eyes were not upon him. But he kept his thoughts, whatever they were, to himself. He left his seat, changed his coat, selected one paper from a small heap of documents that lay beneath a leaden weight on his desk, and left the office.

No sooner had the door closed behind him, than Matthew Fane slipped from his stool, stole softly to the door of the inner room, and, with the utmost care and gentleness, opened it. The lock was well oiled, and he accomplished the feat of opening the door without making the slightest sound. He then took his pen from behind his ear, and passing it through the opening, pressed gently but steadily on the green-baize door within. It yielded, as he knew it would. Mr Felix's chair was so placed that the door was not visible from it; and it was very unlikely that any stranger would notice that the door was open about a quarter of an inch. If Mr Felix moved in his seat, there was plenty of time to close the outer of the two doors and retreat, as Mr Fane knew from experience.

As soon as the green-baize door yielded, Matthew bent eagerly down to listen, for the clear ringing tones of the lady's voice fell upon his ear.

CHAPTER V.—WHAT MATTHEW FANE OVERHEARD.

'If you were in my place, Mr Felix,' Lady Boldon was saying—'If you were about to be made the victim of so gross an injustice, you would feel about it as I do. But first of all, I want to know—What was in that telegram?'

'The telegram was nothing, I assure you,' answered the lawyer. 'It merely urged me to bring the new will to Roby for signature—the

moment it should be ready. There it is, if you care to see it.'

'Sir Richard's purpose remains unchanged, then?'

'Not exactly. I had a letter from him this morning.'

'Ah, yes! Does that alter the situation?'

'In a way, it does.'

'In what way?'

Mr Felix hesitated. 'It makes an alteration in the new will,' he said, after a moment's reflection.

'Well; and what is the new idea?' said the lady haughtily. She had already learned that the more cavalierly she treated this man, the more flexible he became.

He took a letter from a basket which lay on the table, and sat with it in his hand for some seconds without speaking. 'Lady Boldon,' he said at length, 'I have made up my mind to trust you. All I beg of you is to remember that I am placing my reputation in your hands.'

The only reply to this was a haughty bow. The lady did not even trouble to look at the attorney; her eyes were fixed on the letter which he was holding out to her. She took it; and the eavesdropper at the door had no need to speculate upon its purport.

'So long as she remains my widow!'

In her excitement Lady Boldon had sprung to her feet. She positively blazed with passion. 'I understand!' she cried; 'I am to be a breathing monument of my lord's generosity! Just as one puts one's servants in mourning, he would put his wife into mourning—but hers, poor woman, is to be life-long!—No, sir; to this I will not submit!' She absolutely tore the sheet of paper in two, and flung it on the ground.

Mr Felix had been tempted to smile at this passionate outburst; but by the time Lady Boldon had said her last words, she had in a sense mastered him. He was intoxicated by her beauty, carried away by her indignation. The temptation which had been present to his mind for days, and which he had never firmly put away from him—that he might, by serving Lady Boldon at this juncture, by sacrificing his honour and incurring some risk for her sake, gain a hold over her which she might not be able to shake off, returned now with tenfold strength. His heart beat tumultuously, his whole body trembled at the thought of the danger he might incur, and the reward that might be his if he succeeded. And when Lady Boldon's mood changed—when, after a minute or two of silence, she lifted her beautiful eyes—eyes that were 'just about to have a tear'—to his face, and said quietly, almost gently, 'Will you not help me?' he found himself for the moment unable to speak.

He rose and paced the room for a minute or two without answering. Two things were present to his mind, when his agitation had abated. In the first place, it might be impossible, probably would be impossible, to frustrate Sir Richard Boldon's intention without actually suppressing a will. But, supposing he were willing to do that, it would never do to yield at once. He must, from the very beginning, impress upon Lady Boldon the im-

mense difficulty, and the positive danger, attending the task she had set him. He must make her understand that, whatever he undertook, she was his partner; and that, if he became guilty, she would share his guilt. And she must also be made to understand that his services could not be had, either now or later, without payment.

'I don't see what we can do, Lady Boldon,' he said, resuming his seat. 'It is all very well to say that you will not submit to the injustice—and I quite admit that it seems to me a very great injustice—but what can be done to prevent it?'

'You can delay—make difficulties about preparing the will.'

'True; but we could only gain a short respite in that way.'

'You might decline to act for him.—No; I see that would not do. He would only apply to some other solicitor.'

'Exactly.'

'But surely you can help me, Mr Felix? You are a man. You are a lawyer. You know what can be done, and what is impracticable. Can't you think of some way of preventing Sir Richard from defrauding me? It is nothing less than defrauding me; for he promised before the marriage that the estate should be mine in case I survived him. Can you think of no way of hindering him from leaving it to another?'

Lady Boldon was only expressing the belief, which is shared by many women and not a few men, that lawyers can find paths not always very clean paths perhaps, but safe and respectable ones—by which ends that would be unattainable to ordinary mortals may be reached.

'I am afraid,' said the lawyer slowly, 'that it is beyond my power to prevent the will being signed.'

'Then you cannot help me at all? You would rather see this injustice done, than go out of your way to prevent it?'

'Do not say that, Lady Boldon. You must know that your interests have the first place with me always.'

'And yet you refuse to help me!'

'Pardon me; I did not say that.'

'Oh say you can't help me—it comes to the same thing.'

'I—I did not say that either. Opportunities sometimes occur for attaining legitimate ends by what I may call irregular means.'

This was just what had been in Lady Boldon's own mind all along; but put into words it sounded dreadfully vague and hollow.

'Do you mean that you think you will be able to secure the estate for me, one way or another?'

'My dear Lady Boldon, how can I possibly say that? All I can say is, that no efforts of mine shall be wanting to further your views.'

The lady noticed and resented the 'Dear Lady Boldon'; but she could not afford to check this familiarity for the present. She gave a little nervous laugh. 'I almost think you are amusing yourself at my expense, Mr Felix. First you say you are devoted to my interests; and when I ask you what you will do to help me, you evade the question with some neat speech.'

Again Mr Felix looked keenly at his visitor. Could she mean that she wished him to say that he was ready to perpetrate a gigantic fraud at her mere bidding, without so much as a hint at recompense?

'It is no laughing matter for—for either of us,' said the solicitor gravely.

Lady Boldon glanced at him uneasily, expecting him to go on. But he could not go on. He wanted to say that if he did this thing, he should expect to be paid for it; and that his price would be a high one; but he could not as yet put his ideas into words.

'I'm afraid I hardly understand,' said Lady Boldon.

'Then it is better that we *should* understand one another. In doing a thing of this kind, there is always a certain risk'—

At this point, the pen with which Matthew Fane was holding the green-baize door ajar slipped, gliding with an audible sound over the rough surface of the cloth; and the door closed. Fane was for the moment paralysed with fright; his knees literally trembled under him. What if the sound had been heard! He would have rushed off to his desk, but that he had at that moment no power to move. It was all he could do to maintain his grasp of the door-handle, and prevent himself from noisily shutting the outer of the two doors in his fright.

But one second after another went by, and nothing happened. As a matter of fact, both the lawyer and the lady were too much engrossed by their own thoughts to hear the sound made by Matthew's pen as it slipped over the cloth. Presently the old clerk recovered from his fright, and gently pushed the inner door open once more. Lady Boldon was speaking, this time in a slow, troubled way, as if puzzling over something she did not quite understand.

'The will must be signed!' she asked.

'Undoubtedly. 'Til that is done, Sir Richard's mind will not be at rest; and if we thwart him, he will go off to some other solicitor.—And I fear that would settle your fate, Lady Boldon,' he added with a smile.

Again the lady noticed and resented the familiarity of the lawyer's manner. Again she felt powerless to protect herself from it.

'No; that wouldn't do at all,' she said quickly. 'But if the will is once signed, it is all over, is it not? How can you possibly prevent my husband's will from taking effect after it is signed?'

'I think, perhaps, you had better leave that in my hands,' was the answer.

In spite of himself, the lawyer's voice trembled as he said this. It was the first thing he had said that amounted to a promise to play the part of—well, a scoundrel.

Lady Boldon made no answer. Another woman might have reflected that it was just as well that she should know nothing of the lawyer's schemes. But Lady Boldon was not the sort of woman to console herself with the thought that the risk would fall on another. She did not even see clearly that there must be a risk, because she did not fully comprehend that her object could not, in all probability, be carried out without the committing of a crime.

She was just then thinking that if her husband once signed the new will, she would be entirely dependent on Mr Felix for getting the effect of it set aside, and that she had no means of binding him to be faithful to her interests.

'The chief thing we must guard against,' continued the lawyer, after a short pause, 'is allowing Sir Richard to communicate his intention to any one. Fortunately, he is not a talkative man; and I happen to know that he is not on very good terms with his heir-at-law—at least it was so twelve months ago. Do you know whether your husband has told anybody that he has been thinking of making a fresh disposition of his property?'

'I believe he has told the curate—in fact, I told him myself,' said Lady Boldon.

'Ah! The curate? What is his name?'

'Mr Lynd. He tried to make Sir Richard change his mind, but without the least success.'

For a minute or two Mr Felix seemed to be in a brown-study. 'I must go down to Roby to-morrow, to get the new will executed,' he said, after a long pause.

'And even if it is signed, you think there is still some ground for hope?'

'Yes; even then, I think, we need not despair.'

She meant it innocently: that is to say, in her intense desire that the thing should be done, she would not stop to consider how impossible it was that it could be done by legitimate means. She did not know that she was allowing her covetousness to lead her blindfold to the verge of crime. Mr Felix, however, did not deceive himself in any way. He chose words which had a harmless signification—they might have referred to a possible revocation of the new will by Sir Richard himself—on purpose that Lady Boldon's susceptibilities might not be shocked. But he had intended her to understand, and he believed that she did understand, that he might perhaps consent to suppress the will in her interest.

At this point in the conversation Matthew Fane heard a quick step in the passage outside. In an instant he let the green-baize door, which closed with a spring, fall into its place; and quickly, yet without the least noise, he shut the outer of the two doors. But before he could regain his desk, his fellow-clerk entered the office.

This young man was named Daniel O'Leary. He was Matthew Fane's nephew. He was a thorough Londoner, densely ignorant of everything that lay outside the sphere of his own observation, but perfectly acquainted with all that lay within it, and sharp as a needle when his own interests were concerned. His clothes were cheap, of course, but cut according to the prevailing mode. His hair was red, his features insignificant, his eyes small and keen. He took his seat in silence, and regarded his uncle for some seconds without saying a word.

'What's up since I've been away, uncle?' he asked quietly.

'What's up? Nothin's up. What should be up, I should like to know?' retorted the old man angrily.

The young man pondered a few moments,

slowly shaking his head. 'You've been listenin' at the door of the governor's room; an' my belief is you've heard somethin' spesh'l, or you wouldn't be so bloomin' crusty at bein' asked a civil question.—Eh? You seem to me to be all of a fluster. I can see it in your eye.'

Matthew went on with his work without making any reply.

'I say, uncle,' continued O'Leary in a lower tone, 'have you heard anythin' good? Have you got your thumb on old Fely? I thought, when I came in, you looked as if you had. You'd better tell me all about it.—You won't, eh? All right, my dear sir; I'll find out.'

Just then the door of Mr Felix's room opened, and Lady Boldon came out, accompanied by the lawyer.

'You will permit me to see you to the railway station?' said Mr Felix, as they passed through the outer office.

'Oh, I could not think of occupying so much of your time; indeed, I have trespasses upon it too long already,' was Lady Boldon's answer, spoken graciously enough. In reality, she had a feeling that it would be safer, since her visit to the lawyer had been paid in secret, that they should not be seen together at the railway terminus, where people from Woodchurch might observe them.

Mr Felix saw that he was not wanted, and did not contest the point. He put Lady Boldon into a cab, and saw her drive away. But he could not return to the office. He wandered into the Temple Garden, and remained there alone for more than an hour, speculating on the future. All his life he had been a solitary man. His existence had been always dull, often wearisome. Now, when he had ceased to hope that anything in the shape of romance would come to him, a new vista opened before him. The fire of passion had kindled in his heart; and to-day he saw plainly that, in order to gain the woman he loved, he must commit a crime. He was not appalled at the thought. Discovery was the only thing he feared, and that he thought he could avert. After all, there was not much risk. He gave free scope to his imagination, speculating on the possibility of concealing the new will in such a way that he might afterwards, if need be, pretend to discover it, and thus retrace the step he had taken. The real difficulty, he saw very well, lay not in the suppression of the will, but in getting Lady Boldon to consent to marry him in return for this service. He was not vain enough to imagine that she would marry him willingly. But he thought that if she would only consent to be his wife, he could compel her to love him, at least after a fashion. Oh yes! she would come to love him—there could be no doubt of it. And they would be rich. They would go to Italy, or the Riviera, and leave this squalid, fog-encircled city. It was a beautiful dream; the mere pleasure of dreaming it was exquisite.

Mr Felix left the Garden and went on the Embankment. There he stood, leaning on the parapet, and watching the great river flowing seawards at his feet. The old, old simile, so obvious that no one can miss it, recurred to

his mind. His life was like that river. He was being carried on with irresistible force. Whither? The end must be near.—The thought was insupportable. The old lawyer turned away with a bitter pang at his heart. He tried to recall the pleasant fancies in which he had been steeped for the last hour; but they would not come. The dream had vanished. Nought was left but a sense of emptiness and loneliness, and a vague dread of an approaching doom.

Meantime, Lady Boldon had reached the railway terminus. Her excitement had prevented her from feeling hungry; and she had not thought of going to a restaurant. She got a bun at the railway refreshment-room: that was all she had to eat during the day.

It was late in the afternoon before the train reached Woodhurst, and of course Lady Boldon had to walk home. She took the nearest way, through some meadows where the grass was wet with recent rains. Before she had been in the fields ten minutes her thin boots were wet through. She had undergone much fatigue since the morning; but she did not for a moment regret having gone to London. She had gained something, at all events, she told herself. Mr Felix had promised that, if he could possibly help it, she should not lose the estate; and she had gathered from his manner, rather than from his words, that he thought he could help her effectually.

When she reached the house, Lady Boldon found that her husband was no worse than he had been the day before, though not decidedly better. No one had called, except the curate. Mr Lynd, the nurse told her, had been sitting with Sir Richard for the best part of an hour. 'He asked for you, my lady,' said the butler.

'Who?' asked Lady Boldon sharply. Somehow, she found it difficult to fix her attention. She was shivering a little, and very, very tired.

'Mr Lynd, my lady,' answered the servant, allowing a faint surprise to appear in his countenance; 'and as you were not at home, he wrote a note for your ladyship, and left it on the library table. Shall I fetch it?'

'Yes—no; I will get it myself.'

In an instant her fatigue vanished. She walked swiftly into the library. A white envelope was conspicuous on a small writing-table. She snatched it up and tore it open at once. The sheet of paper inside bore only the words—'I did my best; I am sorry to say with no success.—S. L.'

Lady Boldon dropped into a chair, holding the curate's note clasped tightly in her hand.

'Shall I order dinner, my lady?' asked the butler, coming into the room.

'No; I don't feel inclined for dinner. I don't feel very well, Walters. Tell my maid I want her; and ask cook to send a cup of tea to my room. I can't eat anything.'

The maid soon saw that her mistress was suffering from a feverish cold; and she lost no time in sending for the nurse, who understood in a moment that she would now have two invalids on her hands instead of one.

All that night Lady Boldon tossed to and

fro, unable to sleep, at times slightly delirious. Towards morning, she fell into a deep slumber, and did not awake till past noon.

'How is Sir Richard?' were the first words she uttered when she awoke.

'Much the same, my lady,' answered the maid.

'Get me my dressing-gown; I will go and see him.'

'Beg pardon, my lady; but Dr Jackson saw your ladyship while you were asleep, and said you were very far from well, and were on no account to leave your bed to-day.'

'Nonsense; do as I tell you.'

But no sooner did she try to move, than she found out that the doctor was right, and that she was wrong. She was astonished at her own weakness.

'Mr Lynd is with Sir Richard,' said the girl, after a pause, 'unless he has gone by this time.'

Lady Boldon was not surprised. She knew that the curate was devoted to his work, and was specially active in calling on the sick. And her second thought was, that it was extremely fortunate for her that Mr Lynd and not the Rector was attending to her husband's spiritual needs. If her father and Sir Richard were to meet, it might come out that she had not been near the Rectory on the preceding day. That would undoubtedly have been awkward; but the Rector and the Squire were not likely to meet. They had had a little disagreement, just enough to make Mr Bruce unwilling to go to the Chase; and he was very pleased to let Mr Lynd take that duty off his hands.

'And a gentleman has come from London,' added the maid.

'From London! Do you mean Mr Felix?' asked Lady Boldon, the colour suddenly brightening in her cheeks.

'I don't know the name, my lady; but I'll inquire. I know he was brought from the station, and Saunders went to meet the up-train.'

'Yes; it is Mr Felix, no doubt,' she said to herself. What did he mean by coming to get the will signed so soon? Surely a little delay, if it could do no good, could have done no harm. Then she said to the maid, 'Who is answering the bell of Sir Richard's room? Fulton, is it not?'

'Yes, my lady.'

'Go down and tell him that if Mr Felix, the gentleman from London, asks for me, I am to be told at once. Remember that—*at once*. If he asks to see me; I must get up and see him. You understand?'

'Yes, my lady.'

The message was duly delivered; but the hours of the autumn afternoon went slowly by, and no one came to Lady Boldon's door to say that Mr Felix had been inquiring for her. She was anxious not to seem curious about his movements; but at length, in as careless a tone of voice as she could command, she put the question, and learned that the lawyer had been gone for the last two hours. He had been only a short time with Sir Richard, and, after a hasty lunch, had returned to London.

'What could I expect? Why should he wish to see me to-day?' said Lady Boldon to herself. 'But I must see him again before anything further is done—and I will.'

(To be continued.)

THE VOLCANOES OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

It is not the geologist alone who takes an interest in volcanoes. The extraordinary power displayed in their operations, the tremendous and awe-inspiring phenomena with which their eruptions are frequently accompanied, the devastation which their floods of red-hot lava and their deadly showers of ashes occasionally effect, all tend to awaken and to exercise the imaginative faculty in man. The ancients, with their love of personification, were content to represent them as the scene of some colossal struggle between antagonistic gods, or as the prison of some indignant deity; but the modern world looks at them differently, and if it could be done, would slice them into sections as a cook slices an onion, and so exhibit before our eyes layer by layer of their interior, showing their mode of growth and the constituents of which they are formed. Volcanoes are an attractive study, whether we view them as an active illustration of how the great part of the earth's crust was at one time laid down, or as a mere exhibition of natural magnificence and power.

Ten or eleven years ago Professor Judd published his able work on Volcanoes, which work formed the most important treatise on the subject that had till then appeared. According to him, the three essential conditions on which the production of volcanic phenomena seemed to depend were, firstly, the existence of certain apertures or cracks communicating between the interior and the surface of the earth; secondly, the presence of matter in a highly heated condition beneath the surface; and thirdly, the existence of great quantities of water imprisoned in the subterranean regions which water, escaping as steam, gives rise to all those active phenomena which we associate with the existence of volcanoes. It cannot be said that subsequent investigations into the subject have made any essential change necessary in this statement of the conditions upon which volcanic phenomena depend; but our knowledge of the detailed working of volcanoes has been largely added to, and by none more so than the veteran American scientist, Mr James D. Dana, in his volume on the Volcanoes of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands.*

These islands, it need hardly be said, form a small archipelago in the North Pacific, and are known as the Kingdom of Hawaii, from the name of the principal island of the group. They are still, however, familiarly remembered by the name of Sandwich Islands, the name given to them by Captain Cook after Lord Sandwich, who was at that time First Lord of the Admir-

* 'Characteristics of Volcanoes, with Contributions of Facts and Principles from the Hawaiian Islands, including a Historical Review of Hawaiian Volcanic Action for the past sixty-seven years,' &c. By JAMES D. DANA. London: Sampson Low.

alty. The islands were said to have been first discovered in 1542, and to have been rediscovered by Captain Cook in 1778, and there, in the following year, he lost his life, perishing at the hands of the natives. The islands appear to be wholly volcanic in formation, and are still the seat of the largest and most active volcanoes in the world. The two highest mountains, both volcanic, are Manna-Kea and Mauna-Loa, in the island of Hawaii, being respectively 13,805 and 13,675 feet in altitude. On the eastern slope of Mauna-Loa is the marvellous crater of Kilauea, the largest active volcano existing.

This crater differs from such as that of Vesuvius in having no enclosing cone, being what Mr Dana calls a 'pit crater,' that is, a crater surrounded mostly by vertical walls, and these walls made of the nearly horizontal edges of stratified lava-streams. 'The history of these volcanoes,' says Mr Dana, 'is such as has been supplied by no other volcanic region. Commonly it is the eruption that draws attention to the volcano; and the course of the flow, the characteristics of the lava, and the devastations of the fiery stream and the earthquakes, make up nine-tenths of all the published facts. At Kilauea, on the contrary, it is a history of the *inner workings* of the volcano; of the movement and changes that take place within the crater over the various parts of the great arch where come into view the outlets of the subterranean lava-column; and of these events as steps in the line of progress from its emptied condition after a great eruption till ready again for an outbreak. In Vesuvius, the crater may be accessible for a time after a discharge; . . . but in general, long before the time of eruption, the vapours and cinder ejections make access to the bottom impossible. The crater of Etna is far away from habitations, and it has therefore had no regular series of interior investigations. Kilauea alone is always accessible.'

It is difficult, without a diagram, to give the reader an idea of what the immense crater of Kilauea is like. Its length is fourteen thousand feet, or very nearly three miles, and the breadth somewhat less. The form of the crater internally is peculiar. If one were to dig a little hole in the ground, roughly oval in shape, say three yards by two, and a foot in depth, then into the middle of this hole sink a large flower-pot till the rim was level with the bottom of the excavation—something like the shape of the crater of Kilauea would be obtained. When the crater is, so to speak, empty—that is, during the collapse that follows a great eruption—the height of the vertical exterior walls of the crater is something like six hundred feet. At this depth there is a more or less level platform, called the Black Ledge, all round the central pit, which pit is in its turn still from four to six hundred feet deeper. The great extent of the area covered by the crater, and the height of the surrounding walls above the bottom of it, afford excellent facilities for observation. Although the crater is so large, its level above the sea is not much over four thousand feet, or similar to that of Vesuvius. 'Even when the crater is ready for an eruption, it is safe to stand on the brink of the great pit and watch the boiling caldrons, and sweeping lava-floods, and violent but harmless

flowing-cones. The action of the liquid lavas is ordinarily so quiet and regular that all parts of the great open arena may be traversed with safety; and the margins of the fiery lakes, if the heat is not too great, may be made a sleeping-place for the night—with only this possibility, that the lavas may well up and spill over. This spilling over may be the sending away of a stream for a mile or two across the crater's bottom; but, standing a little to one side, it does no damage, and the next day the fresh lavas may be walked upon. Thus the crater may be followed in all its interior changes month after month. There is terrible sublimity in the quiet work of the mighty forces, and also something alluring in the free ticket offered to all comers.'

For the details and history of the observations which have been made from time to time on this and other of the Hawaiian volcanoes, by scientific men, missionaries, and travellers, we must refer the reader to Mr Dana's pages. The general course of the phenomena in the crater of Kilauea may, however, be stated. As already described, it has a pit within a pit—the lower pit when empty being about four hundred feet below the other. Eruptions on a large scale appear to have taken place about once in every eight or nine years. In the course of these eruptions immense volumes of lava are discharged, running for miles and miles across the island. Then comes the period of comparative quiescence, when the emptied crater begins once more to be filled. It would appear that the molten rock, heaved up from a great depth underground, gradually gathers in the lower pit of the crater, the bottom of which goes on rising till it reaches the level of the Black Ledge, when of course it has a tendency to spill over. This process takes some years. Then comes the time when, by the introduction perhaps of a stream of water after a rainy season into the underground sea of boiling rock, an eruption is brought about. The water reaches the molten rock through crevices and other openings in the earth, and when there, is immediately converted into vapour, which vapour expands, and by its expansive force causes great explosions, which explosions must of course find vent at the mouth of the crater, and so we have the mountain in a state of eruption—fountains of lava spouting hundreds of feet in the air, and covering the district around with its scorie and ashes and lava beds.

At other times the accumulated lava in the neck of the crater finds outlet by a subterranean passage, and in this way the crater is equally emptied. In the year 1868, there occurred one of these outbreaks and 'down-plunges.' It was preceded by a succession of heavy earthquakes, culminating on Thursday the 2d of April in a shock of terrific violence. With the occurrence of this great shock, fissures were opened from the south end of Kilauea south-westward for a distance of thirteen miles. Simultaneously with the violent shock, a decline began in the fires of Kilauea, and that very same night 'the liquid lavas had disappeared from all the cones and were confined to the lakes; by Saturday night all the lakes were emptied except the Great Lake; finally, by Sunday night, the 5th, the Great Lake had lost its lavas, and all was darkness and quiet. Where the lava went to is unknown.' A

subsequent observer, referring to this strange phenomenon, thus vividly describes it: 'Suddenly, one day, the greater part of the lava-floor sank down, or fell down, a depth of about five hundred feet, to the level where we now walked. The wonderful tale was plain to us as we examined the details on the spot. It was as though a top-heavy and dried-out pic-nic had fallen in at the middle, leaving a part of the circumference bent down, but clinging at the outside of the dish.'

A FEEBLE ATONEMENT.

'E's tipsy!' 'E's 'aving a rest!' 'What is it?' 'Only a sandwich-man!' One of the miserable gutter life had slipped and fallen on the Strand pavement. With the imperial air of the neophyte medicine-man, Talbot Villiers parted the crowd. A Samaritan stood by with a little brandy in a glass. Talbot put it to the human advertisement's lips. The man opened his eyes with a look of gratitude. The look touched the young medical student. He held up his finger for a cab, then he assisted the fallen man into it and took a seat opposite.

'Where to?' asked Talbot. 'Where do you live? I am going home with you.'

'Tallot Street, Westminster, No. 5,' murmured the other feebly. 'My name is Stern, John Stern.'

Talbot gave the direction to the cabman; then he examined his companion more closely. He was an elderly man of refined features. His clothes, though shabby, were remarkably clean, his linen was clean, and he was clean shaven. In fact, such a surplus of cleanliness in one of his late occupation was rather suspicious. Stern bore the young man's scrutiny with visible uneasiness. He leant suddenly over to Villiers.

'Sir,' he said, 'if you are going home with me, will you keep my carrying of the boards a secret? I don't want it to come to the ears of my daughter. I am pretty nearly useless for work; but I wish to help her all I can, and that is why I come into the City to carry those boards. She thinks I work at an office.'

'I quite understand,' said Talbot pityingly. 'Your secret is safe with me.' The words of the man had aroused every generous instinct of his nature. 'What made you faint?'

'Hunger,' replied Stern laconically.

Talbot made a hurried motion to stop the cab. Stern laid his hand on his arm, and restrained him. 'No, sir,' he said. 'I am indebted to you already. You cannot help me further; I cannot take anything from you, even food. But I thank you, all the same.'

Stern's tone was decisive, and Talbot regarded him in amazement. The first answer had showed him what little way he had made in medical diagnosis; the second, how little he knew of human nature. The pride that prevented a hungry man accepting food was to Talbot preposterous. This feeling gave way, however, to one of involuntary respect. At last the cab stopped. Cabs seemed a novelty in Tallot Street, for a face appeared at nearly every window. A girl of about twenty was

looking from No. 5. As the cab drew up, she turned very pale, and rushed to the door.

'My daughter, Kate,' said Stern. 'Remember your promise, sir.'

'All right,' replied Talbot; then, as the girl came to the cab door, he raised his hat. 'Don't be alarmed; your father has happened with a slight accident. He slipped on the kerb. He's all right; but I thought I had better drive home with him from the—the office.'

At the sight of her father walking from the cab, the colour rushed back to her cheeks in such vivid and delicate tints, and showed so clearly the beauty of her complexion, that Talbot stood gazing at her in silent admiration. His eyes lingered on her in a most embarrassing silence. They took in the lines of the slight graceful figure, the nut-brown hair, and the honest, steadfast eyes.

'I'll call to-morrow,' he said with a start, 'and hear how he is—that is, if you don't mind.'

It was evident that Kate regarded him as a junior member of some unknown and eminently Christian firm. 'You are very kind,' she said—'very kind indeed.'

'Don't mention it,' stammered Talbot.—'Good-morning. I mean good-afternoon—Miss Stern.'

He re-entered the cab, and telling the cabman to drive anywhere, escaped from Tallot Street in some confusion. But he was true to his promise. He called the next day, and the day after, and many more times. The state of Stern's health seemed to become a very serious matter. At last this pleasant fiction exploded. He came one afternoon when her eyes were weary with typewriting, and the sight maddened him. He clasped her in his arms. 'Kate, my own dear Kate,' he cried, 'I love you, and I want you to be my wife. Will you, Kate?'

Kate looked into his eyes. He needed no other answer; and they passed the afternoon building up a quiet little Bloomsbury practice. Stern was to be made a dispenser. Over the teacups, Kate told her father of Talbot's proposal. He kissed her, and sighed. It was not in him to spoil a love-dream; but he scented danger. Talbot Villiers was a gentleman in every sense of the word; but Talbot Villiers had undoubtedly a father. Who was he? Villiers, senior, would without doubt have his say, unless he was a very mild father indeed. Early the next day, a day when Stern had no 'copying' to do in the City, a letter arrived from Talbot enclosing two tickets for the theatre. The letter ran: 'I want you and your father both to see this piece. It was produced last night with the greatest success. After you have both seen it, I'll tell you why I am so anxious you should go. I have enclosed some press cuttings which will give you an idea of the plot and the way it is staged. I'm sorry I can't come; but I have a little business to transact with dad.'

It was the first time he had mentioned that ominous person. 'Dad' suddenly loomed up very large in Kate's thoughts. Villiers, senior, unaccountably depressed her. She tried to throw this depression off by telling her father about the theatre. The play was called 'A Woman's Love.' Stern had carried the boards

that advertised its 'first night.' To Kate's great astonishment, her father refused to go. She pressed him why.

'I can't go,' said Stern gravely.—'Don't look so grieved, Kate. Let me tell you why; then perhaps you will understand me. A long time ago I wrote a play'—

'You wrote a play!' interrupted Kate breathlessly. 'I knew, you dear, old father, you were clever. Talbot said you were clever. He said you had a clever face.'

Stern smiled sadly at this innocent tribute. 'Writing a play, Kate, and getting it acted are two very different things. I wrote this play in want, in misery, and with an ailing wife by my side. I wrote it in the odd moments snatched from my work. I built high hopes upon it, my dear; I put my whole heart into it, and I fondly dreamt it would lift from me a burden of debt and give me a name. I signed it with a *nom de guerre*, and sent it to a dramatist called Fielding Clack. I called upon him afterwards and asked his opinion of the play. He told me he had lost it. Then, Kate, I lost heart. Poverty drove me from pillar to post, and of the many things I grew to hate, the theatre was one.'

Kate threw her arm round him and kissed him. 'And to think but for that accident,' she cried, 'you might have been a great man! Never mind!'

'No,' said Stern, wearily passing his hand over his forehead, 'never mind.—But what have you got in your hand?'

'They are the press notices of the new play. They came with the tickets.'

'Well, my dear, I'm just going to have a pipe at the back of the house; I'll look over them. Perhaps I'll go, after all. You are entering soon on a new life, and it's about time I should throw aside my prejudices.'

He fondly kissed her, and took down his pipe. When her father was gone, Kate drew in thought to the window. To think how narrowly she had escaped being a dramatist's daughter! While her mind was thus exalted, she observed a gentleman of middle age attentively scanning the houses. He was not a prepossessing gentleman. He was dark, slimly built, and of a sarcastic aspect. At last he fixed his gaze on to No. 5, and opened the gate. With a vague misgiving, Kate ran to the door.

'Pardon me,' said the visitor blandly, 'but is this Mr Stern's?'

'Yes,' answered Kate, feeling cold, 'this is Mr Stern's.'

'And if I judge aright,' said the stranger still more blandly, 'you are Miss Kate Stern. May I have the honour of a few moments' conversation with you? My name is Barry Villiers.'

Talbot's father! The ominous 'dad' in the background! With a very pale face, Kate ushered him into the house. He politely waited for her to seat herself, then sat down.

'I fear,' he began, 'I have called on a rather unpleasant errand. My visit concerns a flirtation between you and my son.'

Kate caught her breath. 'There has been no flirtation, Mr Villiers. Your son has told me

that he loved me, and I am not ashamed of returning his love.'

Villiers bowed. 'A boy-and-girl attachment,' he said airily. 'I heard of it from my son's lips to-day. Of course it cannot proceed. It is folly; but then, when were lovers wise? I can assure you, Miss Stern, though fully appreciating your affection for my son, that ~~you~~ must give up all thoughts of this marriage.' He smiled.

'Give up all thoughts of it!' cried Kate, with pale lips. 'Is that your son's message?'

'No—of course not. I am here to reason with you. You are a mere child; I am a man of the world. We look at these things from different stand-points. But a marriage is impossible. Your position'—

'You mean,' interrupted Kate, 'that you are rich, and I am poor.'

'Exactly. In all other respects, you are no doubt my son's equal; but this unfortunate circumstance is sufficient to restrain me from giving my consent. I cannot see my son's prospects brightened. I am willing to pay any price'—

Kate's eyes blazed. The suave, insinuating manner of Talbot's 'dad' roused her. His way of putting a price on the affections brought back her colour. 'My price,' she said scornfully, 'for what? The love I bear him?'

Villiers coolly changed his tactics. 'Pardon me; I was wrong. I ought not to have made such a suggestion. But you say you love my son. Well, his career is in your hands. Will you brighten it? It rests with you.'

'You are putting the whole responsibility of his future on my shoulders,' she answered bitterly. 'Is that the act of a gentleman? Is it the act of a father who loves his son?'

Villiers regarded her more attentively. His suavity diminished. 'You are more clever,' he said coldly, 'than I thought. I will say no more. If you take my friendly visit in this spirit, I can do nothing. But you may take it as my last word that if my son marries you, he does so a beggar. I cast him off; I utterly disown him.'

'And yet,' cried Kate, 'you say you love him!'

Villiers took up his hat; he fixed her with a keen, cold glance. 'I do. And here is my cheque-book to prove it. I will pay any sum to release him from a degrading marriage.'

'Degrading!' The girl staggered. 'I will prove to you,' she said in a quivering tone, 'which love is the strongest. I will give him up; I will tell him so from my own lips. And if ever you tell your son of this interview, you may say that I refused to marry him because I loved him. That is my answer.' She sank into the chair from which she had risen, and covered her face with her hands.

Barry Villiers's face lightened. 'My dear young lady, I have wronged you. Pray, make some allowance for a father's affection. Let me reward you for this act of self-sacrifice.' He pulled out his cheque-book and stood beside her, apparently considering the sum, when the door that led to the back opened and Stern walked in. He looked first at his daughter, then at Villiers. As their eyes met, something

like an electric shock seemed to pass from one to the other.

'Fielding Clark!' cried Stern.

Kate gave a start. Barry Villiers was Fielding Clark, the dramatist. Talbot's father was the author of the play for which they had received the tickets. She turned an amazed look ~~on~~ her father. His face frightened her. It was exultant denunciatory. For a moment, Stern's face seemed to have the same effect upon Barry Villiers. He seemed disconcerted, ill at ease. In Stern's hand were the press notices crumpled in a ball. Villiers was the first to regain his composure.

'Sinclair!' he cried, 'John Sinclair. This is a surprise.'

Stern turned to his daughter. 'Leave us a moment, Kate,' he said. 'I have a few words to say to this—this gentleman.'

Kate rose, and with a wondering look at her father, quitted the room. When she was gone, he fixed a scorching look on Barry Villiers. That gentleman promptly held out his hand. Stern contemptuously disregarded it.

'I don't know why you are in my house,' he said slowly. 'But no doubt you can explain it. I should say you are a man who could explain anything. Perhaps you can explain this.' He held up the crumpled ball of paper. 'These are press notices of a play produced last night. That play was mine. You stole it. You are a liar and a villain!'

Villiers put down his hat. 'Sinclair,' he said, and his tones were almost plaintive, 'you will regret those words. Yet they were spoken in the heat of the moment, and I forgive you.'

His retort was so staggering, that Stern gazed at him dazed. He nearly apologised.

'No doubt,' pursued Villiers, 'you think the worst of me. It is not unnatural. But there are extenuating circumstances. I own the play was yours. I own I used it. But at the time you came to me it was really lost. I had mislaid it. I had no knowledge of your real name—I take it that the agreeable young lady who has just left us is your daughter. I had no means of reaching you. I sought for you, I advertised for you, under the name of Sinclair; but in the tide of London life you were swept away. Then, Sinclair I mean Stern I was tempted. There came to me the great temptation of my life. I was worked out; a manager stood at my elbow, and I took your play. It was culpable—very culpable; but the question is, what are you going to do in it?' He paused, and looked, not altogether without anxiety, at the man he had wronged.

Stern stood before him dejected. To a third party he might easily have been mistaken for the one who was most to blame. What was he going to do in it? The hot fire of vengeance had died from him. He stood now only with the cold ashes of lost hopes.

'Of course,' said Villiers, 'you could harm me, perhaps prosecute me; but it would be unchristian.'—Stern thought of the sandwich boards, and glared at him. 'Give me the opportunity,' he went on hastily, 'of making atonement. We are both middle-aged men. Why live in the past? Why should we cloud the happiness of others?'

'The happiness of others? What do you mean?'

'I'll explain,' said Villiers. 'You know me as Clark. Villiers is my name, and Talbot Villiers is my son. You may not have noticed the likeness. He takes after his mother.'

'Thank God!' cried Stern fervently; but the relationship troubled him.

'He loves your daughter. The match seemed to me an undesirable one, and I came here to-day to break it off. Now it is the dearest wish of my heart. Why should we blight their lives?'

Stern gazed at him amazed. Here was a fresh sophistry. Villiers had robbed him, and now held out a net for him. Stern's brain grew hot.

'I say "we;" but of course I mean you. I have no power to do anything. You have the power. If you are so unchristian as to expose me, you do so at the price of their happiness, at the price of youth and innocence. You shall have all the money I took for the play.'

'I may be a villain,' said Villiers with a virtuous burst, 'but I have a conscience. This is a feeble atonement, Stern; call it, if you like, the beginning of one; but do you accept it?'

Stern could make no reply. The desire for vengeance had fled; but in its place was a dull longing for justice. Then he thought of Talbot, of the afternoon in the Strand. 'Go now,' he cried hoarsely. 'I want to think this over. I'll send you my answer.' He walked, as if he were carrying the sandwich boards, into the shadow of the room and sat down on a chair.

Barry Villiers stood in the sunlight. He gazed anxiously at Stern, and was about to open his mouth, when his eyes fell upon the door of the inner room. It had opened, and Kate Stern stood on the threshold. With a smile of relief, the man of the world bowed, and went out of the front door. Kate approached her father and laid her hand on his shoulder. Stern looked up, and saw the traces of recent tears. He kissed her; and then love conquered both the desire to reimburse himself, and he quits with the man who had robbed him. 'My dear,' he said, 'you shall marry Talbot.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

CARBONADO is the name given to a form of crystallised carbon which is too black and opaque to be reckoned as a diamond. It is, however, a most useful substance, for its extreme hardness enables it to cut into any other substance known, and it is largely used for tool-points. Set in the 'crown' of a drill, these black diamonds are employed for piercing holes through rock, often to immense depths. A rival substance of artificial preparation has been produced by Mr E. G. Acheson of Philadelphia. He calls it Carborundum, and it represents a compound hitherto unknown to chemistry, a mixture of one atom of carbon with one atom of silicon. These elements are

combined in the electric furnace, and the resulting new compound, it is believed, will rank with the most valuable abrasives known.

An Hungarian chemist, Dr Johann Antal, is said to have discovered an antidote to prussic acid in the nitrate of cobalt, the efficacy of which has been proved to demonstration. Unfortunately, the poison named is of such a powerful nature—that is to say, so rapid in its effects—that there is in the majority of cases no time to get an antidote, even were one at hand. The nitrate of cobalt, too, is not easy to obtain, for it is not comprised in the drugs of our pharmacopœia.

The occurrence of what is known as ball-lightning is so rare, that every instance of it is of some interest. The *Lancet* lately described a narrow escape from death by this form of lightning, which was experienced by a distinguished surgeon of Louvain, who had gone to visit a patient in a neighbouring town. He was overtaken by a thunder-storm, and what he described as a ball of fire descended upon and rendered him for some time unconscious. On coming to himself, he found that the cloth of the umbrella which he had been holding was completely burnt off its steel framework, the metal being twisted into every shape. He attributes his safety to the circumstance that the umbrella has a wooden handle; had it been of metal, he must have been instantaneously killed.

During the late Dundee whaling expedition to the Antarctic regions, certain fossils were collected which formed the subject of comment at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Professor Geikie pointed out that all the genera to which the specimens belonged were now living, and had a wide distribution, and that the only conclusion which could be drawn from them was that the Antarctic sea must have once existed under far more genial conditions than the present.

Some very interesting experiments, explaining the nature of bullet-wounds, were shown at a recent lecture, by Dr Victor Horsley, at the Royal Institution. He pointed out that, after certain Continental wars and outbreaks, the wounds exhibited such characteristics that one side had charged the other with employing explosive bullets. He then showed that a magazine rifle bullet in passing through a sheet of half-inch iron first telescoped itself, so as to make a hole of larger diameter than might be expected, and then tore away the metal from the further side of the target. By firing a bullet into damp clay, he was able, by filling up the hole with plaster of Paris, to get an exact cast of the path of the bullet, which represented in shape not a tube, but a bulbous opening the shape of a Florence flask. The damper the clay, the larger the space ploughed out. The conclusion at which he arrived was, that the magazine rifle, however effective it might be, was certainly not a humane weapon.

A somewhat unnecessary fuss has been made over the various methods of stopping bullets, which have suddenly been evolved by inventive brains. The upshot of these experiments seems to be what most of us knew before, that bullets from modern rifles can only be effectually

stopped by targets which are either too weighty or bulky to be available as part of a soldier's equipment. But a use for the bullet-proof cuirass may yet be found, if we may believe a statement regarding certain rifle experiments which took place lately at Zwickau in Saxony. Twelve infantry soldiers armed with small-bore rifles and using jacket-cased bullets, were ordered to fire simultaneously at a brick wall two and a half metres high and about forty centimetres thick, at a distance of three hundred metres. At the ninth volley the wall fell a heap of ruins. It would be interesting to know the composition of the brick, and whether a jerry builder had been employed to erect the wall.

In the last Soudan war we heard much of an armoured train which served at night-time to keep the marauding Arabs in check. An improved appliance of the same nature has been proposed for home coast-defence, and some successful trials of it have recently been made in Sussex on the railway line which skirts the coast. The armoured vehicle is about the size of an ordinary luggage van, and it contains a forty-pounder gun and wheeled carriage mounted on a turn-table, so that the muzzle can be pointed in any direction. The wheels run on inclined rails so as to reduce the recoil, and special appliances have been employed to prevent any injury to the permanent way. This armoured defence forms a striking contrast to the old martello towers which still dot the coast of Sussex at intervals of a quarter of a mile.

A few years ago there was a great outcry in this country for technical education. The demand has been met, and technical schools have sprung up in all parts. One of the most recent is that opened at Cambridge by Lord Kelvin, who prophesied great results from the attachment of such a department to the university. He urged that it was a great benefit to the world at large that her engineers should be able to secure a university education, and not be mere skilled artisans. The head of the new engineering laboratory at Cambridge is Professor Ewing.

In the Tilbury and Southend Railway (Essex) a sparrow's nest containing eggs has been found between the bottom of one of the carriages and the Westinghouse brake. The carriage has been in constant use.

In a recent paper on Liquid Fuel, read before the Society of Arts by Mr G. Stockfleth, it was stated that this method of firing was used for domestic purposes in some of the houses at Baku. The apparatus was simple in the extreme. A tank near the top of the house contained the oil, which was led by half-inch tubes to the various stoves. Each stove was provided with a small cast-iron disc or plate, placed in front of the stove door, which is pierced with a small opening, so as to create a strong draught. Upon this plate the oil slowly drips, and when once the metal plate is warmed and the supply of oil regulated, it burns without any further attention. The oil employed is the residue from the petroleum, after the more volatile elements—gasoline, benzoline, kerosene, &c.—have been driven off by distillation.

Chlorine for bleaching purposes has hitherto been supplied commercially only in the form of chlorinated lime, or bleaching powder, commonly known as 'chloride of lime.' This product contains, however, when at its best, only about thirty-eight per cent. of chlorine gas. A firm of alkali-makers at Salindres have, however, recently set up an extensive plant for making liquid chlorine, and for supplying it commercially in steel cylinders under pressure, in the same way that carbonic acid and nitrous oxide gases are already supplied. The machinery required is of a peculiar construction.

An investigation has recently taken place with a view to testing the suitability of aluminium boats for service in the United States Navy as a substitute for those made of the heavier metals, iron and steel. The outcome of this inquiry is a Report which determines that aluminium can be used for small boats, and for steam-launches under certain conditions of service, and recommends that a trial boat be made for experiment. It is possible to build boats of ample strength and of less weight than wooden boats of the same size, but the metal is liable to be damaged by collisions against sharp projections, such as the edges of piers. The Report goes on to point out that the only way in which aluminium boats can be made better than iron boats in withstanding the hard knocks of actual service is by increasing the thickness of the metal.

Dr Huxley of Maidstone advises that those who suffer from insomnia should try a remedy which is at once simple and effectual. This is to curl the body up beneath the bedclothes so as to reduce the amount of fresh air. 'Lower the supply of oxygen in the blood,' he says, 'produce a little asphyxia, breathe and rebreathe only the respired air; you will then reduce the stimulating oxygen, and fall asleep. There is no danger. When asleep, you are sure to disturb the coverings and get the fresh air. When the cat and dog prepare to sleep, they bury their noses in some hollow in their hair, and off they go.'

Messrs. Spalding & Hodge, the well-known papermakers, have introduced a grease-proof parchment which they call 'glassine.' It is very transparent, and its chief use is as a protective covering to valuable books, through which all details of binding and title can be seen.

In an article contributed to the *United Service Magazine*, the Rev. T. G. Sheppard, chaplain to the 25th Infantry, United States Army, gives some interesting facts relative to the efficiency of the coloured man as a soldier. There have hitherto been four regiments in the American army which by law have employed coloured troops. It is now proposed that the practice should be extended, and that batteries of coloured men to serve in any or all of the existing artillery regiments should be enlisted into the service. Since the close of the civil war, in which the coloured soldier won such honourable distinction, he has been mostly employed in exacting frontier service, and has manifested on many occasions both skill and bravery. As a rule, the coloured troops are quite as hardy as the whites, even in cold

climates, while they exhibit a slightly lower death-rate.

Eighteen feet below the present level of the City streets lies Roman London, as the discovery of many tessellated pavements, fragments of pottery, &c., has long ago proved. But modern London is gradually pushing itself far below the Roman remains, an instance of which will presently be seen in the position of the Central line of railway, which will lie at a depth of eighty feet. It is curious to note that at the point where the railway will emerge from beneath the Thames, it will, in its passage up Queen Victoria Street, pass beneath the main sewer, which already runs beneath the District underground railway; so that there will be here an enormous sewer sandwiched between a steam railway and one worked by electricity.

Visitors to London who are interested in engineering matters should not fail to pay a visit to the Machinery section of the South Kensington Museum, where model steam-engines and other mechanical appliances, of both obsolete and modern build, are shown in action. As most of these models are in glass cases, steam would be out of the question, and they are therefore worked by compressed air. In many cases, the visitor can himself turn on the air-supply by pressing a button on the outside of the case, an exercise which is by no means neglected by the numerous boys who find delight in this novel Museum.

The adjacent Imperial Institute, which is now well furnished with specimens of the products of our various colonies, is also well worthy of a visit. We note with interest that photographs are largely employed in these galleries to lend additional interest to the exhibits. In this way, tea, coffee, orange culture, &c. can be followed through all their details from gathering to packing. For some weeks a fine collection of ceramic and glass ware has been exhibited in the Institute, some of the articles shown being superb as examples of artistic manufacture. Among other novelties, Messrs Doulton & Co. show specimens of what they call their metallo-ceramic process, which is a method of effectively joining metal to china which is likely to meet with many useful applications.

The uses to which paper is put are manifold, and, according to report, it is now being employed in the form of yarn in the body or backing of carpets. It is said to be superior to some of the more usual backings employed, and that more than half a carpet may consist of paper without the inexpert buyer suspecting it.

The slaughter of wild animals in South Africa has of recent years been carried to such excess that certain mammals, such as the giraffe, zebra, eland, &c. will soon, unless protective measures are adopted, become extinct. In order to counteract this indiscriminate killing, a Committee of British sportsmen and naturalists has been formed, says the *Zoologist*, with a view to devise some protective scheme. They propose to obtain from the British South African Chartered Company permission to enclose a tract of country of about one hundred thousand acres in extent in the district near

Fort Salisbury. This would be strictly reserved for game. A park of a similar kind, covering twenty-eight thousand acres, was established some time ago in New Hampshire, United States, America, and the scheme has proved an unqualified success.

The ingenuity of an inventor has actually supplied a labour-saving device to the billiard table. This consists of an arrangement by which pocketed balls do not remain in the pockets, but make their way to a central receiving-cup below the table, whence they are delivered at the will of the players to either 'the bank' or the 'spot' end, as convenience may require. It has often been stated as one great advantage of billiards that the players engaged have a vast amount of walking exercise. It is evident that this part of the muscular exertion will now be greatly reduced, without, as far as we can see, any corresponding advantage.

A controversy has arisen out of a statistical statement compiled by a London vestryman which shows that the total attendances at certain public baths during the past four years give a preponderance of male bathers in the proportion of seven to one female. From this it is foolishly argued that men are cleaner than women. The comparison is by no means a fair one, for among the male bathers are included those who attend the swimming baths. This they do for exercise and learning to swim, certainly not for the purposes of cleanliness. The statistics are gathered from a well-appointed bath under parochial care, and it is interesting to note that although the figures show an average of more than a hundred thousand bathers annually, the maintenance of the establishment entails a yearly loss to the ratepayers of five thousand pounds.

Physicists seem to be still very much in the dark as to what constitutes a healthy or unhealthy atmosphere. Thus, Dr Petrie has examined no fewer than a hundred samples of air from a Berlin sewer, and has found them perfectly free from noxious organisms. If the results of these experiments may be relied upon, and if bacteria really cause the deadly consequences ascribed to them, a sewer must be a far healthier place than a heated reception room. It has, however, been urged that sewer-air possibly contains poisonous chemical substances capable of exerting very mischievous effects. From recent researches by M. Christmas at the Pasteur Institute it would seem that ozone has not any antiseptic effects in air unless it exceeds in quantity one-tenth per cent, and that long before this limit is reached, the air becomes irrespirable.

A Report by the Hydrographer to the Admiralty, dealing with the work done during the past year in examining and charting seas and coasts in various parts of the globe, shows how necessary for the protection of shipping is this useful undertaking. No fewer than 201 obstacles to navigation have been recognised and charted, these, for the most part, consisting of sunken rocks and shoals. Of these, 26 were reported by the ten surveying vessels; 35 by others of Her Majesty's ships; 22 by various British and foreign vessels; 105 were reported

by foreign and colonial Governments; while 13 hidden rocks were detected by the very conclusive evidence of vessels which struck upon them.

THE ACCUMULATION OF GOLD.

We live in a record-breaking age, and are becoming so accustomed to hear strange facts, that we no longer express wonder at them. The announcement, therefore, some weeks ago, that the amount of gold held by the Bank of England exceeded anything previously recorded, and the fact that since then it has gone on increasing, has not aroused any very special attention, particularly as there is every probability of a further influx. The nearest approach to the existing state of affairs was in 1879, shortly after the City of Glasgow Bank crash, when then, as now, confidence in commercial circles had so broken down that many people were only happy when they knew their money to be safe in the Bank of England. Most of the surroundings, however, are now entirely different. There has been no great financial crash and no sudden loss of confidence. For upwards of three years, however, things have been slowly going from bad to worse, almost every enterprise, however promising, and in whatever part of the world it has been entered into, has proved unsuccessful, and the great commercial community has lost all heart and all hope, as well as a considerable amount of its money. The object now is apparently to save something from the wreck; and where English money invested in foreign countries is at all gettable, it is being brought home for safety.

We are consequently threatened with a 'flood of gold.' For years we have been told by those who ought to know, that bad trade and declining prices have been principally owing to the scarcity of this precious metal, and yet, with a superabundance, trade gets worse, and prices appear to have no bottom. Recent experience of the over-supply of most articles of produce has been a sad one, yet an over-supply of gold appears to act contrary to all the recognised rules of political economy, otherwise gold would also become depreciated; or, in other words, articles measured by gold would advance in value. We may rest assured, however, that if a natural law is apparently suspended, it can be only for a period, and must, sooner or later, assert itself. It is therefore absolutely certain that the great accumulation of gold which is now taking place, and which is being constantly added to by the increasing discoveries in South Africa, will at no very distant date lead to revived business activity, and a fresh outburst of speculation.

There are many circumstances at present existing propitious to such a movement. The outlook for a continuance of peace, and an absence of disturbing political rumours, has rarely been so bright, and there is indeed a prospect of some reduction in the enormous expense annually incurred in maintaining the immense Continental armaments. There can be no want of confidence, therefore, on that ground. But further, the great distributing classes in

the country have on the whole done exceedingly well of late, inasmuch as they have been purchasing at continually declining prices, but not making a proportionate reduction to the general public, who, finding almost every article of necessity remarkably cheap, are not disposed to grumble. But seeing that nearly every purchase effected can be made cheaper than the one before, they have been extremely cautious in their dealings, and bought only sufficient for actual requirements. The consequences have been twofold—first, either an accumulation of money in the hands of the wholesale dealers and the larger shopkeepers, which, for want of better employment, has been left in the bank, and helped to swell the existing large reserves; or what amounts to much the same thing, the requirement of much less assistance from their bankers, where they have been accustomed to make use of over-drafts or discounting facilities. And in the second place, by the depletion of invisible stocks, caused by the determination to work their businesses with the smallest ones possible, and to replenish quickly when necessary. Thus the large visible supplies of various important articles of consumption are extremely misleading, and due solely to the fact of unequal distribution; while the importer or original producer is indisposed to unduly press sales so long as the cost of carrying, owing to ridiculously cheap money, is so small. Once confidence is felt that the price of any article has about touched bottom, there will be a rush on the part of retail houses to go into stock, and with increasing demand and decreasing supplies, values must eventually be affected.

One great factor remains which has never played an important part in any previous trade revival. To what extent will the low price of silver retard it? We have to face the competition of the East and silver-using countries generally, as well as those where a depreciated paper currency is in circulation, to an extent hitherto unknown; and as present prices to all such peoples are by no means unsatisfactory, the resistance to any upward movement may at first be serious. But the universal belief that abundance of money means high prices is based upon a very solid foundation. The money, however, must be honest, and not, as is too often the case, manufactured by Governments for the purposes of inflation and speculative manipulation.

With an abundance of honest money, therefore, whether gold or silver, prices must eventually rise in the countries which possess it. It has been largely owing to the scarcity of the former, and the superabundance of the latter, that the depression in the gold-standard countries has been so great; but some adjustment in the production of the two metals now promises to relieve it. It is true, if silver remains at its present low gold price, the values of everything produced in silver-using countries will be difficult to raise; but it is extremely probable that floating supplies of this metal are rapidly disappearing, and will not long weigh heavily upon us. It is true the stocks throughout the world are gigantic, and must long remain a source of uneasiness; but inasmuch as they are almost entirely under Government control,

there is no fear of any sudden opening of the flood-gates. It may be fairly assumed, therefore, that with the slightest incentive, the value of silver will improve, and in that case the most serious drawback to a general revival will be removed.

The improvement foreshadowed may not happen to-morrow, next month, or even next year, nor is it possible to say what will give it the first impetus. Probably some trivial and unimportant event for the moment entirely overlooked, but of sufficient consequence to turn the current into a healthier channel. It may be somewhat delayed; there will probably be more than one false start; but its advent within no very long period is a certainty.

MEADOW TREASURES.

ALL along the meadow ways
There are treasures growing;
Some with living gold ablaze,
Some like rubies glowing.

Pearly daisies 'crimson-tipped';
King-cups leaning over;
(Gleaming gorse-bloom golden-lipped;
Rings of scarlet clover.

Blushing poppies shyly bent
'Mid the long wheat lances;
Agate bean-flowers rich with scent;
Speedwell's sapphire glances.

Milkmaids of the meadows born;
Stately ox-eyed daisies;
Golden clouds amid the corn,
Wrought of sharlock mazes.

Open roses on the brier,
Matchless tints revealing;
Broom with blossom all afire,
Harebell buds concealing.

Woodbine chudices that rear,
Curled in airy lightness;
Spreading elder boughs that wear
Bloom of snowy whiteness.

These are spread throughout the land,
Free for every corner,
Scattered by the stintless hand
Of our regal Summer.

SAM WOOD.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in full.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to ensure the safe return of ineligible papers.

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FRUIT CULTURE IN SCOTLAND.

APPLE TREES.

WITHIN recent years, so much has been said and written about the immense amount of money paid away every year by Great Britain for foreign fruit—mostly from the United States and Canada—that, at present, statistics on this point would be superfluous. These figures have been used for the purpose of pointing out to cultivators of land—large and small, but especially to small cultivators—that the immense sum of money sent out of this country year by year is paid for Apples which could, to a very large extent, be grown at home. 'Why not plant Apple Trees, and secure part at least of this enormous tribute sent abroad? Are not our cooking-apples every whit as good as the best foreign-grown fruit? Nay, don't our medical men tell us that they are superior to those of foreign growth? Plant trees; grow them skilfully; markets are not far to seek, offering fair prices for good fruit. Seize the opportunity, and do your best to keep British money at home.'

This advice has been repeated till it has at length, to a considerable extent, been taken: year by year, more trees have been planted, till now, perhaps, it is safe to say that, if all the trees in cultivation were bearing fair crops of fruit, no apples for cooking purposes would require to be imported. But growers do not, as a rule, get fair crops every year. Our cold climate is generally made to bear the blame of this deficiency, occurring, as it mostly does, every alternate year. Perhaps the sorts mostly planted by growers are tenderer, and less able to bear the rigours of our climate, especially when these rigours happen to be interjected in the month of May, or sometimes even in June, when the foliage is tender, and does not protect the tenderer blossom. As a rule, the sorts planted are not chosen for hardy vigour, but for the reputation they have gained as abundant bearers of good fruit, even when many of

these are deficient in hardy endurance of cold. The sorts mostly planted in large numbers are heavy bearers of large fruit, such as Lord Suffield, Ecklinville Seedling, Stirling Castle, Dummelow's Seedling, Warner's King, Cellini, and New Hawthornden, all of which are general favourites.

What have been the results, in most cases, of planting these abundant-bearing sorts? Have the crops of fruit been abundant, rewarding to a fairly adequate extent the expectations and labours of the planters? In giving an answer to this question, it will perhaps be best to give the results of fruit-growing with these very sorts of apples among a small community in the south of Scotland, composed almost entirely of fruit-growers on every sort of scale. This community represents nearly the entire population of a rural village with barely three hundred inhabitants. The village is not more than four miles distant from a large manufacturing town, where a ready market is always to be found for all the fruit our villagers can grow. A garden is attached to every house in the village: of these gardens, thirteen vary in size from one acre to three acres of ground; other thirteen are a quarter of an acre in extent; the remaining gardens are of a fair size; and the householders one and all sell the fruit that remains after their own wants are supplied. Several of the larger growers are trained gardeners; and one is a retired teacher from the north of Scotland. Now, everything does not go on from year to year on these holdings with unvaried results: one holder is more successful in growing apples; another finds his pears are better than his neighbours' most years; a third beats all his neighbours in growing raspberries; while in another case, gooseberries are the paying crop. Naturally enough, one and all of these growers are continually watching their neighbours' crops more or less; and the man who surpasses his neighbours in the quantity and quality of, say, his strawberry crop, is questioned and cross-questioned as to

what he considers the cause of his success. The reasons given are considered and reconsidered, receive favourable and unfavourable criticism, till, finally, the truth is thrashed out, and the methods practised by the successful grower in any one line are adopted by the whole fruit-growing community.

Well, in this sifting of evidence and determining of the best fruits and the best methods of growing them, the retired teacher plays the leading part. How, then, do the growers report on the list of favourite apples planted by all and sundry, and given above? The answer in the case of Lord Suffield, the apple first on the list, is: All the trees of this variety have failed since 1887 to make growth to any extent; they have always borne fruit; yet, from the trifling amount of growth, the quantity of fruit is small. Regarding Ecklinville and Stirling Castle, they both canker too badly. Dummelow's Seedling does well for a few years at first; the more it grows, the less it bears. Warner's King, grown by almost everybody for its crops of enormously sized fruit—a single apple frequently weighing one pound—is another sort very much subject to canker. The next sort, Cellini, has been found to be of no use unless grown on a wall. And New Hawthornden is very irregular, some trees being healthy, and bearing fine crops of grand fruit; and other trees of this sort being quite the opposite.

Are there no sorts of apple trees, then, which grow vigorously, are fairly hardy, and produce fair crops year by year? An affirmative answer can be given to this question. There is one sort which possesses these qualifications, and produces annual crops above the average both in quantity and quality. This sort is Small's Admirable, which gives the utmost satisfaction to the village growers of whom an account has been already given. Its foliage is of a distinct type; it is seldom or never affected by mildew—a great drawback in some sorts of apples—and it has one qualification which ought to recommend it highly to amateurs—it needs no pruning; nay, rather, to put the thing more exactly, it must not be pruned, as pruning does harm only in the case of this apple tree. The fruit is large and nicely shaped, and when cooked, falls to the right extent, and no more. It is hardly an eating-apple; however, its cooking and keeping qualities quite make up for this want. Most of our village growers reckon this their best cooking sort, and find their customers who purchase the fruit ask for it in preference to any other variety. One of the village growers has eight trees of this sort, the crop from which for many years has never fallen below twenty-four stone of good saleable fruit; and last year, which was a bad year for apple trees on the dwarf stock, the eight trees yielded forty stone of fruit, the biggest crop on any one tree being eight stone

of large handsome fruit; and another grower has been so much pleased with this sort, that he has planted twenty-four young trees of it.

The almost absolute certainty of this sort bearing fruit every year arises from its vigorous health and its lateness in coming into blossom. As a rule, in ordinary years the month of June is in before the Admirable produces its blossom, and by that time the risk of frost is completely past. In autumn, when the fruit is ready for cooking, it is best to pull the biggest fruits first, when the smallest fruits will keep on growing and increasing in size as long as the frost will allow. In this respect it is just the opposite of Lord Suffield, the large fruit on which will grow in size till ripe; but the small fruit never gets large, even when the large fruit is taken from the tree at an early season. Trees of Admirable will succeed with deep planting better than almost any other sort; but as it yields large crops of fruit, it is necessary to give it manure every year. This is best done by the application of bonemeal in the autumn, before the fall of the leaf.

With regard to the slow growth and cankered condition of the young trees of Lord Suffield, Ecklinville, Stirling Castle, &c., that have been planted within the last ten years, these might be improved by being lifted and planted in new ground. In new ground, has been said; but on new ground on the surface, or, at the most, at a depth of six inches, the best results in the way of improvement are secured. Before planting, a stake should be driven into the ground at the spot where the tree is to be planted, and the tree should be secured to this stake after the roots have been carefully covered with new soil. In autumn every year, these replanted trees should be treated with bonemeal in the manner recommended for Small's Admirable. If the grower have facilities for storing farmyard manure for such time as would be needed for dissolving it into soil, no better top dressing can be given. Indeed, for all purposes whatever, dung thus dissolved is immensely superior in the results produced.

If the apple-grower, having attained success in the growth of cooking-apples, feels inclined to attempt to grow eating-fruit, there is no apple which will repay his efforts in a greater degree than Cox's Orange Pippin. This sort is a strong healthy grower; and to check it in this respect, it will be necessary in most cases to lift and replant this sort every three years. The fruit is of the highest quality; but, as a rule, is not fit for use till about New-year time. It has been condemned by very many who have not waited till it was fully ripe before they ate or tried to eat it. It is worth trying by every one who has room for half-a-dozen trees.

Another excellent apple is the Golden Pippin, the fruit of which is generally too small for grown-up folks. This fault can be cured to a considerable extent by abundance of the top-dressing of bonemeal already recommended, when the fruit will be greatly increased in size. The fruit of this sort was of the highest quality last year, owing, no doubt, to the great

heat in summer and autumn. It is fit for use and at its best before the end of December.

And if, after growing these two sorts successfully, the grower begins to think he would like an early apple, a very good sort for children, and those who require a soft apple, is the White Juneating. A better sort than this last, but a hard fruit, is the variety styled Early Harvest, which does best with little or no pruning. With regard to a sort grown by almost every one in the village mentioned above, and named Lady Henniker, abundance of splendid fruit is grown of great size and beautifully coloured, quite fit for cooking and dessert alike, on a tree of this sort grafted on a crab stock, in a garden not far from the village; while in the village itself, the trees of this sort produce year by year abundance of very large and beautiful blossom, never followed by more than three or four apples at the utmost on any one tree. If Lady Henniker can be got on the crab stock, there is a strong presumption that the most satisfactory results would be attained: it may therefore be recommended to all and sundry intending to plant, but on the crab stock only.

A large number of cows is kept in our village, hence their liquid manure is to be had in abundance. By the use of this in the winter season applied round the roots of the fruit-trees, astonishing results have been achieved by the retired teacher. His trees treated with this liquid manure produce in great abundance apples surpassing, to a surprising degree in size, colour, quantity, and quality, the apples of the same sorts grown by others who make no use of this liquid manure. As this has happened years in succession, the idea is driven home into the heads of other growers that this objection is well worth learning and practising; hence, during last winter, the example set by the teacher has been followed by others to a considerable extent, in the confident hope of the same favourable results. Another good result following the application of liquid manure every year is this: the apple trees so treated produce heavy crops every year, unless, of course, when the blossom is destroyed by frost; whereas, without some such application of manure, the ordinary result is a good crop one year, followed by a poor one the next. * Trees liberally treated with this liquid manure cannot be expected to live as long as those grown on a natural system; but when they fail, they are easily and cheaply replaced.

All through this article, in speaking of apple trees, those grown on a dwarfing stock are meant; this class of trees always produces fruit of much larger size, which can and must be always hand-pulled. Even when blown down by wind, it does not suffer the damage sustained by fruit blown from the swinging branch of a lofty tree. However, in the case of a grass orchard, trees grafted on the crab stock may be grown to considerable advantage, as the crop from a full-grown tree may amount to forty or fifty stone of medium-sized fruit, and the grass saves the falling fruit to a considerable extent from damage. In the case of lofty trees, the crop will be increased fifty per cent. in quantity, and fully doubled in size and quality,

by the liberal use of liquid manure applied in the winter season. Fifty pails may be given, always taking care to keep the manure a yard at the least from the trunk of the tree.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

By JOHN K. LEYS, Author of *The Landings*, &c.

CHAPTER VI.—ROBY CHASE IS LEFT WITHOUT A MASTER.

ONE morning, a few days after Lady Boldon's visit to London, her father, Mr Bruce, was seated in his study enjoying his after-breakfast cigar—a luxury he had allowed himself since Adelaide's marriage—when he was told that Mrs Plowman wished particularly to see him.

'Bother the woman!' exclaimed the Rector under his breath, as he carefully placed his half-smoked cigar on the mantel-piece, that he might resume it when the interview should be over. A second cigar Mr Bruce would have considered a sinful extravagance. Mrs Plowman was the widow of a deceased parish clerk, who coked out her income by letting lodgings; and Mr Lynd had taken up his abode with her. So the Rector's next thought naturally was: 'I hope there's nothing the matter with Lynd.' An uneasy feeling pervaded his mind as the curate's name occurred to him. He had noticed that his assistant's manner, always a little eccentric, had lately been decidedly odd. Mr Lynd would sometimes break off suddenly in his conversation, and without any reason start some quite irrelevant subject. Sometimes he would laugh right out, at nothing, apparently, then suddenly check himself, and blushing painfully, offer some lame excuse for his hilarity. Much as Mr Bruce respected and liked the young clergyman, he feared that he would not be able to keep him long at Woodhurst.

As soon as Mrs Plowman began to disclose the nature of her errand, the Rector's worst suspicions were confirmed. Mr Lynd's mind was going—that was how the widow put it. She dared not have him in her house any longer, and she was at her wit's end to know what to do. He had begun to entertain various delusions about her, the Rector, Lady Boldon, and other people in the parish; and, in short, he was not fit to be trusted alone.

Mr Bruce immediately put on his hat, and set out for Mrs Plowman's, that he might be able to see for himself how matters stood. On his way he met Mr Lynd; and five minutes' conversation was enough to show that the curate's mind was decidedly unstrung. Fortunately, Mr Bruce knew the address of a brother of Mr Lynd's, and he telegraphed to him, begging him to come down to Woodhurst at once and bring a doctor with him.

The Rector had hardly returned home when a second message came to him—a hurried scrawl from the nurse at Roby Chase. Sir Richard Boldon was dying!

Mr Bruce was shocked at this intelligence; for although he had but little respect for Sir Richard as a man, still, he was Adelaide's

husband. The Rector hurried to the Chase; but before he could reach the house, his son-in-law had ceased to breathe.

The news of Sir Richard's death came as a surprise to the people of the neighbourhood; but it was no surprise to those who had watched the invalid's condition from day to day. Although the patient had rallied some days before, the improvement had made no progress; and when a relapse came, he sank rapidly.

Lady Boldon had not yet recovered from the effects of the chill she had received on the night of her return from London. Her cold had developed into a kind of fever; and she had not been able to see her husband since her illness began. The nurse had intended to send for Lady Boldon as soon as she saw that the end of Sir Richard's life was approaching. But the dying man became suddenly unconscious; and as there was some risk in his wife leaving her bed, it was judged better not to disturb her. Lady Boldon was thus quite unprepared to hear that her husband was actually dead; and when she first learned the truth, she was for the time utterly unnerved. Her father soon came to her; and as soon as she saw him, she threw her arms round his neck and burst into hysterical tears. 'They ought to have told me, papa,' she cried 'they should have told me he was in danger. I have not seen him for more than a week; and I feel as if I could not forgive myself for deserting him.'

'Hush, my dear child. You were not at all to blame,' said the Rector, soothing her as well as he could.

After a time she became calmer, and able to give the necessary orders. Notice of the death was sent to all the neighbouring gentry, and to one person who had a much stronger interest in the event than the country gentlemen of the surrounding district to Mr Frederick Boldon, of Nicholas Court, E.C., and of Alton Street, S.W. He was Sir Richard's nephew and heir-at-law.

Mr Felix, however, was apprised of his client's death by telegram. Lady Boldon desired that he would come down at once and seal up Sir Richard's writing-desk and other repositories.

It was impossible for the lawyer to reach Roby Chase until the following day, and Lady Boldon was burning with anxiety, and actually counted the hours till she could see Mr Felix. Had the new will been signed? And if it had, could it be set aside?

Once or twice the thought occurred to her that perhaps Mr Felix might propose to pretend that no new will had been made—simply say nothing about it. The first time this idea entered her mind, she rejected it as utterly preposterous. The second time she connected with it the singular reticence of the lawyer during their interview, his unwillingness to say clearly what was in his mind, and his mysterious hints that a way of escape from the difficulty might be found, even if the new will were actually signed.

On the day succeeding her husband's death, Lady Boldon said to the nurse as soon as she opened her eyes in the morning: 'Shall I be able to rise to-day?'

'I'm afraid not, my lady.'

'But I must! I wish to see a gentleman who is coming from London on business.'

'Perhaps your ladyship could get out of bed, and slip on your dressing-gown, and have him shown in here, then. It *might* be managed that way, perhaps.'

'I must see him, nurse. Manage it as you think best. But I must be told the moment he arrives.'

The woman promised that this should be done; and Lady Boldon gave orders that a dog-cart should be kept waiting at the railway station in readiness to bring Mr Felix up to the house.

About two o'clock in the afternoon Lady Boldon was told that the gentleman from London had arrived. 'Where is he?' she asked.

'In the drawing-room, my lady.'

'Send him up to me here at once,' said her ladyship.

She was sitting up in a large arm-chair, dressed in a blue dressing-gown, with her masses of dark hair coiled on her head like a coronet. The door opened, and an old man of commonplace appearance, dressed in rusty black garments, came softly into the room.

'Who are you?' cried Lady Boldon, starting back in amazement.

The old man bowed respectfully, advanced a step or two, and said in a gentle, deprecatory tone: 'I am here, my lady, to represent Mr Felix. My name is Fane. I am his head-clerk; and I have come to seal up Sir Richard's private repositories, in accordance with your instructions.'

This sentence had been composed beforehand. When Matthew Fane had finished speaking it, he lifted his eyes with a deferential expression to the lady's face; but seeing that she had fallen into a brown study, his glance changed to one of close, eager scrutiny. The old man's face now wore its expression of low craftiness, a craftiness that was ready, at the first alarm, to hide itself under its habitual mask of servility.

Matthew Fane noticed every detail of the lady's features and of her surroundings; he read in her face the signs of indomitable will, of haughty temper, of disappointment, anxiety, and alarm.

'Tell Mr Felix,' she said, 'that I expected he would have come down himself to-day. -- No; tell him that I am sorry he could not come to-day, and I hope he will not fail to be here on Tuesday. You must remember that. The funeral is on Wednesday; and there are several things I want to consult Mr Felix about. Tell him I must really beg him to be here on Tuesday afternoon without fail.'

Matthew Fane promised that he would deliver the message.

Lady Boldon gave the necessary directions; and the servant, imagining that Mr Fane must be a solicitor, since he was to have access to all Sir Richard's bureaux, took him to the library, pointed out the various articles of furniture which might be used as receptacles for documents, and went about his business.

Left thus to himself, Fane resolved to im-

prove the situation by instituting a little search on his own account. Before sealing up a drawer, he would open it, make a hurried mental inventory of its contents, and then proceed to lock it and seal a piece of red tape over the lock. 'Not that I expect to find anything of importance,' he muttered to himself, as with nimble fingers he turned over a bundle of papers. 'My old man isn't such an idiot as to have left the new will here. Not likely. I think I understand the affair pretty well. The governor is head over ears in love with the widow, and small blame to him. She's the handsomest woman I ever saw, and I rather think I've seen some in my day a few. But being an old man, compared with her ladyship, and not a millionaire, while she is rich, his only chance of getting her is to do her bidding about the will. He means to do it, but can't quite make up his mind. That's why he has been in a sort of dazed state ever since he heard that the lady was a widow. That's why he shirked coming down here to-day, and sent me in his place. He knows there's nothing of any importance to be done here. He's got the new will safe in London, hidden away somewhere; and if the lady will come to terms, he won't produce it; and one calm evening he'll burn it, and come in for the estate and the lady too. That's his game. And the question is—What's *my* game? Knowing what I know, this should be a fortune to me. The question is—What's *my* game?'

The answer to this query was not, apparently, very easy to find; for when Mr Fane had reached this point in his cogitations, he threw himself back in his chair, and, abandoning his task, began to speculate on the chance of his being able to turn his knowledge into money. Should he endeavour to get the new will into his hands, find out the person who would benefit by it, and try to sell it to him? In order to do this, he must wait until Mr Felix had shown that he did not mean to produce it. And by that time, there could hardly be a doubt, Mr Felix would have turned the new will into ashes, if he had not done so already.

Coming to himself with a start, Mr Fane dismissed this train of thought from his mind, and rapidly finished his work. Then, ringing for the footman, he declared that he was ready to go back to London. While the dogcart was being prepared, Fane did justice to a very substantial meal; and when it was ended, he said to the footman who was clearing the table: 'By the way, was it you who witnessed a document for Sir Richard, when Mr Felix was down here a few days ago?'

The man stared at him for a moment before answering. 'No.'

'You didn't write your name as witness on a paper?'

'Never in my life.'

'One of the servants must have done it. I wonder which of them it was,' said Mr Fane. 'Do you think you could find out for me?' Then, noticing that the man looked curious, and, he fancied, a little suspicious as to the reason of his questioning, Fane hastened to add: 'You see, one of the witnesses has signed

with an initial only, and Mr Felix forgot to ask for the Christian name. I must have it to fill in, in the proper place. Would you mind asking which of the servants signed a paper as witness when Mr Felix was down last?'

'What was the name of the servant as did it, sir—the last name, I mean?' asked the footman.

'Dear me!' said Mr Fane, rubbing his nose in pretended perplexity, 'I declare I've forgotten it. I never doubted that the person who acted as witness would remember all about it, as it was only a few days ago.'

'My name is Fulton,' said the footman, as if the information could in some way help Mr Fane's weak memory.

The clerk shook his head; and, after some inward hesitation, pulled a half-crown out of his pocket, and slipped it into the man's hand. 'Just find out for me which of the servants witnessed a paper for Sir Richard last week,' he said. 'One of them must have done it.'

Fulton left the room, and came back in a few minutes, saying that none of the servants had acted in the capacity of witness for Sir Richard at any time. 'But,' he added, 'the butler said very likely it was Mr Lynd, the curate, that witnessed the paper. He was in Sir Richard's room when Mr Felix came; and most likely Mr Lynd put his name to it before he left.'

'Lynd!' exclaimed Fane, pretending to remember the name as soon as he heard it. 'Of course; that's the name. Mr Lynd is curate of the parish, I suppose.'

'Yes, sir. His Christian name's Stephen.'

'Very good. Thank you. That's all I wanted to know.'

And so, having satisfied his curiosity on this important point, Matthew Fane returned to London.

THE THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL.

THIS year's musical Festival of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford is the one hundred and seventieth follower of a modest little performance at Hereford in the year 1724. It really traces its origin to an insignificant private weekly concert, established some years earlier, and conducted by Dr Bisee. After its birth as a Festival proper, and the first of its kind, it rapidly became a noteworthy gathering, moved on one place each year in the circle of the three cities, and acquired a national reputation. Though it has been for a century and a half the chief support of a useful local charity, it is as a musical institution that it is most remarkable, and its history best worth glancing at.

In its early days it was variously known as the 'Music Meeting,' the 'Three Choirs Festival,' or the 'Triennial Celebrity,' and the local newspapers spared to it only a very scanty paragraph. It is curious to read, even in these meagre records, that the concerts consisted of 'capital songs, choruses, and instrumental pieces;' and that in 1776 Giardini and Fischer—who were engaged to play solo music on the oboe and the hautboy—appeared on the

platform in bag wigs and wearing swords. Obviously the attire of the performers was much more picturesque then than in this present period of decorous frock coat and sublimed though elaborate gown. In 1778 a boy named Harrison was engaged to sing the soprano music; but his beautiful voice broke on the very morning of the day on which the Festival began. He was afterwards known as a tenor. In 1788 George III. attended the Festival at Worcester; and in 1796 Braham, then only twenty-two years of age, sang the leading tenor music. About this time Hereford Cathedral was in such a dilapidated condition, and so dangerous from this and other causes, that it was not considered safe to hold the Festival there; and it was feared that the meeting would have to be abandoned; till it was decided to transfer the performances to one of the city churches. Half a century later, some one spread the rumour that Worcester Cathedral was not safe; and the cry took such hold that the public, in a panic, would not buy the tickets. They were only appeased and reassured when the stewards obtained the certificate of a well-known architect that the building was thoroughly secure.

In 1811 Madame Catalani had a salary of four hundred guineas at Gloucester about fifty guineas less than Madame Albani has received for the same engagement - and besides giving fifty guineas to the charity, she organised a concert for the release of imprisoned debtors. The performance realised two hundred and sixty pounds, of which she gave one-half to the Infirmary, and the other half to the assistance of the prisoners on the debtors' side of the city jail. Four years later, some smart person in London turned a dishonest penny by circulating and selling spurious tickets, and there was considerable trouble in readjusting the arrangements.

In 1827 the collections which, it should be explained, are devoted entirely to the fund for the necessitous widows and orphans of the clergy of the three dioceses - reached £1083; but the Duchess of St Albans held one of the collecting plates, and who could refuse a Duchess? The large collections do not necessarily mean that the meeting itself has been profitable, for the stewards have to meet all expenses out of the sale of the tickets; and if there is any deficiency, they themselves must pay the piper as well as the singer. For instance, in 1833 Malibran was engaged, and the Festival was expected to be a great success. So it was, in the musical sense; but while the receipts from the sale of tickets were £3496, the expenditure was £4300. The deficiency of £800 had to be made good by the stewards out of their own pockets. A continuation of these losses over several following Festivals made the office of steward a rather undesirable one, till at length a Guarantee Fund was started to help the managers when in a difficulty. That this was necessary was shown by the very next Festival in 1839, when the deficiency amounted to £1270.

It was obvious that this sort of thing could not go on; and in 1842 the system was changed. No foreign stars were engaged, and the performances were held in the nave instead

of in the choir of the Cathedral. Apparently this did not do either, for though the Festival has been held in the nave ever since, the practice of engaging stars was soon reverted to; thus, in 1848 Jenny Lind was engaged, and there was the greatest disappointment because Mr Lumley declined to break a previous contract and to permit her to sing at Worcester. She actually sang at Birmingham while the Festival was proceeding. In 1859 there were some disgraceful disturbances at Worcester arising out of the inability of Mr Sims Reeves to sing. At the concert on the Tuesday evening he did not appear. The stewards were not without intimation of the reason, for they had a letter from him explaining that he would not be able to sing, because, while staying at Gloucester a day or two before, the hotel caught fire, and he, in endeavouring to save his wife and child, caught cold. Nevertheless, the stewards allowed his name to appear in the programme after three pieces, and did not even communicate to the audience the facts of which the great tenor had made them aware. When the audience found that he did not appear, they raised a disturbance; and Tietjens and Giuglini, who were about to sing a duet, had to retire. Next day he sang in 'The Elijah,' but the critics treated him severely, though he was plainly ill. He was again down to sing a ballad at the evening concert; but as he did not appear, the uproar was repeated. One of the stewards went on to the platform, and said that Mr Reeves had quietly walked off, and the stewards could not bring him back. Hisses and prolonged uproar greeted this announcement; but Madame Clara Novello came forward and at last secured silence. Then instead of singing, she rebuked the audience for their behaviour, declared that the statement of the steward was not accurate, that Mr Reeves was really ill, and had the permission of the conductor to retire. 'I do not like to hear a brother-performer falsely accused,' she declared; and intimated that she was asked to sing in Mr Reeves's place. The people, however, continued to be noisy, and made the Festival memorable by their turbulence.

The Worcester Festival was again the cause of a bitter dispute some twenty years ago. It was felt, by a very large section of the Cathedral body that the Festival had lost its religious and reverent side, and was becoming a week of show and social enjoyment. It was plainly intimated that this must cease; that the Cathedral must not be made a luncheon-room for the consumption of set meals in the mid-day interval; and that it must not be regarded as an ordinary concert chamber, where behaviour permissible enough in other places, but indecorous in a sacred building, could be tolerated. The character of the performances was also a ground of criticism, and the reformers had the strong support of the late Lord Dudley. After an acrimonious wrangle, in which the citizens of Worcester were so strongly opposed to the action of Lord Dudley that some of them put black flags out whenever he went to the town in state to the Festival, the reformers had their way. The

Festival has, however, gone back to what is almost the old order of things so far as the music is concerned; but the utmost decorum prevails now in the Cathedral, and the seats are so arranged that no one sits with his back to the altar. Latterly, the course of the Festival has been peaceful, and history records nothing outside the bounds of the routine. Although a list of the musical novelties it has produced cannot be given here, it is certainly true that the Festival has been reasonably fruitful in this respect, as well as notable for artistic rendering of established works. The interest of the local and general public in the event has seldom been greater than now, and the success of the meetings rarely more assured.

A DAUGHTER OF THE KING.

By BEATRICE DEAKIN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'WELL, we couldn't have a prettier place to die in,' said Lieutenant Larry, with a sigh of resignation.

'Prettier place!' echoed Captain Jackson, casting a look of ineffable disgust at his more philosophical friend. 'What the deuce does it matter what kind of a place it is, so long as you've got to die in it?'

'Thou hast no poetry in thy soul; and the love of the beautiful hath no place in thee,' quoth the Lieutenant, a gleam of fun in his gray eyes; for, though realising to the full the utter seriousness and danger of their situation, he could not withstand the opportunity of teasing his less equable fellow-officer.

'You're a fool, Larry,' was the polite response to this quotation.

'Come, come!' spoke a grave-looking officer, who was lying in a helpless attitude on the floor of the narrow ravine. 'Come, Larry; this is ill-timed jesting; and Jackson, surely quarrelling is out of place here.'

'But, Major, we may as well die in a cheerful manner,' argued the irrepressible Larry, turning to the recumbent Major.

'Quite so,' agreed Major Littleton. 'But not in idle frivolity and jesting.'

The young Lieutenant collapsed in crushed silence on the ground; but Captain Jackson went on in a complaining tone.

'I wish I'd never started on such a fool-errand. For my part, I don't think the Colonel had any right to send us.'

'He had every right,' contradicted the Major calmly. 'He is not to answer for our lack of sense in attempting impossibilities. Anyway, we are here now; and it is of no use grumbling. All that is left to consider is, if we can by any means get out of the scrape.'

'Of course we can't'—moodily. 'We have only managed to escape from that beastly swamp, because we had the mountains to steer for. But to attempt to cross it again would be just walking into it to die. Besides, you can't get about.'

'As you put the case, that doesn't matter,' rejoined the Major calmly. 'Then all that

remains is to resign yourself to fate; and be ashamed as a soldier to die in childish moaning and complaining. At least, you are no worse off than the rest of us.'

'Indeed! And isn't he better?' exclaimed Lieutenant Larry in a broad Irish tone, sitting bolt upright at once. 'Isn't he whole and comfortable in body? All the hard work he's done has been growling. Clarke and I have done all the carrying of you every bit of the way. Heartily welcome you are, too, to all I can do for you; but the fact remains for all that.'

The soldier in a private's uniform, sitting on the ground by the Major, smiled at this rebuff; and Jackson himself was silent.

Presently, Larry went on, the good-humour returning to the frank boyish face. 'I shan't care—so much—if only we don't get found by those infernal screeching Indians. This wig of mine isn't much to brag by; but it has done very well for me, and I should like to die in it. Besides, it's much more poetical—with a defiant glance at Jackson.

Jackson discreetly disregarded both look and challenge, and merely remarked: 'I think I've quite disguised all tracks from the swamp.'

'You couldn't possibly do it, my dear Jackson,' amiably contradicted the Lieutenant, bent on passing time by teasing his already ruffled companion. 'They will find us sharp enough if they happen to come within five miles of us. Why, I'm quite sure they could smell us.—Don't you think so, Major?' glancing up to see how his superior officer was taking his continued persecuting of the Captain.

But the Major and Clarke were both staring with an expression of the utmost amazement at the entrance of the ravine. Following their eyes, Larry looked there also, and then involuntarily clapped his hand on his six-shooter; for, standing in the small opening made in the tree-growth was a figure and a horse. The next moment, though, his hand dropped away from the weapon, as he recognised that the figure was that of a girl. It was a strange figure this, that the four men were staring at so blankly, and whose owner was so calmly and composedly scrutinising them—strange in its admixture of race characteristics, of savagery and intellect. Manner and bearing were Indian; feature and colouring, English. The hair, which fell in such masses over her shoulders, was of a bright, sunny brown, having none of the coppery shade belonging to Indian blood; her skin, too, in its rich cream-colouring was purely English. The eyes, large, red-brown, and shaded by long, sombre lashes, held in their dark depths a strange wilfulness; and from beneath their screen of lashes they were ever-restless, all-observant. The figure was Indian-like in its erect haughtiness and supple grace. On the grave, almost stern, young face the brooding gloom of the savage had settled; the only touch of softness it possessed lay in the droop of the curved lips, whose pathos was in direct contradiction to the rest of the expression. She seemed about eighteen or nineteen in age. Her dress, a primitive robe from throat to ankle, was confined to her waist by a belt of plaited 'mesquite' grass; on her head was

a broad straw hat ornamented by a spray of crimson leaves.

Lieutenant Larry was the first to regain power of speech, as might have been expected. He put forth a question alike in English and the blindest of tones: 'Who are you?'

'Who are you?' was the counter-question, also in English.

'Well, I'm Larry Morrison, of Harcourt's division,' somewhat astonished at hearing himself answered in English, though, without thinking, he had spoken in that language.

'What is your name?' inquired Captain Jackson in a more imperious tone than that employed by the Lieutenant. 'And where do you come from?'

'I come from the top of the mountain. What is my name to you?'—in an equally unpromising tone.

'Oh, but I told you my name in a second,' remonstrated Larry in a ridiculous tone of reproach; 'and we're all so friendly, too,' he added.

'I am known in this country as Hialulu,' she said, answering Larry.

'Hialulu?' repeated Larry. 'You're not an Indian girl, then, are you?'—in a half-aggrieved manner.

'No—I don't know. Perhaps.'

'Don't know? Why, of course you must know,' contradicted the Captain.

'Must I?' turning a far less kindly look on him than that bent on the young Lieutenant.

'We don't wish to know any more of your affairs than you may choose to tell us,' interposed the hitherto silent Major Littleton. 'But we should just like to know if you are friendly.'

'I am not friendly; neither am I hostile'—calmly.

'Not friendly!' echoed Larry. 'Why not?'

'Because, to be friendly to you, I must needs be treacherous to my father.'

'Is your father an Indian, then?'

'No.'

'What, then? Do tell us what he is—or you are—or something,' said the Captain, with some impatience.

Without looking at him, or taking the least notice, Hialulu answered his question, partly to the Major, partly to Larry. 'I suppose it would do no one harm if I do tell you who I am. I was born in these hills; all my life has been spent here; I am known to the tribes as Hialulu; but my name is Kate Martineau.'

'Martineau—Martineau?' repeated the Major blankly. 'Who was—or is—your father, then?'

'In his own country he was Captain Martineau of the scarlet Lancers.'

'Of course!' exclaimed Larry. 'Jolly fellows they are too. Why didn't he stop with them?'

'Through some injustice, he was expelled the regiment. It was before I was born. I never asked him anything of it; only I have heard the old servant Molly say something of the kind.'

Major Littleton, who had been sitting with knitted brows and the general air of a man who was racking his brains, now looked somewhat enlightened. He addressed Jackson with an excited look: 'Is that Martineau of the

old écarté affair, you bet. I've often heard the old Lancer officers refer to it, and wonder what became of the Captain.'

'Yes; he came here directly after it!' remarked Hialulu indifferently.—'Now, he is a deadly enemy of all Englishmen. He would put the Indians on your trail in a second if I were to mention your whereabouts; and he would shoot me without a thought, were he to find I had in any way befriended you.'

'But you will befriend us, won't you?' queried Larry anxiously.

'Why should I? Why should I be treacherous to my father and my people for your sakes?'

'They're not your people,' contradicted the Lieutenant quickly.

'They are my adopted people, whose country has been my country, and who have been kind to me, if ever any one has been kind,' she replied in her low, even tones, leaning more heavily against the motionless mustang. 'What cause do you bring why I should be false to these people to help you?—the people who have been the means of depriving me of all the rights of my birth and sex, of everything, it seems to me, but life.'

She addressed her words to Larry; and the other men were silent, feeling, somehow, that he was far more likely to get on with this strange girl than they.

In a moment Larry answered; the true character of the young soldier shone for a second through the daily veil of fun and banter. 'The cause I bring is the cause of humanity, the cause that overcomes hatreds of race and creed. And I plead for your help because we are helpless and—indicating the prostrate Major—suffering; and because you are a woman—and I feel, a noble one—who would see how unjust it would be to punish us—who never did you harm—for the wrongs others did your father. And we are your people, and not the Indians,' he concluded emphatically.

The girl looked long and steadily at him, her eyes seeming to travel over every line of his face; then they wandered to the pale, weary face of Major Littleton; they noted the pallor on each man's face, and finally came back to the handsome face of the young Lieutenant. She placed her hand on the mustang's back before she spoke: 'I am going. If I come again, I will bring you food.' A quick movement, and horse and rider had vanished.

Up the side of the great, gray mountain went the blue-coated mustang; and at some height above the plains the girl slipped from his back, and leaning against him, stood gazing over the vast, lonely distances.

Savage-reared, and wild in thought and deed, was this girl, who stood looking with eyes of fierce gloom across the plains. The savage's stern creed, which buys revenge at any price, and which knows no forgiveness, had been instilled into her from earliest childhood, and should have shown her no second course than that of riding straight to her father, telling him all, and leaving him to do the rest. But, somehow, the heart of this savage girl had been strangely stirred at the sight of these white men—her race-brothers.

She stamped her foot in savage rage that she should hesitate about going to her father at once; and at least a dozen times she placed her hand on the mustang's back, ready to ride to his cave. But each time something drew her back. Into her mind's eye came those handsome white faces; and her soul was filled with a—for her—strange shrinking from the merciless course she meditated.

The girl's character was as great a contradiction as her face. Great good and strong evil were there; and unconsciously she clung to the untought good that was in her. Now, which should conquer?—the good or the evil, the woman's mercy, or the savage's mercilessness?

Bah! That she should need to question it! Once more she placed her hand on the mustang's back; the animal quivered to start, and—ah, but again she stopped. That troublesome face! That refined, courteous, patient, suffering face of the man on the floor of the gulch! How could she see it mutilated and torn by savage men?

To leave them and keep silence would be more cruel than to tell her father, for they would die slowly of starvation. And after struggling through the swamp too! How cruel a fate. No; she could not rest, knowing they were wanting food; she must tell her father immediately, or help them.

Again she stamped her foot in savage rage and disgust; and knitted the dark level brows. 'I can't leave them to die,' she almost moaned. 'They are my brothers, after all. I can speak nothing of my father or the Indian people; and then surely I have a right to give them my life, if so I choose. Yes.' The last word was really an audible resolve to follow the dictates of her own heart. She reflected for a few moments in absolute silence and stillness; then mounted the mustang and rode away.

THE ORIGIN OF SOME BRITISH REGIMENTS.

THE present permanent or standing army of Great Britain dates from the Restoration in 1660. Previously, there was no standing army, properly so called, although Cromwell's army partook of that nature. It is remarkable that domestic troubles and French wars are almost wholly responsible for the growth of the British army. About ten or a dozen regiments were raised at the Restoration; seventeen in consequence of Monmouth's and Argyll's rebellions in 1685; fifteen were raised by William III. to suppress the Irish rebellion and to aid him in his French war; nine were raised for Marlborough in 1702; eight on account of the rebellion of 1715; in 1741, six regiments were raised for the French war; in 1755, eleven more, mostly to serve in America; in 1758, ten; and from 1793 to 1815, seventeen were raised on account of the war with France.

The formation of the British army was begun, so to speak, with a clean board. On the accession of Charles II., Cromwell's army was disbanded; and so anxious was Charles to please the Parliament, that he offered to disband his own troop of Horse or Life Guards, a body-

guard to which every general was then entitled. This general disarmament was owing to the intense dislike of the people and Parliament to anything in the shape of standing troops, these being regarded as mere tools in the hands of a despotic ruler for working out his own ends. The Commons had received a lesson in this respect during the iron rule of Cromwell, and they did not desire to place similar instruments in the hands of Charles, although obviously Charles had as much reason to distrust the existing army as the Parliament had. The country was thus to be without standing troops of any kind, it being considered that the trained bands or militia would be quite sufficient for any sudden emergency that might arise.

About the end of 1660 the disbandment was completed, with the exception of one regiment. This was General Monk's, now Duke of Albemarle's, regiment of foot, which, out of compliment to him, was to have been disbanded last. Just before this, however, the rising of the Fifth Monarchy Men took place. This, along with an alleged previous attempt on the life of the king, showed the impudence of having no organised military force ready to cope with a sudden emergency of the kind, for the trained-band machinery was found too slow, and the king had to send his own body-guard against the fanatics. The very day before Monk's regiment was to have been disbanded, orders arrived countermanding it. The Parliament now allowed Charles to keep up a certain number of troops, as a Royal Guard, to be paid by himself out of the money allowed for his own support. The number of these troops was not to exceed five thousand.

Monk's regiment being yet undisbanded, was naturally the first to form a part of the new Guard. Monk had previously taken care that all the men should be of his own way of thinking, so that there was no difficulty in this respect. The regiment laid down its arms as soldiers of the Parliament, but immediately took them up again as an 'extraordinary Guard for the king's person.' Monk's foot regiment thus became the first regiment of Guards enrolled, and, indeed, the first of any kind. From the town in which it was quartered before Monk began his famous march to London, it afterwards became known as the Coldstream Guards.

Other regiments of Guards were raised at the same time. A commission was granted to Colonel John Russell to raise a new regiment. This regiment, from the commission being dated a few days previous to the enrolment of Monk's regiment, took precedence. In 1665, another regiment, which had been quartered at Dunkirk, was added to the establishment of Colonel Russell's Foot-guards, and the united regiment became known as the King's or 1st Regiment of Foot-guards, until after the battle of Waterloo, when the Prince Regent conferred on it the title of the 1st or Grenadier Regiment of Foot-guards.

Simultaneously with the establishment of the two regiments of Foot-guards, the troops of Horse-guards of the Duke of York and the Duke of Albemarle were transferred to the

king's pay—thus forming, along with the king's own troop, three troops of Horse or Life Guards, as they were indifferently called. After various changes, these Horse-guards were, in 1788, finally formed into two regiments, dropping the title of Horse-guards, and assuming that by which they are now known, the 1st and 2d Life-guards.

At the same time that the above troops were transferred to the king's pay, a new regiment of Horse-guards was ordered to be raised. The command was given to the Earl of Oxford. This regiment was known as the Royal Regiment of Horse-guards, and known now as the Horse-guards (Blue). They were first called Oxford's Blues in William III.'s time, to distinguish them from a Dutch regiment, also with a blue uniform, in his pay.

In 1662 a regiment of Foot-guards was raised in Scotland. There was no special reason for the raising of this regiment except that Charles wished to have troops in Scotland in his own pay and on whom he could depend. This was the regiment now known as the Scots Guards. Until the Revolution, Scottish troops were, as a rule, confined to Scotland, being only called across the Border on one or two occasions, and were not considered as part of the English army.

This completes the history of the Guards. At first raised as guards for the king's person, and in his own pay, these regiments formed the nucleus of the British army. They were viewed by the people with suspicion and dislike, but with little reason, at least in Charles's time. That monarch continued to raise troops beyond his limit, but contrived to keep them out of sight by sending them to garrison Tangier.

In 1664 a regiment which had been in Holland for nearly a hundred years was recalled to England and sent to garrison Tangier. When that place was abandoned, it became the 3d Regiment, or the Buffs, as it was familiarly called, from the colour of its facings. There is a tradition that it was raised originally in the time of Elizabeth to serve in the Low Countries, and was recruited chiefly by the citizens of London. It is the only regiment permitted to march with drums beating and colours flying through the streets of the City, although others have claimed that privilege.

In 1678 Charles recalled permanently to England a Scottish regiment which had for centuries been in the service of the kings of France—as far back, according to some authorities, as the twelfth century. It was known as the Scots Guard, and in early times as the Scottish Archers, familiar to readers of *Quentin Durward*. Charles made it his Royal Regiment of Foot. Later, it was known as the 1st Royal Regiment. It still retains its old title of Royal Scots. It is supposed to be the oldest regiment in the world, which gained for it the sobriquet of 'Pontius Pilate's Guards.' It was owing to a mutiny in this regiment in 1689 that the first Mutiny Act was passed. The regiment was the only one which refused to serve under William of Orange. It set out on the march for Scotland, but was captured and brought back.

Other two well-known Scottish regiments were raised in 1678 for the purpose of suppressing the Covenanters. One of these regiments, raised by the Earl of Mar, mostly among his retainers, became afterwards known as the 21st, or Scots Fusiliers, although it was not raised originally as fusiliers. It may be mentioned that the duty of fusiliers was to protect the artillery; they were armed with fusils, hence their name. Gunners in those days were artisans and not fighting men.

The other regiment has since become famous in the annals of the British army, although the object for which it was raised was the not very creditable one of hunting down its own countrymen. Three troops of cavalry were raised as a useful auxiliary to the foot regiment. In 1681 other three troops were added, and the whole formed into a regiment of dragoons, under the command of the notorious General Dalziel. The regiment was at first known as the Royal North British Dragoons, but now as the 2d Dragoons, or Scots Greys. It was the first dragoon regiment raised, although only added to the English establishment after the 1st Royal Dragoons were raised; hence, it considered itself well entitled to the motto, although it has a double significance, 'Second to none.' It is the only cavalry regiment permitted to wear grenadier caps. At Ramillies, the Scots Greys, in conjunction with the Royal Irish Dragoons, captured two battalions of a French regiment, and cut another to pieces. In this service the two regiments were distinguished by being allowed to wear grenadier caps. Afterwards, the caps were restricted to the Scots Greys. Another regiment of horse was raised at the same time as the Scots Greys, under the command of Claverhouse, but was afterwards disbanded.

James II. seized the opportunity occasioned by Monmouth's rebellion in 1685 of increasing the military forces. The object was not so much to crush the rebellion as to increase his own power. Among the new regiments then raised were the 1st, 2d (Queen's Bays), 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards, the 3d and 4th Hussars, and the 7th Royal Fusiliers. The cavalry regiments were mostly enrolled by the nobility and gentry of the counties, and were at first merely troops of horse. This was the first occasion on which an Irish regiment was raised. Towards the close of his reign, James raised several other Irish regiments, among them a regiment of Foot-guards. Most of these sided with James in the Irish rebellion, and were afterwards disbanded. One of them entered the service of France.

Among the troops which came over with William at the Revolution was an English regiment which had been in his service in Holland; this became the 5th, now Northumberland Fusiliers, familiarly known as the 'Fighting 5th.'

Among the regiments raised by William to cope with the Irish rebellion and to aid him in his French war, were the 6th Dragoons, or Enniskilleners, and the 23d, or Welsh Fusiliers. This last was the first regiment raised in Wales, in consequence of which it assumed the three feathers and the motto 'Ich Dien.'

Two regiments raised in Scotland to contend with the Jacobites rising under Viscount Dundee (formerly Graham of Claverhouse) were the 25th (the King's Own Borderers) and the 26th (the Cameronians). The first was raised for the defence of Edinburgh, and it is said that all the men required (eight hundred) were enlisted in two hours. For its services at Killiecrankie, the city of Edinburgh granted it for ever the privilege of beating up the town for recruits without the special permission of the Lord Provost. It was in this regiment that the famous Corporal Trim served in Flanders; his real name was Corporal James Butler.

The raising of the Cameronian regiment illustrates in a curious manner the rapid political changes of those unquiet times. Only ten years had elapsed since the raising of the Scots Greys for service against the Covenanters, and now the Cameronians were raised for service against their late oppressors. This regiment, as its name implies, was mainly recruited from the stricter set of Covenanters, the followers of Richard Cameron. The regiment to the number of twelve hundred men was enrolled in one day without either money or beat of drum. This enthusiasm was from no love of William, whom in the matter of Church government they considered little better than his predecessor, but from their intense hatred of James and the Roman Catholic religion; and this opportunity of smiting his adherents was too good to be lost. The regiment must, however, have soon fallen from its original stern principles, for in Douce Davie Dean's day, if we are to believe him, the men could curse, swear, and use profane language as fast as ever Richard Cameron could preach or pray.

The origin of the famous 121, or Black Watch, is familiar to many. After the rebellion of 1715, the Government, with the view of bringing the Highlanders more into touch with the rest of the people, caused six companies of them to be raised. The command of each company was given to the chief of a clan. Their duties at first were not strictly military, but more those of an armed police, disarming the Highlanders, and preventing depredations on the Lowlands. They executed these duties so much to the satisfaction of the Government, that in 1739 the companies were formed into one regiment and enrolled in the line. The name 'Black Watch,' by which this distinguished regiment has ever since been known, arose from the dark colour of their uniform tartan. How the regiment would have behaved during the rebellion of 1745, it is difficult to conjecture, but fortunately it was abroad at the time.

Most of the other Highland regiments were raised in 1793 and the following year. Two well-known Irish regiments were also raised at this time—the 87th (Royal Irish Fusiliers) and the 88th (Connaught Rangers). The Rangers, from their plundering propensities in the Peninsula, were styled by General Picton 'the greatest blackguards in the army.'

In the year 1800 the importance of having a specially trained corps of riflemen was felt by the military authorities. In that year a corps was accordingly formed. It was at first made

up by picked detachments from other regiments, each retaining its own individuality; but in 1802 it was formed into an independent regiment, taking rank as the 95th. This was the beginning of the well-known Rifle Brigade, whose brilliant services in the Peninsula and the Crimea, in supplying skirmishers and light troops, contributed materially to the success of the British arms.

The Marines were first established in 1664, when a corps was formed to supply trained sailors for the fleet. The merchant navy at that time was not large enough to supply the king's ships, and the impressed men were in general unruly. A certain number of marines were therefore placed in each ship to keep the crew in order. Thus, at first, marines were trained sailors, and not soldiers, although at that time, and both before and after, the fighting in men-of-war was done by soldiers. No special regiment was set apart for this duty, but sometimes one and sometimes another was employed. The Duke of York (afterwards James II.) was in command of a regiment which was for some time employed in this way.

The Royal Artillery owes its origin to the Duke of Marlborough. In 1716, when Master-general of the Ordnance, he established two companies of artillery at Woolwich for the purpose of feeding the independent companies then serving abroad. From this beginning, the establishment of a depot, has the great organisation of the Royal Artillery sprung. The Royal Horse Artillery only dates from 1793, when two troops were formed.

The origin of the Royal Engineers is closely associated with Gibraltar. In 1772 the fortifications of that stronghold were mainly built by hired labour; but this proving unsatisfactory, a company of artificers, called Military Artificers, was raised in 1796 under military jurisdiction for service at Gibraltar. These men were under Engineer officers, and in 1787 the position of the corps in the army was defined by royal warrant. From this small beginning the corps has grown to its present importance, including in its multifarious duties the practice of almost every service.

THE PROFESSOR'S BUTTERFLY.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

QUITE the most remarkable feature of an April meeting of the Entomological Society in 188—was the production, by Professor Parchell, F.Z.S., F.L.S., one of the oldest and most enthusiastic members of the Society, of a new and remarkable species of 'Achara,' hitherto quite unknown to science. The Professor was radiant and suffused with happiness. He had long been an ardent collector in England and Europe; but only recently had he turned his footsteps to the far-off lands south of the equator. It had been the dream of his life. And now, having lately resigned his chair at Cambridge, at the age of sixty, at his first essay in Cape Colony, a region fairly well known to entomologists, he had gratified his heart's desire, and discovered a species.

The new butterfly, which, it appeared, from a paper read by the Professor, had been found in some numbers, but within a very limited area—a mere speck of country—was shown in a carefully constructed case. There were sixteen specimens; and it was settled that the butterfly was to be known to science as '*Achraea Parchelli*,' thus perpetuating the Professor and his discovery to the ages yet unborn. The one particularity which marked the insect out from among its fellows was very striking. Upon the upper side of the hind-wings, right in the centre, there appeared a complete triangular space of silver, evenly bordered by circular black markings. This peculiarity, which was shared by male and female alike, was very beautiful and very marked; and the enthusiastic collectors gathered at the Society's meeting were, as the box of specimens was passed from hand to hand, all delighted with the new treasure. As for the Professor himself, never, except, perhaps, in that supreme moment when he had discovered within his net this new wonder, had he experienced such a glow of rapture and of triumph.

Amongst the Fellows of the Society met this evening sat Horace Maybold, a good-looking young man of six-and-twenty, who, having some private means, and an unquenchable thirst for the collection of butterflies, spent most of his time in going to and fro upon the earth in search of rare species. Horace had travelled in many lands, and had made a good many discoveries well known to his brethren; and quite recently he had turned his attention to the '*Achraeinae*,' the very family in which Professor Parchell had made his mark. The new butterfly interested him a good deal. Naturally, he at once burned to possess it in his own collection, and, after the meeting broke up, he approached the Professor and sounded him on the subject. In his paper read to the Society, that gentleman had rather vaguely described the habitat of the new species as 'in the Eastern Province of Cape Colony, in a small and compact area within fifty miles of the east bank of the Sunday's River.' But it appeared very quickly that the Professor for the present was unwilling to part with any of his specimens—even for an adequate consideration—or to impart the exact locality in which the species was to be found.

Horace had rather reckoned upon this, but he was none the less a little chagrined at the old gentleman's closeness.

'No, my dear sir,' had replied the Professor to his inquiries, 'I can't part with any of my specimens, except to the Natural History Museum, to which I intend to present a pair. As for the precise habitat, I intend—ahem!—for the present to reserve that secret to myself. It is a pardonable piece of selfishness—or shall I term it self-preservation?—you, as a collector, must admit. I intend to renew my acquaintance with the spot towards the beginning of next winter—that is the summer of the Cape. When I have collected more specimens, I may publish my secret to the world—hardly before.'

Horace looked keenly at the face of the clean, pink and white old gentleman before

him. There was no compromise in the set of the firm lips, or the blue eyes beaming pleasantly from behind the gold-rimmed spectacles, and so, with a polite sentence or two on his lips, but with some vexation at his heart, Horace Maybold turned away and went down to his club.

During the rest of that summer, Horace was pretty much occupied, yet his memory never let quit its grip of the Professor and his new butterfly. He had upon his writing-table the coloured plate from a scientific magazine, whereon was depicted that rare species; and as he refreshed his memory with it now and again, he determined more than ever to possess himself of specimens of the original. As far as possible he kept a sharp eye on the Professor's movements until the middle of September, when, happening to return to town from a few days' shooting, he ran across the old gentleman in Piccadilly.

'Well, Professor,' said Horace genially, 'how goes the world with you? I suppose you will be leaving England for the Cape again presently?'

'Yes,' returned the old gentleman, who seemed in excellent spirits; 'I expect to be sailing early in October. I want to have a fortnight or more in Cape Town at the Museum there. After that, I propose proceeding to my old hunting-ground of last year.'

'Where you discovered the new "*Achraea*?"' interposed Horace.

'Exactly,' rejoined the old gentleman.

'I quite envy you, Professor,' went on Horace. 'I am in two minds about visiting South Africa myself this winter. The Orange River country hasn't been half ransacked yet, or Kaffraria either, for that matter. I haven't settled my plans; but I may have a turn at one or the other.'

Now, Kaffraria lies not very far to the east of the Professor's own collecting-ground, that sacred spot which held his great secret yet inviolate. The old gentleman's face changed perceptibly; a stiffer line or two appeared about his mouth; he looked with some suspicion into Horace's eyes, and said, rather shortly: 'Ah, well! I am told the Orange River is an excellent and untried region. But, entomologically, South Africa upon the whole is poor. My visits there are mainly for health and change.—But I must be getting on; I have much to do. Good-bye, Mr Maybold—good-bye!'

The Professor passed on down St James's Street, and Horace sauntered along Piccadilly with a smile upon his face. The old gentleman had imparted something of his movements. Should he follow them up? Yes; he must have that '*Achraea Parchelli*,' somehow. He would follow to the Eastern Province in November. It might be a trifle like poaching; but, after all, the world is not a butterfly preserve for the one or two lucky ones. It lies open to every entomologist. And the old man had been so confoundedly close and secret. It would serve him right to discover his sacred treasure, to make plain his mystery.

After watching the weekly passenger list in '*South Africa*' for some time, Horace Maybold noted with interest that Professor Parchell had

ailed for Cape Town by a Donald Currie steamer in the first week of October. That fact ascertained, he at once secured a berth in a deck cabin of the *Norham Castle* for the first week in November. The chase had begun, and already Horace felt a keen and amusing sense of adventure—adventure in little springing within him.

After Madeira, when all had found their sea-legs, and the warm weather and smooth ocean appeared, things became very pleasant. Horace was not a man who quickly became intimate or much attached to people; but, almost insensibly, upon this voyage he found himself developing a strong friendship, almost an intimacy, with two ladies; one, Mrs Stacer, a pleasant, comely, middle-aged woman, perhaps nearer fifty than forty; the other, Miss Vanning, young, good-looking, and extremely attractive. The two ladies, who were connected, if not relations, were travelling to Port Elizabeth to stay with friends in that part of the colony—where, exactly, was never quite made clear. Horace found them refined, well bred, charming women, having many things in common with him; and the trio in a day or two's time got on swimmingly together.

By the time the line was reached, the vision of Rose Vanning, with her fair, wavy brown hair, good gray eyes, fresh complexion, and open, yet slightly restrained manner, was for ever before the mental ken of Horace Maybold. Here, indeed, he told himself, was the typical English girl he had so often set before himself; fresh, tallish, full of health, alert, vigorous in mind and body, yet a thorough and a perfect woman. On many a warm tropical evening, as they sat together on deck, while the big ship drove her way through the oil-like ocean, sending shoals of flying-fish scudding to right and left of her, the two chatted together, and day by day their intimacy quickened. It was clear to Horace, and it began, too, to dawn upon Mrs Stacer, that Rose Vanning found a more than ordinary pleasure in his presence. By the time they were within a day of Cape Town, Horace had more than half made up his mind. He had gently opened the trenches with Mrs Stacer, who had met him almost half-way, and had obtained permission to call upon them in London—at a house north of Hyde Park, where they were living. At present, they knew so little of him and his people, that he felt it would be unfair to push matters further. But he had mentioned Mrs Stacer's invitation to Rose Vanning.

'I hope, Miss Vanning,' he said, 'you won't quite have forgotten me when I come to see you—let me see—about next May. It's a very long way off, isn't it? And people and things change so in these times.' He looked a little anxiously at the girl as he spoke; what he saw reassured him a good deal.

'If you haven't forgotten us, Mr Maybold,' she said, a pretty flush rising as she spoke, 'I'm quite sure we shall remember and be glad to see you. We've had such good times together, and I hope you'll come and see us soon. We shall be home in April at latest, and we shall have, no doubt, heaps of adventures to compare.'

At Cape Town, Horace, after many inquiries, had half settled upon a journey along the Orange River. He had more than one reason for this. Perhaps Rose Vanning's influence had sharpened his moral sense; who knows? At any rate, he had begun to think it was playing it rather low down upon the Professor to follow him up and poach his preserves. He could do the Orange River this season, and wait another year for the 'Achræa Parchelli'; by that time, the old gentleman would probably have had his fill, and would not mind imparting the secret, if properly approached. And so the Orange River was decided upon, and in three or four days he was to start.

Upon the following evening, however, something happened to alter these plans. Half an hour before dinner, as he was sitting on the pleasant *stoep* (veranda) of the International Hotel, enjoying a cigarette, a man whose face he seemed to know came up to him and instantly claimed acquaintance. 'You remember me, surely, Maybold?' he said. 'I was at Marlborough with you in the same form for three terms.'

Of course Horace remembered him; and they sat at dinner together and had a long yarn far into the night.

The upshot of this meeting was that nothing would satisfy John Marley—'Johnny,' he was always called—but Horace should go round by sea with him to Port Elizabeth, and stop a few weeks at his farm, some little way up country from that place. When he was tired of that, he could go on by rail from Cradock, and complete his programme on the Orange River.

'If you want butterflies, my boy,' said Johnny in his hearty way, 'you shall have lots at my place—tons of them after the rains; and we'll have some rattling good shooting as well. You can't be always running about after "bugs," you know.'

So, next day but one, Horace, little loth, was haled by his friend down to the docks again, and thence round to Port Elizabeth by steamer. From Port Elizabeth they proceeded, partly by rail, partly by Cape cart and horses, in a north-easterly direction, until at length, after the best part of a day's journey through some wild and most beautiful scenery, they drove up late in the evening to a long, low, comfortable farmhouse, shaded by a big veranda, where they were met and welcomed by Marley's wife and three sturdy children. After allowing his friend a day's rest, to unpack his kit and get out his gunnery and collecting-boxes, Johnny plunged him into a vortex of sport and hard work. A fortnight had vanished ere Horace could cry off. He had enjoyed it all immensely; but he really must get on with the butterflies, especially if he meant to go north to the Orange River.

Marley pretended to grumble a little at his friend's desertion of buck-shooting for butterfly-collecting; but he quickly placed at his disposal a sharp Hottentot boy, Jacobus by name, who knew every nook and corner of that vast country-side, and, barring a little laziness, natural to Hottentot blood, proved a perfect treasure to the entomologist. The weather was perfection. Some fine showers had fallen, vegetation had

suddenly started into life, and the flowers were everywhere ablaze. The bush was in its glory.

Amid all this regeneration of nature, butterflies and insects were extremely abundant. Horace had a great time of it, and day after day added largely to his collection. One morning, flitting about here and there, he noticed a butterfly that seemed new to him. He quickly had a specimen within his net, and, to his intense satisfaction, found it, as he had suspected, a new species. It belonged to the genus 'Eurema'—which contains but few species—and somewhat resembled 'Eurema schumeia' (Trimen), a handsome dark brown and yellow butterfly, with tailed hind-wings. But Horace's new capture was widely different in this respect: the whole of the under surface of the wings was suffused with a strong roseate pink, which mingled here and there with the brown, sometimes darker, sometimes lighter in its hue.

Here was a thrilling discovery—a discovery which, as Horace laughingly said to himself, would make old Parcell 'sit up' at their Society's meeting next spring. Horace captured eight more specimens—the butterfly was not too plentiful—and then made for home in an ecstasy of delight.

A few days after this memorable event, he set off with Jacobus for a farmhouse thirty miles away, to the owner of which—an English Afrikaner—Marley had given him an introduction. As they passed near the kloof where the new butterfly had been discovered, which lay about half-way, Horace dismounted for an hour, and picked up half-a-dozen more specimens of the new 'Eurema.' These he placed with the utmost care in his collecting-box. At noon they saddled up and rode on again. Towards three o'clock they emerged from the hills upon a shallow, open, grassy valley, girt about by bushy mountain scenery. This small valley was ablaze with flowers, and butterflies were very abundant. Getting Jacobus to lead his horse quietly after him, Horace wandered hither and thither among the grass and flowers, every now and again sweeping up some butterfly that took his fancy. Suddenly, as he opened his net to secure a new capture, he uttered an exclamation of intense surprise. 'By all that's entomological!' he cried, looking up with a comical expression at the stolid and uninterested Hottentot boy, 'I've done it, I've done it! I've hit upon the old Professor's new butterfly!'.

No man could well be more pleased with himself than Horace Maybold at that moment. In ten minutes he had within his box seven or eight more specimens, for the butterfly—the wonderful, the undiscoverable 'Achrea Parcheii'—seemed to be fairly plentiful.

'How far are we off Mr Gunton's place now, Jacobus?' asked Horace.

'Nie, vër, nie, Baas' [Not so far, master], replied the boy in his Dutch patois. 'Bout one mile, I tink. See, dar kom another Baas!'

Horace shaded his eyes and looked. About one hundred and fifty yards off, there appeared above the tall grass a curious figure, remarkable

for a huge white helmet, loose light coat, and pink face and blue spectacles. A green butterfly net was borne upon the figure's shoulder. Horace knew in a moment whose was that quaint figure. He gave a soft whistle to himself. It was the Professor.

The old gentleman came straight on, and, presently, seeing, within fifty yards, strange people before him, walked up. He stood face to face with Horace Maybold, amazed, aghast, and finally very angry.

'Good-morning, Professor,' said that young man. 'I'm afraid I've stumbled by a sheer accident on your hunting-ground. I am staying with an old schoolfellow thirty miles away, and rode in this direction. I had no idea you were here.'

The Professor was a sight to behold. Red as an enraged turkey-cock, streaming with perspiration—for it was a hot afternoon—almost speechless with indignation, he at last blurted into tongue: 'So, sir, this is what you have been doing; stealing a march upon me; following me up secretly; defrauding me of the prizes of my own labour and research. I could not have believed it of any member of the Society. The thing is more than unhand-some. It is monstrous! an utterly monstrous proceeding!'

Horace attempted to explain matters again. It was useless; he might as well have argued with a buffalo bull at that moment.

'Mr Maybold,' retorted the Professor, 'the coincidence of your staying in the very locality in which my discovery was made, coupled with the fact that you endeavoured, at the last meeting of the Entomological Society, to extract from me the habitat of this new species, is quite too impossible. I have nothing more to say—for the present.' And the irate old gentleman passed on.

Horace felt excessively vexed. Yet he had done no wrong. Perhaps, when the old gentleman had come to his senses, he would listen to reason.

Jacobus now led the way to the farmhouse. It lay only a mile away, and they presently rode up towards the stoep. Two ladies were sitting under the shade of the ample thatched veranda—one was painting, the other reading. Horace could scarcely believe his eyes, as he approached. 'These were his two fellow-passengers of the *Norham Castle*, Mrs Stacer and Rose Vanning—the latter looking, if possible, more charming than ever. The ladies recognised him in their turn, and rose with a little flutter. Horace jumped from his horse and shook hands with some warmth.

'Who, on earth,' he said, 'could have expected to meet you in these wilds? I am astonished—and delighted,' he added, with a glance at Rose.

Explanations ensued. It seemed that the ladies were the sister and step-daughter of the Professor, who was a widower. They had been engaged by him in a mild conspiracy not to reveal his whereabouts, so fearful was he of his precious butterfly's habitat being made known to the world; and so, all through the voyage, no mention had been made even of his name. It was his particular whim and request; and

here was the mystery at an end. The Professor had moved from the farmhouse in which he had lodged the year before, and had secured quarters in Mr Gunton's roomy, comfortable ranch, where the ladies had joined him.

Horace, who had inwardly chafed at this unexpected turn, had now to explain his awkward rencontre with the Professor. To his great relief, Mrs Stacer and Rose took it much more philosophically than he could have hoped; indeed, they seemed rather amused than otherwise.

'But,' said Horace with a rueful face, 'the Professor's in a frantic rage with me. You don't quite realise that he absolutely discredits my story, and believes I have been playing the spy all along. And upon the top of all this I have a letter to Mr Gunton, and must sleep here somehow for the night. There's no other accommodation within twenty miles. Why, when the Professor comes back and finds me here, he'll go out of his mind!'

Here Mrs Stacer, good woman that she was, volunteered to put matters straight, for the night, at all events. She at once saw Mr Gunton, and explained the *impasse* to him; and Horace was comfortably installed, away from the Professor's room, in the farm's own quarters.

'Leave my brother to me,' said Mrs Stacer, as she left Horace. 'His dare-ay matters will come right.'

At ten o'clock Mrs Stacer came to the door. Mr Gunton rose and went out as she entered. 'H'sh,' she said with mock-mystery as she addressed Horace. 'I think,' she went on, with a comical little smile, 'the Professor begins to think he has done you an injustice. He is amazed at our knowing you, and we have attacked him all the evening, and he is visibly relenting.'

'Mrs Stacer,' said Horace warmly, 'I can't thank you sufficiently. I've had inspiration since I saw you. I, too, have discovered, not far from here, a rather good new butterfly—a species hitherto unknown. Can't I make amend, by sharing my discovery with the Professor? I've got specimens here in my box, and there are plenty in a kloof fifteen miles away.'

'Why, of course,' answered Mrs Stacer. 'It's the very thing. Your new butterfly will turn the scale. I'll go and tell my brother you have a matter of importance to communicate, and wish to make further explanations.—Wait a moment.'

In three minutes she returned. 'I think it will be all right,' she whispered. 'Go and see him. Straight through the passage you will find a door open, on the right. I'll wait here.'

Horace went forward and came to the half-open door. The Professor, who had changed his loose yellow alpaca coat for a black one of the same material, sat by a reading-lamp. He wore now his gold-rimmed spectacles, in lieu of the blue 'goggles.' He looked clean, and pink, and comfortable, though a trifle severe—the passion of the afternoon had vanished from his face. Horace spoke the first word. 'I have again to reiterate, Professor, how vexed I am to have disturbed your collecting-ground. I had not the smallest intention of doing it. Indeed, my plans lay farther north.

It was the pure accident of meeting my old school-friend, Marley, that led me here. In order to convince you of my sincere regret, I have here a new butterfly—evidently a scarce and unknown "*Eurema*," which I discovered a few days since near here. My discovery is at your service. Here is the butterfly. I trust you will consider it some slight set-off for the vexation I have unwittingly given you.'

At sight of the butterfly, which Horace took from his box, the Professor's eyes gleamed with interest. He took the insect, looked at it very carefully, then returned it.

'Mr Maybold,' he said, rising and holding out his hand, 'I believe I did you an injustice this afternoon. I lost my temper, and I regret it. I understand, from my sister and daughter, that they are acquainted with you, and that they were fully aware of your original intention to travel to the Orange River. Your offer of the new butterfly, which is, as you observe, a new and rare species, is very handsome, and I cry quit. I trust I may have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow at breakfast, and accompanying you to the habitat of your very interesting and remarkable discovery.'

Before breakfast next morning, there was a very pleasant and even tender meeting between Horace Maybold and Rose Vanning; and, when Mrs Stacer joined them, there was a merry laugh over the adventures of yesterday.

After breakfast—they all sat down together, the Professor in his most genial mood—Horace and the old gentleman at once set off for the kloof where the new '*Eurema*' was discovered. They returned late in the evening; the Professor had captured a number of specimens, and although fatigued, was triumphantly happy. Horace stayed a week with them after this, with the natural result that at the end of that time he and Rose Vanning were engaged, with the Professor's entire consent.

The new butterfly—which, partly out of compliment to Rose, partly from its own peculiar colouring, was unanimously christened '*Eurema Rose*'—was exhibited by Horace and the Professor jointly and with great *clat* at an early meeting of the Entomological Society.

Horace and Rose's marriage is a very happy one. And, as they both laughingly agree—for the old gentleman often reminds them of the fact—they may thank the Professor's butterfly (the famous '*Achreia Parchelli*') for the lucky chance that first threw them together.

IRON-LINED TUNNELS.

THE latest and most approved practice in the construction of Tunnels, whether for vehicular or railway traffic, presents several features of note and interest, and a succinct résumé of the works recently executed on the new principle, together with some account of the *modus operandi*, may, in view of the probable growth and extended application of the principle, be not inaptly laid before our readers at the present moment. Tunnelling through soft ground, more especially when much water is encountered, forms, as our readers are aware, one of the most difficult problems grappled

with by the engineer, and the task is rendered by no means easier when heavy buildings are situated in the neighbourhood, which any subsidence is liable to crack and otherwise damage. Hitherto, a stone or brick lining has been the mode of tunnel construction, but cast-iron segments are now coming largely into vogue.

During the construction of the Forth Bridge, our pages contained an account of the sinking of a caisson and the founding of a pier by means of compressed air. Very much the same method is adopted in tunnel construction, with, of course, the difference, that whereas the caisson is sunk vertically, in tunnel construction it is driven forward horizontally. Details necessarily differ considerably; but the principle involved in pier-sinking or tunnel-driving by means of compressed air is identically similar.

In tunnel construction on this system, the air-lock is placed at the entrance, and the excavation is carried on by means of a shield, answering to the caisson in pier-sinking. The shield is simply a cylinder of the same diameter as the tunnel, furnished with doors for the passage of the 'spoil' or excavated material.

The method of working may be briefly described. Having excavated a length, the shield is pushed forward by means of hydraulic rams attached to it and actuating against the iron lining, already in position; this accomplished, the space vacated by the shield is immediately lined with the cast-iron segments; and after further excavation, the shield again moves forward by exerting the rams against the lining just erected.

The erection of the lining is variously executed. In the larger tunnels, where the segments are heavy, a specially designed arm attached to the shield lifts each into position; but in smaller tunnels, the workmen experience no difficulty in dealing with the segments by hand. The segments are held together by bolts, and the tunnel is practically a huge cast-iron pipe built up in pieces. The handiness of this mode of construction and the low price of iron, have induced engineers to regard the new system with great favour. Not only in this country has this system been adopted, but also in America in the Hudson Tunnel at New York.

In the City and South London Electric Railway, which is over three miles in length, two huge pipes running side by side are employed, each having an internal diameter of ten feet two inches, and being built up of six segments. This line was opened on November 4, 1890, by the Prince of Wales and the late Duke of Clarence.

In Edinburgh at the present moment the North British Railway Company are driving two tunnels beneath the Mound in connection with their Waverley Station widening, on this principle. Each tunnel has a diameter of eighteen feet and six inches, and is built up of thirteen segments and a key-piece at the crown, the length of the iron lining exceeding a hundred yards in both cases. In Glasgow, the Harbour Tunnel beneath the Clyde has been successfully accomplished on this system; whilst the District

Subway, or new underground railway, is largely built with iron lining, and is rapidly approaching completion.

In this latter undertaking, two tunnels, side by side of each other—one for the 'up,' the other for the 'down' trains—are being built, each having a diameter of eleven feet, and each composed of nine segments and one key-piece in the ring.

At Blackwall, the London County Council are now busily engaged in driving a tunnel twenty-seven feet in diameter beneath the river Thames for vehicular and passenger traffic. In this tunnel, fourteen segments and a key-piece go to the ring, and the type of construction and the method of procedure are in all respects similar to that already described.

In regard to future undertakings, the Waterloo and City Railway—connecting, as its name implies, the important terminus of the London and South western Railway with the heart of the City of London now being commenced, will be built on this system and actuated by electricity; whilst the Hampstead and Charing Cross Railway, and the Central London Railway—both designed with iron lining—will, when completed, form additional examples of this class of construction, furnishing the metropolis with much-needed means of subterranean communication.

Into the exact modes of the manufacture of cast-iron segments for tunnel-lining it is beyond the scope of our present article to travel; suffice it, however, to add that so large is the demand for the new lining, that special plant has been designed for its execution, and great progress has been made in its rapid and economical production.

Enough has, however, been said to demonstrate that the lining of tunnels with cast-iron segments has proved itself a great success, and that the future bids fair to see the system still further developed and extended both in this country and elsewhere.

YOUTH AND LOVE.

A SONG.

Sing of smiles, and not of tears;
Sing of roses, not of rue;
Leave these for far-future years;
Time 'is young for me and you.

Spring's blood thrills in every vein;
What can we have with decay?
Sunshine gilds each drop of rain
That would fall upon Love's way.

Life is at its zenith now;
We have reached Joy's topmost peak;
Wrinkles are for Age's brow,
Kisses for Youth's rosy cheek.

Sing of smiles, and not of tears;
Sing of roses, not of rue—
Sing of faith, and not of fears;
Deathless love for me and you!

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

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THE VIS INERTIE.

GENTILITY has been described as the art of doing nothing elegantly: any idle boy or girl, man or woman, may 'lop about' and do nothing all day long with ease, but not with elegance. If not untidy in themselves—an exceptional case—how quickly an idle person will disarrange a whole roomful of furniture! Every chair and couch and ottoman has been requisitioned in turn; curtains thrust aside and tumbled; books left gaping; a cap here, slippers there, a pipe in the inkstand, a tobacco pouch among the flowers, newspapers everywhere but in the rack 'work' on the table, the materials for it on the floor. In short, there is no article for which the idle will not find a use—except the use for which it was originally designed.

But to be idle genteelly, elegantly—to give one's self up with grace and self-possession to the steady and serious contemplation of doing nothing—this requires, at least in one of English blood, some training. Without possessing the dignity of Spanish innate indolence, or French *insouciance*, or the delightful *dolce far niente* of the Italian, the Briton, ere he can be idle altogether, to his own satisfaction, needs a motive, a disguise, an excuse. To compose and consume cigarettes; to swing a rocking-chair; to tease a puppy or a kitten; to turn everything upside down hunting for something which, when found, is not wanted—all these things are good so far as they go. To have a letter to write, and to be all day going to write it; a book to be read, and almost turn a leaf in an hour; a piece of work to be completed, and to drop it every other minute—these also give the idle person genuine contentment; they exhale the breath of employment without fatigue, and cover a secret sense of languid enjoyment with the garment of an imaginary industry.

But to be idle, thoroughly, completely, and comfortably, as well as genteelly and elegantly

idle, your average English man or woman requires but one thing, and his or her fortune is made: let them but be, or be thought to be, in delicate health, and their lives are saved, so to speak; henceforth, they may indulge their inclinations to do nothing gracefully and elegantly to the end of the chapter.

'Dear Dick's health is so delicate,' says the fond mother, gazing commiseratingly into dear Dick's face as he enters the breakfast-room about noon, fresh from twelve or thirteen hours of repose, the last three of which have been, possibly, disturbed by the casual perusal of a newspaper or a novel. Certainly, dear Dick looks bored, but whether by hidden constitutional delicacy or open maternal sympathy, who shall say?

'I always prefer that Ada should take her breakfast in bed; it is so necessary that she should husband what little strength she has.' And Ada has not the least objection to indulging herself by remaining prostrate while the business of the morning is transacted, and to come out of her room with a duly delicate appearance by the time 'mother' has got through the burden and heat of the day. And so, partly because she thinks Ada needs 'care,' and partly because she likes to indulge herself in the luxury of keeping her child still dependent upon her, this goes on until some luckless wight falls in love with Ada's delicacy and sweet helplessness. By that time the proverbial light-heeled mother has made her daughter heavy-heeled; and, unless the parent's blood should wake up at the call of children's voices, dear helpless Ada will make but a lame recruit in the battle of life.

Idleness plays many parts. There are the constitutionally indolent—those who, like Dr Johnson, are *never*, physically, ready to get up in the morning, but who, like him, are possessed of a conscience, which compels them, now and again, to face the reflection of what they have—compared with what they might have—done, and to stand aghast at the

comparison. There are those whom circumstances have made idle: riches; absence of motive for exertion; ill-health, real or fancied; indulgent friends, and much more often by self-indulgence. That idleness is one of the seven deadly sins gives them no sort of concern; it is of the essence of their complaint to have no feeling of their own infirmity. They are asleep; they cannot tell their dreams, for they do not even know that they are dreaming. Giving up, nerveless relaxation, has become a habit, and to them as to the immortal Mr Toots, though from a different motive—nothing is of any consequence. But whereas it was his own convenience, his own feelings, his own comfort, that never were of consequence to the unselfish Toots, it is precisely your convenience, your feelings, your comfort that are to the idle man—of no consequence. Floating idly about on 'the great Pacific Ocean of Indolence,' he makes first one compromise, then another, with self-respect, until he ends by sacrificing the esteem of his fellow-men on the private altar of his own sloth. His affairs get first muddled, then embarrassed, then decaying, then desperate; and he feebly flatters himself with an idea of repose, now that all is gone.

It is of no consequence to him that he has impoverished his relations, and brought his wife—who brought him money as well as goodwill, who has borne him children and borne with him for a quarter of a century—it is of no consequence to him that he has brought her and them to poverty. His round, unalterably good-humoured face, his stolidly philosophical bearing, his placid equanimity, proclaim him a true Lotos-eater. To him, it is always afternoon. Why should he toil? Let what is broken remain so: let him alone. He is one of that ill-used race of men who ask only remission from labour. Unfortunately, for this Lotos-eater, lotos are not indigenous in the British Isles. He cannot or will not dig; to beg he is not ashamed, only—it is too much trouble. His table is furnished; he scarcely knows, and not at all cares, how, or by whom, son or daughter, wife or brother, friend or stranger—it is all one to him. His friends have long ago given up all thoughts of his working—have given in to the power of the Vis Inertia of which he is so prodigious an example. Like the birds of the air, though he neither sows nor reaps, far less stores up for the future, yet he is fed and clothed; and is seldom, moreover, without a coin in his pocket.

As in the ant-world there is a race of idlers so inveterately helpless that should their—voluntary—nurses desert them, they would die of their own incapacity to provide food for themselves; so, among men, there is scarcely a community without its idle members, to whom the industrious minister, for whom they toil and deny themselves, in order to prolong for their parasites their long day of rest and dreamful ease. That idleness should have been long considered 'the badge of Gentry'—we all remember the servant who warranted her mistress 'quite a lady' because 'she never put her hand to nothing'—and that this notion still survives unconsciously in many minds, is per-

haps one reason why the idle are so long endured: that they have in all probability sunk in the social scale, and still preserve some traces of the gentility to which they were born, is another. They are living paradoxes. They eat bread unsweetened by toil, and do not find it disagrees with them. They sleep the sleep of the just, and never dream of unfulfilled duties. They somehow manage to escape the universal doom; while those about them earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, these are only concerned in the consumption of it, and never turn a hair in its production. Lean in mind if plump of person, incorrigibly idle, and imperturbably good-tempered, they peacefully bring their preposterous careers to a conclusion, and the story of it reads like a satire upon careful industry.

Granting true weight to the evils of the Vis Inertia, acknowledging its power to blast in the bud every high and noble design, and to stand, a stumbling-block, in the path of every beneficent or self-denying action, we must not shut our eyes to its absolute merits: to its indispensable benefits, its recuperative efficacy, its actual pleasures. To those harassed by worry, to those jaded by long and monotonous toil, a rest is as necessary as sleep after prolonged exertion. 'Oh pleasant land of idleness!' where thought has leisure to feel its own poetry—where care is cast aside in luxurious quietude—where weariness lapses first into a pleasant lassitude, then, as the spirit renews itself, becomes braced with fresh life and vigour—where the memory even of toil fades away, and where the bitterest grief has its best chance of alleviation. Nature is ever ready to stand our friend, but we must have time to make her acquaintance before she can heal us. How can the solemn beauty of a summer midnight soften and still a heart too work-wearied to have regard to it? or how can the breeze from 'the green hills growing dark around us' freshen and purify the jaded mind and body that lack time to inhale it? But when there comes a pause—when we leave 'doing' for a while—when the panting wheel ceases its customary revolutions, and the shackles of labour are loosened, then, and not till then, do we experience the true regenerating excellence of rest.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER VII.—SOME VULGAR GOSSIP.

ON arriving in London, Matthew Fane went straight to his master's office, and opened the outer door with a latchkey. Passing through the clerks' room, and through the solicitor's private office, he knocked at the door of a room beyond. This was a dining-room. Mr Felix found it convenient to live in rooms adjoining his office; and custom made him prefer that arrangement to any other. His bedroom and a boxroom, with a small kitchen, lay beyond, having an independent entrance to the outer staircase.

Receiving no reply to his knock, Fane gently turned the handle of the dining-room door, and

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entered. The gas was 'lit, but turned down. The clerk stood for a moment in uncertainty. There was light enough for him to see the different articles of furniture, all of them old-fashioned, heavy, and solid; but his gaze was fixed on a small safe, used by Mr Felix for his own private papers, which stood in one corner of the room. He moved softly towards the writing-table which stood near the fireplace, but even as he did so, he heard a slight sound from the bedroom. He had taken it for granted that his master was out, as it was Mr Felix's invariable custom, when he had shut himself up for the night, to secure the outer door of the office by a chain.

Fane suddenly stood still when he found that he was not alone, and then he crossed the room and knocked at the bedroom door.

'Come in!' called out the solicitor.

Fane went in, and found his master in bed.

'I have just returned from Woodhurst, sir,' he said. 'I thought you were out just now. Hope there's not much the matter with you, sir?'

'Oh, nothing. Only I am a little out of sorts.—You sealed up the cabinets, drawers, and so on?'

'Yes, sir. And what I came back to-night for was to deliver a message from Lady Boldon. She sent for me, and told me particularly to say to you that she was sorry you could not go down to-day, but she would expect you without fail on Tuesday, the funeral being on Wednesday.'

Mr Felix received the message in silence. 'Ladies always imagine that no business but their own is of any importance,' he said after a pause. 'It would do quite as well to go down on Wednesday morning; but I suppose her ladyship must be humoured. You had better drop her a note—or telegraph; that will be better. Say—"Mr Felix slightly indisposed, but will be at Roly Chase on Tuesday evening without fail."'

Fane turned away to despatch the message. 'Can I get you anything, sir?' he asked, as he left the room.

'No; Mrs Bird will be here in an hour,' said Mr Felix.

Mrs Bird was the person who acted as house-keeper and cook to the solitary man.

Fane despatched the telegram to Lady Boldon, and then, feeling rather tired, went home to his lodgings. These lodgings he shared with Daniel O'Leary; and, somewhat to his surprise, he found O'Leary extended at full length on the horse hair sofa which graced one side of their joint sitting-room.

'How's this, Danny?' said the old man. 'It's seldom you're at home of a Saturday night.'

'No coin to-night,' said the youth laconically. —'I say,' he added after a pause, 'where have you been this afternoon?'

'Oh, I've been in the country. Been sealing up the docks, et cetera, of an old gentleman who's dead.'

'The same that you engrossed a will for the other day? Sir what's-his-name—Sir Richard Boldon?'

'The same,' said Matthew, as he set about preparing his tea.

'My word!' exclaimed the young man, sitting bolt upright, 'what a pity for our gov'nor that Sir R. left all his property away from his widow if she married again!'

Matthew's hand stopped in the act of placing a teacup on the table, and stared at his nephew in surprise. 'Bad for him? What do you mean?'

'Why, he's in love with Lady Boldon—that's all. Head over ears—at his age, too!' Mr O'Leary laced his fingers behind his head—a head that was covered with brilliant red hair, cut as short as a barber could be persuaded to cut it—threw himself back again on the sofa, and chuckled.

'Nonsense! You don't know any such thing. You don't know anything at all about it,' remarked his uncle.

'Don't I? Trust me to find out our old man's little weaknesses. That was her—that was Lady Boldon he brought to the office one day, wasn't it? when you sent me out of the way to scribe a bloomin' writ, or something? I thought it was. A fine woman. I admire the old gentleman's taste.'

'But how do you know he's in love with her?'

'Because he's got a photograph of her in the drawer of his writing table, and he steals a peep at it, when he thinks he won't be interrupted. I've caught 'im at it. And I've got a look at the photo too. I wonder if she gave it 'im, or if he cribbed it? Shouldn't wonder if he took it out of the hallm at the house when he was on a visit. 'E's capable of it.'

'But, Dan, if you're right, he may as well give up all hopes of the lady; for it's not likely she would marry him and lose a fine estate like Roly.'

'I don't know about his giving up hope,' said Dan sententiously. 'When our gov'nor makes up his mind to a thing, he generally gets it.'

'Do you know what I would do, if I were in the gov'nor's shoes?' asked O'Leary, after a pause.

'You'd ask her to marry you; and she'd have you, my son, if it were for nothing but your good looks and your fine manners,' said the old man sarcastically.

'I'd quietly pop the new will into the fire, and say to the widow: "Now, you have me, and we'll enjoy all the property together."'

Matthew leant back in his chair, and regarded his nephew with a contemptuous air. 'Would you?' he said. 'And what about the witnesses to the will?'

'Oh, I'd square the witnesses,' replied the youth, with an airy smile.

'If the heir-at-law, or the next-of-kin, whoever they may be, got to hear of it, you'd find yourself in Queer Street, Danny.—And take you care you don't get there yet, young man.'

'I don't know what you mean,' said O'Leary angrily.

'Don't you? I checked the petty cash-book this morning, and I couldn't make it balance anyhow.'

'Oh, that's all right; I'll put that straight by the end of the month, and so long as it's right then, what's the odds?—But I say,' he broke off, anxious to change the subject—'did you see the lady when you were down there to-day?'

'Yes, I did. She is a very agreeable, nice woman,' said Mr Fane with an air of patronage. 'She gave me a message'—He stopped short.

'To old Felix? Out with it, uncle.'

'These things are confidential, Danny.'

'Oh yes! And what have I been telling you? That was confidential too, I s'pose; only you didn't remember it then. Catch me telling you anything I notice about Felix another time, that's all.'

'How should you care to know? Besides, it was nothing—only to tell Mr Felix to be sure and come down the evening before the funeral. He made me wire her that he would be up to time.'

'Ain't they thick enough?' said this objectionable young man with a grin. 'If I were that heir-at-law, I'd look out that they didn't cut me out between them. Who is he? Oh, I remember. His name was in the will. Something Boldon; and he was of Something Lane in the City of London, gentleman. That means he's a broker, or a commission agent, I suppose. Well, e'll stay a broker or a commission agent, I've a fancy, will or no will. Precious hard on Lady Boldon, to give up everything to him if she marries our poor old gov'nor. Is he worth it, uncle? Hardly, I should say.'

'Mind your own affairs, Dan,' said Matthew, who was tired of the young gentleman's refined conversation. 'Why don't you go to hear the new Lion Comique?'

'Told you I had no coin,' said Dan sulkily.

'I'll lend you a trifle, if that's all, and deduct it when I pay you the month's scrow. I do like a little peace and quietness sometimes. But don't you go spinning it on a table. You'll get into trouble yet, Dan, if you go on with that game.'

'Don't grieve for me,' said the young gentleman, rising with alacrity from the sofa, and pocketing the shillings which his uncle handed to him. 'I can take care of Number One. Never fear.'

And in a few seconds Matthew Fane was left to his own meditations.

CHAPTER VIII.—TEMPTED.

Mr Felix was not seriously ill. He found himself quite well enough to go down to Roby Chase on the following Tuesday. On arriving at the little station at Woodhurst, Mr Felix noticed the Rector pacing up and down the platform with quick, agitated steps, and he went aside to greet Mr Bruce, whom, of course, he knew.

'I see the brougham from Roby Chase is waiting for me,' said the lawyer, when the ordinary greetings had been exchanged; 'can I have the pleasure of setting you down anywhere?'

'I—thank you—I hardly think so,' answered the Rector, 'unless you can wait ten minutes

—until the up-train comes in. The fact is, I want to see the last of poor Lynd, my curate, you know.'

'To see the last of him? Are you parting with him, then?' asked Felix, following the direction of the Rector's eyes with his own.

'That's him,' said Mr Bruce, guiding the solicitor's eye, as it were, with his look—that tall spare man in clerical dress, standing at the door of the waiting-room. Yes, poor fellow, I'm obliged to part with him, much against my will. The fact is—here the Rector's voice sunk to a whisper—he has been more or less cracked for some time, and lately he has shown such marked symptoms of being deranged, that I telegraphed for his brother—that gentleman who is talking to him now. That thick-set man standing near is in reality a keeper. They are taking him to an asylum now.'

'Indeed!' said the lawyer, while his eyes rested on the curate's spare form with unusual interest, and he murmured a few words of conventional sorrow for the misfortune that had fallen on him. 'I suppose,' he added, 'your connection with him will now be quite at an end?'

'Oh, dear, yes. We shall never see him again; and, upon my word,' continued the parson, wiping his forehead, 'it's a comfort to know that it is so.' There have been such delays about signing the certificate, and so on; and really I haven't had one moment's peace for thinking what the poor fellow might do next.—Look at this letter I had from him this morning—plainly the letter of a madman.' As he spoke, Mr Bruce took a letter from his pocket, and handed it to the lawyer.

Mr Felix read it attentively; and as he did so, a thought which had been hovering near his mind, as it were, for some days, came back to him with tenfold force. He drove it away, and it came back, a second, a third time; while his eyes still remained fixed on the outspread sheet before him, and the hand which held it slightly trembled.

'I must go and talk to Mr Lynd now,' said the Rector nervously. 'I don't wish to seem inhospitable to him, or to his brother.—Wait for me—that is, if you don't mind waiting five minutes longer—and I'll drive over to the Chase with you;' and he walked off, forgetting that he had left Mr Lynd's letter in the lawyer's hand.

Mr Felix did not mind waiting. He paced the platform, deep in thought, never raising his eyes from the ground, except to glance now and then at the little group of gentlemen at the waiting-room door.

On his arrival at the Chase, Mr Felix dined alone; and during dinner he received a message from Lady Boldon, asking him when it would be convenient for him to go up-stairs.

'Tell Lady Boldon, with my compliments, that I have two or three letters to write for the night-mail, and then I shall be quite at her ladyship's service.'

After dinner, Mr Felix went up-stairs for a small despatch-box which he always carried about with him, and having brought it down to the library, he remained at work there, for nearly an hour. At the end of that time his

letters were finished. He went back to the dining-room, poured himself out a glass of port, drank it, and then filled the glass a second time.

The lawyer knew that he would need to have all his wits about him in the coming interview; but he also knew that there was something he would need more than cunning, and that was—courage. Having drunk the wine, he rang the bell, and told the servant to let Lady Boldon know that he was ready to see her.

'I had orders to take you up-stairs as soon as you were at liberty, sir,' was the answer; and the lawyer followed the man to Lady Boldon's boudoir. He was almost startled by the appearance that the widow presented, her white, rigid face with its great dark eyes, shining, as it were, out of the black garments in which she was clad. Her beauty seemed more chastened, more severe than before; yet it was even more fascinating. Mr Felix's heart beat wildly as he took the lady's outstretched hand: he hardly dared to look her in the face.

Lady Boldon was the first to break the silence. 'What have you to tell me?' she said.

The lawyer kept his eyes on the ground, and made no reply.

'Has it been done? Has that cruel, that fraudulent will been made?'

'I am sorry to say it has,' said Mr Felix in so low a tone that the words were barely audible.

'Give it to me,' cried the lady, stretching out her hand.

The lawyer shrank back. 'I dare not,' he said.

'Have you it with you here? Yes; I see you have. Well—let me see it.'

Mr Felix rose, drew a bulky document from his breast-pocket, opened it, and spread it out on a small table which stood close to Lady Boldon's chair. The lawyer stood beside her as she leant over it, and read it through—read it from the first line to the signatures of A. Felix and Stephen Lynd as witnesses.

It was not a long document, or difficult of comprehension. By it practically the whole of Sir Richard's property passed to trustees on trust to hold it for the testator's widow so long as she should remain unmarried; and from the time of her second marriage, in trust for the testator's nephew, Frederick Boldon.

'The injustice of this'—began Lady Boldon, and she stopped, unable to go on.

'I quite agree with you,' said Mr Felix. 'It is flagrantly unjust, considering what was said at the Rectory before the marriage.'

'Can nothing be done? Must I submit to this?'

The lawyer was silent.

'Is it necessary to produce this will at once?' asked Lady Boldon, a flush rising to her face as she spoke.

'Delay could do no good. It ought to be produced now, if at all.'

The lady started, and looked inquiringly at the solicitor.

'I mean, that if this will is not read to-

morrow morning, it need never be read at all.'

'I—I—don't understand you,' said Lady Boldon. 'What do you mean?'

'Only this, that if I choose, I can render the will inoperative.'

'Oh!'

For a moment Lady Boldon thought that the lawyer intended, as he did intend, to convey that he might possibly consent to suppress the will; but she at once rejected the idea as too preposterous. In the third part of a second, Mr Felix saw that the crime of destroying the will was not in Lady Boldon's thoughts. But he also saw that she was anxious to get it set aside, even in an irregular way. Her eyes gleamed with an anticipation of triumph, as she bent forward saying eagerly: 'Oh! will you do so?'

The lawyer's eyes fell on the ground. 'I will on one condition.'

'What is it?' cried the lady eagerly. She still imagined that the solicitor had in his mind some legal quibble, or some irregularity in the document which rendered, or might render, it invalid.

'It is not easy for me to refer to that at this moment, so soon after your husband's death,' said Mr Felix in a very low tone. 'Yet it is best to be frank, is it not? And time presses. We must make our decision to-night. The truth is, then, Lady Boldon, I will do what you ask if you consent that one day you will like me for your husband.'

'Sir!' Lady Boldon involuntarily rose to her feet, her eyes positively blazing with indignation. She calmed herself with an effort, resumed her seat, and said without any trace of anger in her tone: 'Mr Felix, I can only suppose that you have for the time taken leave of your senses. Be good enough to leave the room.'

In spite of her apparent calmness, Lady Boldon was trembling with suppressed feeling—trembling from head to foot. Her contemptuous air hardened the lawyer, and gave him courage. 'You had better hear me out,' he said coolly. 'To-morrow, it may be too late.—Now, please, understand that on no other condition will I stir hand or foot.'

'I do not want you to do anything. I will consult some other solicitor,' said Lady Boldon coldly.

'Very well,' retorted the lawyer, in a tone as cold as her own. 'Only, I tell you this, if you do so, on the morning when you cease to be Lady Boldon, you leave Roby Chase for ever; and your income, instead of being six or seven thousand a year, will be a bare three hundred.—I, and I alone, can prevent that.'

'Is the will illegal, then, in some way?'

'Excuse me. I had rather not answer questions. All I want to say is this—If you refuse to give me the promise I require, the new will must be read to-morrow, immediately after the funeral; and in that case nothing can hinder its taking effect, if you marry a second time. But if you grant my condition, you will never see or hear of this new will again.'

'Why? How? Do you mean?—You do not mean that you would dare to destroy it?'

The lady's voice sank to a whisper, and her cheek blanched as she asked the question.

But the lawyer's ready laugh re-assured her. 'Destroy it? Certainly not. But, pray, don't ask any more questions.'

Lady Boldon sat still, her rapid intellect searching this way and that for a way out of her difficulty, without finding one; and Mr Felix, naturally supposing that she was engaged in considering his proposal, continued to press his suit.

'Listen, I beg of you, Lady Boldon,' he said. 'I am not a young man; though I am considerably younger than your—than my late client. No one could say that a match between us was in any way singular. You would lose nothing. I am anxious to impress that upon you; you should have the spending of your income, every penny of it. And I have loved you, as I think woman never was loved before, ever since—never mind how long. I love you more than my life. My life? What is that to me without you? I love you more than my honour.'

'For shame, Mr Felix, to use such words to me under this roof, and on this night!'

The lawyer looked at his companion; and for the moment he almost felt as if he hated her, and hated her more than he had loved her. But the next instant his anger had given way. A change had come into her face. Her eyes grew soft, almost pitiful, and the indignant blush faded from her cheek. 'But, surely, Mr Felix,' she said gently, leaning towards him once more, 'surely it could not be any pleasure to you to marry a woman that did not love you?—Ah! you do not know what a loveless marriage is! For your own sake, put this mad fancy out of your head.'

'Fancy? A mad fancy? It is the very life and soul, and at the same time the curse, of my existence. And you speak of putting it from me, as if it were a child's desire for a new toy! No; I cannot give up the hope of winning you. It is my very life.'

'And I cannot consent to your ridiculous proposals,' Mr Felix, retorted Lady Boldon. 'Better remain a widow than marry a person whom I despise.'

He started at the word; and his companion was not slow to notice it.

'Think, Mr Felix! How can one avoid despising a man who takes such means to force a woman to marry him?'

He set his teeth, and made no reply.

Lady Boldon rose to terminate the interview, outwardly calm, but inwardly a prey to the bitterest disappointment. The splendid prize for which she had sacrificed so much, and suffered so much, was slipping from her grasp. Something at that moment whispered, as it were, in her ear: 'Decide nothing to-night. Wait until to-morrow. Something may happen before then. Do not throw away Roby Chase in a hurry.' So aloud she said—'I cannot talk any more to-night; but if you like, I will see you in the morning.—Oh, you are cruel—cruel!'

'You will not think me cruel afterwards—if you marry me,' said the lawyer thoughtlessly.

This calm assumption that her opposition would break down, exasperated Lady Boldon.

'Can't you see,' she flashed out, 'that you are taking the surest way in the world to make me detest you? Your love is an insult.—But enough for to-night. The funeral is at eleven. I shall be here, in this room, at ten; and I will give you my answer then.'

Mr Felix did not utter a word. He bowed, and left her. But when the door had closed behind him, a fierce smile crossed his face. An experience of forty years had taught him the truth of the adage that she who hesitates is lost.

SECRET SOCIETIES AND SECRET TRIBUNALS.

THOUGH many Societies claim to be of earlier origin, the Order of Knights Templar is the first one of which the date of foundation is known. They were not, it is true, strictly speaking, a Secret Society; but they are as fully entitled to that term as the Freemasons, the Rosicrucians, the Illuminati, or any other. They had mysterious rites of initiation, badges and lodges; they were, in fact, the real source from which Freemasonry sprang. Their rise and history are too well known to need detailed description. Founded in 1119, they were originally an order of military monks, having for their aim the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre, and taking the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience—vows which, as was inevitable, became null and void when the order grew in numbers and in power. At the height of their splendour they possessed no fewer than nine thousand 'commanderies' or districts; their annual income was £1,448,000, a gigantic sum in those days; they numbered 30,000 members; their fleet held command of the Levant; they were by far the best soldiers in Europe. Small wonder was it that they practically held the destinies of the world in their hands, and that the Princes of Europe became alarmed at their power, for the time seemed not far distant when the cross-billed swords should strike the sceptres from their hands, and the gay embroidered escutcheons go down before the pike banner *Beauséant*.

Their extermination was a necessity. The Grand Master was arrested, the lodges were broken up, and the knights thrown into prison. The most absurd charges were preferred against them—blasphemy, devil-worship, trampling on the very cross for which they had shed their heart's blood, adoration of an idol called Baphomet. No accusation was too madly extravagant, no crime too horribly unnatural, to impute to the unfortunate Templars. One, and one only, real charge was urged against them—namely, that they had defied the authority of the Pope. That they were luxurious, and even vicious, is true, but no more so than any other powerful and wealthy body of men would have been under the circumstances; that their initiatory rites were secret and fantastic, is certain; but that any sane men would have held the orgies ascribed to them is utterly incredible. In 1314, the Grand Master and the Grand Preceptor were put to death, and the Knights Templar ceased to exist as an order. With them perished the last vestiges of the real chivalry.

Contemporary with the Templars was the famous Syrian sect of the Assassins. Their name describes them. The band was founded by Hassan-ibn-Sabbah, the 'Old Man of the Mountain,' and consisted of himself and his dupes. They were a mere band of fanatical murderers, without political or religious excuse. It was the custom of Hassan to inveigle young men, stupefied by hashish (whence the name 'assassin' or *hashishin*), into a garden formed after the description of the Moslem Paradise. Here the novice was allowed to remain for some time; he was then stupefied and brought before the Master, who bade him go forth and do his bidding; promising that if he were obedient, he should enjoy the Paradise, of which he had had a foretaste, for ever. The Assassins are said to have numbered forty thousand men, and European Princes leagued with them. After the death of Hassan, internal dissension arose, and finally they were exterminated by the Mongols in 1256.

In pleasant contrast to the grim realism and fierce barbarity of the middle ages are the Troubadours and Minnesingers, most graceful and poetic of conspirators. That they were heretics and plotters, is true; but they were heretics only to the fierce rancour of the Inquisition; and they plotted only against the gloomy tyranny of feudal France, wandering over Europe, preaching the canons of the Joyous Science, the religion and cult of Love, as mysteriously sweet as their own 'Roman of the Rose.' They were in some measure a secret society, for they had grips and passwords, and they held 'courts of love' ostensibly for the settlement of affairs of gallantry. But harmless though they were, the restless suspicion of Rome was upon them; they had sung songs derisive of the Pope, above all in the 'langue d'oc,' 'the language of heretics'; they were in league with the Albigenses. They perished with their unhappy allies beneath the iron heel of the father of Simon de Montfort.

Indeed, it seemed at that time as if the joy of life had perished with them; the Inquisition had fleshed its young claws in their destruction; the shadowy forms of the 'Vehmgerichte' and the 'Beati Paoli' begin to loom awfully upon the political vision. Europe is inundated with spies, assassins, agents of chicane, braves, informers, secret stabbers; from Italy come poison-rings, poisoned gloves, Venetian daggers, invisible inks. The torture chamber now became the ante-chamber of the law-court, much ingenuity being expended on the furnishing of it; the 'peine forte et dure' was a recognised preliminary to the judicial examination. The Inquisition is undoubtedly the most widely known of the three secret tribunals, as it was the most universally powerful; but the Vehmgerichte was equally powerful within its jurisdiction.

The Holy Inquisition was established in 1208 by Pope Innocent III. in Languedoc, for the suppression of the Albigenses and Troubadours, as above stated. From its establishment in Spain five-and-twenty years later, it rapidly spread all over the Continent. It gave the death-blow to the Knights Templar; in 1492 it drove the Jews out of Spain. At this time

the famous Torquemada was Grand Inquisitor. He was a short, stout man, little suggestive in appearance of a bigot. It is possible that his ravages are exaggerated; but even when we allow for error in this respect, the number of persons who were put to death under his inquisitorship is enormous. His harshness was so unbending and his punishments so rigorous, that he was several times obliged to account for his conduct to the Pope. Throughout the long, bloody record of the Santa Hermandad, there is no trace of any redeeming action. It was established to root out heresy, and with terrible earnestness it did its work. The Inquisition was omnipresent: it followed in the wake of the Conquistadores into Peru and Mexico; it descended upon the unhappy Netherlands in the van of the Duke of Alba. In the reign of Philip II. the Inquisition reached the summit of its power, for it had become a recognised Spanish institution, and the people were no more shocked at an auto da fe than at a bull-fight. But with the growth of civilisation the Inquisition declined. It continued to linger on, but it was only a shadow; and when the soldiers of Napoleon entered the inquisitorial prison, they found few prisoners to liberate. The rack and wheel had grown rusty, the cords and pulleys were rotting on the beam. Poe's horrible nightmare tale of the torture by the pendulum is centuries behind its time; the pendulum was there, but the knife was blunt and dull, and the mechanism was broken and useless. An attempt was made to re-establish the Inquisition in 1814, and many persons were imprisoned; but the time for even the munimery of persecution was past. The people broke out into revolt, burnt the prisons, and drove away the familiars. In 1820 the Holy Inquisition was blotted out.

Widely different from the Inquisition in every respect was the Vehmgerichte or Holy Vehm. This tribunal was formed in Westphalia towards the close of the thirteenth century for the punishment of those who were too powerful to be brought before the ordinary law-court. It was very similar in origin to the English Star Chamber. The state of Germany at this time was utterly anarchic; the title of ruler of the Holy Roman Empire was an empty dignity; the land was filled with marauding 'lanzknechten' out of employ, with savage barons who were nothing more or less than robbers, with bishops who ravaged their dioceses. The Vehmgerichte was the only institution in Germany which had the power of enforcing order; as it was secret, it could neither be bribed nor terrorised. Its authority was very great; it even summoned the Emperor to appear before its free courts, who, though he did not obey the summons, dared not resent the indignity. Though it was never formally abolished till 1811, when the last vestige of it was declared legally non-existent by a decree of Napoleon, it gradually lost its authority as the necessity for it ceased.

A description of its constitution and procedure may be of interest. There were three degrees among its members: the chief were the 'Stuhlherren,' or lord justices; the next were 'Schöppen,' or sheriffs; the lowest, 'Frohn-

boten,' or messengers. There were secret signs and pass-words, and traitors were invariably put to death. An accused person was summoned to appear before the 'free court;' he was cited three times, intervals of six weeks being allowed to elapse between the citations. If he failed to appear, he was condemned *in contumacium*. If, however, he appeared, he was permitted to bring thirty witnesses, and was allowed the privilege of legal advocacy and advice, and even the right of appeal to the higher court. The extreme punishment was death by hanging; and it is probable that torture was employed to extort evidence from unwilling witnesses, though, of course, this was only in accordance with the usual judicial procedure of the time.

Identical with the Holy Vehm in constitution and aim was the Beati Paoli, a Sicilian society. Of these, very little is known. They were a popular secret society, and much dreaded. Their existence was first discovered in 1185, and they existed down to the commencement of the present century. Though not so powerful or so great as the Vehmgerichte, they exerted a considerable influence upon Sicily and South Italy.

After the Company of Troubadours, the most attractive secret society is certainly that of the Rosicrucians, or the Society of the Rosy Cross. It was theirs to invest the debased art of alchemy with a fantastic charm, none the less graceful because it was unreal. They were very closely connected with the Troubadours, holding the 'Romant of the Rose' as the epic of their order. Their professed aim was the restoration of the 'sciences'—that is, alchemy and astrology—to their true spheres. Their tenets and ceremonies were of the most graceful and poetical description, very different from the stern Vehmish code and the crude mummeries of other secret societies. Their beliefs were worthy of their general character. Boldly and unreservedly, they denied the grotesque horrors of monkish theology—there was no witchcraft or sorcery; incubus and succubus had no existence; the unseen world was peopled, not with horned devils and dismal spectres, but with beautiful spirits, loving mankind. It is to them that we owe nearly all the folklore of ancient Germany—of the gnomes which toil in the mines, of the legend of Undine, of the sylphs which inhabit the air. The sect spread into Scotland and Sweden and throughout all Europe. It gradually became merged in the craft of Freemasons.

An article giving an account of the principal secret societies would be incomplete without some mention of the Illuminati, a sect which attracted a great deal of attention, and to which, as to the Nihilists of to-day, a very exaggerated influence and power was attributed. It was founded by a student, Adam Weishaupt, in 1776, and had political and educational aims. Space does not permit us to give the long list of degrees and classes into which the Illuminati were divided. There were three main stages—Nursery, Masonry, and Mysteries, which were again divided and subdivided. The members assumed the names of various ancients; Weishaupt, for instance, called himself Spartacus.

The statutes and instructions of the order were discovered after its suppression in 1786, and give evidence of considerable knowledge of mankind, being written much after the style of Machiavelli's 'Prince.' There was probably no society which attracted so much attention with so little reason at the time: mention is made of it in nearly all contemporary works.

To give an account, or even the briefest details, of one-half of all the secret societies known would be impossible. The majority had political aims, as the Carbonari in Italy, who existed from time immemorial down to the commencement of the present century, directed against Papal tyranny; in Germany was the Tugendbund, against Napoleon; others were mere hordes of robbers, as the Chauffeurs in France, and the Garduna in Spain. The various Irish secret societies are too well known to need specification. There were many semi-religious societies, as the Swedenborgians, and Asiatic societies without number.

The dawn of the last decade of the nineteenth century sees the extinction of the last remnants of any true secret society; they have become obsolete, unnecessary, ineffective. As for any modern so-called 'secret society,' it is a curiosity; its place is in the museum, together with the rust-eaten thumb-screws and tarnished symbols. They are as harmless and as useless as these. The only two conspicuous modern societies with any semblance of activity are the Nihilists and the Clan-na-Gael. Neither of them has ever done anything towards the accomplishment of their object beyond a few isolated and useless murders and one or two mock-revolutions. They are now lethargic, in a death-stupor. The dawn of the twentieth century will see the close of their inglorious records.

A DAUGHTER OF THE KING.

CHAPTER II.

IN the ravine the utmost consternation had prevailed when the girl had so suddenly ridden away. Captain Jackson declared he should not consider himself safe for another hour now. Only Larry maintained a firm faith in the girl. "She will come back with food," he said.

And he was right. Towards sunset, a shadow suddenly appeared at the entrance to the ravine. The mustang had halted, and the girl had slipped from his back before the startled soldiers realised that Hialulu had returned.

"I knew you would come again!" burst from Larry triumphantly.

"Did you?"—glancing at him, as she untied a bundle from the horse's back and threw it down. "Why not have lighted a fire, then?"

"Jove! I never thought of it!"—looking up the ravine, as if in amazement that one had not lighted itself. "I really felt quite confident you would come back, though."

"I believe you. And you alone, perhaps"—surveying the others in a cold, cursory manner.

Their silence confirmed her suspicions. Then she walked up the long, narrow ravine, collecting any lichens and bits of stick, in which Larry at once joined her; whilst the Major and Captain lay and watched her, and wondered what the difference was between her walk and that of an Englishwoman.

When sufficient materials had been collected for a fire, Hialulu left Larry to light it whilst she went to unpack the provisions. By-and-by, turning from completing this, she beheld that gentleman lying flat on the floor, blowing a pile of smoking stuff, whose intention was evidently anything but that of lighting. Seemingly the girl possessed some sense of humour. For the first time a quick smile passed over her face, banishing the stern gloom, and rendering it for the moment radiantly lovely. Going up to the prostrate Lieutenant and kneeling down by the smoking mass, Hialulu proceeded to investigate. Larry had placed a pile of lichen, lighted it, and then arranged the sticks carefully all over it after the manner of planking a floor, leaving no possible loophole for a flame to creep through.

'Did you ever light a fire before?' she inquired gravely.

'Er--no. I think my mother forgot to teach me to light a fire.'

'Evidently.'

Larry sat contentedly on the ground, and watched her rebuild the fire. 'What sort of wood do you call that?' indicating the thin brown twigs she was picking up.

'Kono.'

'Oh. I thought they were pine-twigs.'

'Perhaps you do call them that.'

'I see. That's your name for them. I think your names are much prettier.'

'No; you don't.'

Larry jumped as much as his sitting posture would allow. Then his lips curled suspiciously, but he repressed the laugh, meekly remarking: 'Er—I meant—I thought I did.'

Miss Martineau evidently considered this ended the conversation, for she vouchsafed no further reply. In a moment or so, however, she observed: 'You go and get some of the flesh I brought, so that we can cook.'

Lieutenant Larry entertained a strong suspicion that she had been laughing; but he could not be quite sure. He rose, however, and went to obey her commands. He found she had brought a considerable quantity of partly dried flesh, and a number of large corn and rice meal cakes. He carried back some of the flesh, and together they began to cook.

The girl preserved a strict silence; but several times Larry saw the firm lips relax as she chafed and cooked away with equal vigour, in no wise disconcerted by her silence.

She sat some distance off whilst the men eagerly ate the unexpected supper. Soon after

it was over, she curtly announced her intention of leaving them.

'You'll come again, won't you?' asked Captain Jackson eagerly.

'Time will show.'

'Will you tell us if we are in danger of visits from the Indians?' inquired Major Littleton.

She answered him more courteously. 'No. You can sleep in safety. There are now no moving Indians within twenty miles of you.'

'Twenty miles!' echoed Larry. 'What are they all doing, then?'

'They have all joined Waunema by now.'

'Waunema! Oh yes, of course. But Waunema's after—Where are the English soldiers, then?'

'They are falling back on Fort Hunter.'

'Holy Moses!' groaned Larry, as he realised all that meant. And his groan was echoed by the others.

'How far are they from us now then, do you think, Miss Martineau?'

'Anywhere within fifty and seventy miles.—But don't call me that, please. It sounds like mockery. Just call me Lulu' gravely. And so saying, Lulu beckoned to the patient horse, and followed by him, left the cave.

Some time in each of the following days Lulu came, bringing various kinds of food; and often game of her own killing. She seemed an absolutely fearless being, roaming far and wide. She could tell them the exact movements of the English soldiery, giving precise reasons for those movements; but concerning the movements of the Indian hordes, Lulu maintained a stubborn silence.

She talked more freely to Larry as the days went on, seeming to be rather partial to him; and she was very gentle and courteous to the Major, constantly cooking little delicacies to tempt his failing appetite.

It soon became evident, though, that the exposure and swamp humours would make short work of these men. They grew paler and weaker each day, and more languid. They all recognised this fact, and accepted the knowledge in divers ways. The Major was quiet and resigned; Larry preserved a steady cheerfulness, in accordance with certain principles of his own; and the Captain groaned and grumbled incessantly, in accordance also with his method of doing things, and much to the disgust and contempt of Hialulu.

'We're simply dying by inches,' he complained. 'It would have been much more merciful to have killed us at the commencement.'

'Not at all,' contradicted Larry stoutly. 'Whilst there's life there's hope, I say. I don't believe God is keeping us alive just to torture us.'

Lulu's hand was on the horse's back, but she paused in her spring. 'Well said, and as a brave soldier. Your life is worth saving; for you are like a ray of sunshine among men.'

'Thank you;' and Larry raised his cap.

'It must have been Providence sent you,' said the Major. 'So we should not complain.'

'Perhaps it is your Providence has kept my doings for you undiscovered all this time,' remarked Lulu with a smile. 'My father's Indian

servants are quick to observe; and if he had but a suspicion, he would shoot me; and then, of course, your food must cease. Every night when I enter the—his home—I look for a bullet; but it has not come. Yet, if some day you do not see me, you may guess it has. And Lulu sprang on the mustang's back and vanished.

One day she brought them an extra supply of food; and then the next day she did not come at all. The men wondered in vain; they had not the least clue as to the motive for her actions. That she had not intended to come that day, they could tell from her having brought them the extra food. Captain Jackson suggested that she had wearied of the trouble and risk of keeping them supplied, and that she did not mean to come again; but Larry indignantly maintained a sturdy faith in the beautiful and inexplicable being, to whom, in the first hour of her appearance, his hot young love had been secretly given.

In reality, before dawn that morning, the object of their various surmises was steadily riding onwards, away from them, over great grassy plains. Her face wore its usual expression of immovable decision, but the brown eyes had a look of brooding trouble. Now and again she had to urge on the willing but tired mustang. It had been a much longer ride than she had expected—much longer; and she had been tired before. Ah, well, it could not be so long now.

In the early morning, the English sentry was utterly amazed to see a frothing horse gallop up, from which slipped a tall, slight girl in a broad straw hat. Before he could say anything, she addressed him in the cool manner so peculiarly her own: 'I want to see your Colonel.'

'We don't let strangers inside our lines—miss,' said the man; 'at least, not often.'

'You had better let me in, or you may have cause for sorrow'—calmly.

The man stared at her, and then sounded the signal for the picket guard.

Lulu leaned against her horse for a moment or so, until four or five men came up under a corporal. That gentleman asked innumerable questions; but being unable to elicit any information, or to satisfy his curiosity in the least possible way, and being told that she had something to tell his Colonel which he would be glad to hear, the corporal decided to conduct the strange visitor to his superior officer. Provided that officer decided to pass her along, he would then conduct her to Colonel Harcourt's headquarters.

Lulu had to undergo the ordeal—if, indeed, it was any ordeal to her—of being stared at by a fair, young man in a Major's uniform, whose curiosity was also immense to know what had brought this beautiful and strange girl to the camp at that hour of the morning. But all his questions were equally as vain as the corporal's.

'I have not ridden some sixty miles to beg on my knees to see this Colonel of yours, or to tell my history in full before being allowed to do so. If you don't mean to let me see him, say so; and the blame can rest

with you,' she said calmly, with a look of the utmost indifference on her handsome face.

'Will you tell me who you are, then?'

'No.'

'But what shall I say to the Colonel? They are having a conference in his tent; and I can't go to ask them to see some one, of whom and whose errand I can tell them literally nothing. Do give me even a message.'

'My message is that I want to see him—the Colonel.'

Seeing that further remonstrance was useless, the officer turned away, merely remarking: 'Well, I'll go and tell the Colonel. I only hope I shan't get blamed, that's all.'

Seeing that he really intended going, Lulu called him back. 'You may say, if you like, that I come about some of your officers.'

'Oh!' said the young man, brightening; 'I see. Thank you. Will you come with me, then, please?'

Unconcernedly, Lulu followed him up some rising ground, at the top of which was the Colonel's tent. Sounds of voices came from the interior of the tent, and as they reached the door, the officer who accompanied her said apologetically: 'I shall have to ask you to wait here a second, whilst I go and ask the Colonel to see you.'

Lulu nodded, and turned her back on the too curious sentry as she set herself to wait. In a second the Major lifted the curtain of the tent again, and beckoned her to enter. He held the curtain for her as she passed through, and then passed out himself.

Lulu found herself in a tent with four officers, who all surveyed her with the utmost curiosity and interest. She looked in no wise conscious of their scrutiny, but with one rapid glance scanned each face. Instinctively she recognised the Colonel from among them—the man sitting opposite her, with the searching gray eyes and wavy brown hair. The other three officers were younger men. Seeing that she had singled him out, and expected him to speak, Colonel Harcourt spoke in a somewhat formal tone: 'Will you be seated?'

'I had rather stand,' came the equally formal answer.

'Major Lewis informs us that you are able to give us information concerning our missing officers. Is that so?'

'It is'—laconically.

Perceiving that the girl did not mean giving any information that was not considered worth the asking, the Colonel went on in a more courteous voice: 'Will you be good enough to tell us what you know, then—where they are?'

'In Skeleton Gulch, on the north side of Mauna's shoulder, at the head of Dead Swamp.'

'The Dead Swamp!' repeated the Colonel.

'Why, that is—how far off?'

'Under seventy miles.'

'Heavens! And have you come from there now—in one ride?'

'I have.'

'Then you must be very tired. Won't you sit down?'

'It is the mustang that will want to sit down, not I'—terribly.

The officers laughed; and then one of the younger ones rose and placed a chair quite close to her side. With a word of thanks, Lulu sat down and leaned her tired back against the chair. Her face was quite white; and despite her scorn of any such idea, the very tones of her voice betrayed weariness.

'What on earth are we to do, I wonder?' said Colonel Harcourt, addressing his companions, and then letting his eyes wander back to the beautiful, stern face opposite him.

'I don't know; it's such an awful way off.'

'If you like to send horses and men for them, I'll guide them to the Gulch,' observed Lulu.

'But how shall we be sure that you are not a decoy to get our horses and men away from the camp?' queried the cautious Colonel.

A look of supreme contempt and disgust curled the girl's lips. 'You can be sure of nothing,' was the most uncompromising reply. 'You please yourself as to what you risk. It is optional, I suppose, whether you send or not; and the choice rests with you.'

'But I wonder they didn't give you some writing or message to—give us perfect confidence,' ventured one of the other officers.

'They didn't, because they have no idea I have come,' rejoined Lulu, turning those restless brown eyes on to the speaker. In answer to the unspoken question, she went on: 'Because I thought a day's suspense would make them ill—more than they are; and I might fail, in which case, disappointment would intensify despair; therefore, I did not tell them I meant trying.'

'Will you tell us who you are?' inquired the first speaker.

'No; I see no necessity for doing so.'

'No necessity,' interposed Colonel Harcourt courteously. 'But as a favour.'

'Kate Martineau'—laconically.

'Kate Martineau!' repeated all the men in chorus.

'That should be an English name,' said the Colonel.

'It should.'

'Then you are not Indian?'

'No.'

'Nor Indian parents?'

'Nor Indian parents.'

'May I ask who your parents are?'

'My dead mother was Miss Sutton, daughter of Major Sutton of the Royal Artillery.'

'And your father?'

'Is Captain Martineau of the scarlet Lancers.'

'Not?'

'Yes'—smiling for the first time.

The men stared at her in speechless amazement for a moment or two, then Colonel Harcourt rose.

'You are an English officer's daughter, then, and I shall have the greatest confidence in sending men under you.—You must have refreshments and a rest, Miss Martineau. Meanwhile, I will see to getting men ready for the expedition.'

The officers then left the tent, leaving Lulu to silence and rest.

They brought her refreshments, but she did not touch them. Was she so tired? Perhaps. Or perhaps those gloomy far-seeing eyes already discerned the shadows gathering on the future's dim wall.

Presently Colonel Harcourt re-entered the tent, and came and sat opposite her.

'You are not eating anything! Come, you must eat something. I am afraid you are overtired,' he said in his courteous tones, scrutinising her face with searching, gray eyes.

'What with?'

'Why, your long ride.'

'I take longer than that.'

'Do you? How?—I mean, for what purpose?'

'No particular purpose, as a rule. I spend the summer-time riding about.'

'Oh! And the winter? How do you spend that?'

'In reading, and various other ways.'

'Reading?' he repeated, thinking that explained the ease and refinement of her speech. 'You manage to get books, then?'

'The travellers that go to the big white cities bring them to me—and my father.'

'I am very sorry for your father,' went on the Colonel. 'He must have taken the—his misfortune very bitterly. Did he come here directly after it?'

'Yes. Before I was born.'

'Ah!—It is a great pity,' he remarked after a while. 'And it is a great shame that a girl like you should be buried up here amongst these savages. Don't you find your life insufferably dull and monotonous?'

'I have not noticed it—before,' she said, and then wondered what had prompted that last word. 'I am quite ready to start when your men are,' she told him by-and-by.

The Colonel rose, and stood looking down on the frail-looking figure of the girl. 'It does seem too much to ask; but you say you are not tired. You will come back with the men?'

'Yes. I won't leave off now till I have well finished.'

'Thank you. You must have one of our horses; for your mustang would never do the double journey again.'

'As you will. If all are lost, one horse more or less will not signify.'

The Colonel smiled, and left the tent. About ten minutes afterwards an orderly came to tell Miss Martineau that the Colonel's arrangements were finished. Lulu rose, and followed the man out of the tent and down the hill. Just outside the camp stood a group of men and horses waiting. The girl ran a quick, experienced eye over the men and horses, more especially the horses; and Colonel Harcourt saw she knew what she was undertaking. The horse that had been appointed for her was furnished with a bit and bridle, but no saddle.

'We have no side-saddle,' said the Colonel. 'You rode the mustang bare-backed, so I thought you would have this horse so.'

'Yes, I always ride them bare,' she replied in her laconic style.

She watched the men mount, noting the seat of each on his horse with a critical air. When

they were all mounted, she sprang on her own horse's back, and bowing her head in slight acknowledgment of the Colonel's parting wishes, rode off.

OUR BRITISH RING SNAKES.

THERE is a widely spread notion that any small animal, especially if it be one that creeps upon the ground, must necessarily be too insignificant and uninteresting to be worthy of much attention; and very often this feeling of contempt, fostered by ignorance, assumes a more pronounced form, and becomes actual dislike, if not fear. This is particularly the case with regard to reptiles. Yet many reptiles are perfectly harmless, many—even noxious ones—are exceedingly useful, and the life-history of nearly all is full of strange and interesting facts, whilst legendary lore is rich in stories in which they play a conspicuous part. It would be no wasted time to study briefly the habits and structure of our British reptiles.

First let us note how few species we have in this island. Naturalists differ somewhat as to the animals which should be included under the heading 'Reptilia.' All agree that the Tortoises and Turtles, the Crocodiles and Alligators, the Lizards and the Serpents, are true reptiles; but while many declare that the Amphibia (the Toads, Newts, and Frogs) are also members of the family, others will not allow of their being included. In England, our reptiles consist of two species of snakes and three of lizards; and if the Amphibia are included, one, or possibly two, species of frogs, two of toads, and three or four of newts. Each of these has much that is of interest connected with it, but in this paper we shall deal briefly with only one of the snakes. Let us take the common Grass or Ring Snake, a very handsome, perfectly harmless, and easily tamed creature.

It may be well, before going farther, to explain why reptiles are termed 'cold-blooded,' as distinguished from mammals, which are warm-blooded, since many people do not seem to understand the reason for the distinction. The mammalian heart is divided into four chambers, two auricles and two ventricles. The blood which has circulated through the body, gathering up many impurities in its course, is carried by the veins into the right auricle, and passing thence into the corresponding ventricle, it is driven to the lungs, that it may be brought into contact with the air they contain, and so be purified. After undergoing this process of oxygenation, it returns to the heart, this time to the left auricle, flows into the left ventricle, and is driven away again through the body, pure and warm, for it acquires its heat while being oxygenated. Now, the heart

of a reptile has only three chambers, two auricles and one ventricle. The pure and impure (warm and cool) blood are therefore mixed together in the one ventricle, and this mixture is driven away partly to the lungs and partly to supply the body. It is obvious that this mixed blood cannot be so warm as the wholly purified blood contained in the arteries of a mammal, and animals whose hearts are constructed upon this principle are therefore called 'cold-blooded.'

The Grass-snake is found in most parts of the country, in some places being very plentiful indeed. It is a timid creature, always seeking to avoid an encounter with man. Its favourite haunt is a sunny bank, where it can bask undisturbed—or some quiet marshy meadow where it is able easily to obtain a meal of frogs, to which it is particularly partial. It sometimes enjoys a swim, too, and it is a pretty sight to see several of these animals swimming and diving together. They swim very rapidly, carrying their heads well above the surface, and using the whole of their bodies in the same way that a fish uses its tail. They are said to be able to catch both newts and frogs in the water. They eat newts, small birds, birds' eggs, &c.; but the favourite food is frogs. A curious sight it is to watch a snake pursue and dart upon a frog, and then swallow whole and alive a dainty morsel several times larger than its own head. When seized, the frog seems to be fascinated or benumbed; it seldom makes any violent effort to escape, only occasionally struggling or crying; and it remains apparently unconcerned and without suffering while it is gradually being swallowed. Its downward course can easily be traced, as the bulk of the snake is largely increased by its meal. Frogs have been heard to cry some little time after they have been completely swallowed, and many of them have been taken still alive out of the stomachs of snakes. A frog is usually caught by one of the hind-legs; presently, the other leg is incautiously placed too near the snake's mouth, and then it is seized in its turn, and the two legs are swallowed together. The body follows, enormously distending the snake's head, which flattens out and loses all semblance of shape as it gradually 'gets outside' the frog, reminding one of attempts to pull on a very tight kid glove—the fore-legs are turned forward and straightened out, the head disappears, and the toes (outstretched and sometimes feebly kicking) are the last that is seen of the poor frog. Sometimes the victim is seized by the head or side; in the latter case, the snake invariably manages, without losing its hold of the frog, to work it round until it catches it by the head, and then swallows it, head first. The whole performance is a most curious one to watch.

But how can a snake manage to get down its throat an animal which is far larger than its own head? Have you ever closely examined a human skull? If so, you will have noticed that the bones forming the upper part of the head are so closely knit together as to be

practically only one bone—that the lower jaw alone can be moved—that the two branches of the jaw are joined together in front, and that it articulates directly with the skull itself. Now, look at the snake's skull. Instead of the bones being knit compactly together, they are easily movable, being merely connected with one another by very elastic ligaments, which are capable of stretching to a great extent. In this way lateral expansion is provided for. The lower jaw is not jointed to the skull directly, but to a long movable bone, which again joins a small bone that does articulate with the skull. This arrangement forms a kind of lever which gives the snake great power of vertical expansion. Then, again, the upper and lower jaws are both movable, and the two branches of the lower jaw are not joined together, so that either side of the jaw can be worked independently of the other. The snake's teeth—which are so small that they could not harm you, even if you could irritate the creature into trying to bite—are all curved or set backwards, giving great power in holding any object.

The way in which this wonderful mechanism works is very plain. When a frog is caught, the snake being able to use either jaw, works them backwards and forwards, and as the backward-pointing teeth prevent the unfortunate frog from escaping, it is drawn by degrees down the snake's throat, the loosely set bones of the head opening to allow of its passage. Then the powerful muscles of the gullet come into play, pushing the victim still further down, while the snake rolls about, rubbing its throat violently on the ground, to help in forcing the frog down. It is seldom that a frog when once seized is able to escape, though we have seen a very large one, which had been caught by a small snake, shake itself free after a long struggle. Sometimes, too, a snake will seize a frog which it is physically unable to swallow, and which it is forced to disgorge when half eaten; but it is almost incredible what an enormous disproportion there is between the snake and what it can and does eat. In one of the Natural History collections there is preserved a viper which had managed to swallow a very large mouse. The latter had, however, proved too large even for the expansible throat of its enemy, and the result was that the muscles of the snake's neck had been burst open, of course killing it. After making a heavy meal, a snake generally remains in a semi-torpid state for a time, and it has a curious habit of yawning or gaping immediately after eating. It requires food only once in four or five weeks, and we have had specimens which persistently refused food for three to four months at a time.

Whilst swallowing, the snake's windpipe is compressed to such an extent that it is unable to breathe. It is able also to remain for a considerable time under the surface of water without being under the necessity of coming to the top for air. To provide for these contingencies, the lungs are modified in a curious way. One lung is shrivelled and shrunken, and useless, and has, in fact, almost disappeared. The other is extended to form a long sac, or bag, of air, providing a reservoir for the snake to draw upon

when the usual mode of breathing is interfered with. It must also be remembered that reptiles respire much less than mammals do.

When in confinement, snakes usually seem to be amicably inclined towards each other; but we have witnessed many curious fights between them over their food. We have seen two of them seize the same frog at opposite ends, and fight desperately for possession of it, rolling over and over, twisting themselves into inextricable-looking knots, tugging and hauling and banging each other unmercifully against the sides of their cage, until one has managed to drag the coveted morsel away from the other. Sometimes one will begin swallowing the frog's head, while the other commences at the hind-legs. Presently they meet each other in the middle of the poor frog's body, and then there will be a dead-lock, until one can get the other's head into his mouth, and so force it to let go. On one occasion we saw three snakes catch hold of the same frog. The first seized it by the head, the second by the hind-leg, and the third by the side. This last was soon shaken off; and then the first quietly swallowed down the whole frog except the legs, which the other continued to hold. For a moment there was a rest; then suddenly, with a great jerk, the second snake pulled the frog right back out of his opponent's throat, and swallowed it in peace. It is rather curious to notice that as long as a frog remains motionless, a snake does not seem to care to attack it. Several times we have seen an evidently hungry snake go to a frog which was sitting quietly in a corner, and push it until it has moved, when it has been immediately seized and swallowed.

The snake's tongue is often mistaken, even by those who should know better, for a sting. Venomous serpents do not sting, but bite, as we shall explain when dealing with the viper. The tongue is long and black, forked for about one-third of its length, and nearly cylindrical. It does not lie loosely in the mouth, as the human tongue does, but is contained in a little fleshy tunnel opening out just inside the lip of the lower jaw. It is constantly flickering in and out, and seems to serve as the snake's instrument of touch. The creature does not possess eyelids, and is therefore unable to close its eyes. Whether there be any truth in the tales that are told of the snake's powers of fascinating its prey, we do not know; but certainly, when watching a snake, it fixes its eyes upon one with such a stony, persistent, unwavering gaze, that it makes one feel decidedly uncomfortable. In the absence of eyelids, there is a fine skin—a continuation of the skin of the body—covering the eyeball. Several times in the course of the year, the snake sheds its skin, coming out in a new coat of bright and handsome colours. These 'sloughs,' as the cast skins are called, are curious objects, and when perfect, are well worth preserving. In the process of removal, the snake turns them inside out, and each skin bears an exact impression of the 'scales,' as the folds in the snake's coat are generally called. For some days before casting the skin, the snake hides itself as much as possible, seeming particularly timid at such times, and the skin over the eyes becomes so

thickened as to make the creature appear to be blind.

As a pet, the snake becomes very tame, readily distinguishing its friends from strangers. It will go to the former, and coil itself up in their hands to enjoy the warmth, or will crawl up their coat sleeves and lie there until disturbed. It is fond, too, of being rubbed gently under its chin. It has no means of offence, and only two ways of defending itself. The most singular of these is the power it has of discharging from a pair of small glands in the lower part of the body an abominable, penetrating, clinging odour. When irritated or alarmed, it generally resorts to this means of defence, and no one who has ever experienced it is likely to forget it. We used to keep several snakes in a case in our bedroom, and on one occasion, when showing them to a friend, threw one of them on to the bed. Becoming alarmed, it hurried away under the blankets, giving vent to its feelings meanwhile in such a way that it was almost impossible to remain in the room all night, even with door and windows wide open. Then, too, the snake is able to erect its scales, pressing them so tightly against the sides of any hole into which it may have crept, that it is next to impossible to pull it out tail first without injuring it.

It may be well before closing to give a ready means of identifying the Grass-snake. It has quite a different appearance from the viper, but can be at once recognised by any one from the fact of its bearing two large spots of bright yellow just behind its head, and behind these two spots of black.

DYNAMITE.

RECENT events at home and abroad have called attention to the famous explosive invented by Alfred Nobel, the renowned Swedish chemist; and the present moment is not an inopportune one to lay before our readers some succinct account of Dynamite, which has aided so largely in developing the mineral resources and mining industries of every portion of the globe. So important a position, indeed, does dynamite hold in the search for the hidden treasures of the earth, that the laws relating to it have grown into a burning political question in South Africa; and the fate of ministries threatens to hang on their attitude towards this powerful adjunct to gold-mining enterprise.

Nitro-glycerine, which is the explosive compound entering into the manufacture of dynamite, was discovered in 1846 by Ascanio Sobrero, Professor of Chemistry at Turin; but its use for many years was entirely confined to medical purposes, in which a very dilute alcoholic solution was prescribed under the name of Glonoin. Nitro-glycerine is manufactured by injecting glycerine under pressure into a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids; a dense, oily fluid, of a pale brown colour, being thereby produced, which has a sweet, pungent taste, and causes intense headache in those

who handle it for the first time; an effect, however, which passes off in a day or two, and never returns to those continuously engaged in the industry.

Prior to the invention of dynamite, nitro-glycerine, which was conveyed in tin cases weighing about forty pounds each, was very extensively employed as a blasting agent; but numerous fearful accidents by this explosive in transport had such an effect on the public mind, that in 1869 the Nitro-glycerine Act was hurriedly passed by Parliament, which finally excluded nitro-glycerine from the market.

In connection with the dangerous nature of nitro-glycerine, it is not a little curious to note that a well-authenticated case is on record of a plumber at Rotterdam, who, unconscious of the fearful risk he was running, actually soldered a leaking tin full of nitro-glycerine, and successfully accomplished his task without being blown to atoms.

After much investigation to discover a substance which would absorb nitro-glycerine, and thereby so modify its physical condition as to render it safe in use, and after experimenting with charcoal sawdust, brick-dust, paper, rags, and numerous other materials, Alfred Nobel finally selected 'kieselguhr,' or earth-ment, as the most suitable material; and up to the present time no more serviceable absorbent has been discovered. Kieselguhr is the mineral remains of a kind of moss which grows in stagnant waters. The stem consists mainly of silica; and when the organic substance of the plant decays, the siliceous part remains, and retains the shape it had as a plant—a kind of tube. Kieselguhr generally contains a little iron, which accounts for the more or less reddish tinge noticeable in dynamite; and is found in many countries, principally Scotland, Germany, and Norway; also in the Luneburg moors in Hanover, in the Siegen district, and in Italy.

In the first-named country, the beds of kieselguhr which form the bottoms of peat-mosses are chiefly in Aberdeenshire, the Skye deposits not being sufficiently absorbent to be of value for dynamite.

The raw kieselguhr is calcined in a special form of kiln, to drive off water and organic matter; and is subsequently ground and sifted to remove all sand, after which it is incorporated with nitro-glycerine in the proportion of one part of kieselguhr to three parts of nitro-glycerine, the resulting product being dynamite, a reddish-brown, moist, plastic earth, having a specific gravity ranging between 1.50 and 1.65.

It is not generally known that dynamite will burn without explosion if set fire to by a match or fuse. Combustion is rapid, and is accompanied by a yellowish flame, nitrous fumes being evolved. Dynamite freezes at about forty degrees Fahrenheit, and is then much less sensitive to a blow or the impact of a projectile.

The manufacture of dynamite in this country is carried out under the strictest Government

supervision, the comprehensive nature of which may be judged when it is mentioned that the Explosives Act of 1875, with subsequent amendments and additions, contains no fewer than one hundred and twenty-two sections, four schedules, two hundred and nine subsections, and eleven Orders in Council—all abounding in rules and regulations and their corresponding penalties.

Many Harbour Corporations and River Trustees have also in force very stringent orders in regard to the loading and discharging of dynamite, one body of Directors insisting on all men in the vicinity of a vessel taking dynamite wearing pocketless flannel garments; whilst horses are required to wear stout boots free from nails or iron on the soles. Though manufacturers of explosives may be inclined to deem such precautions as erring on the side of excessive caution, and as adding to the cost of the carriage of their products, the recent terrible disaster at Santander, whereby a prosperous town was reduced to ruins in a moment and fearful loss of life was occasioned, points to the wisdom of neglecting no possible safeguard in the handling of the explosive under consideration.

The enormous trade done in explosives may be inferred from the following figures: the world's output of dynamite in 1870 was reckoned to be only eleven tons; whereas, last year, no fewer than some fifteen thousand tons of nitro-glycerine compounds are computed to have been manufactured.

The principal factory in this country is that of Nobel at Ardeer, in Ayrshire, covering nearly four hundred acres, and employing between four and five hundred hands; from which the dynamite is sent out packed in parchment in cylindrical rolls by female labour. Five pounds of cartridges go to a packet; and ten packets are contained in one box, which thus holds fifty pounds of dynamite.

So rapid, however, is the march of science, especially in the production of explosives, that dynamite, which is itself quite a modern blasting agent—having been invented by Alfred Nobel some twenty-seven years ago—is being closely pressed by the new gelatinous explosives, also the product of the same master-mind. These latest inventions consist chiefly of mixtures in various proportions of nitro-glycerine and nitro-cotton, the latter being practically dissolved in the former. Both blasting gelatine and gelatine-dynamite possess the power of resisting the action of water, in conjunction with the maximum of explosive power in the minimum of bulk. The employment of the latter explosive in connection with the great Manchester Water-works supplying the city of Manchester from Lake Thirlmere, in Cumberland, and in the construction of the Manchester Ship Canal, marks it as standing the practicable test of employment by competent engineers and contractors.

Even should the more modern inventions of Alfred Nobel eventually displace in some degree the employment of dynamite, it can never be forgotten that to this explosive is due in no small degree the prosperity enjoyed in mining and engineering circles throughout the civilised

world during the past quarter of a century, by furnishing a blasting agent at once powerful, effective, and free from undue risk in transport or employment.

SWEET LAVENDER.

WHEN summer is nearly past, and autumnal tints are just beginning to appear, the call of 'Sweetly blooming Lavender, sixteen branches a penny!' is one of the familiar street-cries of London and other of our cities. The call reminds us of the near approach of colder, darker days; but it also brings up thoughts of one of the sweetest of all floral perfumes.

The majority of those who purchase the sprigs of the little lavender plant thus offered know little of how or where they are grown, yet the cultivation of the plant is an important branch of the horticultural industry, and is specially valuable from the fact that it is carried on on land which cannot be made to support any other crop of much value. A little information about the lavender plant may be welcomed by those who have received pleasure from its sweetly perfumed sprigs and blossoms, or the fragrant volatile oil distilled from it.

The recognised species of lavender number about twenty, but only one of them is grown to any extent in this country. This is 'Lavandula vera,' a plant about eighteen inches in height, of a shrubby habit, and producing blue flowers. It is a member of the great aromatic plant-family, 'Labiata,' or Lip-flower tribe, which also contains the highly odorous plants, mint, thyme, rose-mary, balm, sage, and marjoram. It is a native of Southern Europe and the northern shores of Africa, where it grows in dry, stony soil, generally on mountain slopes, and has been found at an altitude of five thousand feet. It was introduced to this country in 1586, and ever since has been a favourite in our gardens. Other species of lavender are grown in France and other parts of the Continent for commercial purposes; but the oil extracted from them is not so delicately perfumed as that of 'L. vera.' One of these, 'L. spica,' gives the well-known Oil of Spike, which is used to prepare pigments for porcelain-painting, and varnish for artists.

The lavender plantations of this country are chiefly situated near the towns of Carshalton, Beddington, and Cheam, in the county of Surrey. In some parts of Kent also, and near Cambridge and Hitchin, there are considerable quantities of it cultivated. At the last named town it has been grown for at least three hundred years. The town of Mitcham, in south-east Surrey, was, for about a century, famous for its lavender fields, and the excellent quality of the oil it produced, as many as three hundred acres being under cultivation at one time; but in recent years, for some reason or other, the industry has almost died out, and other districts have taken up the trade.

The plant is very easily grown. In the driest situation, the poorest soil, and the most unpromising circumstances, it finds a congenial home, and gives, with comparatively little care, a valuable crop of its fragrant blossoms. On

well-conducted lavender farms, a new plantation is formed every spring. In this way a succession of young vigorous plants is assured. The plantations are only allowed to remain four or, at most, five years, being then dug up and re-formed.

When a new plantation is to be made, the land receives a shallow ploughing. Plants are then lifted from an old plantation and divided into slips with a few roots attached to them. These slips are planted in rows eighteen inches apart, the same space being left between the plants in the rows. When two years have elapsed, the plants in every alternate row, and every alternate plant in the remaining rows, are lifted and transplanted in some other field. When this work is completed, the plants are three feet apart each way, and remain in this position till their profitable productiveness has ended.

The third, fourth, and fifth years of the life of a plantation are the most remunerative. During this period the plants are in the full vigour of their growth, and their leaves and flowers yield, in distillation, the maximum of essential oil. The land is kept scrupulously clean by the use of the hoe. This is about all the attention the plants get during the spring and early summer.

Early in August the flowers begin to develop, and the cutting and bunching of the spikes is commenced. At the first cutting, only those plants which are furnished with flowers nearly fully expanded are chosen. This rule is observed in the subsequent gatherings. A hook of a special shape is used in cutting the sprigs. This implement is narrower and more bent in the middle than the common reaping-hook.

When the bunches are intended for market in a green state, they are generally put up in bundles of a dozen bunches of one hundred and twenty spikes each. This is, as a rule, the most profitable way for the farmer to dispose of his crop. In favourable years, a healthy plant, three to five years old, will yield about fifty spikes. With five thousand plants on an acre, and one hundred and twenty spikes in a bunch, the yield per acre will be about two thousand bunches. The average price in Covent Garden market is five to six shillings per dozen bunches; so that the handsome return of forty pounds per acre is secured by the farmer. This is, of course, the bright side of the picture. Like all other cultivators of the soil, the lavender growers have their 'lean years.' A wet, sunless summer discourages vigorous growth in the plants, while producing conditions which encourage the growth of a fungus which sometimes destroys thousands of plants in a season.

The oil extracted from the lavender plant has been used as a perfume and cosmetic from time immemorial. Its extensive use by the Romans in their baths is well known, and is probably the origin of the name of the plant, from *lavare*, to wash. The species cultivated by the Romans is supposed to have been '*J. Sachas*,' which is still common in Southern Europe.

Oil of Lavender when mixed with spirits of wine forms the popular lavender water, which as a cosmetic is unrivalled. After exposure to heat, dust, nothing produces such a delight-

ful feeling of coolness and refreshment as lavaging the hands and face in water containing a small quantity of lavender water. Being highly antiseptic, oil of lavender is also valuable in the sick-room.

The production of lavender for distillation is an important branch of the industry. In the county of Surrey there are several large lavender distilleries. To these the growers carry their harvestings, to be subjected to the necessary process. The oil is contained in glands situated chiefly on the calyx, corolla, and leaves, but also to a less extent on the branches and flower-stalks. In the process of distillation, two hours are allowed for the first 'run.' This run gives the clearest and best oil; and when of a very high quality, it is almost colourless. For the second run four hours are allowed, the oil produced being of a pale amber tint, and having a stronger, coarser odour than that which results from the first run. When the highest quality of oil is desired, flowers only are used in the process. The quality of the oil secured depends also on the kind of season in which the flowers have been grown. Sunless summers result in a much reduced quantity and inferior quality. There are many acres of land throughout the kingdom, producing at present only a scanty crop of grass, which might be used for the cultivation of the lavender plant. The demand for it is practically unlimited, and there is therefore little danger of its being produced in such quantities that the price would fall below a remunerative level.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Soft singer in the world of dreams,
Whose voice, o'rringing clear and far
Into the empty darkness, seems
An echo from a distant star,

Thou comest, as God's angels will,
When day and all its noisier mirth,
Gone past us like a wind, are still:
The stars in heaven and thou on earth.

Thou singest yet in all the years,
In all the years the stars arise,
When sleep has dulled our heedless ears
And weighs like death upon our eyes.

And ah! outworn with sordid cares,
We drowse in other glooms supine,
Blind even to greater light than theirs,
And deaf to loftier songs than thine.

But still they shine though none should see;
And singest thou, unheard, forgot,
Save in lone night-times, it may be,
When they and thou shall know it not,

Their shining makes some pathway bright;
One hears thee as he toils along,
And passes onward through the night,
Glad in their splendour and thy song.

A. ST. J. ADOCK.

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THE OLD WAGON-ROAD.

Few things have added more to the prosiness of life than the making of railway lines. With them, beauty and the joy of nature are at a discount. They run through the quiet fields, obscure cherished views, and diverge roads and pathways from their old and time-honoured way. They have no heart. They cut through the woods and destroy their sylvan beauty; they tear through the sequestered dell, and along the side of the most secluded lake. They not merely burrow under the mountain, but they blast its side, and leave for ever the bare and ugly scar. They disdain the long and fond reminiscences of generations, and drive through the spot where men have loved to wander and to ruminate. Nothing is too sacred for them. Past memories and rich traditions must bow their heads; and the spot in nature that has been a very sanctuary to the souls of men, has to lie low and pass for ever from remembrance. It is the work of the utilitarian. To him naught is hallowed; poetry is a delusion; and all that is lovely in nature must stand aside, if it happens to lie in the path of his iron way.

But nature strives to compensate man for his losses. She is for ever drawing her mantle over her scars. She creates new charms, opens new vistas, and offers situations full of that joy and tranquillity that gives peace to the human heart. She is reclaiming her own, and proving that in the end nature must reign supreme. Nowhere is this more marked than in those early lines, which, having served their purposes, are now abandoned, and fallen once more into the embrace of mother nature. Spread over the country are many such, so far reclaimed as to add to the number of secluded spots where one may retire and find rest. They are known only to and by the few who desire the peace of nature, and by those who, bound up in one another, seek their seclusion, and find in them a lovers' loathing.

Of these, one lies near our heart. We have known it long, and treasured up many memories of the life and the beauty of the place. We can scarcely say in which of the four seasons of the year we like it best. The summer dress has its charm; but its winter aspect has a fascination which few townsmen can realise. Yet, probably its sweetest temper lies in the spring, when the foliage is budding and hopeful, when the song of the bird is full of love, and when cherished ambition springs up anew in the human breast.

The entrance to its precincts is not obtrusive. The multitude pass and know it not. It was one of the early primitive lines—not for passenger traffic, but for running wagons from a coal-pit some miles up the country, to an old harbour frequented by coasting sloops, and by brig and schooner that knew the countries facing the North Sea. It has been crossed and recrossed, in part eliminated, and sections standing bare scarcely tell their tale to the wayfarer. A modern railway line has dissected its course, diverted and thrown the high-road over the iron pathway, and so completely severed its country route from that to the harbour, that one has difficulty in realising its original occupation.

We slip in from the high-road through what appears an accidental opening in the hedgerow, and at once find ourselves isolated with nature. It is a grass-grown avenue that first meets the eye, threaded by a footpath worn bare by the feet of its worshippers. Looking west and beyond the pastoral fields, we see the sun approaching his setting over the Ochil Hills. The cornfields are bare, and their harvest lies snugly stacked close to the old farmhouse; but the turnips are still in the soil, and their breath smells sweet after the shower of rain. A few rooks and a flock of starlings are scattered over a stubble-field; while a number of seamews give close attendance on some workers filling their last bags on the potato-field. One or two songbirds flit past, fat and sleeky,

cheerful witnesses of the goodness of the harvest. They have little to say to us now. An occasional note may be heard; but no song, save that of the Robin, whose cheerful notes sound sweetly in the stillness of the evening.

Approaching the pathway where it narrows, a blackbird gives his alarmed cry—a warning to other birds that a stranger is near—and betakes himself up the steep bank amid the trees and the shrubbery. A loud whir of wings from the fir plantation on the other side leads us to think that we have disturbed the partridge in his solitude. It is in this narrow pathway, closely shut in from the outer world, that, thrown on ourselves, we realise the pleasing experience of seeing our thoughts fresh and beautiful as the verdant green that surrounds us. The sound of the stream as it flows past, murmurs over its pebbly bed. The water is low, but the bank shows where the winter torrent has laid bare the roots of trees, and washed the soil from the face of the rock. Higher up, where it falls into the pool, birds congregate and drink of its waters when they think no eye sees them. It is by its side that they take their morning bath; and one can see on the pathway the marks of those who prefer the dust-bath. One place in particular appears to be favoured most. There the earth must be finer than in other parts. It is near to where a piece of wood juts from the ground—the end of an old sleeper! A few of these are to be seen as we saunter along, scarcely recognisable by him who walks to cover a distance, but distinctly discernible in the meditative walk. Some of these old ends are crumbling, some moss-grown. Strange and solitary reminders of the original purpose for which this hollow was designed. Over them the noisy wagons once made their way, where now the birds congregate, and, in the silence and solitude, take their dust-bath.

By the pool, just where it eddies round a bank, closely bound together by the roots of a beech-tree, is a corner favoured by the wren for its nest. Skilfully harmonised with its surroundings so as not to attract attention, the dome-shaped structure is placed under the bank, and thus sheltered from the weather. Often have we watched her flitting among the bushes, or entering the nest with food for her young; and we have felt amused at the male bird's cry of alarm as he has flitted unexpectedly across our path and disappeared among the shrubbery. They are a gentle pair, feed well on the enemies of the cultivator of the soil, and commit little depredation on what is valued. There is no sweeter song than that of the wren in spring-time, and we are compelled to wonder how so small a bird can produce so large and powerful a note.

Farther on, the narrow pathway opens into a glade, grass-covered and like a lawn, over

which is the bright blue of the sky, and into which the sun loves to pour his rays. It is surrounded with trees, and thickly set with shrubbery. The place is an epitome of nature; it has its moods, and it changes with the seasons. In the wintry days, when the branches of the trees are bare, the squirrel can be seen bounding from tree to tree, running over the top branches of the wood as if it were a highway. The hare in the breeding season becomes bold, and, losing much of his fear of man, frequents the pathway. In the early part of the year, when the snow has scarcely left us and the branches are still bare, the place resounds with the note of the missel-thrush announcing the approach of spring. With that budding period the flourish creeps out, the wild cherry with its mass of white crimson-tipped blossom leading the way, and foretelling the coming of the leaves. And as the golden whin appeals with its smell of apricot, followed by the yellow broom, the white hawthorn, and the red, the white, and the pinky-white rose, the birds are busy, and fill the place with their song. Rich and luscious, full to overflowing, is this glade when the summer robes herself in all her glory. The mystery and sound of a multitudinous life buzzes all around us. From those lime-trees, now taking on their tint of autumnal yellow, comes a hum of insects, deep and sonorous as the bourdon stop of an organ. It is the bees busy with the blossom. They love it—love it to intoxication. They suck the honey until they are drunk with it; then, falling to the ground, become an easy prey to the wasps, who kill them and take their honey. Strange infatuation; but not stranger than what sometimes occurs with those who believe they have wiser heads.

There is a dell lying near to the side of this glade. It looks as if in the early days it had been quarried out for some purpose connected with the line. There is no trace of that purpose now. Covered with trees and shrubs, and continually sounding with the silvery voice of the stream, near which the primrose plants her yellow carpet in the spring, it is a safe dwelling-place for both bird and beast. At the head of the glade the trees and hedges come together, leaving a small green vaulted opening, through which the sunlight can be seen resting on a further glade. It is a pretty peep, charming in its sweetness, and suggestive of those olden days when fair maids and brave men would of a peaceful evening rest themselves in such a scene, while the actors gave a sylvan play, or the musicians sung their madrigal.

The old road is not ancient enough to have a story of legend and romance. It has no fairy dell, no lover's leap, no strange and unexplained mystery hanging over it, to awake wonder and awe in the minds of the youthful

and the superstitious. Tragedies there have been, if one could but know them. There are few rail lines made but leave some dark trail behind. But there is one tale of mournful fate that lingers over the place. The story is not recorded in local history, nor is it known to the multitude. It is only to be heard by the fireside of the few old enough to remember it, and of those who have sat hearing grandfather tales while the wintry wind whistled in the blast. A horseman one dull day was riding up the wagon-road intent on other thoughts than impending danger, when a number of laden trucks running down the incline, uncontrolled, as was the wont in those early days, came suddenly round the bend and killed both horse and rider. A short but tragic story, doomed to die with the third generation.

We could pursue the old road for miles farther. We have done so before, and at each turn obtained a different picture and some fresh outlying object of interest. But for an evening stroll, we prefer to turn off here and make a round. We have a preference for a round in our walk. It does not bring us over the same path twice. It offers a fresh variety of objects for the gaze. No matter how good a subject may be, it is apt to lose its freshness and charm if we indulge too much in it.

Ascending the few moss-grown stone steps that stand by the old and disused well, we gain a higher pathway, which affords an extensive view of the country southward. It is a sudden transition from the narrow introspective pathway to the great view that takes us out of ourselves, and speaks of larger interests than those that lie at our own door. Looking over the tops of the trees that mark the line of the old road lying in the hollow, we marvel at the small space in which so much beauty and so much sentiment are stored. But it is wonderful to find how much can be discovered in narrow compass when attention is closely centred on it. Beauty pops out at odd corners where at first it was little expected, and the ear is quickened to detect sounds that are only caught in leisurely moments with nature.

Passing along the roadway, the country stretches before us as far as the northern range of the Pentland Hills. The waters of the Forth can be seen gleaming in lines between the pasture-lands of Fife and the Lothians. The ship in full sail is going before a fair wind; and one could almost imagine he heard the throb of the engine as the steamer went on its outward course. The blue smoke of the distant cluster of houses rises from the hollow; and from the old church tower that dates as far back as pre-reformation times, comes the sound of the curfew bell. The curfew! Scarcely one of the inhabitants knows what it means. They call it the 'eight o'clock bell.' Only one here and there has dipped into antiquity and can tell its ancient origin. There is, however, little need to wonder at this callousness regarding the far past. Things of later date have passed from memory as if

they had never existed. To most of them, there is even forgotten the knowledge and the history of that romantic byway, known to the few as the Old Wagon-road. R. A. M.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER IX.—LADY BOLDON MAKES UP HER MIND.

AFTER the lawyer left her, Lady Boldon went to her room, but not to sleep. She knew well that there would be no sleep for her eyes that night. A second time she had come to a crisis in her existence. A second time she was called on to make a decision on which her whole future would depend. Now, as before, she had no one to guide her. She must walk alone. To the moral aspect of the question she was absolutely blind. She considered that her late husband had pledged his word that, after his death, Roby Chase should belong to her for life, and that he had no moral right to revoke his former will. In this, no doubt, she was wrong. She knew before her marriage that the estate was not to be settled upon her, but left to her by will, and she was quite aware that a will is always revocable. If she had objected to the arrangement, she might have withdrawn from the marriage, or insisted upon having a proper settlement; but she had never doubted her power to maintain her influence over Sir Richard's mind; and she had preferred to make no objection to what was proposed, lest she should be accused of being actuated by purely mercenary motives.

To all this Lady Boldon was blind. But what was she to do now? Renounce all the fruit of the sacrifice of herself which she had made, of her eighteen months of bondage, of her renunciation of the man she loved? Allow Sir Richard's caprice, his mere will and pleasure, to take away her rights, and condemn her to choose between perpetual widowhood and a life of poverty? Never! The idea was intolerable! She would rather die than suffer it to be so.

What then? Was she going to marry this elderly lawyer, this Mr Felix? No; she was not going to sacrifice herself a second time for wealth. Lands and money would be nothing to her unless she had her liberty. And yet, on the other hand, the idea of reversing Sir Richard's unjust decree, of balking his intention to rob her—as she deemed it—fascinated her. She could not bring herself to answer Mr Felix with a plain 'No'; and still less did she mean to say 'Yes' to him.

The morning came—ten o'clock, the hour that she had fixed for the final interview with the solicitor, drew near; and she had not yet decided. She sat down and wrote Mr Felix a short note, in which she said: 'I cannot make up my mind. It was cruel of you to give me only one night in which to decide a question of such importance. It would be useless to see you now. Come to my room the moment you get home from the funeral. That will at least give me one or two more hours. We

can say all we want to say to each other in a few seconds, before the meeting in the dining-room.'

This she sealed, and sent to the solicitor, remaining up-stairs all the morning.

Soon the bustle in the lower part of the house increased. Among the first to arrive was Mr Frederick Boldon, the heir-at-law. Finding that nobody of more importance than the lawyer and old Mr Pugh, Sir Richard's steward, was visible, he constituted himself the head of the establishment, and graciously received the various guests as they arrived. Foremost among these were Sir Gilbert Fanshawe, a baronet of good family whose estate lay in that part of Hampshire; and Mr Jonas Proudfoot, an old business friend of the deceased knight. On one occasion Sir Richard had been able to do the baronet a service, and on the latter gentleman expressing his sense of the obligation, Sir Richard, true to his business traditions, had promptly responded by asking the baronet to be one of his executors. Sir Gilbert had hemmed and hawed, and showed his unwillingness plainly enough; but he had been fairly trapped, and had been compelled to agree to do what was asked of him.

The guests in the house were not numerous, for Sir Richard had not been greatly liked by his neighbours. However, the gentry sent their carriages, and the tenants on the estate attended as a matter of course, so that there was no lack of that outward respect which Sir Richard Boldon's conspicuous success in life had so well deserved.

The sombre procession was at length formed, and it began to drag its slow length on to the churchyard. In one of the last of the mourning coaches Mr Felix was seated. He had purposely chosen a place as far in the rear as possible, that he might be one of the earliest to leave the churchyard, and return to the house. During the melancholy journey, his brain was tortured with one anxious thought. He did not hear a single word of the burial service. The chant of the choristers as they sang the funeral psalm stirred no emotion in his breast.

And Lady Boldon? It happened to her, as it often happens to one in her circumstances—light seemed suddenly to break upon her mind, and what had been doubtful became clear. It was not the light of truth, but the dull earthborn glare by which most men are content to walk through the wilderness of this world.

Hardly had the funeral procession passed out of sight, when the mist seemed to roll away from her mind. She reflected that if she allowed the new will to be read within the next hour, the step would be irrevocable. If she were to marry, the stately pile which she had come to regard as home would know her no more. The fields and woods and meadows that stretched from the park wall to the horizon would be hers no longer. She would have no part or lot in them, and no chance of recovering possession of them.

But if she gave Mr Felix the promise he demanded, it need not be kept at once. She did not think of making that promise with the deliberate intention of breaking it. She

felt sure that if she were to play false the lawyer would outwit her, by contriving that the later will should come to light without compromising himself. At least, she supposed he could do so. But if she were to agree to his terms, he could not expect that she should fulfil her promise for some time to come—say three years, or perhaps four. In two or three years a great deal might happen. Mr Felix might change his mind, and get over this passion, which, at his age, was really absurd. Or, he might be persuaded to release her from the engagement, and yet show her the flaw, or whatever it was, by means of which the second will might be shown to be inoperative. Or, he might die. In any case, delay in producing the new will could do no harm; and the chapter of accidents might bring forth something that would decide the matter in her favour. Clearly, she thought her best course was to accept the lawyer's proposal.

So, when Mr Felix returned from the funeral, and walked with hasty strides to Lady Boldon's boudoir, she was ready to receive him.

'I agree to what you wish, Mr Felix,' were her first words.

A cry burst from his lips, from his heart. He seized the lady's hand without knowing what he was doing, and held it between his own, while he gazed on her face like one in an ecstasy. But even while he gazed, he remembered how the woman's consent had been wrung from her: he dropped his eyes, let her hand fall, and drew in his breath.

'We need be under no pretence with each other,' said Lady Boldon, forcing a smile to her lips. 'I give you this promise because it is the only way of preserving what I consider to be my own property. And I must stipulate for three years of freedom.'

'Three years! Oh, Lady Boldon, that is a terribly long time—an eternity it would seem to me. Have pity on me!—I see the guests are here. We have not another moment. Do spare me one year more. Do not torture me beyond two years!'

It was characteristic of Lady Boldon that at that moment she forgot her repugnance to this marriage—forgot, one might almost say, what it was she was promising to do—and thought of nothing but the expression of pain, of real suffering, in the face before her.

'Let it be two years, then,' she said, in a gentler tone.

Mr Felix seemed to be transformed into another creature. A new light shone in his eyes; he stood upright; even his voice seemed to change, and to become more manly. He lifted Lady Boldon's hand once more to his lips, thanked her with a look, and left her.

Already several gentlemen—Mr Bruce, Sir Gilbert Fanshawe, Mr Proudfoot, Mr Frederick Boldon, and one or two others—were assembling in the large dining-room. Mr Felix followed them, and took his seat at the table in the middle of the room.

'Lady Boldon is not here, I think,' he said, glancing tranquilly round the apartment.—'Perhaps, sir,' he continued, turning to Mr Bruce, 'you would be kind enough to see her, and, if possible, bring her down-stairs with you.'

Her presence is not by any means essential; still, it is usual, and it is certainly more desirable that all the persons likely to be interested in the will should be present when it is read.

'You would have all the gossips in the county here at that rate,' said Mr Proudfoot. This was understood to be a joke; but as the speaker was only a stranger, and the occasion was a solemn one, or, at any rate, one of semi-sollemnity, nobody so much as smiled.

The Rector departed on his errand, and in a few moments returned, without his daughter.

'It is of little consequence,' observed the solicitor; and he drew a long blue envelope from his pocket. 'This,' he said, 'is Sir Richard's will. I drew it up for him before his marriage; and it was executed shortly after the marriage was celebrated.' He thereupon proceeded to read the will. There were various charitable bequests, a legacy of five thousand pounds to Frederick Boldon, and legacies of one thousand pounds each to the testator's executors, Sir Gilbert Fanshawe and Jonas Proudfoot. All the remainder of the testator's property, both real and personal, was bequeathed to the executors in trust for Lady Boldon for life. After her death it was to go to the persons then living who might be the testator's heir-at-law and next-of-kin. And there the will ended.

'Go on, sir,' cried Frederick Boldon, in a voice hoarse with anxiety and passion.

'I have read it all,' answered the lawyer.

'Read the codicil!'

'There is no codicil.'

'Then there is a new will. Where is it?'

'If there is a will later than this, of course this one is mere waste paper,' said Mr Felix, looking the disappointed heir full in the face.

'But there is a new will! I know it! I saw my uncle—Sir Richard, you know, gentlemen, was my uncle—I saw him only two months ago; and he said that he regretted having made the will he had made, and that he intended to alter it, and to make either a codicil or a new will, leaving the bulk of his property to me, his natural heir. I say that new will exists, and it must be produced. Where is it?'

'You forget that my late client's cabinet, and his writing-desk and drawers, have not been opened,' said the solicitor. 'One of my clerks sealed them up.—If you, gentlemen—turning to the two executors—consent to their being opened now, we may succeed in finding some such document as Mr Boldon describes.'

The drawers and other receptacles were opened, and a thorough search was made, everybody joining it, by Mr Felix's request. No will or codicil, or anything resembling one, was found.

'This is infamous!' exclaimed the disappointed man, striking his fist on the back of a chair. 'I believe such a will was made, and that it has been destroyed or suppressed! I feel certain of it.'

As the young man spoke, he looked at the lawyer in so marked a manner that everybody observed it, and Mr Felix thought that he was bound to notice the insult.

'This is too much,' he said. 'I can make great allowances for a gentleman who is suffering from a keen sense of disappointment; but this is going altogether too far.'

Sympathetic murmurs were heard from those standing round; and Sir Gilbert tried to pour oil on the troubled waters by remarking—'Our deceased friend changed his mind once, it seems. What was to hinder him from doing it again?'

'I don't for a moment believe he changed his mind; and I don't acknowledge that document as being my uncle's will,' said Mr Boldon, pointing scornfully at the paper, which lay on the writing-table. 'I will take measures to have that will upset at once.'

'Now you speak rationally, if I may be allowed to say so,' said Mr Felix, with evident sarcasm. 'I shall be most happy to accept service of any writ on Lady Boldon's behalf, or on behalf of her husband's executors.—I presume, gentlemen, you accept the trust which the will begs you to undertake?'

The two trustees glanced ruefully at each other, but signified their acceptance of the trust; and Mr Boldon, finding that nobody paid any attention to him, made the best of his way out of the house, and took the first train to London, whither Mr Felix followed him the same afternoon.

OUR PRIME MOVERS, AND SOURCES OF POWER IN NATURE.

THE surface of this earth of ours is the scene of continuous change; of the development and expenditure of enormous energies. As the seasons alternate, for example, continents and even oceans are bound in rigid frost, and again relaxed in the genial warmth of the summer sun. Vegetation comes and goes. Countless forests of trees and flowers—structures, all of them, of the rarest beauty—raise their heads to wave and worship in the breeze, then hasten to decay. The winds of heaven change about, blowing high and low. The tides flow and ebb, and the ocean is traversed by unseen currents. Millions of tons of water are borne to the sky. All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again. Nor should the energies of the animal kingdom be overlooked, although, in the general stupendous exhibition of power, these are but insignificant.

Then we have energy stored or in a latent form in the vast coal-fields distributed over the world; in the supplies of mineral oil and natural gas, and of other substances which only require to be brought together by the art of man to be made to yield the dormant power conserved in them from ages past.

Now, if our modern civilisation has one distinctive feature, it appears in the manner in which we have set ourselves to appropriate, and to control in our own service the great forces of nature. Our physical well-being depends upon the amount of useful labour we are able to command, and we now look with impatient covetousness upon every force of nature unharnessed in our employ.

We believe in the conservation of energy. We understand that the cycle of nature's operations is carried on without waste: that the heat absorbed in the upbuilding of plants is given back in the slow combustion of their decay: that the heat required to evaporate the water and carry it to its vantage-ground on the hills is again restored by the friction of the running brook and of the tumbling waterfall; but from the point of view of needy man, such manner of restoration is waste. The heat which would be evolved by the slow decay of wood or coal might as well be rapidly given off by combustion on his hearth or under his steam-boiler; and the heat returnable in the waterfall he would rather have restored through the friction of his busy spindles.

There may be truth in the sentiment that in production by machinery, and in the necessary subdivision of labour, the dignity and honest pride in work of the ancient handicraftsman has departed; but, be it for ultimate benefit or otherwise, the present age demands that every power of nature which can be made to do its work shall be laid under tribute. And surely, if the dignity of original handiwork is to some extent withdrawn from the general craftsman, he is not without compensation. The workman of to-day is relieved from the almost overwhelming bodily labour which our grandfathers underwent, and, through cheapness of production, the comforts of his home and table are greatly increased. Higher education, and a foretaste, at least, of that leisure necessary to enjoy it, are brought within his reach, and by these means also his sympathies are enlarged, so that the triumphs of science, art, and manufacture become his own. If—as happens in many branches of manufacture—his life be largely passed in monotonous routine, and his interest in his own special handiwork consequently lessened, his mind is the more free to enjoy the benefits and pleasures of intellectual culture; to exult in the general supremacy of mind over matter, and even to take his share in the conquest. Who should be more successful in the invention of labour-saving appliances than the thoughtful workman? Revised patent laws have brought him cheap protection for his ideas, and, in some of our leading workshops, systems of rewards are now in successful operation, whereby he is encouraged to keep his mind constantly exercised towards the invention or improvement of tools.

The medium or instrument by which power is drawn from nature and applied in a useful channel is termed a prime mover. The prince of our prime movers is the steam engine. On this transformer of energy, more than on any other, have the skill and ingenuity of man been expended, and by its means have his highest conquests of nature been achieved. Compared with simpler prime movers, the steam-engine appears to labour under a disadvantage, as it cannot directly intercept power from nature like the water-wheel or the windmill, but must do so circuitously through the combustion of fuel and the pressure of steam. This implies further that fuel must be provided and conveyed to it, generally involving much labour.

These weaknesses, however, really entail the

chief elements in the supremacy of the steam-engine. In calm and drought, the windmill and the water-wheel must come to rest; but the throb of the steam engine's mighty pulse remains undiminished. If its fuel does require to be brought to it, we have it within our power to make the supply regular, rendering the continuity of its action thoroughly reliable. Unlike these simpler motors, moreover, it is not chained to the source whence it derives its power, but may be stationed wherever required; or, taking its supplies upon its back, it can make off with the speed of the wind, carrying man and his commerce over land and sea.

The wide-spread distribution of fuel and water also renders the steam-engine ubiquitous. It has opened for itself a door of welcome in every land and climate where fuel of any kind is found, or to which it can be conveyed, and it is equally efficient on the surface of the earth or in the depths of the mine.

In view of the labour involved in procuring fuel, economy in its use is important. About a century ago, when the improvements in the steam-engine had so far advanced as to render its employment profitable, it was found even then, in its most perfect form at that time, to require twelve pounds of coal per hour for the development of each horse-power; and in the inferior engines of that period it might have taken double this quantity. Since then, the steam-engine has been undergoing a steady process of evolution, and in the present day an engine which requires over one pound and a half of coal for the development of the same power is considered wasteful.

The more recently discovered natural stores of energy, mineral oil and natural gas, are very largely made use of in the production of steam-power where they abound. In the great manufacturing centre of Pittsburgh alone the daily consumption of natural gas was found some time back to be 500 million cubic feet, equal to 25,000 tons of coal. One well itself discharged 30 million cubic feet of gas per day at a pressure of 200 pounds per square inch.

Crude petroleum oil forms a most effective fuel. Weight for weight, it is capable of giving off about one and a quarter times the heat of the best coal.

In recent years, the steam-engine has found a powerful rival as a prime mover in the gas-engine. It is similar in construction to the steam-engine, except that it dispenses with the boiler, and derives its impulse, not from the pressure of steam, but from the explosions of a mixture of gas and air in the engine cylinder. Under favourable conditions, and for moderate powers, its economy is superior to that of the steam-engine. Coal-gas is principally employed; but the use of petroleum gas has also successfully passed the experimental stage.

Where a fall of water occurs, or a stream is found of sufficient body and speed, the water-wheel, as a prime mover, cannot be surpassed either for economy or efficiency. The older forms of the water-wheel are familiar; but where the fall is sufficient, the newer form of submerged wheel, known as the water turbine, is preferred. The water is made to fall down a shaft, at the bottom of which the turbine is

fixed side uppermost. It is fitted with vanes, somewhat after the style of a screw-propeller or a windmill, the details of its construction being suited to take full advantage of the impulse of the falling water.

The water-wheel as a prime mover, and electricity as a means of distributing power, already go hand in hand in many important enterprises, and are certain of still wider application.

Works are now in hand to utilize a portion of the immense power of Niagara Falls, and in this case water turbine motors and electrical distribution have been adopted. A preliminary draught of 100,000 horse-power is being made, which, it is expected, will not perceptibly diminish the grandeur or beauty of the Falls. A huge pit 175 feet deep, 110 feet long, and 18 feet wide, has been sunk in the rock adjoining the rapids above the Falls, and from these rapids the water will be taken. Near the bottom of this 'wheel-pit' a series of turbines are being fixed. They are each of 5000 horse-power, the largest yet constructed. From the bottom of the 'wheel-pit' a tunnel or tail-race has been constructed to conduct the spent water back to the river below the Falls. The bulk of the power is to be used in a manufacturing town to be established near the Falls; but part of it will be transmitted to the surrounding towns already existing.

By all known methods of transmission of power, loss by dissipation takes place, and the loss gets much greater as the distance increases, finally becoming prohibitive. At the recent Exhibition at Frankfurt, however, energy to the extent of 300 horse-power was employed, which was transmitted by electric wire from the water falls at Laufen, 106 miles distant, with a loss of power of only 25 per cent.

Here it may be worth while to refer to the popular fallacy that electricity is a source of power. It is true that power can be produced from the electric battery by chemical means; but the cost of its production has hitherto prevented its use for any but experimental purposes. Electricity, as now largely employed in electric lighting and other engineering enterprises, is known as frictional electricity, and is first produced by the steam-engine or other of the prime movers already referred to.

The efforts of experts have long been concentrated on finding some means by which electricity could be produced on a commercial scale directly from the combustion of fuel. Should this ever be accomplished, the days of the steam-engine would be numbered, and the bulk of the world's work would rapidly be undertaken by electrical prime movers.

In the British Islands we have, so far, discovered no stores of mineral oil or of natural gas worth mentioning as sources of power. Our main stay is our coal. Probably, however, within a hundred years the expenses of working coal will have become such as to seriously cripple manufactures, and the engineers of that day will require to look round in earnest for supplementary sources of power.

When the economical transmission of energy by electricity is better understood, power may be collected from the various streams and

waterfalls throughout the country, and transmitted to centres of industry. The old-fashioned but picturesque windmill may also be raised on every hilltop and harnessed in the same yoke. Electricity peculiarly lends itself as a collecting medium from such sources, as it is not only capable of transmitting, but also of accumulating power, so that from wide-spread intermittent sources, working night and day if necessary, a steady central power may be obtained. In the United States, the windmill has been reintroduced to a much greater extent than in the British Islands, principally for the pumping and storing of water. It is frequently seen in a new and enclosed form on the roofs of mansions, where, in ordinary weather, it keeps the tanks full to overflowing. In times of calm it may be supplemented by the work of a small reserve gas or steam engine.

Water-power in almost inconceivable quantity is constantly running to waste around our shores in the flowing and ebbing of the tides. Water-wheels have been here and there erected to take advantage of the power of the tides; but before it could be utilized on a large scale, more or less expensive embankments and other engineering works would be required. The most favourable stations for such works would be at the entrances of natural harbours and estuaries, where large bodies of water flow in and out. At such places, dams would require to be thrown across, confining the current to narrow channels in which reversible turbine motors could be placed. The conditions, for example, are already almost fulfilled at Conway, where the channel under the bridges is already narrow, and where a voluminous tide flows and ebbs with great velocity.

Want of space prevents mention being made of interesting minor projects for the utilization of nature's energies; but it is evident that, however it may fare in the future with the supremacy of British commerce and industries, there will be no lack of important problems for our engineers to solve. How admirably the surroundings of man are adapted to draw out his dormant capacity! He glories in endeavour and achievement, and indeed boundless is the scope for his activity. Each upward step, in either the mental or physical realms, opens up to his eager view widening spheres of enterprise. He rests happy only in the thought that regions of conquest ever stretch beyond.

A DAUGHTER OF THE KING.

CHAPTER III.

LILL rode silently and steadily as they pursued their journey, her eyes keeping their trained and ceaseless watch over the gray distances. The Major, in whose charge the men were, occasionally addressed a question or two to her, which she answered courteously enough, again relapsing into her former silence. For perhaps the awesome stillness of the great plain, with its brooding spirit of gloom, had crept into the girl's soul for the first time in all the savage life. Or perhaps the wild, prescient spirit, taught and attuned by Nature alone, felt the

chill touch of coming trouble, and howed to presentiment's irresistible weight.

It was evening before they reached the gulch, in which the men lay in the stillness of resignation, and the sickness of hope deferred. If Lulu felt any weariness, if she had run many risks, and passed through many dangers that day, she may have felt repaid as she stood a calm, silent witness of the unutterable joy of the poor, weary men. For about twenty minutes they chattered away, as men of one nationality can chatter on meeting after a separation, quite forgetting their preserver, the girl to whom they owed this joy. Then they recollected, and turned to her. She was leaning against the horse she had ridden, watching them with grave, shadowy eyes; and they were about to overwhelm her with praise and thanks, when something stopped them. A startling figure rushed suddenly up the little gully, and to Hialulu. It was that of a tall, gaunt, old woman, in a coarse unbleached calico gown, very strongly resembling a nightgown, and a sort of turban of crimson print. Regardless of the men around her, the old woman rushed up to the girl, and literally wailed out, in a voice from which time had failed to eradicate the Irish tones: 'Oh, Miss Katie, mavourneen, what 'ave ye been and done! Oh, don't ye go for coming near your father's cave, or ye're a dead girl as shure as my name's Molly Lafferty. Panka the fiend fly away wid him—came last night and told the master that ye have been feeling some Britishers down to Skeleton Gulch for nigh on three weeks. And your father took his Bible and cast ye off for ever as no child av his. An' he'll shoot ye the first time he sets eyes on ye. Oh ochone, ochone! Wishanin!' Having thus wailed impartially in both Irish and Indian, the worthy dame put her crimson handkerchief to her eyes and fairly sobbed.

Lulu smiled, and put a firm hand on her arm: 'Be quiet, Molly. Never mind. I counted on this before I began. But tell me, will he do anything to-night?'

'No; I think not'—emerging from the handkerchief. 'He doesn't know I've come to tell ye, av corse; so he's waiting for ye to come home to-night; then he manes to shoot. I thought by that coppery rascal's face—I'll put some pepper in his stew—that he had something to tell the master; so I jest listened like, and I heard him tell all. And I heard the master say how Waunema had promised to make him a chief when he came home with victory; and the master had promised Waunema, if he licked the whites, he should have ye, my bonny. Oh ochone!'—and Molly wept afresh.

But Lulu was anxious concerning the old woman's safety. 'Molly, you mustn't stay, or father will miss you. Go home quickly, and don't trouble about me. I shall be all right. I will take care he does not shoot me; and if he does'—a slight lifting of the level brows spoke the rest.

The girl was firm in making the excited old woman leave the gulch quickly, fairly turning

her out by the shoulders. 'You must go, Molly aroon'—firmly—'or you will be without a home in your old age. I will come and see you now and again, when I know father is away.'

So Molly departed, sobbing and wailing out her eternal fidelity to her 'darlin' barnie.'

Lulu watched her out of sight with a smile on her lips, then turned her eyes back into the gulch with an air of returning to business.

'What a brute that father of yours is!' burst out Larry. 'Just fancy!—going to marry you to that savage fellow, what-do-you-call-him?'

'Waunema. But father counted overmuch on the strength and weight of his will'—with a smile.

'You would never have done it, would you?' inquired Larry, with an injured air.

'Not whilst I had this'—and she drew from somewhere in the folds of her dress a revolver, bright and cruel-looking, whose steel gleam was reflected for a second in the dark eyes of the girl.

The soldiers were unstrapping rugs for the horses, and preparing the food they had brought; only Larry and Captain Jackson stood with Lulu at the mouth of the ravine.

'Well, we have been the means of depriving you of a home and a father's protection,' remarked the Captain.

'Think you I did not weigh all that at the first? I knew it would come. Be rather grateful that it has delayed till all is accomplished.'

'It shall be our care that you never lack a home though, Lulu,' said Larry quickly. 'We shall never forget that we all of us owe you our lives.'

Then there was a second's silence. The three stood gazing through the sombre fringe of pine-trees across the great darkening plain, whose brooding stillness is not equalled by any other of nature's solitudes.

'And so Waunema would have made your father a chief, would he?' soliloquised Jackson, recalling Molly's words. 'Humph! You would have been a Princess, Lulu.'

'Not so. Only a daughter of a king is that.'

'Not a Princess; but yet a daughter of the king, Lulu,' half-whispered Larry as the Captain turned his attention up the gulch.

'Oh no,' contradicted that gentleman, only half catching the words and turning his head back. 'Not yet. Waunema hasn't licked the whites yet.'

But Larry had meant that King whose kingdom stretches beyond this earth, whose reign is called eternity.

The British soldiery had fallen back on Fort Hunter; and having taken up their quarters within its walls, had strengthened the fortifications considerably. The fort had changed hands several times, being a much-contested possession. Having been first in the hands of the British and then the Indians, between the two the interior had got principally burnt down. But the strong outer walls were still left, and within them the soldiers pitched their tents.

Lulu also, when not roaming, made Fort

Hunter her home. She seemed much happier in the company of the whites, more contented, more girlish. The constant companion of Lieutenant Larry, she had, in company with that gentleman, got into more scrapes, and been guilty of more startling escapades, than all the other occupants of the fort put together.

In spite of her extreme variability of manner and mood, Lulu had become the pet and favourite of all within the gloomy walls of Fort Hunter. And her marvellous and exact knowledge of the country was of immense service to Colonel Harcourt. She was also an absolutely fearless scout, riding far and wide, and bringing back full particulars of all that was going on for miles round. Indeed, she was so fearless that she was a source of constant anxiety to the Colonel, who never felt sure of seeing her again when she had ridden away from the walls of the fort. But Lulu only laughed at all his remonstrances, and replied to his remark that she was sure to get killed if she were so intrepid, in her characteristic way.

'Get killed? Oh, of course, sooner or later. One thing is well, my life is mine alone; and there is no one to grieve my death whensoever it may come.'

And Colonel Harcourt was silent.

It was a tacitly agreed point that Lulu was to be taken to England as soon as the Indians were settled; but who was to take her had never been decided—indeed, it had never been discussed. Several there were who would gladly have undertaken the guardianship of the fitful and restless, but ever-fascinating girl. And Lulu, when she heard them speak of her prospective voyage to England, smiled in her half-cynical way, but spoke nothing.

So, for a short time, all had seemed to go well; but now, and for some little time past, matters had been growing very dark and gloomy in Fort Hunter. A slow malarial fever had considerably thinned its inhabitants, and provisions were running short. The fort had been a harbour of refuge for fleeing settlers from all round, each of whom had brought as much food as possible; but it had been right little they had been able to carry; and each family of refugees made it the more impossible for the Colonel to quit the fort.

Colonel Harcourt had been expecting reinforcements from General Hammond's division ever since he had retreated into Fort Hunter; but none had come. General Hammond was at least eighty miles further down south, having taken up his quarters at Fort Resolve. Either he did not know the full extent of the danger and emergency of the men in Fort Hunter, or else great difficulties had arisen in the way of sending them help. And they could not get a message to the General to tell him the true state of affairs. Several riders had ridden forth on the perilous errand; but none had returned, and no response had come from Fort Resolve, so great was the number and vigilance of the Indian scouts.

Colonel Harcourt had information too—thanks to Lulu—that he would have given anything to have got to General Hammond, amongst which was a warning as to the under-calculated strength

of the Indian army. But it seemed quite impossible to send either sign or word.

Amidst all the wild frolic, and the fun and excitement that the novelty of her present life produced, Lulu, too, had fits of deep, silent gloom. Away from the camp, lying on the grass, her eyes fixed on the blue dome of the heavens, the powerful heathen soul strove to pierce the thick darkness that surrounded it.

One day Lulu came home with the old stern, quiet look on her face. She had been away three days, and every one was becoming extremely anxious concerning her. They told her on dismounting that Lieutenant Larry had been taken with the fever, and was asking for her incessantly. She would go to him soon, she told them, but first she must take her news to the Colonel.

There was a conference in the Colonel's tent; but when Lulu entered—after their first glad greeting to her—they were silent in deference to the look on her face, waiting for her to speak. Addressing the Colonel, she briefly told him that the Indians had come down from the lower slopes on to the plain. They were encamped about forty miles from them, between them and Fort Resolve, and they were on the march for Fort Hunter. She had been very near the Indian camp that night, and had seen signs of preparations for a fresh march. Lulu calculated that two more days would bring them to the walls of Fort Hunter.

Colonel Harcourt turned to his officers with a gesture of despair. 'If we could only get a message to Hammond. But that seems quite impossible. We can no more stand an attack in the present weak state of our garrison than fly.'

'No. And if the General sends a small body of men, they will all be massacred. I don't believe he has half an idea of their strength—the Indians.'

'There is no doubt of that,' replied the Colonel.

'Had we better try once more to get a message to Fort Resolve?' queried a Major.

'The lives of four good men have been thrown away already in that attempt; and the Indians were not so close then,' answered the Colonel.

'We are all as good as dead men, then.'

'I will ride to Fort Resolve,' said a clear, decisive voice.

The men turned their faces to Lulu with an unconscious wave of hope; the tones were so unwavering, so calm and unflinching, they seemed to imply that failure had no place in the mind of the owner. But the instantaneous look of relief faded from their faces as they realised what that hope cost—the life of the beautiful girl before them, of whom, perhaps, they were all more fond than they would have cared to say.

'It is useless throwing your life away, Lulu,' said Colonel Harcourt.

'It is not throwing it away. One life for many is law. I stand more chance of getting to Fort Resolve than the others did, from my superior knowledge and experience. At the least, it is worth the attempt.'

'You will certainly get killed. And you

are so young. All your life lies before you,' went on the Colonel.

Lulu was silent for a moment. The five men sat and watched her as she stood before them, a tall, straight figure, full of an indefinable majesty, with one hand on the back of the chair, and dark, sad eyes looking away from them. Silently they sat and waited for her to speak, kept quiet by the utter nobility of this savage girl.

'What lies before me?' she seemed half soliloquising, with a rare smile on her lips. 'Life, you say. As if it were ever worth while passing by duty to gain more of life!' She paused again, and allowed her eyes to fall on the group of faces before her. 'I hear you speak of taking me to England with you. It is good of you; and you mean kindly. I am not very wise, and my experience does not serve me much there; but yet I am wise enough to know what that means. I am an Indian girl—in all save parentage only—and am ignorant; but God gave brains to every man and woman, and even I can see what would come of that. 'I am not much accustomed to your English language, and it will not come easily to my lips. But I know what I mean. You would take me to a land of cultured people, whose ways would be strange and bewildering to me, who would look upon me as a curiosity, a savage. I, here so self-confident and at home, would there have need to be taught like a little child. I should not be able to compete with your women in anything, but would be awkward, graceless. I should bring ridicule both on myself and those that brought me. There could come of it nothing but heart-bitterness and pain; for every woman is proud, valuing her dignity above all things—ay, even also a savage woman.'

As she ceased speaking, the lips of two or three of the men moved as if to speak, but they said nothing. They were amazed at the faithful intuition of this untaught girl. The smile on her lips deepened as she noted their silence.

'I shall start for Fort Resolve at the setting in of dark. Let me have a written message to your General, that he may have confidence,' she said briefly, and left the tent.

A FAMOUS PACKET SHIP.

A HUNDRED years ago the town of Falmouth was a much more important place than it is now. A stranger visiting it to-day sees but a small number of ships riding at anchor in a harbour spacious and safe enough to accommodate a hundred times as many. In the town there is more the aspect of a quiet country street in some sleepy inland district than of a thriving seaport possessing some unequalled natural advantages. Such is the Falmouth of to-day. The tide of national life has ebbed away from it and from all Cornwall. It may return. That great harbour in the west may again be raised to a chief position among those of this country. But if that be not so, if Falmouth is destined to remain in its present rank,

it is the more needful that her past history should not be forgotten, and that some record should be made of the brave deeds and public services of those men whom Falmouth boasted of when she had a part of her own to play in the national drama.

Throughout the last century and the first thirty years of the present one, the men of Falmouth were responsible for the safe carriage of the mails and Government despatches to Spain, Portugal, the West Indies, and America. A fleet of nine-and-thirty swift-sailing, well-armed vessels was maintained for this purpose, subject to the control of the Postmaster general. Their regularity of sailing gave them great advantages over private vessels; and being independent of convoy, they could proceed on their voyage without the irritating delays to which the Convoy Act subjected merchantmen—delays which in the eyes of many impatient travellers were scarcely compensated by the additional security of the escort, leaving aside the risk of parting company in a gale of wind, and thus being deprived of the security after all. At all times, English travellers have preferred a rapid journey attended with some danger to a slow one performed in safety; and the danger, too, was not very great, for the Falmouth packets had achieved a splendid reputation for fighting, though the Post office instructions forbade them to engage when an action could be avoided.

So travellers came from all parts of England to Falmouth. The coaches arriving from Bristol or from London were always full; expresses were constantly riding in, charged with late despatches from the Government, which must be sent off at the earliest moment. The inns were crowded with passengers waiting for the signal-gun which announced that a favourable wind had risen, and that the outward packet lying in the roads would shortly slip her moorings. There was a perpetual bustle of arrival or departure; for the whole trade and social life of the town centred in the packets, and every inhabitant felt his pride gratified by their conduct in face of the enemy.

There are many stories to be told of the fights in which the Falmouth vessels were engaged; but on the present occasion only one packet can be mentioned. That one is the *Windsor Castle*, commanded by Captain Sutton. The *Windsor Castle* sailed from Falmouth on the 27th of August 1807, with mails for Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands. Captain Sutton, her regular commander, had remained on shore, and the ship was in charge of the master, Mr W. Rogers. The voyage was uneventful for the first five weeks; but early on the morning of the 1st of October, when Barbadoes was close at hand, a strange schooner, which had shortly before in sight, was observed to alter her course and make all sail in pursuit of the *Windsor Castle*.

The duty of a packet captain, on finding himself chased, was to avoid action if he could. Mr Rogers well knew this, and accordingly set

every stitch of canvas which his ship would bear. For a time it seemed that the enemy was not gaining ground; but at the end of an hour there was no longer any doubt that she had the heels of the packet, and that an action was inevitable. Perhaps Mr Rogers and his crew, having obeyed their orders by endeavouring to escape, were not displeased at the result. To Mr Rogers, who held only a temporary command, the chance of distinguishing himself was doubtless welcome; and he set about his preparations with a cheerful confidence which had an excellent effect upon his men. The boarding-nettings were carefully tried up, and stuffed with spare sails and hammocks, so as to give some protection from rifle bullets. Pikes, muskets, and pistols were served out; every man was told off to his appointed station, and a small party was detached for the special purpose of boarding the mail, which, in accordance with the practice when a packet was going into action, was brought up on deck, and placed near one of the bow ports, heavily shotted so that it could be sunk at a moment's notice if likely to be captured.

At noon, the steamer came within range, hoisted French colours, and opened fire. The Cornishmen replied promptly with their stern-chasers, two six-pounders, but evidently did little execution, for the enemy drew on rapidly, and coming within hail, ordered Mr Rogers, in what he termed 'very opprobrious language,' to strike his colours. On finding that he disregarded this modest request, the French opened a heavy fire, and maintained it without intermission for more than an hour; when—believing, probably, that the heavy cannon had pounded all the spirit out of the Cornishmen—they seized an opportunity of boarding, and grappled the *Windsor Castle* on the starboard quarter. A strong party leaped into the nettings of the packet, slashing at them with words and hacking at the ridge ropes with long poles armed with heads of sharpened steel. But Mr Rogers led his men bravely to meet the attack, and after a few minutes' vigorous cut and thrust, several of the enemy were piked overboard, while the rest leaped back upon their own ship.

On the failure of this attack, the Frenchmen cut the grapples, and would have sailed off; but the mainmast of the packet had become locked in the rigging of the privateer, and, the wind having almost completely died away, the two ships could not possibly separate. 'Thereupon,' says the account, written by a passenger, 'our pikemen again flew to their muskets, pistols, and blunderbusses, our gallant captain all the while giving his orders with the most admirable coolness, and encouraging his crew by his speeches and example in such a way that there was no thought of yielding, although many of our heroes now lay stretched upon our deck in their blood. But then we saw the enemy's decks completely covered with their dead and wounded, and the fire from our great guns doing dreadful execution. At every discharge we began to hear them scream, which so inspired our gallant little crew, that many of the wounded returned again to their quarters.'

• The French were indeed suffering severely;

and at about three o'clock, feeling the necessity for some great effort, they formed a second boarding-party, mustering every available man. Happily, Mr Rogers detected their design, and bringing to bear on them one of his six-pounders, crammed with 'double grape, canister, and one hundred musket balls,' poured this tremendous charge into their midst at the very moment when they were grouped together for the assault. A great number fell; the rest made a dash under cover. They were becoming demoralised; and Mr Rogers perceived the moment he was waiting for was near at hand. His men saw it too, and were growing eager; but he held them back still, and let the gunners have their way a little longer. At last, about a quarter past three, he leaped upon the bulwark, and, followed by five or six of his best men, sprang down, sword in hand, upon the Frenchmen's decks. There was a wild scuffle, but it lasted only a few minutes. The French captain led his men on bravely; but he fell dead; and his sailors, dismayed by the loss of their commander, lost heart, wavered, and were driven below decks. A packetsman exultingly hauled the French colours down; and thus ended an action of which the result was unexpected both by the victors and the vanquished.

Not till he stood upon his enemy's decks, and saw the survivors of the crew brought up from below in iron a necessary precaution, considering their superiority in numbers—did Mr Rogers comprehend the force of the vessel which he had been engaging. The privateer was spoken of by those who saw her as 'the most complete vessel out of Guadeloupe.' She was armed with six nine-pounders, and a long eighteen pounder, fixed on a swivel in the centre of the main-deck, and traversing upon a circle, so that it could be brought to bear on any point with ease. At the commencement of the action she had on board eighty-six men, of which number twenty-six were killed and thirty wounded in the fight. The *Windsor Castle's* armament consisted of six four-pounders and two long-sixes; while her crew comprised but twenty-eight men and boys, of whom three were killed and ten wounded, one mortally.

This fortunate action brought Mr Rogers much into the notice of the public, and won for him not only his appointment as Commander in the packet service, but the rarer distinction of the freedom of the City of London. The crew were rewarded by the grant of several months' pay, and doubtless looked eagerly for another brush with the enemy. They waited long. Throughout the fighting of the next few years the *Windsor Castle* passed as if in time of peace. The American war, most fatal of any to our packets, broke out, and ran its course almost to the very end before the brave crew under Captain Sutton's command were challenged by the enemy again.

The date was actually fixed for the cessation of hostilities. It was but four days distant; and the action now to be described was the very last fought by a packet up to the present day. The *Windsor Castle* on the occasion was commanded by Captain Sutton in person. The

weather was hazy; and the American privateer *Roger* had come within a mile of the packet before either vessel was aware of the other's presence. There was but little time for preparation. The *Roger* hoisted English colours; but Captain Sutton was suspicious, and ordered the decks to be cleared with all speed, even whilst he made the private signal. It was well he had not delayed, for the signal remained unanswered, and the privateer drew very close. It was nearly dark when the first flashes came from the stern-chasers of the *Windsor Castle*. The fire did little execution, and a few minutes later the *Roger* ranged up alongside the packet. She lay now on one quarter, now on the other, keeping up a very heavy fire, and doing great damage to the rigging of the packet, at which her guns were chiefly pointed. Only one man was hit during this part of the action, and that was by a musket ball, which smashed the knee of the master, Mr Foster, inflicting a most painful wound. About half-past nine, the fire from the *Roger* slackened, and she dropped astern. This breathing-time was utilised by Captain Sutton in repairing his rigging, and in giving what rest was possible to his men. The enemy did not actually renew their attack for some hours, but continually ranged up within musket-shot, threatening the packet, and so keeping the Falmouth men continuously at their quarters.

At daylight she hoisted American colours; and on seeing the stars and stripes, the Cornishmen saluted them with a broadside, which was smartly returned. This second action lasted hardly more than half an hour; but the guns of the *Windsor Castle* were so well served, that at the end of that time the *Roger* was compelled to haul off to repair damages.

This was well enough; but the *Windsor Castle* had suffered more than her opponent, and her damages were indeed greater than could be repaired in the intervals of an action. Though her armament had been increased since her last action in 1807, her light nine-pounders were ill pitted against the metal of her antagonist, which carried ten twelve-pounder carronades, two long-sixes, one five-and-a-half inch brass howitzer, and one of those long eighteen-pounder guns, mounted amidships, and traversing on a circle, which nearly all the American privateers carried, and which, from the facility with which they could be brought to bear on any given spot, turned the odds of many an action in favour of their owners.

Even without the dreaded 'Long Tom,' the weight of metal carried on the American vessel enormously outweighed that of the *Windsor Castle*; and this was not the worst. The crew of the packet was so small that not a man could be spared from the decks. In fighting the guns, handling the vessel, and repelling boarders on occasion, every available man was wanted. The captain of the *Roger*, however, was able to fill the tops of his ship with riflemen, whose fire did great execution, and harassed the Cornishmen continually.

At half-past eight in the morning, more than twelve hours after her first attack, the *Roger* having repaired her damages, made sail again, and laid herself once more alongside the packet.

It was obviously a final effort. A perfect storm of balls swept over the packet. Three men fell in quick succession, picked off by rifle bullets from the enemy's tops. They were carried below; but the surgeon had scarcely commenced to examine their wounds, when an eighteen-pounder shot entered the cabin where they lay. Fortunately, it did not strike the operating table; but the splinters flew in every direction, and one of them struck the surgeon, breaking three of his ribs, and causing other serious injuries. The number of men under Captain Sutton's command was so small as to render these casualties matter of grave concern. But the courage of the Falmouth men was by no means broken; and Mr Foster, forgetting his painful wound, returned to his station, and did his duty with the rest, until a second rifle bullet struck him in the face, and forced him finally to quit the deck.

The two vessels lay within pistol-shot of each other for more than an hour, exchanging a very rapid and destructive fire. The best efforts of the Cornish gunners failed, however, to inflict any decisive injury on the *Roger*; while, on the other hand, their own ship was fast being disabled. So long as he was still able to handle his vessel, Captain Sutton frustrated every effort of the enemy either to board or to take up a raking position. But the game was nearly played out. At 9.15 A.M. the *Roger* ran down with the evident design of boarding. On endeavouring to avoid her, Captain Sutton found his ship unmanageable, lying like a log on the water. Not one brace or bowline was left to the yards or sails. Almost the whole of the running and standing rigging was shot away; while the after yards, swinging round, brought the ship by the lee. The Americans grappled with the packet on the larboard quarter, covered by a tremendous fire of musketry. The discharge from their 'Long Tom' swept the decks. The boarding nettings even had been shot away, and the path of the boarders lay open to them. It would have been madness to resist further: and having satisfied himself that the mails were sunk, Cap. Sutton laid down his sword.

Thus ended the fighting record of the Falmouth packets—an end surely not without glory.

Captain Sutton, with his master, mate, carpenter, and a boy, were sent back to England on a merchant vessel. The rest of the crew were confined as prisoners on their own ship, which was navigated by a prizemaster into Norfolk, Rhode Island, where the privateer was owned. The following extract from the *Norfolk Herald* of the 28th of April 1815 throws light on their subsequent fate: 'The following statement of an affair which took place in this harbour on Wednesday evening last we have prepared from the evidence given before the inquest which was held on the bodies of the two unfortunate men who were killed. We have been more minute in stating the facts than the importance of the case should seem to demand; but we deem the detail necessary to prevent misrepresentations which might obtain credence, to the prejudice of that magnanimity and justice which the United States, in all

their intercourse with England, have ever strictly adhered to. The crew of the *Windsor Castle*, brought in by the privateer *Roger*, were on Wednesday last put on board a small schooner, and sent down to Craney Island in charge of Mr Westbrook, an officer of the *Roger*, with a guard of eight United States soldiers. Owing to a low tide, the schooner anchored some distance from the island, and the prisoners had to be debarked in a row-boat. Mr Westbrook took thirteen of the Englishmen with four of the guard to row the boat, leaving eleven others in charge of four soldiers on board the schooner. Before his return to the schooner, the prisoners on board rose upon the guard, and endeavoured to disarm and throw them overboard, in which, owing to the suddenness of the assault, they had nearly succeeded. Mr Westbrook got alongside the schooner while the soldiers were yet struggling with the superior numbers of their assailants; but they still held their arms. Desirous to quell the mutinous proceedings of the Englishmen, he expostulated, entreated, and threatened, but to no purpose; and it was evident from their expressions that they were determined on taking possession of the schooner and making their escape in her. He then leaped on board, and attempted to rescue one of the soldiers, when the fellow who held him, quitting his hold, seized the tiller and aimed a blow at Mr Westbrook, who warding it off, and ordered the released soldier to fire at him, which he did, and killed him. At the same time, another soldier, having disengaged himself, shot his opponent dead. The mutineers, having the other two soldiers confined, exclaimed; "Now is the time, boys! Don't give 'em time to load again!" and were rushing forward to seize Mr Westbrook, when he drew a pair of pistols, and commanded the mutineers, in a firm and determined voice, to go below, declaring that he would shoot the first man who refused. This decisive conduct had the desired effect. They all immediately descended into the hold, where they were put in close confinement.

The conduct of Mr Westbrook was truly praiseworthy. His intrepidity certainly saved the lives of the soldiers, and prevented the conspirators from carrying off the schooner, an act which, it is said, they had premeditated.

The two unhappy wretches who threw away their lives in this affair are represented by the mate of the *Windsor Castle* to have been habitually turbulent and mutinous. The verdict of the jury of inquest entirely acquitted the two soldiers of any blame in taking their lives.

Such, world! according to the temper of those times, is the American account of the final scene in the story of the *Windsor Castle*. It would be tedious to rewrite it as an Englishman would have told it; but it may be noted, firstly, that to speak of prisoners of war making a bold dash for freedom as 'mutineers' is to use harsh and unjust language; and secondly, that Captain Sutton gave the two men who fell a very different character from that which is attributed to them above. Their enterprise was desperate to the verge of rashness, or beyond it; but it was plucky, and it very nearly suc-

ceeded. No one need deny them their need of praise.

England has forgotten as much of her naval history as would make the credit of a smaller nation. Something less than justice has been done to the memory of those brave men who maintained her glory in the smaller fights of the great wars; and it is well that, before the faded ink of the letters which describe them becomes undercipherable, and the brown and cracked paper decays irretrievably, some records should be made of those events, and some acknowledgment rendered of the spirit of the men who took part in them.

'THANKS TO THE SNAKE.'

AN INCIDENT OF CEYLON LIFE.

By BROWN PATERSON.

'Is there very much more of this climbing, Mr Elverton? I don't really think I can keep on much longer.' And Lena Wolmer leaned up against a rock and panted for breath, as she looked at her companion, a handsome young man of five or six and twenty, whose sunburnt features took on a deeper flush beneath his broad-brimmed felt hat while he answered, penitently: 'Miss Wolmer, I'm awfully sorry; but I thought we should have been on the top an hour ago. I really did, I assure you; and I am beginning to be afraid I have altogether miscalculated the distance somehow.'

'Are you quite sure this dreadful mountain has a top?' asked Miss Wolmer. 'For my part, I have very considerable doubts on the subject. Or perhaps'—she went on with a laugh—'the trouble is that Mr Elverton does not know how to find it! Come, Mr Elverton, confess you have lost the way. Your easy manner does not deceive me in the least, and I have been quite convinced for some time that you were off the track: so you may as well make an open disclosure of your errors. What is the good of going on, up, and up, and up, and never apparently getting any nearer the end of our journey?'

The young planter looked somewhat abashed as he replied: 'I have observed that as a general rule if one continues to go up a hill, one comes to the top some time or other. This mountain, however, I am bound to admit, seems fated to prove the opposite. In fact, as you very neatly put it, either Hantana has no top at all, or else'— He paused, and met the merry sparkle in Miss Wolmer's eyes with a like twinkle in his own.

'Yes, Mr Elverton?'

'Well, or else, I don't know how to get there. Now, the whole story is out, Miss Lena, and it only remains for you to crush me with your scorn.'

'Then, you have lost the road! Oh, this is truly delicious!' cried Lena, clapping her hands.

'What will Harry say, when he hears? You remember how he scoffed last night when you proposed the expedition: "Nonsense! Take a lady through that jungle. It can't be done; the thing is perfectly preposterous, and not to be thought of." He will never let us hear the end of this morning's work, I am afraid, Mr Elverton.'

'Me, you mean. He can't throw any contempt on *your* shoulders, Miss Lena. It is all my fault you have not seen the sun rise from the top of Hantana; and I shall never cease to be humiliated, when I think of it. However, don't let us dwell on our ignoble failure any longer. Suppose we throw the thing up now, and go no farther? I can see you are fatigued; and you have done enough, anyway, already for the honour and glory of your sex; for I am quite sure no woman—no English woman, at least—was ever so far up the steep sides of Hantana. Besides, the sun is growing hot, and it will soon be almost dangerous for you to be out in it. Even as it is, we shall have a scorching going back to our horses, unless I am much mistaken.'

'Well,' assented Miss Wolmer, 'I should not have liked to make the proposal myself, for I always hate to be the first to give in; but since you have owned to your sins so honestly, I don't mind confessing on my side that I've had quite enough of Ceylon mountaineering to last me for the rest of my life. Creepers and tree-fern are lovely to look at; but when it comes to struggling up hill through the jungle, I think I prefer the less picturesque vegetation of my native land.—I must really have a rest before we begin the descent, Mr Elverton.'

'Are you so very tired, then?' asked Tom Elverton, looking at her anxiously. 'I shall never forgive myself, Miss Lena, if you are the worse of this mad exploit. I cannot forget it was I who proposed it.—See—here is a stone that looks pretty comfortable. Do you think you could manage to get a little rest on it, while I go along this ridge a bit and see if I can't find you an orange or two? I think I can make out some native huts down in yon hollow, and there are always oranges or plantains in the Singalee man's garden. I'll have a look at the lie of the land too; there must be an easier way down, you know, for I have evidently got off the track somehow coming up.'

'Very well,' replied Lena. 'Go, by all means, Mr Elverton; and may every success attend you. I shall be glad if we can get back without passing through that scarlet lantana again; for, though it is so beautiful, I shall not soon forget how it can scratch one's face and hands.—But don't be vexed with yourself for bringing me here. I wanted to come just as much as you wanted to take me, and though I am just a little tired now, the whole trip has been delightful so far. I don't believe, moreover, the sunrise could have possibly been any grander from the top than from the point we saw it. The view of those waves of mist rolling off these great peaks was magnificent, and well worth all our toil; so, do not think for a moment I regret our expedition, Mr Elverton, though in a certain sense it has been a failure.'

'It is like you to say so,' responded Tom gratefully. 'All the same, I feel I have disgraced myself. I was so cock-sure I could find the way, I wouldn't even bring a coolie with us. If I had, we should never have got into this mess.—But,' continued the young planter in a lower tone, as he arranged Lena's shawl on the rock, and poked about with his stick to make sure no hidden snake or venomous spider would share her resting-place, 'you must remember what a temptation it was to me to have you all to myself for a few hours.'

Lena Wolmer's cheeks flushed, but she made no reply; and Tom, after lingering for a moment or two, as if expecting her to answer, went off, as he said, 'to explore.'

The young lady watched him disappear round the end of the next rock, and then turned to feast her eyes on the prospect before her. Away below lay Kandy, the lovely little mountain capital of Ceylon, its white houses and red-tiled roofs already shining in the morning's sunbeams; and between her and them, the waters of the lake gleamed through the sugopalm and cocoa-nut trees; while, far away to the left, she could just catch a sparkle here and there of the broad Mahawelliganga flowing silently to its ocean home, past the dark green coffee estates and the lighter-tinted paddy-fields. Nearer, the sun shone on miles of tea plantations, with here and there the picturesque bungalow of a planter, or a row of native huts, which Lena had already learned to call 'lines.' Amongst them all, she easily recognised the clump of trees in the midst of which stood her brother's bungalow, and her own present home.

Lena was a fresh arrival in Ceylon. A good many years younger than her only brother, the clever, long-headed proprietor of Duemalla estate, she had spent her orphan girlhood at a London boarding-school, and hardly ever remembered that she had a brother, except when his annual letter, containing the draft to pay her fees, brought him to her mind. But there were just these two left out of their family: he, the eldest, and she, the youngest; and when her school days were done, there seemed nothing else for her to do but to go out and join him in his far-off home. Harry Wolmer was not 'greatly' delighted. He had a poor opinion of women generally, and looked forward to his sister's arrival as a disagreeable event that could not be prevented. However, when she came, he was very kind to her, and endured with wonderful patience the invasion of his old bachelor privacy by all the young fellows round about, who came like bees to a sugar-bowl, as soon as the district learned that Wolmer's sister had appeared. The proprietor of Duemalla had really something to endure; his front veranda was besieged by ardent youths, who came uninvited to breakfast, tiffin, and dinner, and hung over the new mistress of the bungalow, listening to her conversation as if she were inspired, accompanying her songs on their violins, or bringing her the skins of all sorts of wild animals which they had shot, and snipe, which they implored her to have cooked for her dinner; while the back veranda was equally crowded with their horse-keepers, snor-

ing comfortably in shady corners, or chewing the social betel-nut in the intervals of discussing their masters' characters. However, Mr Wolmer bore it all with great good-nature, and only inquired now and then of Lena when the wedding was to be, and which of all her adorers was the man of her choice.

Lena on her part enjoyed her position immensely. It was a new thing to her to be so courted and admired; and though she was sorry for the unfortunates whom she was constantly rejecting, her head was perhaps just a trifle turned by all the admiration she received. One very wealthy Scotchman paid her special attention, and she had determined to marry him. When he asked her, she would accept him, though she liked Tom Elverton best. But Tom was only a poor S. D., or 'little master,' as the Tamils say. In other words, he was simply Mr Wolmer's assistant, and had not a penny beyond his salary. And Lena, who had been poor all her life, did not feel inclined to go on in poverty when luxury and riches were within her reach. So Tom had been rejected, like the other ten or eleven adorers who had offered themselves to Miss Wolmer; but he still came about the bungalow, though he had no hope in his heart. He could not bear to stay away, somehow; and yesterday, when Lena had expressed a wish to see the sun rise from Hantana, he had been lifted up into the seventh heaven of joy, when she accepted his offer of himself as a guide. To tell the truth, Lena was specially sorry for Tom; and though she was quite resolved not to marry him, she could not resist making him as happy as she was able, in the meantime. Her eyes got dewy now, as she thought of him and his tender care of her all the way up. 'Poor Tom!' she mused. 'I wonder why the nicest people are always the ones that have no money! Now, if I had money, or he had been rich, we might have been happy together. But then, it is not to be thought of, Lena, my dear. A girl with ten pounds a year to her fortune can't marry a man with nothing a year for his, that's certain; and Harry says the same; so there's nothing for it but Mr Alexander MacAlpine, though Mrs Alexander MacAlpine sounds dreadful compared with'—

But Lena did not finish her thought. The long rest after exertion, combined with the heat, was beginning to make her drowsy. The rustle of the leaves of a palm-tree near, as they flapped backwards and forwards in the breeze, sounded in her ears like the distant wash of the ocean, and she fancied herself back on board ship, lying in her berth, and listening to the lapping of the water against the side of the vessel. Then she was at school, and the governess was speaking to her, and telling her to wake up. 'Yes, Miss Martin,' she tried to say, and struggled to lift her heavy eyelids, while Miss Martin seemed to stare at her with a strangely stony look. At last, with a great effort, she opened her eyes. There, facing her, and just rearing its head to strike, sat a large snake. His beautiful glossy skin shone in the bright sun, and his eyes were fixed on her. Lena uttered not a sound—voice and tongue alike failed her; and helpless, almost paralysed with terror, she

sat looking at the horrible creature, not daring even to breathe, lest he should make the fatal spring. Afterwards, she remembered thinking—such strange beings are we—how very exactly the two shades of brown matched in the markings of his skin. A moment passed thus; then suddenly there was a shout, and Tom Elverton, crashing through the jungle, caught the snake by the throat and strangled it. Quick as lightning it was done. Tom Elverton had not spent hours watching the native snake-charmers for nothing; but, in spite of his dexterity, the snake was swifter even than he, and, twisting itself round in his hand, it bit him on the wrist ere it died.

'Oh, thank God!' cried Lena, beginning to tremble, now that the danger was over. 'But it has bitten you, Mr Elverton. Oh, what shall we do?'

'Never mind that,' said Tom, looking at the creature, now lying on the ground. 'I don't believe it was a dangerous snake at all. Anyway, you're not hurt, and that is the great thing. I dropped my stick coming back, else I could easily have knocked him over with that; but I might have struck you as well; so perhaps it was a good thing I hadn't it, after all.'

Tom spoke lightly, but his face was visibly paling as he spoke. The pain was making him faint, and he leaned against the rock.

'Mr Elverton,' said Lena timidly, 'let me band up your hand for you.'

He held it out without a word, and Lena looked at the mark of the bite. 'Are you quite sure it was not a poisonous snake?' she asked falteringly.

'Well, perhaps not quite sure,' he responded; 'but I think not, Miss Lena.'

She grew suddenly very red. 'Do you remember the story about Queen Eleanor, Mr Elverton?'

'Queen Eleanor?' he answered wonderingly, looking in to her tearful eyes. 'I am afraid I am rather hazy in my history.—Oh,' he abruptly broke off, 'you mean about the poisoned dagger?' And his face flushed as deeply as her own. 'No, Miss Lena, that would never do, thank you. A man might allow his wife to risk her life for him, perhaps; but this is different. I am not Mr MacAlpine, remember,' he concluded rather bitterly. 'But if you will tie a handkerchief round my wrist, I shall be grateful to you for that; and then we must go down to our horses as fast as we can. I've found the road now, you'll be glad to hear.'

'Tom,' said Lena in a very low voice, 'if you will let me be your Queen Eleanor now, I'll—I'll be your wife afterwards.'

There is no need to record Mr Elverton's reply. But there is a lady now in the assistant's bungalow at Duemalla, and the *appa* who used to cheat his master in the most systematic and barefaced manner, has fallen upon evil days, for he has to reckon with a stern mistress for every pound of sugar and measure of rice he brings from the bazaar. Consequently, Tom finds, to his great surprise, that he hardly spends any more money as a married man than he did as a bachelor; and his stores last out ever so much longer, now

that 'Queen Eleanor,' as he calls his wife, keeps the *golden* keys.

In the centre of their cheerful drawing-room, mounted on a handsome brass stand, there is a splendid stuffed specimen of the snake tribe, which Tom occasionally shows his visitors. 'That fellow was the best friend ever I had,' he says, 'for through his help I got my wife.'

Mr MacAlpine is still unmarried; but it is supposed in the district that he has lately 'incidental home' for a young lady to come out; and Mrs Tom Elverton is particularly anxious to know what she will be like. 'Though, Tom, my dear,' she says, 'I shall never be too glad I learned sense in time, thanks to the snake.'

AUTUMN IN NEW ENGLAND.

A GRAY, sandy road stretching away into the clear, far distance. On either side, a green ground-work, with masses of crimson and gold foliage, and flecks of purple and yellow colouring interspersed, leads the wayfarer along from one peaceful New England village to its neighbour, basking in the glowing warmth and colour of the Indian summer. The copse which borders this sunny road shows many of the typical trees of New England. The deep bluish green of the pines forms a sombre background to the silvery-stemmed birch with its delicate branches and quivering leaves. It was from the snow-white bark of the canoe-birch that the Indian made his canoes in New England before the white man drove him westward. In the distance, the scarlet oak rears its lofty head, its leaves turned to a brilliant red by the early frosts; while the white oak adds yet another hue in the beautiful purple of its fading leaves.

The flowers of New England often remind us of the Old Country. The yellow toad-flax and the bright-blue chicory (called succory here) abound on every side; but the flower which blows from east to west in this wide country is the golden-rod, that native of English cottage gardens. So characteristic is this flower, that it has been suggested it shall hold the honourable post of national flower; but others would give this pre-eminence to the little May-flower, one of the heath tribe, which was named by the earliest settlers as the first flower which blossomed in the spring after their arrival. The golden-rod waves its feathery head in contrast to the purple aster, which resembles closely our Michaelmas daisy.

Amongst the leaves and flowers of the golden-rod and the aster climbs the woodbine or Virginian creeper, with spreading scarlet leaf and purple berry. The sumach, with its graceful leaves and crimson head of blossom, grows abundantly, adding its quota to the mass of colour in the autumn. Away on the marsh-land grows the white birch, which always indicates poor soil. Its slender stems gleam through the yellow leaves in the sunlight. The pale valerians lift their heads as in the meadow-land of the Old Country, and the tall reeds

and grasses sway in the warm air. Here the bulrushes, too, stand sentinel round the pools of shallow water, covered with the leaves of the arrowhead and the water-lily. Where the land rises a little, we find banks covered with the checker-berry, a tiny red fruit, used for flavouring sweetmeats; and farther on, the huckleberry shows its rich bloom in the glossy leaves.

One of the chief industries in the marshy ground of New England, especially on Cape Cod, is the cultivation of the cranberry. The little plants creep over the ground with shining leaves, and a round scarlet berry rather larger than a pea. They are set in rows in marshy land which has been especially prepared for them, and in September and October begins the cranberry-picking. The schools of the district are closed for a few weeks, and the children come with their tin pails to pick the fruit, and often earn as much as a pound a week.

But with all the luxuriant growth of the waysides and meadows, there still lacks something to the English eye, for, search as you may, you will never find the 'wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower.'

CURFEW TIDE.

'The bon^d day closes.'

The thrushes sing in every tree;
The shadows long and longer grow;
Broad sunbeams lie athwart the sea;
The oven low;
Round roof and tower the swallows slide;
And slowly, slowly sinks the sun,
At curfew-tide,
When day is done.

Sweet Sleep, the night-time's fairest child,
O'er all the world her pinions spreads;
Each flower, beneath her influence mild,
Fresh fragrance sheds;
The owls, on silent wings and wide,
Steal from the woodlands, one by one,
At curfew-tide,
When day is done.

No more the clanging rookery rings
With voice of many a noisy bird;
The startled wood-clove's clattering wings
No more are heard;
With sound like whispers faintly sighed,
Soft breezes through the tree-tops run,
At curfew-tide,
When day is done.

So may it be when life is spent,
When ne'er another sun can rise,
Nor light on other joy present
To dying eyes;
Then softly may the spirit glide
To realms of rest, disturbed by none,
At curfew-tide,
When day is done.

S. CORNISH WATKINS.

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PICCADILLY BOOKMEN.

THE HOUSE OF HATCHARD'S.

A SMALL, beautifully printed volume has recently been published with the above title, giving most deeply interesting sketches of early Booksellers in and around Piccadilly, and more particularly informing us how the well-known firm of Hatchard's grew into its present prominent position. The book is written by Mr A. L. Humphreys, a partner in Hatchard's, and a passionate lover of his trade and books. Mr Birrell, M.P., the author of *Obiter Dicta*, when addressing the Booksellers at their annual dinner in London, called special attention to the book as one of unusual interest. As the history of booksellers is of world-wide importance, we feel sure that the readers of this *Journal* will be pleased to know how the bookselling business was carried on in times past, and how a large firm was gradually built up.

As far as Hatchard's is concerned, it is the old story of a small beginning gradually developing—by care, diligence, and honour—into importance and wealth. The book whose title we give at the head of this paper, to use Dr Smiles's term, is a bit of 'Industrial Biography'; and John Hatchard, the founder of the firm, would supply capital illustrations for a future edition of *Self-help and Character*. John Hatchard has left a few statements as to his early life. Many of them were written in a copy-book, and are of the most simple character. He tells us that 'he was born in London in October 1768—that he was admitted into the Gray Coat Hospital in March 1776—that he went on trial to Mr Bensley, printer, of Swan Yard, Strand, January 7, 1782. Not liking the trade, he came away January 28, 1782. Went on trial to Mr Ginger, June 17, 1782; and was bound September 18, 1782. The apprenticeship expired October 18, 1789, which "was served duly and truly;" and on the 19th my friends

congratulated me. On the 26th of the same month was situated as shopman with Mr Payne, bookseller, Mewgate, Castle Street, St Martin's. I quitted the service of Mr Payne, June 30, 1797, and commenced business for myself at 173 Piccadilly, where, thank God, things went on very well, till friends desiring me to take a larger shop, I did so; I think, June 1801, at 190 in the same street. N.B.—When I commenced business, I had as my own property less than five pounds; but God blessed my industry, and good men encouraged it.'

The knowledge which Hatchard gained at Payne's was very useful to him. Payne was the first bookseller to issue catalogues of second-hand books. There had been book auctions long before; but the sale of books by means of the private circulation of catalogues 'had never been properly worked before Payne's time. If this be so, the book-collecting world should annually meet and drink to the health of honest Tom Payne, who must have been the means of bringing much happiness to the many enthusiastic book-collectors of that day.'

At Payne's shop, young Hatchard was brought into contact with some of the largest book-buyers of the day. His gracious and willing manner secured him all the friends he needed; and in his laudable desire to get on, he was encouraged all round. We get interesting glimpses in the book as to the wide contrast between the days of Hatchard's early business life and our own time. In the Memorandum Book he enters, under date of July 1, 1797: 'Took a shop lately occupied by Mr White, 173 Piccadilly, subject to pay £31, 10s. goodwill, and £40 per annum.' Think of this £40 a year as rent for a shop in Piccadilly!

Among the almost daily visitors whom Hatchard saw at Tom Payne's shop were the Rev. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode, a wealthy person, and owner of a very choice library of classical books, famous for their wide margins and excellent preservation, and now lodged in the British Museum. At Payne's, too, met 'George

Steevens, Malone, Windham, Lord Stormont, Sir John Hawkins, Lord Spencer, Porson, Burney, King Townley, Colonel Stauley, and various other bookish men.'

When Hatchard commenced business on his own account, he was twenty-nine years of age, 'a young man of exemplary piety, shrewd sense, and possessed of a determination to succeed.' He had already fifteen years of experience in bookselling. His first shop was 173 Piccadilly; his second was at 190; and later he moved to the premises 187, which are still occupied by the firm. His first successful hit in publishing was a small pamphlet entitled *Reform or Ruin*, by John Bowdler, 1797. This brought considerable financial benefit. After this, he was appointed publisher of the *Christian Observer*, which was edited by Zachary Macaulay, the father of Lord Macaulay, and was the organ of the Evangelical party in the Church of England. Mr Humphreys says that 'it may not be generally known that Lord Macaulay's first printed work appeared in the form of a practical joke in the pages of the *Christian Observer*. Macaulay, while profoundly respecting his father, chafed at the restriction which forbade the reading of novels in the home at Clapham, and he therefore addressed an anonymous letter to the editor of the magazine, praising Fielding and other eighteenth-century writers. His father incautiously inserted this letter in the *Christian Observer*, to the horror of many subscribers, and doubtless to the intense amusement of young Tom.' We are also told of Macaulay acting as index-maker to his father and John Hatchard. When the thirteenth volume of the *Christian Observer* was being prepared for the press, the boy, then aged fourteen, drew up in his Christmas holidays an index to the book, which may be found in all copies of that volume.

We obtain interesting glimpses of other well-known authors and personages in connection with the history of Hatchard's. Hannah More expressed a wish, when a girl in her home in Somersetshire, that she should be able when a woman to 'live in a cottage too low for a clock, and to go to London to see bishops and booksellers.' She realised her ambition, for she was very well known at Hatchard's, both personally and as a correspondent.

In the earliest ledger of Hatchard is a page allotted to the purchases of Her Majesty Queen Charlotte, the wife of George III., who had been graciously pleased to favour Hatchard from his first commencing business. She buys *L'Histoire de France*, five vols.; Baxter's *Dying Thoughts*; and many copies of what is entered as *A Statement of Facts*. This was a curious little tract by Dr Glasse, Vicar of Hanwell, about an eccentric woman supposed to be of noble birth found near a haystack, in Somersetshire.

William Wilberforce was a very frequent visitor at Hatchard's, and had many of his letters addressed there. Writing to Zachary Macaulay, January 7, 1815, he says: 'I have had last, not least, a Haytian correspondent. Two days ago, I received a note from Hatchard, telling me that a letter had come for me of

eighty-five ounces, and was charged £37, 10s., and that he refused it.'

We catch a view of Pye, who succeeded Warton as poet-laureate in 1790. Pye was a friend of Isaac Disraeli, and, as Lord Beaconsfield acknowledged, his father was much indebted to him in connection with the publication of his work *On the Abuse of Satire*.

In 1799, Crabbe the poet transferred the publishing of his works to Hatchard's. The first volume published by Hatchard for Crabbe appeared in 1807, and contained the *Parish Register*, *Sir Eustace Grey*, the *Birth of Plattery*, and other minor poems.

Hatchard's shop was from a very early period a rendezvous for literary men, and many of the wealthier class. This gave Sydney Smith a chance for a hit at the place and its frequenters. In an article in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1810 on 'Public Schools,' he says: 'There is a set of well-dressed, prosperous gentlemen who assemble daily at Mr Hatchard's shop, clean, civil personages, well in with the people in power, delighted with every existing institution, and almost with every existing circumstance; and every now and then one of these personages writes a book, and the rest praise that little book, expecting to be praised in their turn for their own little books; and of these little books thus written by these clean and civil personages, so expecting to be praised, the pamphlet before us appears to be one.'

In 1818, when Hatchard was at 190 Piccadilly, an amusing Society was started at his house to promote marriage. 'It was, says Mr Humphreys, 'an early instance, if not the first, of a Matrimonial Agency. The Society called itself "The Outinian Society." Hatchard seems to have been much mixed up in this, and lent his premises and his initials—discreetly withholding his name—for the purposes of the Society. It appears that it occurred to some one of the people who met at Hatchard's that much might be done by promoting matches, and convening meetings for the purpose of inquiring into the suitability of contracting parties, or supplying information to members which would help them to make a choice, or, as Mr Oscar Wilde would put it, whether they had "pasts" or whether they had "futures." The vote of anonymity thrown over the whole proceedings is very amusing. The "XYZs," the "Onlookers," and the "Friends" to the Society, who make pitiful appeals to "J. H." to admit them to membership after the ranks have been filled, and there are no more vacancies, are not the least funny part of the proceedings.'

Among many successful ventures in the publishing line was the issue of Martin Tupper's books. Rickerby, a printer in the City, had produced the first series of *Proverbial Philosophy* in 1838; but as Rickerby was a printer, and not a publisher, Tupper sought a better known man; and for the second series of the book and subsequent editions his dealings were with Hatchard, receiving annually from five to eight hundred pounds a year, 'and in the aggregate, having benefited both them and myself—for we shared equally—by something like ten thousand pounds a piece.' This was a very

handsome return both for author and publisher. Tupper gratefully says: 'When that good old man, Grandfather Hatchard, more than an octogenarian, first saw me, he placed his hand on my dark hair and said with tears in his eyes: "You will thank God for this book when your hair comes to be as white as mine." Let me gratefully acknowledge that he was a true prophet. When I was writing the concluding essay of the first series, my father (not quite such a true prophet as old Hatchard) exhorted me to burn it, as his ambition was to make a lawyer of me.'

The reading of this small volume has largely tended to confirm in our mind Carlyle's opinion that a history of book-sellers would be better worth reading than that of most kings. It is gratifying to know that John Hatchard, who commenced business with less than five pounds of his own, lived to accumulate, by the most honourable means, and in a noble occupation, no less a sum than one hundred thousand pounds. And it is still more gratifying to know that a firm which has always had so high a reputation, retains its place of honour in every respect. Hatchard's is another instance showing that honesty, industry, and thoroughness win success.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

CHAPTER X. HUGH THESIGER GOES TO ROBY CHASE.

It would not be easy to describe the feelings with which Hugh Thesiger heard of Sir Richard's death. He could not pretend to himself that he was grieved by the tidings, except in the general way in which good-natured men feel a passing pity for any one whose harvest of life is ended. But he did not rejoice, as he might have rejoiced if the event had happened some two years earlier. Over and over again he told himself that all was over and done with between Adelaide Boldon and himself: a cynic might have hinted that the thing could hardly be true, or he would not have repeated it to himself so vehemently or so often.

Since his meeting with her in London, he had thought more kindly of his old sweetheart. He had unconsciously felt flattered by her evident desire to retain his friendship; and he had felt inclined to think that he had been wrong in imagining that such a situation was impossible. There was no reason now why they should not be friends; and yet Hugh fulfilled none of the obligations which even a conventional friendship imposes on the occasion of a death. He did not so much as acknowledge the receipt of the card containing an intimation of Sir Richard's decease; for it would have been necessary to write a letter of condolence; and he felt that to compose such a letter was impossible. Lady Boldon, he told himself, might think what she liked of his conduct. As a matter of fact,

she noticed his silence, but was neither surprised nor offended by it.

One Friday in November, a few weeks after Sir Richard Boldon's death, Hugh Thesiger was sitting in his room in the Temple, engaged in the tiresome but necessary work of noting up cases, when the thought suddenly occurred to him—'Why shouldn't I ask Terence O'Neil to go home with me to-morrow? It will be much pleasanter for me; and he will cheer up my uncle and aunt a bit.'

Throwing aside his law reports, Hugh left his chambers, and ran up to the floor above. His own room was on the third floor—at least one floor too high—so that O'Neil's were on the fourth—too near heaven, as the briefless junior once remarked, to be in the least danger of being desecrated by the tread of a solicitor.

O'Neil's oak was sported; but as this was often the case when the occupant of the chambers had no legitimate excuse for denying himself to visitors, Hugh set to work with the heel of his right boot, and made noise enough to rouse all the occupants of the building. It was all of no use, however; and Hugh, coming to the conclusion that his friend had betaken himself to the billiard room of some neighbouring hotel, desisted, and had begun to descend the stairs, when he heard the door open behind him.

'What meaneth this unseemly disturbance?' said a voice.

Hugh turned; but the door was suddenly shut in his face. Returning to the attack, Hugh bestowed a vigorous kick at the door, with the result that it flew open, and the assailant staggered forward and fell into the arms of his friend, who was waiting to receive him.

'You did that on purpose, you scamp!' cried Hugh.

'Oh, it's you, is it?' said the other, with affected surprise. 'You should be eternally obliged to me, me boy. But for me, you would have broken your nose, and where would your beauty have been then? A faded flower—a tender memory.—But come in, come in, my son.'

Mr Terence O'Neil was, of course, an Irishman. He was poor; he had few friends; and his prospects were none of the brightest. Yet such is the effect of a careless disposition and a sanguine temperament, that he probably enjoyed his life a hundred times more than half the rising juniors around him. If there was money in his purse, Terry smoked shilling cigars, and dined at the 'Criterion.' If there was none, he stuck to bird's-eye, and did not dine at all. But no one could have told from his outward demeanour whether he was in the affluent or in the penniless phase of his existence. He was equally at his ease, and to all appearance equally comfortable, whether fortune smiled or frowned on him.

In appearance, O'Neil was short and plump. His cheeks were red, and entirely innocent of beard or whiskers. When he smiled, which was pretty often, he displayed a set of teeth, white, small, and even, like a girl's; and at the same time there appeared in either cheek the suspicion of a dimple, which gave his face a boyish,

roguish look. Apparently he had just come in from court—or perhaps he had been spending the time since he reached his chambers in refreshing slumbers—at any rate, his person was still adorned with a stuff gown—brown from frequent toasts at the fire—which had slipped altogether off one shoulder. As the young gentleman had not taken the trouble to exchange his bands for a necktie, he reminded one of a baby prepared for a meal.

Following his friend into his sitting-room, Terence walked up to the fireplace, leaned his elbow on the mantel-piece, placed one foot on the fender, and gazed pensively at his own image, as reflected in the pier-glass.

'What an unfortunate phiz!' he muttered.

'How so?' asked his friend.

'How so? My face is my one grand misfortune, my life's burden; it will prove to be my ruin. How so, you ask? Why, how can I expect solicitors to believe in my knowledge of law, profound as it is, when they see the infantile dimple yet lingering on my cheeks? How can a client believe in my wisdom—mature though it be—my prudence, my steadiness, my devotion to the weightier duties of our profession, when my face gives the lie to my best efforts? The more attorney looketh on the outward appearance; and how doth that appearance belie me! I have made up my mind, Thesiger, that there is no hope for me at the bar.'

'What do you mean to do, then?'

'Marry a rich widow. Can you think of anything better? That's what you ought to do, my son—clearly.'

An indefinite change passed over Hugh's features. O'Neil did not notice it; or, if he did, no one would have guessed from his face that he was conscious of having made a false step.

'When you have quite done talking nonsense, will you listen to me?' said Hugh.

'Certainly, my dear sir. You want some advice, no doubt, as to a point which baffles your blunt Saxon intelligence.—Proceed.'

'I want to know if you will spend Saturday and Sunday with me at my uncle's—down in Hampshire?'

'Any pretty girls in the house?'

'No—only my uncle and aunt.'

'Then I accept with pleasure. I should be sorry to give any maiden cause for'—

'Do shut up, Terence.—By the way, did old Bustle get his verdict in that collision case?' asked Hugh, lighting a cigar.

Terence answered the question, and the conversation immediately lapsed into 'shop.'

Terence O'Neil was, however, something more than a hare-brained egotist. His manner to Thesiger's uncle, the old half-pay officer, and to his hostess, was so deferential and considerate, that they were both delighted with him; and Mrs Thesiger even congratulated her nephew on possessing a friend of so much steadiness and of such good principles. In the old lady's eyes, her nephew was still a boy, who needed a guiding hand as much as ever he did.

'Don't you think, Hugh,' she said to him on Saturday morning after breakfast, as he sat alone in her husband's little book-room—'Don't

you think you ought to take this opportunity of calling at Roby Chase? You wrote to Lady Boldon after her husband's death, I suppose?'

'No, aunt.'

'My—dear—boy!'

This answer made Mrs Thesiger certain of what she had long suspected.

'Of course,' she said, 'you will do as you think best; but if I were you, I would certainly call on Lady Boldon. You need not stay more than five minutes. Perhaps she may be out, and then you need only leave your card.'

Having said this, Mrs Thesiger slipped out of the room.

'Hang it all, she is right,' said Hugh, pitching the stump of his cigar into the fire, and pulling savagely at his moustache. 'We are sure to meet some day or other; and it would be twice as awkward if I had not called. It looks as if I were still—as if I were determined to cut her. And after what passed in London, that would be absurd. I had better go.'

Yet he knew that the interview would be an embarrassing one, for him, at any rate; and he decided to go first to the Rectory, and try to bring it about that some one of the family should accompany him to the Chase. It was not that he really hated the idea of meeting Lady Boldon; but he hardly knew whether he had forgiven her or not for her conduct to him. It was shyness, and unwillingness to re-awaken painful memories, that made him hesitate about going. Then he imagined that both of them would feel less embarrassed if the meeting were in the presence of some third person; and so he hit upon the plan of calling first at the Rectory.

As a matter of course, Terence accompanied his friend in the walk to Woodhurst, the idea being that, after paying their respects to Mrs Bruce, he would return, while Hugh went on to the Chase.

'I am in luck,' said Hugh to himself, as he entered the Rectory drawing-room. Marjory was in walking costume, and the chances were that she was going to Roby Chase.

Marjory Bruce did not much resemble her handsome sister. She was shorter; her features were not so striking; and her face was not nearly so expressive as Adelaide's. Many people, however, thought it the sweeter face of the two. All her life Marjory had been somewhat overshadowed by her sister's stronger personality. Quite unconsciously, Adelaide had always taken the first place, and left the back seat, as it were, to the younger girl. And Marjory did not resent this. It was natural. Was not Adelaide the elder, and the beauty of the family? It was but fitting that she should have the pick of all invitations, and the right of preference in such matters as new hats, gloves, and sun-shades.

But this voluntary self-effacement, this habit of dropping naturally into the background, had lent a shyness to Marjory's manner that was in itself attractive. Her brown eyes, too—both hair and eyes were a shade or two darker than her sister's—were really very pretty. Her forehead was low; and her nose, though not beautifully moulded, like Adelaide's, had that little irregularity, that charming morsel of ugliness,

towards the extremity, which gives so delightful a touch of individuality to a girl's face. In short, Marjory was as attractive a girl, and as good a girl, as one would find on a summer day's journey.

She and Hugh were the best of friends. She had been perfectly aware, of course, of his love for Adelaide; and though not a word on the subject had ever passed between them, her heart had ached for him at the time of her sister's engagement. Hugh knew, too, that he had her sympathy, and was grateful.

Thesiger introduced O'Neil to her, and Marjory received him with a blush which she would have given the world to repress.

'I'm sorry I can't ask you to stay,' said the girl, looking exclusively at Hugh, 'for papa and mamma are both out, and I am going over to the Chase this afternoon. Adelaide expects me. - But let me give you a cup of tea first.'

'Tea? No; thank you. But the fact is, I thought of calling on Lady Boldon myself to-day.'

'Then we can go together,' said Marjory, without so much as thinking whether she was keeping within the proprieties or not.

'And our friend O'Neil, what shall we do with him?' asked Hugh with a smile.

'I am sure my sister will be very glad to see Mr O'Neil,' said Marjory, with a demure little glance at the stranger.

'Thank you; I won't intrude on Lady Boldon,' said O'Neil; 'but I shall be happy to walk over with you, and have a look at the park.'

The three set off together; and when they reached the lodge gates, it was arranged that they should meet in the avenue in half an hour, so that Hugh and Terence might return home together.

Hugh thought he had never seen Adelaide look so handsome as she did that day. Her crape dress and her dainty widow's cap admirably set off her lovely face and her clear white complexion. There was no affectation of sadness in her demeanour; neither was there any unbecoming lightness or freedom. But there was a faint tinge of pink in her cheek, a sign of the pleasure she had felt at Hugh's appearance.

She said but little, allowing Marjory to do most of the talking, for she had determined in her own mind that she would follow Hugh's lead, whatever it might be, and Hugh was almost painfully silent. He felt supremely uncomfortable in the great drawing-room, peopled with tables, chairs, and cabinets. This beautiful titled woman, its mistress, was not his Adelaide of long ago. He could not recognise in her the girl he had longed to make his sweetheart.

So he sat there, growing more dumb every moment, till his silence became positively rude.

Lady Boldon, outwardly calm, inwardly indignant, was talking in low, sweet tones, throwing a word now and again to him, as if he had been a dependent to whom she wanted to be civil. She was far too proud to lay herself out to break down Hugh's reserve; and yet her heart was pained almost to bursting.

At length Hugh rose to go.

• 'Put on your hat, Adelaide, and come down

the avenue,' said Marjory; 'the air will do you good.'

Lady Boldon hesitated a moment, and then consented, merely throwing a wrap round her head and shoulders as she passed through the hall.

The little party had not gone far when they met Terence O'Neil, who was duly presented to Lady Boldon. Then Marjory, remembering that her sister and Hugh had not been alone for a moment, passed on in front, and Terence quickly joined her, leaving the other two to follow them.

Some seconds, perhaps a minute, passed, and neither Hugh nor his companion uttered a word. The voices of Terence and Marjory could just be heard; but the chief sound was the sighing of the wind in the leafless branches overhead. At length Hugh, forcing himself to speak, made some commonplace remark. He received no reply; and glancing at the woman at his side, he saw that her eyes were down-cast, and almost closed, her face pale, and cold as that of a statue.

Hugh thought that she meant to rebuke him for his bad manners, and he began to stammer out an apology. As he did so, he glanced at Adelaide's face again, and saw a great tear-drop fall from her eyelid to her hand. A pang of self-reproach and pity shot through his heart.

'Adelaide, what have I done? What have I said to pain you?' he asked.

There was no reply.

'Adelaide,' he said again, in a softer tone, raising his hand as though he would take Lady Boldon's in his own, 'have I offended you, or pained you?'

'Yes, Hugh, you have pained me, and, in a way, offended me,' Lady Boldon stopped as she spoke, and drew herself up. Her carriage was full of simple dignity; and though her eyes were laden with tears, there was not a trace of the lachrymose in her tones or in her manner. 'I could hardly fail to be pained at the exceeding coldness of your behaviour. After all, we are old friends, and I value your regard. It would have been almost better for you not to have come to me, than to come, and tell me by every word, by every tone of your voice, that you disliked me, and meant to show that you did.'

'Dislike you! Oh, Adelaide!'

'Yes; dislike me, or despise me, if you prefer the word. You have a perfect right to remain at a distance from me; but it seems to me, considering our old friendship, that you have hardly a right to come to me and behave as you have done to-day.'

She stopped; and as Hugh looked at his old love, he saw a faint suspicion of a smile stealing out from her eyes, like sunshine breaking upon a watery sky. In that moment the old love rushed back like a torrent into his heart. It was she, herself, not Lady Boldon any longer, but the Adelaide he remembered so well! His emotion was so great, that he could not find words--it almost choked his utterance; and Adelaide saw and understood. She saw that she had conquered, that his heart once more belonged to her, and a joy too great for words filled her breast.

But she dared not show it. She turned away her head when Hugh murmured, 'Forgive me,' and kissed away the tear that had fallen on her hand.

'Hush!' she said, stealing a look at him, a look which betrayed something of the happiness she felt. 'We are friends once more, then, are we not?'

'For ever!' said Hugh.

'If you are willing, Hugh, let the past be forgotten. Let us begin a new life from this day.'

'Do you remember that evening you met me at the stile in Ringwood Lane? Let us begin our new friendship from the day before that meeting. Let that evening be part of what is blotted out.'

'Very well,' murmured Adelaide; and the compact between them was sealed.

(To be continued.)

PARVISES AND PORCHES.

MENTION of the term Parvise probably brings no associations of ideas to ninety-nine persons out of a hundred. Nevertheless, on acquaintance with the buildings that bear the name they will be found to be objects of considerable interest; for parvise is the designation by which the chamber over the porch of a church is now generally known. Some authorities maintain this is an erroneous use of the term; but it obtains all the same. The name is applied by continental antiquaries to the open space in front of a church or cathedral; and in old times it was also applied to a vestibule, or narthex; and even to the porch as well as to the room over it. A similar term, 'paradise,' was also occasionally applied to the open space in front of ecclesiastical edifices, as well as to the square in the centre of cloister. The cloister garth at Chichester is still called the Paradise: that at Chester has been contracted to the Sprie garden.

The parvise—limiting the appellation now to the room over a porch—has many uses. In some structures it was intended, at first, for an apartment for the person who acted as porter, who was placed there that he might readily admit the unfortunates who applied for sanctuary; and in others it is supposed to have been meant for the occupation of a priest, probably a chantry priest. At Leverington, near Wisbech, the parvise is said to have been used as a hermitage. The largest example is agreed to be that in St John's Church, Cirencester; perhaps the most ancient is that in Southwell Minster. Occasionally, there are to be seen in our small village churches examples as full of arresting interest as those in our grander fabrics. In some instances, as in the north porch of Bredon Church, Worcestershire, the only access to the parvise is by means of a ladder; but for the most part they are approached by narrow winding stone steps, which ascend from either the exterior or interior of the edifice to which they belong. The exterior staircase is often enclosed in a turret, called the parvise turret.

Probably no county is without a few speci-

mens of parvises, though they occur much more frequently in some parts of the kingdom than in others. They belong, generally, to that period of time which in architectural parlance is spoken of as Perpendicular, or Third-pointed—or, in other words, to the days when the rival houses of Lancaster and York successively ruled the land, including the reign of Henry Tudor; but not always, as there are a few examples of the workmanship of the previous century; and, as mentioned, at least one specimen wrought in the time immediately succeeding the Conquest, in Southwell Minster. For centuries, however, the parvise over a porch was a rarity: in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was much more usual.

There is a parvise on the porch opening into the south aisle of Warkworth Church, with a narrow winding stone stair in a turret at the angle on the eastern side of it, which dies into the roof below the parapet. From this small low chamber, through the mulioned southern light, the occupant could command a view of the whole of the pleasant village sloping up the steep street to the grand castle at the higher end of it in which Shakespeare laid so much of his 'Henry IV.' We may assume Hotspur and his father worshipped in this church; at all events, on occasions. The sounds of their footsteps echoed in the vaulted roof, and their voices must have reverberated in the little edifice before this parvise and the new aisle were added. It is a very old church, built, in the first place, by Saxon masons, but taken down in Norman times and rebuilt by Norman masons, with deep-set, semicircular-headed windows, with a continuous label-moulding passing from one to the next, and arching over the semicircular headings, and falling again into the straight projecting rounded line till it comes again to another window, when it rises and falls as before; and with a stone-groined chancel. And long before the Perries' name became a power in the north, a strong tower was built against the west end, apparently that the inhabitants of the surrounding district might have a place of refuge to flee to in times of need; and this tower was built up against the old Norman doorway, which, as well as the small deep-set Norman window over it, is thus enclosed in it to this day. Some time after Hotspur closed his eyes upon the battlefield, the south wall of the little edifice was taken down and replaced by a row of columns; and then a wide and comparatively lofty aisle was thrown out with large transomed windows in it and a timbered roof (now hoary and ashen gray); and opening into this bright aisle was built the stone porch with the parvise over it, we now see. There is a sun-dial over the entrance-way. This parvise was used as a parish school-room in the last century.

It is not every porch that is adapted for a parvise. Some in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex are made of open timber-work arranged in traceried panels, with perforated barge-boards, and overhanging oaken roofs covered with shingles. Half the picturesqueness of these oak-pinned porches would be lost if weighted with superstructures. Some stone porches are too small and too shallow. There is a porch of this kind on the south side of the fourteenth-century church in which lie the stone effigies of Lady Jane Grey and her

father and mother, at Astley, in the green heart of Warwickshire, where, looking round, we may see the long low red-brick dwelling of these personages, half manor-house, half castle, close by, with the old moat, the old trees, the old cottages that were familiar sights in their eyes, which form a most appealing nook, and give a captivating interest to the ancient church. Although, even when sufficiently large, porches were not always provided with these features, they were considered to have four other requisites, some of which were usually forthcoming—seats, windows, a niche over the entrance for the figure of a saint, and a holy-water stoup, or 'benatura,' which last was sometimes enriched with a small canopy, and sometimes placed on a bracket. Instead of the niche, a sun-dial was frequently substituted, and supplemented with a motto. The porch was used for various purposes, including the commencement of the baptismal, marriage, and churching services. In old times catechumens were taught in some of them. On the Continent, penances and exorcisms sometimes took place in them; and we read of the burial of persons of rank in them before it became the fashion to bury within the walls of sacred edifices.

Devonshire has many large gabled porches with parvises; Lincolnshire has also numerous examples. Over the porch of Ecton Church, Suffolk, there is an interesting parvis. The porches of Norfolk are frequently made of the exquisite flinting for which the county is famous. Whatever the material or locality, the situation chosen for their erection was generally the south side of the nave. Two porches are occasionally found on one edifice, when one is placed on the north as well as one on the south: three are very rarely met with. The western end of a church is seldom approached by means of a porch, though the tower at that end is occasionally pierced with a doorway, and so serves for one. The church chest is sometimes kept in the parvis, as well as various articles no longer in use, such as old collecting boxes, old notice boards, or frameworks for decorations. But whether often entered or not, the winds sweep through these old chambers, dry them, soften the edges of their interstices; the rains pelt down upon them, or slant gently to them; the sun shines on them and warms them with faint heat; the moon glances down at them with cool gleams; and all these influences mellow them, and give them an indescribably venerable aspect.

It is interesting to find record has been preserved of some of the individuals who presented themselves at the sanctuary door of Durham Cathedral, and were doubtless received by the occupant of the parvis. They were guilty of various crimes, including homicide and prison-breaking; and some of them were debtors fleeing from their creditors. One case recorded in the Durham books is that of a man who escaped from prison, and demanded protection from those who would have taken him back to it. He owned he had committed the theft for which he had been imprisoned, and begged for help to enable him to leave the kingdom. A ceremony was gone through, near the shrine of St Cuthbert, in the course of which he took an oath he would leave with all the speed he conveniently could

and never return, and was directed to take off his clothing, even his shirt, which articles were to be the property of the sacristan, who, however, returned them to him. He was then delivered to a party of constables who passed him on to others, till he arrived at the nearest seaport, and was there shipped. Mention has been handed down that fugitives carried a white cross made of wood as a sign. Another case is that of three canons of Eglestone Abbey, who, with their servant, as they neared Lartington, were set upon by one Richard Appleby with a company of followers. In their defence the canons' servant struck Appleby with a Welsh bill on the back of his head, which blow led to his death in the course of twelve days afterwards. A third was a goldsmith, who confessed he had stolen a dagger from another goldsmith at Boston. Cattle and horse-stealing and house-breaking were also frequent forms of ill-doing that required recourse to sanctuary after their perpetration.

There is a porch to the church of Newbigen, on the north-east coast of Northumberland, that is remarkable for its contents. It is now, and has been for some years, the fashion to preserve ancient sculptured tomb-slabs by building them up in the face of the internal walls of porches; and this porch has seven very fine examples built up in it. Five of these slabs, besides the rich floriated crosses, have shears carved upon them; and one of these five has a key cut upon it likewise, and another has two keys. On the remaining two slabs two handed swords are carved, besides richly ornamental crosses. This porch is not ancient, but has been added to the venerable church in days of ill-fortune, when its walls have been taken down, and the spaces between the columns of the aisles filled in with modern masonry, instead of them, to reduce its size. There are fragments of seven more slabs built up, also, in the modern porch of another ancient church close by, at Woodhorn. At Cambo, in the same neighbourhood, a modern porch is also lined with tomb-slabs that doubtless formed part of the memorials of the ancient church that has been replaced by the present structure. On one of these is cut a full-length figure of a man with a sword, a rare departure from the usual flowery-headed cross. Time has preserved them for us, indeed, but has carefully concealed the memorial associations to which they owe their origin.

The porch of Felton Church, on the stream beloved of anglers, the Coquet, is curious. The original thirteenth-century church was nearly doubled in size in the fourteenth century by masons, who added north and south aisles to it. Curiously, they did not take down the thirteenth-century porch, but enclosed it in their new south aisle instead, and threw out beyond it a second one, which still gives access to it; and consequently the hoary old pile is full of nooks and quaintnesses it would have been without, had they demolished it.

An Irish example is curious on account of inscriptions cut into its stones. It is of Norman workmanship, and belongs to Freshford Church, Kilkenny. The legends are incised on two bands on the inner arch of the porch. The first one runs: 'A prayer for Niam, daughter of Core, and for Mathghamain O'Chearmeic, by whom was made this church.' The upper: 'A prayer for

Gille Mocholmoe O'Ceneucain, who made it. Some are noticeable on account of using up more ancient materials, as in Kirkby-Stephen Church, where one of the old dated beams of the nave has been built up in the new porch. Sometimes porches have been chosen as memorials, as at Eglingham, where one was erected recently to the memory of a late vicar. In Kelloe Church, Durham, a chapel, or chantry, on the north side is called the Thornley Porch.

There is a parvise on the ripe and mellow south porch of Thirsk Church, in Yorkshire, of the occupant of which we have some knowledge. In Foxe's Acts it is stated a hermit kept the chapel of St Giles at the end of the town of Thirsk for two or three years, and then, to the end that he might live a harder and straiter life, resolved to be an anchorite, and suffered himself to be closed up 'in a little house' on the church porch, where he lived for two more years, helped by sympathising admirers. In the case of Warkworth Hermitage, the hermit made himself a tiny porch, with a narrow seat on each side of it, and cut over the inner side of the doorway from it into his little chapel a pathetic statement, veiled in Latin wording, that his tears had been his meat day and night. The grander porches and parvises of our cathedrals give us, however, a better idea of the old feeling that must have dictated their erection. These are magnificent, and they seem to have meant ecstasy. There is a fine example on the north side of Hereford Cathedral, where an open porch some twenty feet square leads the way to a closed one of similar dimensions with a parvise over it. Neither the vast cylindrical columns of the mighty nave, nor the majestic tower, nor the richly cumbered arcades, nor the wide floors paved with the grave-stones of bishops and other worthies, nor the shadowy lady-chapel, is more impressive of olden piety than this presentment of the work of our inciting predecessors, with which we are thus brought face to face on the threshold. The episcopal muniments are kept in this parvise.

A DAUGHTER OF THE KING.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

WITH bent head Lulu turned her steps slowly to Larry's tent, where he lay ill. A smile came over the stern face as she remembered they had told her he was asking incessantly for her. Yet, much as she wanted to see him, she shrank in a measure that astonished her from going to say good-bye to him. She felt—and could not interpret the feeling—that when she had turned from him for the last time, she would indeed have cut away the final link that bound her to life. Yet much she marvelled at this fear of seeing Larry; for who else had been her adviser and teacher throughout? And to whom else should she go now for confirmation in her dim and savage perception of duty? None. To him of all men she should go; for her fine instinct told her that beneath that laughing, teasing manner was hidden one of the finest and noblest of spirits.

'Why should I fear? Has he not been my friend all through, quick to tell me the right?' So saying, she lifted the curtain and

entered the tent in her own noiseless way. Larry lay on the low camp stretcher, with closed eyes and half-averted face; and Lulu started to see how even in these three days he had altered. Illness had stripped the fine face of its veil of fun and mischief, and left revealed the man that lay beneath. His features wore a troubled, restless look, and ever and anon he moved uneasily. A curious softness crept into the girl's eyes as she stood and looked at him. Then, perhaps feeling her gaze, or perhaps ever watchful of the door, Larry suddenly opened his eyes and glanced wearily at the opening; and, oh, then how his face altered! Joy overwhelmed every other expression, and turning towards her, he raised himself on his elbow and stretched out both hands to her. 'Lulu, oh Lulu! You have come back! And I thought I should have to die alone.'

'Die, Larry?'—crossing the tent and kneeling beside him. 'What do you mean? You won't die!'

'Not now; perhaps'—softly. Then, unable to control his delight, Larry, for the first time, put his arm round the girl and drew her close to him. 'Not whilst you are with me, my darling'—kissing the tremulous lips softly. 'I could not die and leave you.'

'Oh Larry, Larry, don't!' said the girl distressfully. 'It makes it so much harder—what I have to tell you.'

'What is that?' asked Larry quickly.

And then, hurriedly, as if before her courage should ooze away, Lulu told him of the sad state of affairs, ending by repeating her decision to ride to Fort Resolve, and appealing to him in a tone of entreaty. 'Oh Larry, Ray of Sunshine, brave, good brother, speak to me truthfully. Say that what my spirit tells me is right.'

Larry was silent for a moment from pure horror; then he broke into quick, passionate, heedless words: 'Oh no, no! You can't go! They shall not send you to be killed by those scoundrels. I won't have it. Oh Lulu, I couldn't let you go!'

'You couldn't let me go?' She repeated the words, as if marvelling over each.

'No. Oh, you must know I couldn't. Lulu, Lulu, don't you know what love is? Don't you love me at all, that you can so calmly speak of leaving me for ever like this? But I will not let them send you. You belong to me more than to any one else; my love gives me a right over you that no one else has. Oh Lulu, I have loved you from the beginning, more than you can know—more than the brother you are so fond of calling me—though I have tried to be as truthful to you as a brother—as a man loves a woman once and for ever. Don't you know?'

But before he had finished speaking, Lulu had come to know. The light had broken in on the darkness of her soul, banishing all shadows, dispelling all doubts, answering all the questions that had been perplexing her. Now she knew why she had been afraid to come and say good-bye. She lifted her face, and in spite of its troubled pallor, the soft rose-colour crept up beneath the smooth skin.

Larry saw it, and said triumphantly, as he

kissed her again and again: 'Now you know why I couldn't let you go.'

But Lulu drooped her head till it rested on his shoulder and said nothing.

Silence for a while reigned supreme in the tent, whilst each was busy with various thoughts. And presently, as she knelt thus silently, the quick-uprisen rose-mists rolled away for Lulu, disclosing the stern face of duty immovable as before. Slowly the brooding trouble began to creep back into the dark eyes, deadening the soft light of a few moments ago. She lifted a face to which the old pallor was returning.

'Larry, is it only because you love me that you cannot let me go? Is not what I purposed to do still right?'

Larry was silent a second. During those heavy fraught moments of silence his conscience, too, had been asserting itself above the voice of passion. What was he doing! This noble, ignorant spirit, that leaned on his greater strength and knowledge—how was he rewarding it-trust? Oh, shame! He was deliberately turning her feet from the path of duty to satisfy his own selfish love. Conflicting feelings made the man's voice sound almost pitiful as he spoke to the waiting girl. 'Yes, that is all, Lulu—only my love makes me keep you back. But is not that much? You were quite right oh, you were quite right, I know. What you decided to do was more than duty: it was the noble part few are given to do. But, oh my darling, I am a coward. I can't let you go into those horrors.'

But Lulu smiled now. Larry was himself again; and she could see clearly once more. 'Oh Larry, think think again. It is only because you cannot think now that you speak so. Ah, you can see that I must still go at the growing dark of this night. Larry, you know, you yourself have told me that Life is good, but Honour better; and I think that if honour should come before life, it should come before love, or that love is not good love. Oh, I know—you can see—no good can come of love that is taken in the place of duty. I must go. But oh Larry, Larry!' and the girl's voice was a bitter cry.

Larry spoke not a word. Shame and anguish fought together, and his eyes grew black with pain. And Lulu, seeing this, forgot her own pain, and took up her woman's part of comforter, putting her arms round him, and laying her soft cheek to his in a vain endeavour to comfort him.

'It will not be for so long, dear. And having done our duty, we shall be strong to wait. If memory can come beyond the grave, or if there be any light to see, I will wait for you till you come. Larry, I must say good-bye. I have but little time to prepare. I must see that Kalili is well fed, and then I must sleep a little. I shall need all my strength to-night. Oh Larry, I shall never see you again! Something tells me I shall never see you again!' And the girl's voice grew into a cry of exceeding bitterness as she covered her face with her hands. But when she looked up presently, her face had resumed its old firmness. 'Say good-bye, my love, and bid me good

speed'—trying to loose the clasp of his arms from round her.

But he gently pulled her back. 'No. Stay a moment. Don't go and leave me to eternal shame. Oh Lulu, your bravery shames my weakness; but yet, see, I am willing you should go now. Forgive me, my love, that I tried to turn you away from the straight path of right. But Lulu, if you get safely there and live—as I pray God you may, my darling—you won't forget me, will you? If they take you to England, and fresh faces come continually before you, you won't forget mine, will you? I could not bear that thought.'

Lulu shook her head steadfastly. 'I shall not live long that I know. We all can feel the future in some sort—some more, maybe, and some less. And I, when I send my thoughts before me, can feel them stay before a veil of darkness. At that veil I shall unclasp the shoes of life and tread with shrinking feet beyond. But you? Oh Larry, you cannot die!'—entreatingly.

'Pray that I may, if you would spare me pain. The surgeon shook his head this morning, so maybe there is hope for me too. Oh Lulu, how sweet has been the short time we have passed together; how glorious to me each rose-scented dawn that woke me to another day with you! Lulu, wait for me whatever may come, or wherever you may go, as I vow I will wait for you. But I know you will. And now, good-bye, my darling. Good-bye, and God have you in His keeping!'—still with his arms firmly clasped about her. But she gently released herself from them, and softly pressing her first and last kiss on the man's hot brow, turned away, and walked steadily towards the door of the tent. There she paused, and looked back for a second at the handsome, despairing figure, at the familiar tent; and through the half-open doorway the sounds of busy camp-life fell on her ears. All at once she seemed to realise the full horror of the farewell. Her stern courage gave way, and sinking into a seat near the door, Lulu covered her face with her hands and cried like a child—weeping so bitterly that the tears literally streamed through the thin fingers.

Larry was terribly distressed; and after watching her helplessly for a moment or so, endeavoured to rise and come to her; but seeing his intention and effort, Lulu rose, dashing away her tears, and, with an imperial gesture of deprecation and self-contempt, fled from the tent.

And after she had gone, Larry lay back quietly. When, some little time afterwards, the camp-surgeon came to see how he was, he found him in a dead-faint.

By-and-by, after seeing that the mustang was to be well fed, Lulu went to the Colonel's tent for the General's letter, and to say a few final words.

Colonel Harcourt was pacing the tent in some perturbation of mind. 'I don't know whether I am doing right to let you throw away your life like this. You are very young to decide so great a sacrifice for yourself,' he said as the girl entered.

Lulu smiled, a sad, fateful smile. 'My life, you mean? It is well given. I would that were all I were giving, I should not have stayed to count overmuch on that.—Have you written me the letter?'

'Yes; here it is'—handing it to her.—'It is good-bye, then, Lulu—for fear of the worst? You are a brave girl—a true soldier's daughter'—placing his hand on the slim, upright shoulder of the girl. 'But I would not let you go if I did not think that, in that case, before many more suns have risen, we should all lie dead together. We shall all pray that you may get safely through, my child; and whether you succeed or fail, as long as we may live, your memory will never fade with any of us—the memory of a noble girl, who would put to shame the most cultured of those English women she thought herself so far behind. There will be many heavy hearts in the camp to-day, Lulu, for we have all grown very fond of you.'

The girl's eyes filled with tears, and the mobile lips quivered. 'Then I have not lived in vain,' she said. 'Your debt to me will never be anything like my debt to you. These few weeks of happiness are worth all that has gone or is to come. I came to you a savage and ignorant girl; I go away with knowledge of one or two things that make life, however placed, worth living. You have been very, very good to me—all of you, every one.—Good-bye. It is good-bye; for I don't think I shall ever see you again. If you don't hear from Fort Resolve, you will know that I have but fallen by the way. But I think, somehow, I shall in some measure succeed, for I am giving up more than life to do so.—Good-bye. And say good-bye for me to all my friends. If I say it any more, I shall have no strength for to night.' And Lulu turned away, leaving the Colonel standing with tears in his eyes, for the first time, perhaps, in all his soldier-life.

As night came on, Lulu grew fretful like a tired child, though her firm purpose never for a moment deserted her. The sky was heavy and sullen, and all was gloom. Lulu moaned to herself that she could not see the sun. If it would only come out and shine on her, and warm and brighten her once more, she would be content, and not murmur so. But she felt she would never see the great, bright, golden sun again.

That night, at dusk, Lulu, with a pale, quiet face, led the hardy mustang, famous for his sagacity and affection for his mistress, and inseparably connected with her name, out of the walls of Fort Hunter. She had a coil of rope in her hands, and she motioned to a native to follow her. A little distance from the fort she bade him lash her to the horse, which he did. Then Kalili bounded forward, and, like a flying shadow, fled into the awesome gloom of the plain.

Near noon the following day, the sentries at Fort Resolve were startled to see a horse standing in a drooping attitude before the entrance. On its back was lashed the motionless, and apparently inanimate, form of a girl. When a sentry approached, she slightly moved her head,

and opened with an effort the eyes that the mists of death were fast deadening. In a faint voice, but with all her dying energy, she said: 'Let your General come and take this from my hand. Now—quickly!'

The sentry sounded the signal for the guard, and in a moment or so the General was on the spot.

In the note, Colonel Harcourt stated who Lulu was, and begged that she might be kept in safety at Fort Resolve, should she ever arrive there.

But General Hammond, looking at the beautiful drooping figure, saw she was beyond all earthly keeping. She was wounded in at least a dozen places, showing how close the Indian scouts had run her.

So nurses came and bore her away; and they wrapped the stately figure in white, and laid her to wait till they should come for whom her life was given. And she who had been beautiful in life was grand in death.

A few days later, a group of soldiers stood, with uncovered heads, round two freshly dug graves. Pale faces and many moistened eyes were there as they listened to the chaplain's words. And then they went away, and two small stones marked the resting-place of two of God's noblest spirits.

So by the side of the Big sea Water are two quiet graves, grass-hidden, dew-besprinkled. Those whom chance leads past, pause and read with puzzled look the seemingly strange inscriptions. For one bears the words, 'Ray of Sunshine;' and the other, 'A Daughter of the King.'

Though mourners never come and lay flowers on those solitary mounds, yet nightly the sunset's glory comes across the broad water, goldening the two gray stone, followed by the purple mists and the brooding silence of night.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Royal Institution of Great Britain has lately been the recipient of a munificent gift at the hands of Mr Ludwig Mond, F.R.S. Many years ago, it was proposed to establish at this Institution a School of Practical Chemistry, both for the instruction of students and for the purposes of original research. Professor Faraday was among others strongly in favour of the carrying out of this project, but the premises in Albemarle Street were limited in accommodation, and the proposed scheme was not proceeded with. Mr Mond has now placed at the disposal of the Institution a freehold house which adjoins the premises, and has further undertaken to make all necessary structural alterations and to equip it at his own expense, the new addition to the Institution to be called 'The Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory.' It is a pleasure to record this public-spirited act of one of our leading men, an act which is so likely to be productive of good to posterity.

A new and apparently very effective method of hermetically sealing glass jars and bottles has been introduced by the Burlbridge Patent.

Bottle Stopper Syndicate. The neck of the bottle or jar is ground on its upper edge perfectly level, and upon it rests a disc of glass, the two being kept in close contact by an annular ring which screws down upon the bottle. If the air in the bottle be rarified by heat, as it would be in the act of bottling fruit, for example, the partial vacuum created causes the disc to adhere so tightly that it cannot be removed without some difficulty. The simplicity of the contrivance is not the least of its recommendations.

The artificial hatching of chickens, which has only been brought to anything like perfection in this country within very recent times, has been practised in China for hundreds of years; but, according to the Report of the United States Consul at Chin-kiang, the apparatus employed is of the most primitive description. A long shed built of bamboo, the walls of which are thatched with straw and plastered with mud, forms the hatching-house. Within this shed are straw baskets also plastered with mud, as a precaution against fire, the bottom of each basket being formed of a tile. Beneath each basket a small fire is lighted, in order to keep the eggs which are nested within at the proper temperature for hatching. At the end of a few days the eggs are examined by being held against a hole in the shed, those which are transparent being rejected as non-fertile. In a fortnight the eggs are taken from the baskets, spread out on shelves, and covered over with cotton and a kind of blanket. In due time the chickens break through the walls of their prisons, and come forth to find purchasers shortly afterwards. The industry is a very extensive one.

It would seem certain that before long, engine-driven vehicles will become common upon our highways, not only in the shape of tramscars but also in the form of cycles. The improvements made of recent years in motors and cycles all point in this direction, and it is possible that more advance would have already been made if our present laws did not discourage the use of steam for street traffic. The recent trial in France of twenty-one horseless vehicles of different types, in which petroleum carriages entered into active rivalry with steam is likely to forward this means of locomotion. The idea of a steam-carriage for ordinary roads is by no means new. The picture of one which was tried in Hyde Park, London, about the year 1828, forms the subject of an early wood-engraving. There is no reason why such a vehicle should be any more dangerous than one drawn by a horse.

It is proposed to add to the attractions of the London Parks by the introduction of deer. Enclosures for these beautiful animals have long been provided at Greenwich and Richmond Parks, and the experiment of providing one at Clissold Park, nearer to the metropolitan smoke, has recently proved quite successful, except that the area provided for the animals is rather small. Strange to say, the limited supply of deer is the most formidable hindrance to the extension of the experiment.

According to the *Engineer*, an automatic water-tank for railway purposes has recently

been tried with success. It consists of a tank with a closed top, fixed at the water-surface of a well and kept full of water. Steam from the engine is forced into the tank, and by another pipe the water is urged by the pressure into the tender, the tank refilling itself as soon as the steam has been shut off. The method would certainly be useful in out-of-the-way districts where water under pressure is not readily available, but this is seldom the case in the neighbourhood of busy railway stations.

Dr E. M. Aaron contributes to the *Scientific American* an interesting article on the Soldier or Driver Ants, which he describes as Nature's most invincible creatures. These insects march in battalions, and nothing can stop their progress. Against them no man, or band of men, nor even a herd of elephants, can do anything but hurriedly get out of the way. A favourite mode of capital punishment among the Barotse natives is, he tells us, to smear the prisoner with grease, and to throw him in the path of an advancing band of Soldier Ants. Each insect can do no more than tear a particle of flesh from the victim and carry it off; but it is astonishing how soon the writhing body is converted into a skeleton of clean and polished bones that will make the trained anatomist envious.

In Canada, where the beech and the birch-tree grow to great perfection, a method of quick seasoning of the wood of those trees has recently been adopted. The process has been patented in Germany, and is said to give very satisfactory results. In the first place, the wood is placed in steam-chambers for about twelve days, by which treatment the sap is driven out of the pores. It is then placed in drying chambers, and is subsequently stained by a chemical process, and becomes throughout of a rich brown colour.

A demonstration of Dr Lehner's process for producing artificial silk recently took place at Bradford. The foundation of the silk is waste cotton, jute, or similar material, which is treated with a mixture of sulphuric and nitric acid, so as to form a kind of liquid colloidal. This liquid is then formed into threads by being forced through glass tubes with extremely small outlets, and the threads are wound upon bobbins. By a subsequent operation, the material is rendered unflammable, and is then said to resemble natural silk very closely.

A French paper informs us that the best fuel to employ for pottery purposes has recently been the subject of experiment at the famous porcelain works at Limoges. It is said that wood is costly at Limoges, and that coal of the quality required is difficult to obtain. Experiments with petroleum used with the Wright Spray Burner have shown that the correct temperature can be maintained without difficulty, with complete absence of smoke, while the more delicate tints of the porcelain are preserved unimpaired. It is therefore probable that petroleum as a fuel will be adopted throughout the establishment as soon as the necessary structural alterations can be made in the existing plant.

Some months ago (Feb. 24, 1894), we alluded in

these columns to the value of leaves as a food for cattle, and we are now able to give some further information on the subject, gleaned from a recent Report of the United States Consul at Chemnitz. The French, we are told, have taken the initiative in this movement, and they recommend exclusively the leaves of the hazel, aspen, ash, elm, and willow. The leaves are spread on the barn floor to a depth of from three to four inches, and are turned over daily until they are dry, a process which in favourable weather occupies three days. Mixed with leaves for each day's consumption is a small amount of chopped-up turnips, and just before feeding, clover, hay, or lucerne is sometimes added. It is found advisable to prepare each day's supply of food twenty-four hours in advance. The feeding has proved of great value for milch cows.

The long-talked-of scheme for utilising the power of the Niagara Falls for industrial purposes, which would have been regarded as utopian a quarter of a century ago, is on the point of realisation. The Niagara Power Company will have their electrical plant in action in a few weeks' time, and they hope to distribute energy for a hundred miles round at a much cheaper rate than it can be coaxed from isolated steam-engines. The company have limited themselves in their charter to the distribution of two hundred thousand horsepower; but when the demand arises, arrangements will be made to more than double this output.

The incandescent glow lamp is rightly regarded as one of the safest forms of lamp that can be devised, inasmuch as its fire is enclosed in an envelope, and if that envelope be broken, not a spark will remain. But it must not be forgotten that the little bulb gives out an amount of heat which may lead to disastrous consequences under certain conditions. A conflagration was lately traced to one of these lamps, which had been ignorantly laid on some dry goods without any suspicion of danger. A handkerchief tied round one of these bulbs will quickly char and generally burst into flame in about ten minutes' time. This warning is a necessary one.

The increased facilities for making enormous structures, due to the development of the steel industry, have had the curious effect of introducing among us monster edifices which are destined solely for recreative purposes. The celebrated Eiffel Tower was the first of these, to be followed by imitations all the world over. Then came the Ferris Wheel, which presently is to have its counterpart at South Kensington, both being but exaggerated copies of an arrangement which was common to country fairs of the old-fashioned type. The latest novelty of the kind hails from America, and is known as the Haunted Swing. In this case the visitors—about one dozen in number—are invited to enter a room in which is hung on a central bar a broad platform covered with seats. Presently the swing begins to oscillate, until at last it assumes an inverted position above the bar. The whole thing, however, is based upon an illusion; it is the room which is caused to oscillate with all its contents, the swing and its passengers remaining perfectly still. It is said

that the illusion is so perfect that the visitors spasmodically grasp their seats, to avoid being thrown down.

Improvements in the phonograph have been recently described before the Electro-chemical Society of Berlin by Herr A. Kultzow. The new form of instrument, which, on account of the simplicity of its parts, is cheaper than the old, utilises a cylinder composed of a kind of soap, the original cost of which is three shillings. But as the material allows of a very thin shaving being taken off its surface, so as to provide space for fresh records, a quarter of a million words can be recorded on one cylinder before it is exhausted.

It has always been supposed that, however perfectly a ship may be equipped, it requires a controlling hand at the rudder to guide it in the right direction. But, according to a recent French invention, the helmsman can be dispensed with, for the magnetic compass needle can be made not only to indicate the cardinal points, but to operate the rudder so as to steer a ship in any predetermined direction. The compass needle is so disposed that if the ship goes off her course in either direction, an electric motor is set in action, which in turn operates the steering-gear. It will be seen that the plan is quite feasible, but, at best, it represents an instance of mis-directed ingenuity, for no one would trust his ship to a helmsman which would be blind to the danger of collision.

Wood-pulp, which is now used so extensively by the paper-maker, has recently found a new application in the manufacture of piping, which is likely to prove serviceable in various industries. The pipes are moulded on a rod or tube, and are allowed to partially dry before the core is withdrawn. When dry, the pipe is saturated with a hot solution of asphaltum and other materials, which penetrates its entire substance. The ends are then squared and threads cut, as in the case of iron pipes. As the finished material is a non-conducting substance, such pipes can be employed with advantage as underground conduits for electrical wires and cables. Such pipes will also be useful in chemical works, owing to their resistance to the action of acids. The pipes are very strong and durable, and are free from many of the objections to similar pipes made of *papier-mâché*.

A French paper recently published a method of preparing a mushroom bed which will yield a crop all the year round, which for simplicity and cheapness should recommend itself to lovers of that edible fungus. In a box about three feet square and twenty inches in depth, is placed a mixture of three parts dry cow manure and one part garden soil, so as to form a stratum of four inches. A two-inch layer of the same mixture, after being mingled with good mushroom spawn broken up, is now added to the contents of the box, which is afterwards filled up with an eight-inch layer of earth. The whole is slightly compressed, and is watered frequently with fine rose. In a few weeks the first mushrooms will appear, and will continue to do so for at least two years, provided the bed is kept damp.

and the box is kept in a place where the temperature is equable and the light not bright.

A refrigerator has been constructed at Indianapolis, which is designed to make ice by the expansion of natural gas. This gas issues from the wells at a pressure amounting in some instances to twenty atmospheres, or three hundred pounds on the square inch. In its expansion to one atmosphere, or fifteen pounds on the square inch, the gas will fall to a temperature very far below zero, and it is this intense cold which is to be used in the production of ice. The gas is in no way deteriorated by the process, but can be used for furnaces, &c., after the work has been done. Thus can natural gas be made to act first as a cooling and afterwards as a heating agent.

At the recent meeting of the Photographic Convention of the United Kingdom, held at Dublin, a new kind of camera stand was shown and explained. Its main object is to provide a means of copying engravings, museum specimens, cut flowers, medals, &c., which are more conveniently held in a horizontal position, the work being easily accomplished in any ordinary sitting-room. The apparatus can also be applied to portraiture, and to the production of lantern slides from negatives of any size. The contrivance will be of great use to amateurs generally, and will be of especial service in libraries, museums, law-courts, and other institutions, where the rapid copying of a document, picture, or other object is often a matter of importance. The new apparatus has been patented by the inventors, Messrs T. C. Hepworth and T. R. Dallmeyer, the well known optician of London.

The recently opened Tower Bridge, which forms such a beautiful gateway to the city of London, has, as was anticipated, secured a goodly share of the traffic between the north and south shores of the Thames. The welcome relief to the congested state of London Bridge has of late been very noticeable, the constant stream of traffic, until lately one of the sights of London, having diminished to an extraordinary degree. Careful note is being taken of the number of foot-passengers and vehicles which daily cross the river by both the old and the new bridges, and the results will be looked forward to with great interest.

SEEKING BURIED TREASURE.

HALF a century or more ago, the belief that there was gold and silver and other treasure buried at various places in the Canadian provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was not uncommon among the people of those provinces, and efforts to unearth the hoards of wealth supposed to have been hidden by the notorious Captain Kidd or the early French settlers, when the latter were driven out by the English, were of frequent occurrence. Much superstition was associated with these enterprises. Even yet, there are believers in the old traditions, and there are still occasional devotees of the 'mineral rod' who go on midnight excursions to supposed haunts of treasure.

A more ambitious scheme is even now afoot, in the effort to organise a company to search on Oak Island, Nova Scotia, for treasure alleged to have been buried there by Captain Kidd. Years ago, a great deal of money and labour was fruitlessly spent there; but hope survives. Isle Haute is another favourite spot; and there are some others. The following sketch has to do with none of these, but throws a good deal of light on the subject as to the point of view of the average seeker after these wonderful treasures.

Whenever I hear or read a story relating to buried treasure, there comes to me the recollection of an experience of my own youthful days. It could not be called a thrilling experience, for there was no startling incident, and we found no treasure; but for myself there was enough of glory and reward in the distinction of being guide to a party of money-diggers, whose plans involved a nocturnal visit to a lonely grave in the wood, and whose accoutrements included among other things a mineral rod, a flark-lantern, and a sword. The story is worth relating, not because it will quicken the pulses or inflame the imagination, for it will do neither; but because it shows how minds otherwise well balanced may be affected by the power of superstition and the desire for suddenly acquired wealth.

It is not strictly necessary that I should begin with a reference to the American Revolution; but there is really some connection between that event and this particular incident of later times, and therefore such reference may at least be pardoned.

At the close of the Revolution, a large body of Royalists, or Loyalists, as they are called, left New York, New Jersey, and other States of the American Union, and removed to what is to-day known as the city of St John, in the Canadian province of New Brunswick. At the date of their arrival, in the year 1783, there were only a fort, a few stores, some fishermen's huts and houses, on the verge of an unbroken forest wilderness stretching interminably inland from the rugged and forbidding shore. The commandant at Fort Howe, as the place was named, was Major Gilfred Studholm, an English army officer. He had been stationed there for several years, and had been largely instrumental, at the outbreak of the revolutionary war, in persuading the Micicte and Micmac Indians of that region to break a compact into which they had entered to send some six hundred warriors to the aid of General Washington.

With the coming of the Loyalists, the aspect of affairs changed at Fort Howe. A city sprang up there as if by magic, and the province of New Brunswick was speedily constituted, with a Government separate from that of Nova Scotia. Major Studholm gave up military life, left the city, and settled down in the wilderness forty miles away. He received a grant of some five thousand acres of forest-land on the shores of the Kennebecasis River, at that point but a narrow stream. Where a small tributary, now called the Mill-stream, joins the Kennebecasis, he erected a rough log-house on a commanding site overlooking the valleys of both streams, and there spent the remainder of his

life. Here and there along the valley small clearings were being made around the cabins of other pioneers; bridle-paths were cut through the dense evergreen forest; and people who had left comfortable, and some of them luxurious, homes in the revolted colonies were settling down, to carve out a new home in the wilderness. Their only means of reaching the rising city at the mouth of the river was by forest trail or by small boat or canoe; the river for half its course being narrow and, in summer, very shallow. Here Major Studholm lived, with neither child nor wife to cheer his solitude. From his rank and position, however, he was an important personage among the settlers, for he had the honour to be a member of the first Executive Council of the newly constituted province.

Thus far history. And now the reader will kindly take for granted the lapse of some three-quarters of a century. A marvellous change had meantime come to pass. The railway now traversed the thickly settled Kennebecasis Valley, which was dotted with small villages; and other settlements stretched away at various points on either hand. The Millstream Valley was now the abode of well-to-do farmers. Near the point where Major Studholm had settled, there was a small village and railway station. The very hill where his house had stood was now used as a drill ground for the militia, and annually, or at longer periods, the cavalry galloped, or the red-coated infantry marched, over the almost forgotten site of the old man's home. For Major Studholm was long since dead. At his own request, his remains were interred on the highest point of the range of hills that walled the northern side of the valley. It was on his own land, and not far from the site of his house. The grave was unmarked, and its exact location unknown, except that it was within a small, circular, open space among the trees, reached from the open field through a narrow pathway along the crest of the hill, overarched by evergreens, and gloom-shadowed even at noonday. Curious persons visited the spot betimes and carved their initials on the surrounding trees, and rested for a little on the rustic seat provided by a thoughtful hand. Here, in calm seclusion, reposed the dust of the stern old soldier, whose life had known so much of strife and turmoil and adventure.

But memories of the old man survived, coloured by a little of superstitious awe, and strange tales were told by some of the older folk in the valley. It was told on winter evenings at the fireside how the old man, riding his favourite white horse at a gallop, had been seen at night at the bend of the highway below his old home, the hoofs of his phantom steed spurning the earth with soundless tread.

Most alluring to the fancy, however, was the oft-told tale of the secret burial of hoarded gold. It was alleged that in the Major's house for many years reposed a small box of great strength and weight, and always locked. But one morning—so tradition runs—the box was found by the old housekeeper to be empty; and she made at the same time the further discovery that an iron pot which formed part of

the kitchen furnishings had utterly and mysteriously disappeared. She may have been somewhat puzzled by the singular coincidence, for she was only a housekeeper and on the spot; but to the enlightened understanding of persons living a generation or so after the event was alleged to have transpired, the thing was perfectly clear. The Major had of course taken the pot, poured the gold into it, and buried them both. And this explanation furnished a key for the solution of another problem: Why should Major Studholm ask to be buried on that lonely eminence, so far removed from the resting-place of the bodies of his fellow-pioneers? Why, indeed, but that his spirit might be near to guard his buried treasure from the clutch of human greed! And so the story went abroad that somewhere on the hill-top beside the old man's grave, heaped safe within an iron pot, a store of shining gold lay hidden in the earth. And then, as there were dreamers of dreams among the men of this later generation, it came to pass that one, living many miles away, who knew not where the old man's bones were buried, yet saw one night in a vision the spot where the treasure lay. He remembered that the place was on a hill, and that the hill was crowned with trees. After this revelation, even scepticism must needs be dumb.

What wonder, then, that on a starless autumn evening there should come to me upon the village street three men—not natives of that place, though one of them was known to me—and ask, in whispered tones, that I should lead them to the grave of Major Studholm? I was young, the night was dark, the charm of mystery surrounded the adventure. I consented to go. The confession that I also borrowed an iron bar from a neighbour's shed will probably not lead to an indictment at this late date, especially since the tool was returned before daybreak.

My new friends had already driven many miles, and we now entered the large carriage, and drove on across the Kennebecasis and the Millstream, around the curving highway to the foot of the hill. Here the horse and carriage were secreted in some clumps of alders by the roadside, the tools were shouldered by the party, and we climbed, in the darkness, through a hill-side pasture to the path leading through the woods to the grave. A dark-lantern was then lighted, and we journeyed on to the goal. In the open space where lay the soldier's grave we halted, and one of the party produced a mineral rod. It was a short hollow rod, wrapped in whalebone. The contents of the rod I do not know, though quicksilver, I believe, was one ingredient. The thing had two pliable prongs or handles attached at one end, by which it was held in both hands of the operator. When properly held, the closed palms of both hands were turned upward, with the rod in an erect or perpendicular position between them. Anything that attracted the rod caused it to deviate from the perpendicular; and if the attraction were directly below, on or in the ground, the rod would twist about in the man's hands and point straight downward. A mineral rod, it may be noted parenthetically, will only 'work' in the hands of some persons, and the

number is very few. Our magician walked about the open space with the rod in his hands; but if any of us had anticipated that we would be called upon to disturb the dust of Major Studholm, we were agreeably disappointed. No such gruesome task awaited us, for the movement of the mineral rod made it plain that the attraction was not at our feet, but somewhere down the hill-side toward the highway from which we had come. We therefore plunged into the dense thicket of evergreens, and, with considerable difficulty, forced our way down into the open field. Still the silent and mysterious guide urged us onward until we had passed a tall and scraggy pine tree standing solitary on the hill-side in the midst of a field of buckwheat. But we had no sooner passed that spot than the rod revealed the fact that we had gone too far. It obstinately turned about and pointed up the hill again. There is no good in arguing with a mineral rod, even on a dark and gloomy night, and we therefore retraced our steps until we stood beneath the spreading branches of the pine. After a little experiment, the wizard of the party found a spot where the rod turned itself about in his hands and pointed to the ground. We looked at each other for a moment in silence.

'It's there,' said one at length, with all the emphasis of conviction.

'Yes, sir, that's where it is,' declared another. And at the word we prepared for work.

He of the mineral rod produced a sword and strode out into the darkness. Such an uneasy proceeding at such a time was to me rather startling, for until that hour I had never been a treasure-seeker beyond the legitimate fields of toil. The spell of mystery was strong upon me. Had I not heard of money-diggers who at the moment of almost assured success were startled by phantom horsemen riding down the wind, and in terror, fled for their lives? And of others who, when their tools rang upon the cover of the treasure-box, were shocked by an awful clatter of rattling chains in the very bowels of the earth, and saw the coveted box vanish on the instant? These were matters of common talk along the country-side in my boyhood days. Was it not a fact, vouched for by an old man well known to me, that two men, well known to him, were digging for money one dismal night, and one of them was thrown bodily out of the hole by a mysterious Presence visible to both, though indescribable? Why, it was but the other day, out on the shore of the Bay of Fundy, that a party had located a pirate hoard, and were about to remove it from its hiding-place, when a vessel of ancient mould loomed up off shore, as though it had risen from the depths, and from the side a boat put off, manned by sailors in the costume of a century ago. And when one of the party was startled into an exclamation of terror—presto!—both crew and vessel disappeared, and where the treasure lay, there gaped an empty hole; for the treasure of Captain Kidd had followed his phantom ship into the realms of mystery.

In view of all this, and much more to the same effect, it was but natural that I should be impressed, and eminently proper that our party should overlook no due precaution; and

hence it was that our swordsman went forth into the darkness. He went but a few steps, however, and began to describe a large circle around us, taking care to cut through the surface of the ground with the point of his weapon. Just before the circle was completed, he turned to us: 'Are you all ready?'

The others had meanwhile explained to me that, after the circle was made complete, no word must pass our lips; and nothing, not even a grain of earth from the spade, must be permitted to pass beyond that magic line. I was also informed that some treasure-seekers deemed it essential to sprinkle the blood of a black hen around the circle; but my friends regarded that ceremony as entirely superfluous.

'All ready,' I said to the swordsman, and in a twinkling the circle was closed. And at the next instant, pick and spade sunk into the earth at the spot designated as the exact hiding place of the coveted treasure. It was a weird scene. The night was starless, and midnight was at hand. The autumn wind, sweeping the lone hill-side, moaned in dismal cadence in the branches of the pine. The lantern caused grotesque shadows to dance about us. Three of us hurriedly plied the pick and spade, while the fourth stalked grimly around us, cleaving the air with his magic sword, as if defying the spirits of earth or air to pass the boundaries he had set. Anon, he paused long enough to hold the mineral rod above the hole we were digging, indicating the exact location of the treasure, and at the same time giving us to understand, through the medium of signs, that the deeper we dug, the stronger became the attraction. Once our iron bar struck something that emitted a hollow sound. There was a quick exchange of significant glances, and excitement ran high. We worked with feverish energy, and presently a flat stone was turned up to our view, and nothing more. We went down several feet, and at length struck solid rock, covering the whole bed of the opening, and apparently as immovable as though it were a part of the solid base of the hill itself. After vainly trying to dig around it, one of the party, in sudden disgust, ejaculated: 'I don't believe it's there at all!'

'Now you've done it!' savagely growled the warrior and magician, who forthwith trailed his weapon and grasped the mineral rod. Surely enough, the other adventurer had done it. The rod, when held over the hole, pointed as calmly skyward as if there had never been an ounce of treasure hidden in the earth. The mysterious source of attraction had entirely disappeared!

We stared at each other in silence, and the man who had broken the magic spell by speaking was manifestly crestfallen.

'It's moved,' explained the holder of the rod, in answer to my mute inquiry.

'What—the money?' I asked in wonder. 'Do you suppose it has?'

'Yes—it's moved. We'll get the attraction again after a little.'

And we did. Within half an hour the mineral rod picked up its ears, so to speak, and became violent again. But this time it

located the treasure some half-dozen yards away from the spot where we had been digging. My companions had evidently witnessed just such a phenomenon before, as they exhibited no surprise whatever.

'We've got it again,' quoth one of them, and brought the pick down from his shoulder with a thud. Unfortunately, as it proved, he brought the implement down point first, and it penetrated the surface of the ground.

'There!' almost yelled the magician. 'What made you do that? You've done it again!'

Surely enough, he had done it again. By breaking ground before the magic circle was drawn with the sword, and other preliminaries attended to in due and ancient form, he had once more put the treasure to flight. For it is an established principle in the unwritten law of money-digging that no treasure worthy the name will for a moment tolerate bungling on the part of those who seek its hiding-place. The mineral rod, therefore, pointed skyward again, while the jaws of the party obviously drooped.

But the treasure was not implacable. On the contrary, it even appeared to manifest a degree of anxiety to stand revealed, if only the process of revelation were in due form; for ere long it put forth once more its subtle attraction, and roused the mineral rod to a sense of its presence. It had moved but a few yards farther away. There was no carelessness this time. The circle was drawn, silence fell upon the party, and work began. Everything went smoothly, the attraction grew steadily stronger, and hope revived. Alas! that it should have been my misfortune to be the cause of another collapse. In trying to remove an obstinate and troublesome root, I seized it with both hands, gave a mighty jerk—and went over backwards. The broken root flew from my hand, passed far beyond the magic circle, and for a third time the mischief was done. The treasure, to use a common phrase, took to its heels once more. The magician glared at me, as if meditating the propriety of running me through on the spot, but presently lowered his point and raised the mineral rod. The rod stood motionless.

This sort of thing was growing tiresome. It was evident that, unless a change occurred soon, we would be found there at daylight, and might possibly be called on to offer explanations to the owner of the buckwheat field.

'We'll find out where it went,' suggested one, 'and then go home for to-night.'

The suggestion found favour, for we were a little tired, and our ardour had perceptibly diminished. We waited perhaps half an hour. When the mineral rod once more located the treasure, our decision to go was not shaken; for this time the provoking and elusive thing had taken up a position almost directly under the huge tree. To get at it would require a tunnel.

There we left it. And there, for aught I have learned since, it may be still. I am informed that efforts have been made at different times to bring it forth; but inquiry has failed to show that there has been any sudden and inexplicable acquisition of wealth by any person or persons in that region. The old pine

still stands, and if it has a secret, appears to guard it well.

But before taking leave of the subject, there are some facts in connection with the use of the mineral rod that are worthy of attention. In the first place, this rod would work in the hands of only one member of our party. It remained absolutely passive in the hands of any other. Another singular fact was that beyond the range of the mysterious influence centred at the pine-tree, the rod in his hands was attracted by a silver watch or a silver coin, and would respond when either was placed reasonably close to it; but, under the tree, the silver might be thrust within half an inch of the rod and there was not a tremor.

I know these things, having witnessed them. Add also the fact that the attraction at the tree grew manifestly stronger as we dug, and ceased altogether when any rule of the party was violated. Whether the explanation of them all be physical or psychological, or both, must be left for others to decide. But they are facts. The magician of our party was a country blacksmith, and his companions were young farmers of his district. If it be alleged that the man was a humbug, the obvious reply is that humbugs do not drive many miles over rough country roads on gloomy nights to visit lonely graves in secret, or stalk about on bleak autumn hill-sides at midnight cleaving the air with naked swords.

WILT THOU BE LONG?

Wilt thou be long? The workful day is o'er;
The wind croons softly to the sleeping sea;
At the old spot, upon the lonely shore,
I wait for thee.

Home to his nest the swift gray gull is winging;
Through the still dusk I hear the sailors' song:
Night to the weary rest from toil is bringing—
Wilt thou be long?

Wilt thou be long? The darkness gathers fast;
The daisies fold their fingers on the lea;
Time is so fleeting, and youth will not last—
Oh, come to me!

In the clear west a silver star is burning,
But sad misgivings all my bosom throng;
With anxious heart I watch for thy returning—
Wilt thou be long?

K. MATHESON.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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EXPLORATION IN THE HIMALAYAS.

From time to time books of science and travel appear, which are not more remarkable for the courage and perseverance of the explorers than for the admirable literary style which marks their narration of the story of the expedition. Among this class of books is the one before us. It is entitled: 'Climbing and Exploration in the Karakoram Himalayas,' by William Martin Conway (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1891). Mr Conway is already the author of two books on the Pennine Alps, as also of numerous works upon art and artists. That his knowledge of art is not less remarkable than his success in exploration, is shown by a fact not generally known. When the new edition of *Chambers's Encyclopedia* was being arranged for, Mr Ruskin undertook to write the article upon ART. Ill-health, however, prevented that distinguished writer from fulfilling his engagement, but he referred the publishers of the work to Mr W. Martin Conway, who wrote the article as it now appears in the *Encyclopedia*. This was a compliment as to art-knowledge which any author might be proud to receive. The book before us is marked by the beauty of style which such a recommendation implies.

The district of the Himalayas known as the Karakoram is one with regard to which not much of a definite kind is known. Mr Conway tells us that there are only two previous explorers of any part of those snowy regions visited by him and his companions, whose work calls for attention. These were Colonel Goodwin-Austen and Captain Younghusband. The former visited the Karakoram Mountains in the years 1860 and 1861, and described his journey in a paper which was read before the Royal Geographical Society in 1864, and published by them in the *Journal of the Society* for that year. The other explorer, Captain Younghusband, was entrusted by the Indian Government to form a map or chart indicating the position of watersheds, peaks,

and main ridges, as also the limits of glaciers. He accomplished the work thus required of him.

When Mr Conway, at the instance and with the pecuniary help of the Royal Geographical Society, undertook the conduct of a new expedition, he was accompanied by the Hon. C. G. Bruce, Mr McCormick, the artist of the party, Messrs Eckenstein and Rondebush, Matthias Zurbriggen, a well-known guide, some Gurkhas, and other native attendants, with a number of coolies to expedite the luggage. The explorers spent in all eighty-four days on snow or glacier, and reached a height of 23,000 feet.

The explorers left London on February 5, 1892, reached India, and by March 11th their journey on land by rail was approaching an end. 'We were still in the plains,' says Mr Conway, 'about half-way between Jhelam and Rawal Pindi, but the rampart of the north was visible, and the sun presently rose from behind the hills, and shone down their hither slopes, revealing snow-beds and crests as of everlasting ice. The foreground was a strange maze of twisting gullies, cut about in all directions by torrents of the rains, and leaving little of the level floor of the plain unbroken. But farther away, the edges of the gullies were foreshortened against one another, and an effect of flatness was produced stretching to the foothills, over whose crests and through their gaps the higher snowy outlines of the Pir Panjal Himalayas were revealed. Here and there, cloud cataracts poured over the cold ridges, but only to melt away in the warm southern air. It was a fine scene.'

It would not be within the scope of this notice to give a detailed account of the journey of many days until, on the 25th of April, the watershed of the Himalayas was passed, and our travellers had entered the basin of the Upper Indus, the farther side of which is embanked by the Karakoram-Himalayas, which they had come to see. The

journey had been for many reasons a trying one—the way being mostly over soft snow, amid showers of hail and sleet, and blinding drifts of snow. When the last snow was left behind them, they sat down in the shadow of some big boulders, and were thankful, for the sun was hot, and the previous day had fatigued them all. After crossing the valleys that lay between them and the object of their journey, and climbing many a glacier and moraine on the lower spurs of the Karakoram Mountains, they found themselves, on the 28th of May, at a spot which they named Windy Camp, 12,610 feet above the sea. It was a small flat meadow of rank grass surrounded by winter snow, wherein bears had trodden their tracks.

'We noticed,' remarks Mr Conway, 'that the tributary glaciers to the east were greatly shrunken, after the manner of the Alpine glaciers; but the main ice-stream at the Windy Angle was filling up and washing right over the moraine it had deposited in its present reduced condition. . . . We found no plants in blossom at the Angle, but there were plenty that would brighten the hillsides in a month's time. . . . The weather began to mend from the moment of our arrival, and one by one the great peaks looked forth. The Burchi Peaks appeared first, then the fine Emerald Mountain which we had come to woo. Close before us were the sources of the Gargo glacier; beyond them the mighty wall swept grandly aloft to a height of upwards of 20,000 feet. The only visible outlet to the deep basin in which we lay was a narrow glimpse down the valley to the west.'

A few days afterwards, the travellers had crossed the glacier to the foot of the great ice-fall from the Emerald Pass, and here they beheld a huge avalanche-cloud descending over the whole width of the icefall, utterly enveloping both it and a small rock-rib and couloir beside it. The fall started from the very top of the Lower Burchi Peak, and tumbled on to the plateau above the icefall; it flowed over this, and came down upon the icefall itself. 'We saw the cloud before we heard the noise, and then it only reached us as a distant rumble. We had no means of guessing the amount of solid snow and ice that there might be in the heart of the cloud. The rumble increased in loudness, and was soon a thunder that swallowed up our puny shouts, so that Bruce could not hear our roaring. Had he heard, he could easily have reached the sheltered position we gained before the cloud came on him.' . . . Bruce and his company, 'afterwards declared to us that they raced away like wild men, jumping crevasses which they could not have cleared in cold blood. When the snow-dust enveloped them, the wind raised by it cast them headlong on the ice. This, however, was the worst that happened. The snow peppered them all over, and soaked them to the skin; but the solid part of the avalanche was happily arrested in the midst of the icefall, and never came in sight. When the fog cleared, they were all so out of breath that for some minutes they could only stand and regard one another in panting

silence. They presently rejoined us, and we halted for a time on the pleasant grass.'

On a different occasion the travellers had another opportunity of seeing in safety the terrible effects of an avalanche. They were at this time at a height of 15,680 feet. As they were talking together, suddenly they heard a crash high up in the gorge, followed by the boom of an approaching avalanche. 'A mass of ice had fallen from the cliff at the top, and was ploughing its way down to the glacier. It seemed ages before it came in sight. It passed in two streams of mighty flow. Suddenly one of the Gurkhas jumped up, crying, "Ibex! Ibex!" and sure enough there was one poor beast carried down in the resistless torrent. "Another! another! Two! Three! Four!" There was in fact a whole herd of them, all dead. They must have been passing under the ice-cliff when the fall occurred. One of them was ultimately pitched out of the side of the avalanche and left upon the snow slope; but the others were carried to the foot of the couloir and buried, hopelessly beyond discovery.' Zurbriggen and two others started down after the dead animal, and with some difficulty they managed to secure the doe, which they promptly cut up, delighted with the prospect of joints.

At the great elevation which we have just mentioned higher than the height of Mont Blanc—every man of the party suffered from headache. Their pulses beat with more than usual rapidity. They all felt a disinclination to do anything that involved change of position, and it required an effort of will to get up and read the barometer and other instruments. 'We had a tendency,' observes Mr Conway, 'to place ourselves in such attitudes as left the chest most free, and I observed that during the latter part of the ascent I walked more easily with my hands resting on my hips than hanging by my sides. Bruce desired to take occasional deep inspirations. My fatigue, and the feeling of weight in the legs, was immediately diminished if, in walking uphill, I breathed more deeply and rapidly than usual; but, to keep this up, one's breathing muscles must be got into training, which takes time. We never afterwards experienced so much discomfort at so low a level.'

After many stirring experiences and adventurous episodes, all strikingly told, the travellers, on August 10, reached an altitude of 18,000 feet. Though at this great height, they felt little inconvenience from the rarity of the air as long as they advanced at a steady pace, and were not obliged to take up cramped positions or to hold the breath. On the following days, snow fell heavily, but still they pressed upwards. Again the party all suffered from the difficulty of breathing, which Mr Conway on this occasion regards as being connected with the stagnation of the air in the enclosed valley through which they were passing, and with the heat of the sun. That there is some reason for this opinion is evinced by the fact that this difficulty of breathing disappeared to a great extent when the sun was covered by a tolerably thick cloud, or if there was a wind. It utterly disappeared the moment they sat down.

On the evening of the 19th they witnessed a glorious sunset. 'All the peaks were clear, save a few in the west, which flew light streamers from their summits towards the south. The finest was the Mustagh Matterhorn. The red light refracted from the hidden sun made all these streamers flame against the sky, crimson banners flying from black towers. The effect lasted a few moments, and was gone; it was one of the finest visions of colour that the summer yielded us.'

On August 21st, the party had reached the height of 18,200 feet. Their camping-ground was mere open snow field, and do what they would, snow insisted in creeping into the tent and making everything damp. Their provisions by this time were scanty, and there was nothing to drink but snow that refused to melt. The sky on this afternoon had been overcast and threatening, and the sun shone but fitfully. 'Just as we were settling down to sleep, at sunset we caught a glimpse, through a chink of the tent door, of a delicate pink light, and faint blue shadows on the highest snowfield of the Throne Peak. We hurried out to look towards the west, and beheld a sky of liquid gold, line beyond line of golden clouds in a bed of blue, just resting on the highest peaks—a wondrous and indeed an awful sight, beautiful but threatening. As the darkness closed in, and the night grew cold, we did our best to sleep. The heat and toil of the day left me with a dreadful headache, which did not take its departure till the early hours of the morning.' Next morning, clouds covered all the sky, which still retained its threatening appearance. They proceeded to make breakfast. 'The Rob Roy lamp was filled with spirit to boil the water, and instantly began to roar and rage, so that we all ran out of the tent as fast as we could. It requires some skill to work these lamps smoothly at high elevations. At home they burn as kindly as can be, but at 18,000 feet they put on all sorts of airs and graces. Perhaps Kashmir spirit is none of the best. At all events, it does not boil water, even at the low boiling-points of high altitudes, anything like so fast as lower down. Then the spirit seems always to be watching its opportunity to go out. Once well alight, however, it fumes and frets and sputters, scatters burning drops all around, and oozes out alight from any chink in the apparatus it can find, till the whole tent seems full of flame, and everything is more or less alight. Cooking under these circumstances has its excitements. The storm, however, which had so ominously threatened to descend upon the travellers, passed off, and the air was once more fresh and the sky blue, with a few white clouds sweeping across it.

The travellers were now approaching a height of 20,700 feet, and suffered terribly from the snow and the extreme coldness of the atmosphere, and only saved themselves from being frost-bitten by taking off their shoes from time to time and vigorously rubbing the feet till life was brought back to them. Besides, the party all began to suffer from thirst, for the sun was not as yet powerful enough to melt snow for their drinking. They scrambled upwards, however, and after an hour and ten

minutes they reached an altitude of 21,350 feet. Here they were rewarded by finding, under a kindly rock, a pool of clear water, more precious to them than gold. As they advanced, they came to solid ice, and Zurbriggen's axe was heard to click! click! as he made the long striding steps which were to guide them upward. 'I mechanically,' says Mr Conway, 'struggled from one to another. I was dimly conscious of a vast depth down below on the right, filled with tortured glacier and gaping crevasses of monstrous size. Sometimes I would picture the frail ice-steps giving way, and the whole party falling down the precipitous slope. I asked myself upon which of the rocks projecting below should we meet with our final smash; and I inspected the schrunds for the one that might be our last not unwelcome resting-place. Then there would be a reaction, and for a moment the grandeur of the scenery would make itself felt.'

On August 25th they had reached a height of 23,000 feet, and there were still peaks above them, but separated from them by a deep valley. All the party were suffering dreadfully from the effect of the altitude upon them. Their breathing apparatus, rather strangely, was working well enough, but their hearts were being sorely tried, and Mr Conway's was, he says, 'in a parlous state.' They had all practically reached the limits of their powers. They might have climbed a thousand feet higher, or even more, if climbing had been easy, but Zurbriggen said that another step he could not cut. They all recognised the fact that the greatest they were going to accomplish was done, and that henceforward nothing remained for them but downwards and homewards. Yet they could hardly tear themselves away from the scene which lay below and around them, it was so magnificent and so rare.

A few minutes before four in the afternoon, they started downwards, when, as they were going down the steep ice-wall, they narrowly escaped an accident. 'Harkbir,' says Mr Conway, 'was leading, I was second, Zurbriggen was last. Bruce and Amar Sing were some way behind. Harkbir had no climbing irons, and, to make matters worse, the nails of his boots were quite rounded and smooth. He is not at all to blame for what happened. The ice-steps, small to start with, were worn by use and half melted off. The time came when, as I expected, one gave way, and Harkbir went flying forwards. I was holding the rope tight and was firm on my claws, and Zurbriggen had the rope tight behind me. The slope was very steep, but we easily held Harkbir. We were not descending straight down the slope, but traversing it diagonally. As soon, therefore, as Harkbir had fallen, he swung round with the rope, like a weight on the end of a pendulum, and came to rest, spread-eagled against the icy face. Now came the advantage of having a cool-headed and disciplined man to deal with. He did not lose his axe or become flustered, but went quietly to work, and after a time cut a hole for one foot and another for the other; then he got on his legs and returned to the track, and we con-

tinued the descent. At the time the whole incident seemed quite unexciting and ordinary; but I have often shivered since to think of it. The ice-slope below us where the slip happened was fully 2000 feet long.'

The book, as will be seen, is one to be read with pleasure not unalloyed with excitement; and when the scientific observations of the party—which are to appear in the future as a separate publication—are given to the world, this will form one of the most remarkable records of exploration which we have seen for many years.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

By JOHN K. LEYS, Author of *The Lindsons*, &c.

CHAPTER XL.—'THERE IS A SHADOW ON MY LIFE.'

A YEAR had come and gone since Lady Boldon had been left a widow; the second year was more than half over, and still Hugh Thesiger had not a second time asked her to marry him. It was not that he loved her less now than he had done that winter afternoon when he had waited for her by the stile. But he was a proud man, and he could not bear to go empty-handed to his love, and practically ask her to endow him with the wealth of the man whom she had for her own reasons preferred to himself.

He had long ago faced the situation. He knew it was not what he would have wished it to be. But he had promised to Adelaide, and he had sworn to himself, that the past should not be remembered against her. He could not ask her to divest herself of her wealth to satisfy his sentimental scruples; but he could at least wait till he could earn an income sufficient to support his wife in comfort without having recourse to Sir Richard's coffers.

And now that nearly two years had elapsed since the treaty of reconciliation was made between him and Adelaide, his resolve seemed to be in a fair way of fulfilment. His practice was steadily increasing; he had saved money; and he told himself that now he might any day without shame ask Adelaide to marry him.

This delay, and the long absences which Hugh's devotion to his profession necessarily involved, caused Lady Boldon many a heart-pang. She had, to tell the truth, expected that Hugh would long ago have asked her again to marry him; and though she half dreaded to hear a declaration from him, she felt his silence to be a wound, almost an insult. Sometimes she feared that he did not really love her—that the compact of renewed friendship was in his mind one of friendship pure and simple, without any suspicion, or any possibility, of a warmer feeling taking its place.

And all the time the dark shadow of her promise to Mr Felix hung like a thunder-cloud on the near horizon. Three times he had come to see her, making business, of course,

the excuse for his coming to the Chase; and she had compelled herself to treat him in a polite, and even a friendly, manner. But she could not pretend to herself that she could see the slightest sign of any change of mind or intention on his part. He had more tact than to make love to her—and for this she was thankful—nor did he ever in so many words remind her of the agreement between them; but there were not wanting signs that he remembered it well, and looked to its being fulfilled. She shuddered when she noticed those indications of the trouble in store for her, and resolutely shut her eyes, declining to think of the future altogether.

Several times, during those two years, Terence O'Neil had accompanied his friend to the quiet cottage where Lieutenant Thesiger and his wife were peacefully spending the evening of their life's day; and Hugh noticed with some concern that Terence had fallen in love with sweet Margory Bruce. Terence betrayed himself in this way. Whenever he went to Chalfont with Hugh, he became suddenly zealous of attending church twice at least on Sundays; and always found some excellent excuse for preferring the service at Woodhurst to that at the nearest church. Hugh was not sorry to go to the Rectory, for he had always a chance of seeing Adelaide there; but when the thing had happened two or three times, Hugh laughed in the young Irishman's face, and told him he was in love with the Rector's daughter.

'And what if I am, then?' inquired poor Terence sorrowfully. 'What good will it do either of us? We can't get married; for I've nothing in the world but a small stock of law that nobody wants to draw upon. Surely, Hugh, of all the professions in the world for a poor man, ours is the worst. Why, you can't even help yourself; you must sit still till you are asked—or pretend to do that same—and I may sit till the old house in the Temple falls on me head, before any luck will come to me. —You don't think, now, Hugh, I would be justified in proposing to the girl?'

'I'm afraid not just at present, Terry; but don't lose heart. The sun may shine some day,' said Hugh.

Terence answered him only by a groan.

It was that fairest of months, the month of August. The Long Vacation had begun; and Hugh Thesiger set off for Hampshire, his heart beating high with hope. For he had been reckoning up the gains of the past year, and found that he had done better even than he had supposed; and he felt that the way was now clear for him to speak to Adelaide. Terence O'Neil had gone to see his friends in Ireland; but he meant to find his way to Chalfont by the beginning of September.

The heat of the day was over, and a delightful warm haze, which made the sunshine seem more radiant and more tender, spread over copse, and lane, and meadow, when Hugh Thesiger set out to woo Adelaide for the second time. He remembered that other day as if he had spent it in a dream. Then it was winter, and he had waited for her till the sun went down; and— Hugh set his teeth and put the re-

membrance away from him. He *would not* ruin the happiness of the present by dwelling on the past.

Lady Boldon was at home; and Hugh easily persuaded her to come with him for a short stroll in the park. There was a chaperon, it may be mentioned, a Mrs Embleton, established at Roby Chase; but she was a discreet person, and understood well enough that the lamb whose innocence she was supposed to guard, was not one who would brook much interference, especially where Mr Thesiger was concerned.

The pride of Roby Chase was a river—it was certainly larger than a brook, so that it might without any great impropriety be called a river. Sir Richard had constructed a dam at one point of its course, so as to make an artificial lake. It was one of several improvements he had made on the estate; and many a time had he taken his guests to admire the little sheet of water, and tell them what it had cost him per square yard of surface. Lady Boldon remembered this as she seated herself with Hugh on a bench that commanded a view of the lake remembered it with an inward shudder, that was followed by a sigh.

'Adelaide,' said Hugh, 'I asked you to come out here to-day to tell me—you—what you know already that I love you.'

Lady Boldon was taken literally by surprise. She started, blushed as vividly as she could possibly have done four years before, and hid her face in her hands. It had come at last, the hour she had dreamt of and longed for! It was sweet, passing sweet to hear the man who long ago had won her heart tell her that he loved her. For one delicious moment she revelled in the sweetness of it, before the black thought came into her mind—'But I cannot promise to marry him: what—oh! what am I to say to him?'

'I have not said anything of this to you before, dearest, because I wished to gain a position of—well, of independence, first. That is done now. I have no wealth such as yours; but if you were to lose your property to-morrow, we should not be quite poor, so I can ask you without losing my self-respect.—Adelaide, dearest, you know how long I have loved you. Will you be my wife?'

He tried to drag the tightly laced fingers from before her face; but she kept them there obstinately. She could not bear that he should see her face.

'Will you marry me, Adelaide?'

'I am afraid I can't—can't promise you that just now, Hugh,' she said at last.

He started back, and turned very pale. He had expected, not without cause, a different answer. A second time, after giving him decided encouragement, this woman had rejected him. The first time she was only a country parson's daughter; but now she was rich—so rich that she perhaps thought it presumptuous in him to address her.

He rose to his feet. 'I have made a mistake, I see—for the second time.'

Before the sentence was half uttered, Lady Boldon's quick ear had caught the altered tone. She seized her lover by the arm, and hiding

her face on her hands as they grasped him, almost forced him back to his seat.

'No, no, Hugh; don't speak in that way. You—you don't understand.'

'Do you really love me, then, Adelaide?'

'Yes; oh! yes, I do; I do! You know I do! You know I loved you even when'—

'My darling!'

'But I cannot marry you—not yet, at least.'

'Why not?'

'I cannot tell you—not just now. There is a shadow on my life, which'— She stopped abruptly.

'Adelaide, we agreed that the past was to be forgotten,' said Hugh tenderly. He thought she was alluding to her marriage.

'Forget the past! Will the past ever allow us to forget it? It holds us in its dead hand, as in a vice!'

'Let us put away from us, then, all that reminds us of the past!' cried Hugh. 'Why not go back to the Rectory, and resume your old life there, until the day comes when you will give yourself to me? Why not even give up the estate, and all the property you have inherited, if they prevent your having peace of mind? A fine estate is a fine thing, no doubt; but heart's ease is better. So long as you stay here, so long as you are the mistress of Roby Chase, your thoughts will dwell upon—on what you would be happier to forget.'

For a second or two Lady Boldon's eyes searched those of her lover. Could he really mean this? How generous he was! For a moment she allowed herself to wonder whether this solution of the difficulty were possible.

'No, Hugh,' she said at length. 'That would be foolishly quixotic.' She did not dare to tell him that to do this would be to abandon the dearest wish of her heart. She desired above all things that hers should be the helping hand by which he should rise to the summit of his ambition.

'Of course, money and a place like this are very desirable things; I do not mean to deny that for a moment. But I hardly understand. There is no real obstacle to our marriage, is there?'

'Yes, Hugh, there is. I feel that I cannot answer you now. In another year, perhaps—but we had better make no promises.'

'You must give me an answer, Adelaide; you must not send me away in this cruel uncertainty.'

'Is it cruel?' she asked, a glad smile lighting up her face. She was glad to think that he still cared for her so much.

'Adelaide,' he said, 'I cannot understand you.'

'Nor can I understand myself. Only, do not press me for an answer to-day. Your telling me that you still love me has made me very happy; but if it is so—if you really love me, can you not wait for me?'

'For our marriage, yes; though I don't see the need of waiting, and I should think it a great hardship. But why can't we be engaged at once?'

'It is better not, Hugh—better that we should not be formally betrothed at present.—Let us talk of something else. How is your friend O'Neil?'

'Terence, poor fellow, is in a bad way. He is in love.'

'Really?'

'Yes—with your sister Marjory.'

'Are you sure? I am not surprised to hear it; but I had doubted whether it was really the case.'

The two had risen by this time, and were moving slowly round the margin of the lake.

'I have sometimes wondered, Adelaide,' said Hugh abruptly, 'whether you would care to do some good with your money—to play the fairy godmother, you know. If so, I would recommend Terence and Marjory to your kind notice. Terence is a thoroughly good fellow, and he really loves your sister; but he is afraid to ask her, being so poor. He has a gift of ready speech, which, with his natural shrewdness, would make his fortune at the bar, if he could only find an opening. He ought to take a room on the ground-floor in the Temple, buy a set of law reports, join one or two good clubs, and lay himself out to make friends. If he did that, I feel certain he would get some business in a year or two. It would not take very much money to launch him properly. Of course, it would be spending capital—still, if Marjory likes him'—

'I'm afraid I couldn't do that,' said Lady Boldon, nervously plucking a rose and picking it to pieces. 'I would be glad to buy Marjory's trousseau, or furnish her house for her; but I would not like Mr O'Neil to expect that I should give her a fortune.'

Hugh looked at the woman beside him with amazement. He had long thought of this way of solving his friend's difficulties. It seemed to him only natural that Adelaide should, out of her many thousands, spare a few for her sister. He had thought it likely enough that she might object to Marjory's fortune being spent by Terence in the way he himself thought necessary; but he never for a moment anticipated that Adelaide would grudge the money. With all her faults, Adelaide had never been mean. Had her wealth already spoiled her?

'Marjory is a good girl,' said Adelaide gently—'a thousand times better than I am.'

This was said so entirely in Adelaide's old manner, that Hugh glanced at her again in surprise. If she cared for her sister, surely she could do this much for her.

'You must not think me shabby,' she said with a blush, laying her hand timidly on her companion's arm. 'Indeed, I would do anything I could for Marjory; but I am afraid what you suggested would hardly be prudent.'

She could not venture to dispose of the few thousands she had saved; for she could not tell how soon Roby Chase and her large income might pass from her. Hugh expected that she would offer some explanation of her inability or unwillingness to give Marjory a dowry; but none was forthcoming. Lady Boldon, fearing that already she had said too much, hastened to change the subject; and not long after this Hugh took his leave.

He went home in a very dissatisfied mood. His hopes, that had been so bright that morning, were not, indeed, shattered; but he had been bidden to wait an indefinite time for no

particular reason. There was an uncertainty, an absence of clear and intelligible motive, in all Adelaide had said. Why should she confess her love, yet refuse to be betrothed? Why speak so kindly of her sister, yet refuse to give her a small share of her wealth? These unanswered questions raised a mist, as it were—a cold, vague, intangible, clinging atmosphere of doubt and distrust in Hugh's mind, which his utmost efforts were unable to dispel.

And Lady Boldon? That night she felt as if the burden were too great for her to bear. Then, for the first time, when the cup of happiness which she dared not taste was put to her lips, did she realise how far she had gone astray. Twice there had come a moment of choice between two ways, and both times she had chosen the left-hand path.

Oh, what madness, she cried to herself now, in the bitterness of her heart, to sell herself for money, an empty title, and position in society, and reject the man who loved her! And then—worse, more stupid madness still—when once more she was free, when the opportunity of doing right was offered her, she had allowed a feeling of resentment against her husband's injustice, and her ambition for Hugh, joined to a longing to be able to make up to him in some way for the wrong she had done him—she had allowed these feelings to blind her eyes, and had fallen into a trap which even a child might have avoided.

She saw now the real character of her consent to Mr Felix's suggestion. She saw that her wish that the new will should not be produced on the day of the funeral was no mere desire for delay. She no longer imagined that some flaw in the will known to Mr Felix, something that no one else could discover, might have the effect of preserving the estate to her in a legal way. She told herself with a shudder, that the lawyer had intended simply to suppress the will. And this—*this* was the man she had promised to marry! Marry him—No! Then, was she to break faith with him? The consequence of that, she knew, would be not poverty, merely, but dishonour.

A score of times the thought came to her—'Can I not even now break this hateful chain—tell Mr Felix I cannot keep my promise to him, let him produce the concealed will, and give up the estate?'

But the penalty was too great! Gladly would she have done this, if she could then have placed her hand with confidence in that of her lover, and gone with him to London, to lead the life which once she had so much dreaded, a life of poverty. But that Paradise—as it seemed to her now—could no longer be hers. The delay in producing the later will would have to be explained. Mr Felix would be terribly exasperated, and doubly anxious to throw all the blame on her shoulders. He would be able, she felt sure, to make it appear that it was *she* who had instigated the intended fraud, that he was only an unwilling tool in her hands.

And so Hugh would know all! He would even know that she had promised—how she hated herself at the thought of it!—when her husband's body was scarcely buried, to marry this man Felix. Hugh's love had survived one

great blow. Could it live after all this was made known to him? She could not expect it. How she longed to throw herself down at his knees, at his feet, and tell him all—all! But she did not dare.

And behind all this there loomed in her imagination the shadow of a prison. She knew that she had joined in a conspiracy of silence, one that the law was pretty sure to lay hold of and punish. A convict prison! She trembled; and the thought of confession died out of her heart.

ABOUT SHARKS.

It is happily not given to many Englishmen to make the acquaintance of Sharks, unless to view stuffed specimens of their remains in the glass cases of some museum. The writer has observed them in many different seas, for they swarm in all tropical parts, and even for a considerable distance beyond the tropics. Of course, allusion is made only to the fiercer and more voracious species, for there are some species of shark which are fairly common in the British sea, where the man-eater is rarely seen.

Many people have heard of Port Royal Tom. In the early part of the century, Port Royal, in the island of Jamaica, was an important naval station, there being always some British men-of-war in the harbour, and it was the general rendezvous of the squadron in those seas. Desertions were very frequent, as the ships were anchored close to land, and the temptation to the average sailor to swim ashore was often too strong to be resisted, even though his only object was to have a 'spree.' Sharks were pretty plentiful in the harbour, and the Government hit on the expedient of enlisting some of them in the service to act as sentries. Accordingly, every day a certain quantity of salt pork was thrown overboard from the men-of-war at anchorage. The rations thus distributed soon came to be recognised and appreciated by the ravening monsters of the deep, who, in expectation of these welcome supplies, would cruise continually in the vicinity. One of these sharks was conspicuous by his great size and the constancy with which he kept to his post in the neighbourhood of the ships, and soon became known to all the sailors by the sobriquet of 'Port Royal Tom.' The terror which he inspired was sufficient to prevent the boldest seaman from making a break for liberty, for the shark was more dreaded than the sentry's rifle.

Notwithstanding the above, although the writer has lived many years in the West Indies, he has never heard of any authentic case of bathers being attacked by sharks; and such cases, it must be acknowledged, are extremely rare, for a shark will not readily attack a human being, and the stories which have been told of them are much exaggerated. They are naturally cowardly animals, and are not at all particular as to the quality of their food, being the most indiscriminate and voracious of eaters. They will seize and bolt any object which they see moving in the water, like some of their smaller congeners, such as the mackerel, which

can be easily caught by trolling a red rag or any bright object in the water. They are the veritable hyenas of the deep, and everything is grist that comes to their mill; even the foulest carrion they will greedily devour. We are inclined to think that their vices have been much exaggerated, and that they serve a good purpose in some tropical seas by acting as scavengers in the harbours, where they devour all the garbage; and the benefit thus conferred will be readily appreciated by any one who has lived in proximity to the tideloss harbours of the West Indies, where the refuse which collects and festers in the tropical sun is a fruitful breeder of yellow fever and other diseases.

The jaw of a shark is a perfect study. In some species the adult members have six rows of teeth in each jaw, each tooth being serrated and pointed, the points being directed backwards, so as to form a veritable barb. These teeth, which in their normal state lie flat against the jaw, are erectile at will, and when the animal darts on his prey, they start on end in the same manner that a cat's claws are protruded from their sheath. When a shark seizes his prey, he is forced to bolt it whether willing or not, for the arrangement of the teeth will not allow him to disgorge his food, which can only pass inwards to the stomach. When a shark is killed and dissected, the contents of the stomach are often of a most miscellaneous character. One which was opened in the presence of the writer contained, among other articles, a horse's mane, and several empty bottles! The latter articles had probably been thrown overboard from some vessel in the harbour, and were presumably seized and swallowed by the rapacious creature before he had ascertained their exact nature.

The tenacity of life in these animals is scarcely credible. It is stated that a shark's heart will beat for half an hour after it has been removed from its body. The following story—for the accuracy of which the writer does not vouch—has been told in illustration of this fact, as also of their well-known voracity and insensibility to pain. The crew of a vessel were engaged in fishing for sharks, the bait consisting of a large piece of meat secured to a strong hook and chain. A number of sharks had been captured and their livers extracted—the shark's liver yields a valuable oil—and the carcasses were then thrown back into the sea. On hooking a new victim, the sailors, after hoisting him on deck, were surprised to find that it was one of the same sharks whose liver had been extracted half an hour previously, and who seemed in no way incommoded by the loss.

The livers of sharks, as stated, yield a large quantity of oil, and the extraction of this is in some districts a profitable business. As to what use it is put, we cannot pretend to state with certainty.

In the West Indies and other tropical parts, shark-fishing expeditions are sometimes organised by local sportsmen. A small schooner is chartered, and the fishes are captured in the same way as the mackerel on the British coasts, except that the bait and tackle are much larger,

and the landing of the victim is often an exciting and perilous operation. The writer was once a spectator of the following novel form of sport. In one of the West Indian harbours much infested with sharks, the dead body of a horse was procured, and towed out into deep water. This, as was expected, proved a great attraction for the monsters, and in a few minutes the horse's body was seen to be violently jerked up and down as the voracious animals tore away the flesh in long strips. The rope was then gradually drawn in until the boat was only a few yards distant from the bait, and the sharks could be plainly seen as they turned belly upwards when making a dart on their prey. A few rifles and revolvers were then produced, and some excellent target practice was obtained by the different members of the party, and in a few minutes the carcasses of more than a dozen sharks were floating on the water.

A less legitimate mode of procedure is that related by an old sailor. Sailors, as is well known, consider these animals as their natural enemies, and take a fiendish pleasure in torturing them by every means in their power. In this case, a large shark had been seen following a ship for some time, and one of the sailors hit upon the following plan. A large brick was procured and heated to redness in the galley stove. A piece of salt pork was then carefully wrapped round it, and the whole was thrown into the water right in front of the shark, who at once accepted the invitation, and almost as soon as the morsel had touched the water, his jaws had closed on it. For a few minutes he continued to gambol playfully round the ship, but at the end of that time he seemed to have misgivings. His uneasiness rapidly increased, and he soon commenced to lash the water in a vortex of fury; but all was in vain, and in a few minutes more his lifeless body was floating on the waves. This method of killing must, however, be denounced as a very cruel one.

In some parts of the world, sharks' flesh is reckoned a great delicacy. On the coast of Yucatan, it is publicly sold in the markets under the name of 'cazon'; and among the Chinese, sharks' fins are reckoned an aristocratic dish; but probably few Europeans would consider this an inviting article of diet.

As already said, the shark is a gross feeder. His favourite haunt is the mouth of a large river, especially where this is in a calm or land-locked harbour, and he greedily picks up all the garbage brought down by the stream. In such a neighbourhood, the black triangular fin which betrays his presence is frequently seen just above the surface of the water, and natives will often be found bathing in close proximity to the same without the least alarm, asserting that the shark will never attack a man. Although it is a very rare occurrence for a shark to attack a human being in the West Indies, those on the Australian coasts seem to be somewhat fiercer, judging by the more authentic reports of attacks by them which the writer has received from those quarters; but the species in the two seas are probably different.

The opening of the Suez Canal has been

commercially of immense benefit to the world, but in one respect it has been a disadvantage. Prior to the existence of the Suez Canal, sharks were unknown in the Mediterranean; but since the opening of the great waterway, it is reported that they have appeared in large numbers in that sea, where their presence is much feared by fishermen. On more than one occasion they have wrought havoc among the fishermen's nets in the neighbourhood of Pola, in the Adriatic, from which it may be inferred that they are now pretty well diffused throughout the Mediterranean.

A TALE OF OLD EDINBURGH.

By J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—THE LORD PROVOST HEARS A SOUND,
AND SEES A WONDER.

It was in the days of the Great Marquis, in the year of grace 1615, when the fame and success of Montrose were at their height, that there took place the remarkable events which I am about to relate. It was a time when, as Sir Walter Scott says in his *Tales of a Grandfather*, Heaven seemed to have 'an especial controversy with the kingdom of Scotland.' The trained Scottish troops were in England, acting in concert with the armies of the English Parliament against King Charles I., and all the other available fighting-men on the Covenanting side were being hurried hither and thither about the Highlands and the bordering Lowlands, and were being regularly beaten by the Marquis of Montrose, acting for the king. That very year, 1615, Argyll, securely wintering in the Highlands, had been surprised by the daring Marquis and his Highlanders, with the snow on the ground, first at Inveraray, and then at Inverlochy. Threatened from the Lowlands in the spring by Generals Baillie and Hurry, Montrose had eluded them, and descending like a whirlwind on Dundee, sacked and pillaged it, and then conducted his famous retreat into the north, effected a junction with Lord Gordon from Aberdeenshire, beat the force of General Hurry in the battle of Auldearn, and a little later the combined forces of Hurry and Baillie at Alford, in the Gordon country.

The poor kingdom of Scotland was thus being drained of its capable men, its money, and its industry, to maintain the war in England and the suicidal strife at home; it was being wasted with sword and fire; its towns were sacked, its castles and homesteads burned; and then, as if these exhausting evils were not enough to endure, a raging plague, or pestilence, made its appearance with the heat of summer, and the hearts of men began to fail. The plague swept like a wind over all the country, leaving its seeds of death in all centres of population; but to the closes and wynds of Edinburgh it clung with an inveterate persistence. The dislocated Government,

represented by the Convention of Estates, fled to Perth from the awful presence of the plague, and Edinburgh was left to wallow in misery and fever, stripped of all protection, utterly defenceless save for the handful of soldiers that garrisoned the castle and kept watch over the Royalist prisoners secured there.

It was precisely at that crisis of wretchedness and horror that a new, an unexpected, an amazing misfortune befell the ancient city.

On a certain night in the middle of the July of that year, the hour of twelve was sounding and reverberating in the close and fevered air as two men emerged from the Greyfriars Churchyard. They were both soberly attired in such fashion of the time as marked them to be of the Covenanting party; but while the one wore a sword and a small ruff, the other wore Geneva bands and carried a staff. They walked slowly and pensively, and colloqued as they went. They had been attending the burial of one of their party who had been stricken down by the plague.

'Let us not be dismayed, good Master Wishart,' said he in the Geneva bands. 'Truly the Lord is trying His people in the furnace of affliction; but it is only as the refiner of gold, who is fain to purge out the fine gold and burn up the dross.'

'No doubt, sir, no doubt,' said Master Wishart, 'that is His will. I trust I may be found faithful in trial as any; but while, I confess, I am near to thinking that the Evil One himself must have a hand in the present troubles of this poor kingdom of Scotland.'

'O thou of little faith!' exclaimed the other, laying his hand on his arm. 'These be the doubts that weaken and destroy: the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines.'

'It may be so, sir it may be so,' said Master Wishart. 'But I am doubly tried: I am tried both as magistrate and as father.'

'The more honoured are you, my worthy sir,' replied the other. 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. When these troubles shall be overpast, and the cause of the Covenant shall have triumphed over all enemies, then our joyful souls will make us as the cheriots of Ammi-nadib.'

'It may be so, sir,' said Master Wishart; 'I hope it may. But at the present my heart and soul are filled with darkness and sorrow. And, I pray you, let us hasten our steps, for I would fain be by the bedside of my daughter.'

'True, Master Wishart, true,' said the other; and they hastened their steps. 'I pray the Lord,' he added fervently a moment later, 'that the lassie may be spared, for she is a chosen vessel.'

As they continued their way in silence to the High Street, they met one, and then another, and after that a third victim of the pestilence, being hurriedly borne by friends to the burying-ground; for it had been ordered by the Town-council that all funerals should be conducted at night, 'for the sake of haleness and good order.' At the tail of the last party there straggled an odd, bandy-legged, barefoot, dwarfish creature, arrayed in ragged

garments, and grasping a cudgel as if it were a baton of office. He came and peered in the faces of the two who were passing by.

'Gudsakes!' he exclaimed. 'But it's the Lord Provost himself, and the holy and reverend Mr Galbraith! But I thought, minister, ye'd be aff to Perth wi' Argyll and the bony westland yearls, learning how to fight that deil o' Montrose by rinnin' awa' frae the pest!'

'You're an unmannerly chield, Wattie!' said the Lord Provost.

'Me unmannerly?' exclaimed the creature. 'Hoots, Provost, ye're haverin'! It's they that's unmannerly that are aff het-foot to Perth wi' the hail clinkum-clankum o' the Covenant and the Kirk, and the Convention and Estates, without saying to folk so muckle as "By your leave!"—though they leave me and you, Provost, a' the dirldum!—But I maunna bide, I maun aff. This is the tenth the night,' said he, pointing after the funeral he had been following, and stirring his bare feet to be going.

'Ye'd better be going hame, Wattie, man,' said the Lord Provost.

'Hame? Me, hame?' said Wattie, moving off. 'I maun see after my business.'

'Your business, you rogue?' exclaimed the Provost.

'Weel,' cried Wattie, still drawing away, 'if yearls gang to Perth, and Provosts gang hame, wha is there but a poor fool like me to see that the dead folk are buried!'

'There's mair sense at times in the fool's folly,' said the Provost, 'than in other folk's wisdom.'

'He is a rude and irreverent creature,' said the minister, who had stood aloof and silent; 'there dwells in him a wicked spirit that the Kirk Session should exorcise.'

The Lord Provost and the minister continued at greater speed their course to the High Street by tortuous wynds and steep closes. Everywhere they were forcibly reminded of the plight the city was in—of its prevailing woe and its dearth of men. Late though it was, women greeted them sadly or brushed by them here and there, but never a man. Sounds of lamentation or of prayer echoed and re-echoed from the high, cliff-like houses, and hung drowsily in the thick, pestilential air; but the voices that uttered the sounds were all too plainly the weak voices of women—women without their natural protectors—women whose husbands, fathers, and grown sons were either with the Scottish army in England, or with the levies in futile pursuit of Montrose and his Highlanders, or dead—killed in battle, or perhaps killed by the plague—women whose children, sisters, or mothers were probably then struggling for life with the terrible pest. Such thoughts as these flitted like night-birds about the Provost's head, and with a groan and a shiver of fear, he thought of his own daughter, his only child, upon whom also the plague had laid its hold, and he could not forbear a cry.

'Let us haste!' said he to the minister, and pressed up a steep close, wiping his brow.

They were in that steep and narrow way, pent as in a mountain gully between beetling cliffs of rock, when a sullen boom broke the

air overhead, and continued hurtling and rumbling between the tall, cliff-like houses.

'It is the voice of the Lord,' said the minister, 'speaking to us in the thunder!'

The Provost said nothing for a moment or two, till they had reached the top of the close and emerged upon the High Street. Then he looked up and away out to the open north, whence the light of day had scarcely yet disappeared, and where there was already a hint of the coming dawn. There was not a cloud in all the sky.

'More likely,' said he then, with a shake of the head, 'the cannon of that malignant and forsworn deil Montrose!'

'Montrose, Master Wishart?' exclaimed the minister. 'Montrose is among the hills ayont Perth!'

'And a fortnight ago, sir,' said the Provost bitterly, 'he was among the hills ayont Aberdeen! It might very well be the sound of Montrose and his red-shank Highlanders, dinging to bits the forces of the Covenant, as has been done already! And if Montrose and his red-shanks should come here, there's nothing to hinder their making their beds in Auld Reekie but the plague!'

'O ye of little faith!' exclaimed the minister. 'Even the stones of the High Street would rise up and oppose the forsworn malignant!'

'Maybe so, Maister Galbraith—maybe so,' said the Provost. 'But as chief magistrate of this ancient town, I can make no account of that likelihood; and as magistrate I ken there are not threescore men able to bear arms; and after the sprattle at Tibbermuir last September, it maun be plain to you as well as to me that our unexercised burgesses canna withstand the onset of half their number of Highland stots!'

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," quoted the minister complacently.

'Strong here, strong there,' quoth the Provost obstinately, 'Auld Reekie is in no condition to endure either leaguer or onset; and I should tell that kens!'

'It's faith that's lacking, as I have tauld ye, Master Wishart,' exclaimed the minister fervently; and continued to improve the occasion to edification down the High Street, and into the Lord Provost's house, and up the stairs to a chamber, at the door of which the magistrate paused.

'Whisht, man—whisht,' said he. 'This is her chalmers, and aiblins she's sleeping.'

They entered softly, and approached the bed, by which, in the light of a single candle, sat two women—the one middle-aged, and the other very old, withered, and shrunken. The Provost took up the candle and went close to the bed, and there was revealed a very lovely female face, all hectic with fever, set in a disorder of dark hair, which was spread abroad upon the pillow. The weary sufferer rolled her head to the light, and moaned as she raised her dim eyes.

'My poor lammie!' murmured the father, bending over her, while the tears sprang to his eyes, and sounded in his voice. 'It's a sair time for you. But it's the Lord's will that it should be sae!'

'As Eli said,' remarked the minister reverently, "'It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth Him good." And as David said, "Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord; for His mercies are great: and let me not fall into the hand of man."'

'My dear Lord,' murmured the old lady, with shining face, 'His mercies are ever sure!—The bairn has drunk her posset,' she added in a matter-of-fact tone, looking up in the face of the Provost. 'Ye'd better gang to your bed, my son, for ye maun be sair forfochtien; and there will be a hauntle to do yet when the daylight comes.'

'The bed's made in the blue-chalmers,' said she who had not yet spoken, the Provost's wife, an upright, thin, severe-looking dame: 'you and the minister can turn in a while together. Granny and me will watch the night out here.'

The Provost set down the candle, and was turning obediently away, saying, 'We'll just streek us for an hour in our clathes,' when he stopped and asked, 'Did ye hear a sound like a rumble of thunder a while ago?'

'Thunder!' exclaimed the Provost's wife. 'I daursay, and well it might, for it's het enough for thunder and lightning too!'

'Thunder there was, but no lightning,' said the minister solemnly; for in those days most men were not sufficiently instructed to know that that was an impossible divorce of phenomena.

'Like the lectures of the Reverend Mr Mac-Whapple,' muttered the Provost aside.

'I heard it,' murmured the old dame; 'but it sounded to me liker the bang of a cannon—and I should ken, for mony's the time I've heard the sound: the bang of a cannon,' she continued, 'and I thought it cam out of the north.'

'What did I say?' exclaimed the Provost to the minister. 'Granny has aye a shrewd hearing. If she greees with me, ye may make sure there'll be stirring news before the day is nickle aulder; so it behoves us, minister, to tak a blink of sleep while we may.'

The Provost and the minister retired, but not to the blue-chamber. They went to the chief sitting-room of the Provost's abode, where a small lamp was still burning, and there in silence the one disposed of himself in the window-seat, and the other stretched himself on a settle. They had slumbered little more than an hour when the morning light began to stream clearly through the unshuttered window, and waked the Provost in the window-seat.

The Provost waked the minister, and proposed a walk to the Salisbury Crags to breathe the fresh air, but more especially to note from so commanding a station if any threatening force were approaching the town. The minister declined the walk; he said he would prefer to spend the time in prayer with the watchers and the sufferer in the sick-chamber. The Provost led him to the sick-chamber. He inquired concerning his daughter, and was told sadly that she was just the same.

'I'm laith to go,' said he; 'but I conceige that my duty as the head of this unprotected

town calls me forth. Moreover, I can do nothing here for my poor smitten lammie. We must e'en wait patiently on the Lord.'

'The Lord is a buckler,' said the minister pointedly, 'to all those that trust in him.'

'He is that,' murmured the old dame.

And so in silence, in doubt and anxiety, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh descended the stairs and went out into the fresh morning air. He took his way towards the palace of Holyrood to reach the Salisbury Crags by the open route. The narrow Canongate lay in a kind of twilight, though it was bright sunshine high overhead; and the high houses on either hand looked to the Provost more sombre, silent, and unprotected than ever he had known them. There was no human being but himself abroad, and his solitary footfall echoed on the rough causeway, while now and then a furtive cat flashed silently across the way and disappeared.

The Provost had emerged from the Canongate into the sunshine, when his steps were arrested by the distant sound of music. He stood and listened: the sounds came nearer of martial music—marching music—the music of life and drum! Was it possible that Montrose had come so near the city without any premonition of his coming—other, perhaps, than the cannon-shot at midnight? Or were the troops of the Covenant returning victorious? But, if they were victorious, why should they return? And if they were not victorious, why should they play such music? He listened again with attention, as the music came nearer; the air was not one he knew: it was neither song-tune nor psalm-tune. He might have puzzled thus much longer, had he not been surprised by the sudden appearance of the quaint and barefooted Wattie who had greeted him at midnight.

'Ye're out betimes, Provost,' said Wattie, 'but no before ye're wanted.'

'And whaur in the world do ye come from, ye land-louper?'—He was somewhat freer in his language now that he was untrained by the company of the minister.—'Whaur hae ye been a' the nicht, ye daft son of mis-chief?'

'Ow, Provost,' replied Wattie, 'just like him ye ken of—going to and fro on the earth, and walking up and down in it.—But ye maun rin, Provost, rin, if ye wouldna be ta'en by the men wi' dishclouts round their heads!'

'Run? What for should I run, ye donnert idiot?' demanded the Provost.

'We maun rin to raise the town, Provost!' cried Wattie. 'For we're invaded, man, attackit! Dinna ye hear the din o' their drums and fifes? Leith's surrendered, as the saying is, to the ships!—'

'What ships, you hawering idiot?' cried the angry and bewildered Provost.

'And we'll a' be sackit and burnt, and drawn and quartered, ilk mother's son o' us! So let's on to raise the town!—Rin, Provost! Rin, man!'

'Stand still, you clavering gype!' exclaimed the Provost, laying hold of him. 'Or I'll give ye something to squinch about!—Stand still, and tell me what ye mean! Wha are they that are coming on?'

'Comin' on, Provost!' cried Wattie. 'They're here! Will ye tak a fool's advice for ance, Provost? If we rin, we may get clear o' them yet, and raise the town!'

But the Provost stood fixed in amazement. Turning into view, there marched a large body of armed men, dressed strangely, in front of whom rode a man in similar dress, a dress he had never seen before, though he had heard of it. He was wrapped in indescribable light-coloured garments, on his head he wore a white turban, and in his right hand he carried a long lance! The Provost stood and rubbed his eyes: could it be that he only saw a vision?—the effect of his anxious and sleepless night? If it was not a dream, but reality, that was before him, then strange things were coming to pass; for such men as these had never been seen on Scottish soil before!

EARLY IRISH SEPULCHRAL ART.

IN the County of Meath, between Slane and Netterville, on the left bank of the Boyne, there occur, within an area of two or three square miles, seventeen sepulchral cairns. The largest is known as New Grange; and about a mile to the east and west of it lie respectively two others, Dowth and Knowth. All three are of imposing proportions, and are visible one from another, the others being comparatively small. Only New Grange and Dowth have hitherto been explored in recent times.

After their historic spoliation by Danish invaders in the ninth century, the cairns remained undisturbed until 1690, when Llwyd, of the Ashmolean Museum, first described the inner aspect of New Grange. Soon after, it was again explored by Mol-neux; and later on in the century, by Pownall, to whose description all later writers are indebted. The exploration of Dowth was carried out by the Royal Irish Academy in 1847, but only meagre Reports of the excavations have yet been published.

New Grange is a truncated cone of small loose native clog stones, intermixed slightly with earth. It is erected on the flattened summit of a natural hillock, and its diameter at the point of contact is about three hundred and ten feet, that of the platform being one hundred and twenty feet. The total height was originally eighty feet, but ten feet have vanished before the wear of time. The weight of the cairn must be one hundred and eighty-nine thousand tons. A monolith formerly crowned the whole. There is a circle, originally comprising at least thirty freestone megaliths—of which ten only remain—at intervals of about thirty feet, in this respect closely resembling Stonehenge. About seventy-five feet from the outer rim, a rough funnel-shaped court leads to a slab of green micaceous slate, the threshold of a gallery leading to a chamber of a compound cruciform order, the centre being an irregular octagon, surmounted by a rude corbelled dome of a pattern common in Ireland. The masonry consists mainly of water-worn granite

boulders brought from the mouth of the Boyne, eight miles away. Some of the paving flags are basalt blocks, perhaps glaciated, resembling the rock of the Mourne Mountains. On three sides of the central chamber, side-chambers are built out, the gallery being on the south. Mammalian bones and deer-horn fragments are mentioned by Llwyd, and two entire unburned human skeletons by Molyneux. Some late Roman coins and gold torques may be regarded as proof of Danish spoliation.

Dowth is a cairn of loose stones, two hundred feet only in basal diameter, but more perfectly conical than New Grange. There are traces of a stone circle. A gallery leads to a small irregularly oval domical chamber with three side-chambers, of the pattern already described. The sloping roof of the apsidal chamber is just high enough for a sitting body. It is possible that there is a wing of small chambers near the circumference of the cairn. Fragments of a long-headed skull have been found, with burned bones, human and mammalian; besides unburned bones of the horse, pig, deer, fox, short-horn cattle, and birds. There were also globular sling-stones, a stone fibula, bone bodkins, copper pins, two iron knives and rings, a stone urn, glass and amber beads, and broken jet bracelets, probably not coeval with the first interment.

On the walls of these sepulchral chambers, and on one at least of the monoliths in the outer circle, there is a series of incised marks, which may have been picked out directly with a hammer, or else with a mallet and chisel. There is nothing in the engravings themselves to show whether the cutting-tool was of flint or bronze; but it was probably used with the free hand, without the aid of compasses. The New Grange designs are in the main a series of variously combined spirals of two types. A few are complex, and most skillfully done. In some instances, zig-zags and lozenges are associated with them. The single-line spiral is a pattern well known in Greece and Tuscany; but the double spiral, which begins with a loop, and generally makes seven turns, is distinctive of early Irish art. Large elegant instances of this form have been laboriously wrought in relief on the threshold of the gallery. In the west side-chamber there is a leaf-form which is claimed by some to be a palm-leaf of a pattern common in Phœnician art. But the pinnae are opposite, and not alternate, and the general outline is—to be more precise—that of a fern-frond, resembling, in fact, one found on a monument of the same description near Carnac, in the Morbihan.

A more advanced group of designs has been held to be a mason's mark; while others have claimed it as a range of Phœnician numerals, incised on a stone which was prepared for use in another building, but found unsuited for its purpose. This presumption is based upon the apparent uselessness of sculptural design in the darkness of a sepulchre; but this view cannot be maintained, as art-work is associated with chambered barrows in many other places. The presence of the workman is vividly suggested by rows of smooth transverse marks on some of the uprights, which may have been produced by some primitive cable; while other marks seem to point to the use of the lithic surface as a whetstone.

Small mortices suggest the use of wedges for splitting or lifting the huge masses of stone which were held by the cairn-builders to enhance the majesty of the tomb.

In some instances the incisions are overlapped, and must therefore have been produced before the structure was finally put together. Some surfaces, recently brought to light by the dislodgment of stones which hitherto concealed them, exhibit the fresh track of the graving-tool. But it is not likely that engravings uniform in style and purpose are the work of different epochs, brought together from the remains of older buildings, though one may perhaps hazard the conjecture that, on the decease of a chieftain, the more distinctive architectural details of his residence were incorporated in the sepulchre wherein his remains were enshrined.

The Dowth sculpturings are richer than those of New Grange, and of a more delicate treatment. There is no reason for the assumption that they are on this account the work of a later hand. The spiral pattern, although frequent, is replaced in a large measure by natural outlines. The gallery wall here and there is lined with circles, curves, and zig-zags, and the lithographic details of New Grange are reproduced on several of the uprights. There are, besides, rotate ornaments, concentric circles with centrifugal rays, and parallel right lines suggestive of oghams. Some high-reliefs represent bilacous leaves sufficiently well to have been mistaken for fossil organic forms.

The origin and meaning of these early Irish engravings are obscure. It may be conceded with M. Joly that simple decorative ideas are intuitive and universal. Rude plain combinations of curves and right lines cannot be claimed as the art property of any one race, and there is on that account little room for conjecture in the circumstance that a double spiral of the New Grange pattern is to be observed on a frieze at Mycenæ. The Boyne cemetery resembles another at Lough Crew so perfectly in its cruciform chambers, its inset façades, and its curvilinear designs, as to lead to the belief that both were established by the same race. The presence of the bones of the Irish elk both at Lough Crew and at Dowth serves to localise the cairn-builders in a period when that animal was still extant. The double discontinuous spiral of New Grange contrasts strongly with the divergent spiral which is a feature of later Celtic art. This fact, combined with their lack of metals and of alphabetic writing, as well as their general relationship to the ancient tombs of Brittany, may be considered to prove the cairns pre-Celtic. The tradition of a dark Aryan or Iberian race—the Firbolgs—as preceding the first Celtic bronze-smelters—Tuatha de Danaan—acquires at this stage a measure of significance. The interments, as already seen, point to those dark-skinned, long-headed neolithic men whose descendants still inhabit the remoter districts.

It may be useful to examine the evidence on which a Semitic origin has been claimed for the Boyne sepulchres. The admitted Asiaticism of the earliest Irish design is capable of a twofold explanation. The men who toolled these engravings, coming as they did from the East, must have brought with them reminiscences of their earlier

life. Did they set out from the graven rocks of Tartary, or from the hewn dwellings by the shores of the Levant? Did they cross the cold dark northern path, or were they those who reached Britain from the south, after North Europe had acquired a settled population? Were these archaic engravers neolithic or Keltic? To this question, in whatever form it may be propounded, the reply of written history is altogether harmonious with that of archæology.

Early records have claimed a Phœnician origin for the Irish people. This assumption is futile, as in any case the Tyrian could hardly have been dominant in Ireland at any time. Extant remains may indeed prove the existence of Semitic commercial factories, or of missionary colonies of Syrian magi, along the coasts of Britain. But there are many arguments against the theory that the Meath cemetery is the product, direct or indirect, of Phœnician colonisation.

Tyrian colonists must always have known the use both of iron and of alphabetic writing, in traces of which the engraved tombs are wholly lacking. In regions admittedly Phœnician, such as the Sidonian Tyre and Candia, Rhodes and Malta, Carthage and Marseilles, no similar remains occur; while those which do occur present art types wholly divergent from those of the Boyne. There is a distant likeness to certain coiled and spiked types occurring in the Maltese temple of Grench, ascribed to Punic influence. But while, on the one hand, these do not resemble the rougher British work, their Punic origin, on the other, is still matter for doubt. Further, remains similar to those of the Boyne are found in parts of Britain which could never have been within the sphere of Tyrian influence; while within that sphere the most thoroughly colonised regions present no antiquities of the kind. Argyllshire and the Orkneys afford numerous examples of these engravings; but they are entirely absent from Devon and Cornwall.

The extremer theory that the Boyne incisions mark the rite of Baal may be dismissed, as Phœnician sources supply no evidence that a spiral form was sacred to that deity. The points of coincidence in structure which subsist between New Grange and Memphis do not argue in favour of an Egyptian origin for the graver tombs, any more than the same points of coincidence with the pyramids of Mexico argue in favour of an Aztec origin. The flat roof of the dome of New Grange resembles the dome of the Treasury of Atreus at Mycenæ, as well as the barrows of Tartary, which even Herodotus described.

It would be interesting to have the power of reconstructing the life of this early people. The supremacy of the larger cairns proves them to have pertained to chieftains of high rank. This fact of a somewhat settled political order is consistent with the recognition of the right of property, and, in consequence, the pastoral, if not even agricultural habits of the race. Light is shed on this question by the presence in the corridors of Dowth of bones of cattle and domestic animals. The existence of handicrafts is undeniable, and with that such primitive civilisation as would be involved in the notions of the division of labour and of commercial exchange. Speculation, however solidly based up to this point, could scarcely be carried further without

grave risk of error. When the antiquary has brought to light all that may be known of the story of the human past, a clearer picture will be drawn than may be drawn at present of the men who of old sculptured with rude hands the boulders of the Boyne, and of the faith and purpose by which they were impelled.

THE CHAPARRAL COCK.

OF the many different birds which possess to a marked degree the power of reasoning, there are none more intelligent than the Chaparral Cock, or 'road-runner,' as it is commonly called in Southern California and the northern provinces of Mexico, where it makes its home. It is a bird of which the Mexican peons and Indians tell the most marvellous tales, and one which is held by them in almost religious esteem. Yet it is not a showy bird—far from it; the colour of its plumage is unostentatious to a degree, being a sombre olive green intermingled with gray. In shape it much resembles our common English magpie, and is perhaps half as large again. It carries on its head a slight crest, somewhat similar to the jay's, which, while running, it keeps in constant motion. Though supplied by nature with a pair of wings capable of sustaining it in a long flight, it but rarely uses any other means of progression than its legs.

As the traveller leisurely drives along the sandy roads of Southern California, raising in his wake a cloud of dust, his attention will be drawn to one of these birds, which has suddenly appeared on the scene from the cactus of the surrounding plain. Dropping into a steady business-like gait, it will keep ahead of him some twenty-five or thirty yards without any apparent effort. It matters not whether he urges his horse forward, or keeps it quietly joggling along, he will always notice this bird running about the same distance in advance; and under no other condition than that of his horse being pushed into a gallop, will it take to flight. For miles this strange bird will lead him in Indian file over roads dusty and uninviting in the extreme, upon which the sun beats down, with no tree, save here and there an isolated palm, to shade from its fierce rays. At last, when he has become so accustomed to seeing it in front of him, that he expects to arrive at his journey's end still convoyed by his strange companion, it will vanish from the scene to be lost in the cactus whence it so suddenly appeared miles behind. Owing to this peculiar habit, it is called and more commonly known as the road-runner.

When the writer was a new arrival in Mexico, he regarded the numerous stories told of its cunning by the natives with ridicule, and considered himself wise in taking them *cum grano salis*. Nor was it till after personally becoming acquainted with the strategy it

brings to bear in the destruction of the crotalus (rattlesnake), that he likewise became one of its enthusiastic admirers.

It happened thus. The day was hot and sultry; the thermometer registered one hundred and four degrees in the shade, where such was to be obtained; and I, overcome by fatigue and heat, crawled under a manzanita bush to seek some protection from the sun. A good restful slumber it was impossible to obtain. Alternately, I was awake, then dozing off again. It was during one of those intervals, when the stifling atmosphere prohibited sleep, that I became conscious of a loud chattering close at hand. Inquisitive as to its cause, I rose to my knees and peered through the bush. Beyond it, I saw, on a little hillock near by, a pair of chaparral birds, with crests erect and wings beating the ground, in the act of circling round a large rattlesnake, at such a distance as to be out of reach, yet near enough to present from their actions a very formidable appearance. The latter was coiled in the position such reptiles always assume when on the defensive. The tip of its tail stood erect behind its head, giving forth that ominous rattle, at all times a certain signal of danger. For several minutes the birds kept up their dance round it; then one of them left, to return immediately, carrying in its bill a little ball of cactus. This it placed at a short distance from the snake, and again left to return with another. For the space of fully twenty minutes the two birds kept it coiled, one staying near at hand while the other went in search of cactus. At last they had encircled their victim with a barrier beyond which it could not pass, and behind which it was held as securely a prisoner as the convict in his prison cell. Having accomplished this, they stopped to rest.

The rattlesnake, confident in its death-dealing power, lay coiled, its wicked, restless eyes watching every movement made by its tormentors. Even then, it did not appear to appreciate the full extent of its danger, for had it not a hundred times before slowly mesmerised the birds of the desert, and would not a single stroke of its venomous fangs be sufficient to end the conflict then and there, as far as one was concerned? Little did it think, in all its self-confidence, of that bristling circle which encompassed it, and effectually cut off retreat on every side.

It was not until the short respite granted by its foes was concluded, and they commenced their attack, that it found itself hemmed in, beyond all hope of escape. Presently, one of them hopped inside the ring. With feathers bristling and head near the ground, it approached the coiled snake much as one gamecock advances to give combat to another.

'Foolhardy bird!' I said to myself; 'your days, nay, your very moments, are numbered.'

Quicker than the thought had time to pass through my mind almost, the rattlesnake sprang towards it, and lo! the bird I had expected to see lie quivering in the sand, bitten to death by those awful fangs, lightly hopped outside the barrier unharmed. Before the snake had time to coil again, the bird's companion like-

wise hopped into the circle from the other side and pecked it in the rear. Then the battle waxed fast and furious. Time and again the rattlesnake coiled and darted at its nimble foes, but without avail. Their agility in getting out of harm's way was simply marvellous, neither did any fear of danger seem to be evident in their demeanour. On the contrary, they appeared to have calculated distances as nicely, and with as much coolness, as a Spanish bull-fighter ere he delivers his coup.

It soon became evident that the struggle could not last much longer, for the snake, owing to its great exertions, rapidly became weaker. From incessant striking and missing the mark, but never in turn being missed by the implacable chaparrals, it at last became so completely worn out that it had not the strength to coil. It then lay listlessly on the sand, limp and powerless. Bleeding from a score of wounds, it presented the aspect of a thoroughly beaten foe. Helpless though it was, it faced its enemies to the last. Its eyes were settled in a vacant stare, and its tongue moved slowly from side to side. Finally, one of its relentless antagonists, rising to the occasion, rapidly descended upon its skull, by plunging its powerful bill through which, it quickly put an end to what had become an uneven struggle. Thus, with one convulsive shudder, the most venomous of all North American snakes lay dead at the feet of birds which, under ordinary circumstances, it might treat with impunity, but which, by the exercise of a truly wondrous strategy, had proved its master.

Strange to say, the plan of action they had adopted to cut off their victim's retreat, and likewise for their own safety, was very similar to the means used by cowboys and frontiersmen, when sleeping on the plains, to ward off the approach of rattlesnakes. So well is the latter's antipathy to anything bristling known, that before retiring for the night, the traveller who is compelled to sleep in the open takes his lasso which in that country is made of horse-hair rope and stretches it round him in a circle. Safe within, he goes to sleep without fear of molestation, for he knows that no snake can pass the barrier thus made. Curious as this seems, it is nevertheless a fact, for the irritation which the stiff, projecting bristles cause on entering the interstices between the scales, proves too great an obstacle to be overcome. To a much greater degree is this the case with cactus; and thus these strange birds of the desert have by observation arrived at the same conclusion, and wage war on their deadly enemy by following similar tactics to those employed by man in his own defence.

For some few minutes after all was over, I watched the two birds perched on the bough of a manzanita bush, loudly chattering to themselves a psalm of victory. As I did so, I thought how much is that vague thing styled instinct akin to human nature.

A walk to the scene of the late combat showed me the snake lying dead within the circle of cactus. Its tormentors had made no effort to devour it. There it lay just in the same position as when one of them had administered to it that final blow which had

penetrated through the skull even to the ground beneath. Its foes had been no mere pot-hunters; no; they had had a duty to perform, and nobly they had accomplished it, as the mutilated carcass of their victim, drying under the fierce rays of an almost tropical sun, was abundant testimony.

A NORTH DEVON PARADISE IN LATE AUTUMN.

THE charming little watering-place on the North Devon coast, which has a dual existence as Lynmouth and Lynton, is a recognised favourite with Londoners and towns-folk in general, who flock to it for their annual summer holiday. In the first place, it is very quiet and secluded. It is far removed from the noise and bustle of the world. No railway train with hideous shriek and stifling smoke comes within eighteen miles of it. Then it is situated amidst some of the loveliest scenery of lovely Devonshire: on the one side, the purple moors; on the other, the blue sea; and the village—for it is little more than a village—nestling in the wooded dale through which the Lynn leaps in waterfall and cascade, to lose itself in the pebbly beach and amid the wild breakers which chafe and churn around that rocky coast. And the place has a distinctive literary history of its own. As the Highlands of Scotland were first discovered by Walter Scott, with whom, in fact, originated the cult of landscape, so the beauties of North Devon were first described by Charles Kingsley; and the neighbourhood of Lynmouth in particular was opened out to an appreciative public by the author of *Lorna Doone*.

And if Lynmouth is beautiful in the summer season, it has a special character of its own, and is still an artist's paradise when the annual tourist has departed and the summer season is over. Nay, from personal experience, I may assert that it is not seen in its utmost charm of beauty until then. The spring tints are doubtless fair and fresh; for after the gloom of winter, the spring clothing of our trees comes with a sort of sudden surprise to the unaccustomed eye. But the glory of the Lynmouth woods is to be found in the variety of colours with which late autumn transmutates the summer greens into gold and orange and vermilion. In this respect, Devonshire has the advantage of Derbyshire. The dales between Matlock and Buxton are tame in comparison with the Lynn Valley and its brilliant and varied foliage. Moreover, there is one autumnal tint which I have never seen in perfection anywhere else: the 'yellow' aspect of the withering fern, which breaks in patches through the short emerald turf of the hills, and flushes the under woods with colour.

After a somewhat dreary drive over the moors from Barnstaple, the traveller to Lynmouth finds himself at dusk beginning the long

and steep descent into the Lynn Valley. The road has been hitherto shut in on each side, like most of those in North Devon, by stone fences, on which are planted dwarf beech-trees, a necessary protection against cutting winds. Now it winds precipitously downwards through a wooded valley. The little Devon horses, bred on the moors, trot merrily along, making no account of the steep declivity. So we soon reach our destination, the electric lights dazzling our eyes, like constellations of stars in the darkness, shining high up in the Lynton woods, and down in the valley below where Lynmouth nestles; and in our ears the rush of the rapid river, which will be a sound heard night and day henceforth, so long as we remain in the place.

It was a lovely morning in early October when we got down to the beach next day. We call the month 'Chill October;' but in truth it is sometimes one of the loveliest in the year—a month of soft melting skies and hazy distances, as if Nature had donned a bridal veil of mist, to greet the approach of her rough bridegroom, Winter. And the view from the beach of Lynmouth on this fine autumnal morning was unrivalled of its kind. The morning haze gave a purple bloom to the hillsides, a thousand feet high, which formed the background of the landscape, and lay in deep and solemn shadow. But long, quivering drafts of tender sunshine poured down through a ravine on the right, and lit up the several rounded masses of amber and orange foliage which crept from crag to crag down to the narrow glen through which the river winds. The houses of the little town which follow the windings of the stream were harked in mist, from out of which the Lynn leaped down to the sea with the multitudinous laughter of its tiny waterfalls. It had come with many a bound and leap from Exmoor, a thousand feet above, gliding beneath the banks in dark deep pools of indigo and umber, which reflected the oaks and beeches overhanging the still depths of the river. It swirled and chafed in chrysopræse and dazzling veins of snow around the moss-grown rocks which choked the current and barred the way of its escape.

Many an artist's white umbrella was to be seen in some quiet nook in the rocky bed of the river, and from dewy dawn till the amber glow of evening, the happy occupant of the camp-stool is portraying, with more or less of ability, some bit of scenery which has caught his fancy. Whosoever looks upon the results of these various artistic efforts can scarcely fail of having the aphorism brought home to him that

We receive but what we give,
And in ourselves alone does Nature live.

This, in fact, constitutes the glory and the charm of art; but it is at the same time too often the purgatory of the artist who fails to realise his ideal, and on whose canvas no charm of Nature lingers, no witchery of skill appears, to arrest the attention of the spectator.

But if the Lynn can charm us with beauty in its more peaceful moods, it knows how to be both savage and dangerous when the strong

sou'-wester has been blowing wildly through the night over the wild moors above. Such a morning I remember well, for it had an element of human tragedy in it. All through the night, the gale had blown strongly, lashing the trees with tempest and rain on Lynton cliffs and in Brendon Valley; bending stout branches to the ground and snapping them off, and driving the autumnal leaves slantwise in its furious onset. Then the little brooks on Exmoor became chock-full; and white runnels leaped down the hill-sides; and the valley was flooded by the swollen current, chocolate-coloured, dashing madly over rock and bank, and sweeping all before it in its wild career. Woe betide whosoever or whatever shall fall into its channel then! Tree trunks are rolled along like twigs. Dead sheep are whirled over and over, and lost in the deep pools, of borne away to meet the angry breakers on the shore. Little children often meet their death when Lynn is in spate. And what is the sudden excitement to-day which has called half the population out of doors, headed by the coastguard, who are gazing up and down the banks of the river as it debouches to the sea? A messenger on horseback has just brought word down that at Brendon—five miles off—the mother of a family has been swept away by the current as she was stooping over to draw water, and has been carried down and down, rolled over and over—in the very sight of her children—by the dark and swollen stream, till at last she disappeared from sight. A few hours afterwards, her body was found, three or four miles from her home, caught and wedged in the roots and rocks in one of the deep pools of the river, and so rescued from the cruel sea for Christian burial. There, up above, a thousand feet or more, on Countisbury cliff, she will be laid to rest in the churchyard of 'the little gray church on the windy hill,' one of the few unrestored primitive little churches still left to remind us of times and customs and modes of worship that have passed away within the ken of the present generation.

But if the artist cannot sketch on the morning after a heavy gale, he is not left without resources when he has put aside his camp-stool and easel. Most artists are fishers as well, especially those who resort to Lynmouth. And the recent fresh, which has brought down the waters of Lynn in a muddy torrent, has doubtless brought up some sea-trout, and possibly a salmon or two, from the sea on the way to their spawning-ground in Brendon River or Badgery Water, and the river this afternoon will be in first-rate order for the worm. Where shall we take our stand as a likely place from which to hook Mr Salmo Fario in his upward course? We will not linger in the lower reaches, where a dozen anglers at least are busy already with rod and line. We will get above the rapids which rush through the village, past the village school and the rustic bridge. Farther up, we shall find a deep pool hemmed in with gray crags, over which the gnarled oak-trees bend their fantastic arms, bearded with moss and fern. There, if anywhere, we shall have the best chance of a big fish, the last of the season; for the close-time for salmon will begin

in a day or two. We let the bait, well leaded, roll over and over in a likely pool, just beneath a large overhanging boulder. Was that a nibble? We feel a pull, and the line is trembling. Pshaw! The hook has caught in some impediment at the bottom—a broken branch, perhaps, or a moss-grown rock. There is nothing for it but to break the gut. Well, another hook and bait are soon found and fixed. This time, there is a pull and vibration which sets our hearts beating. We strike gently. Then comes a steady rush and swirl, which tells that a fish is on. We wind up and raise the rod, to keep him out of the rapids; for that fish must be played and killed within the circuit of the pool, or he will be lost. He rises to the surface and springs into the air, once, twice, showing his silver sides. He plunges down again! He is drawing perilously near to the broken water now, and we must give him the butt. The rod bends double, but the strain holds; and we guide him gently and persuasively to the bank, when our attendant galls him with a skilful hand. And soon he lies gasping on the moss-grown bank, a bar of molten silver, a fresh-run fish of eight or nine pounds weight. Look at him well, the beauty! It is the last fish of the season!

LOVERS STILL.

His hair as wintry snow is white;
Her trembling steps are slow;
His eyes have lost their merry light;
Her cheeks, their rosy glow.
Her hair has not its tints of gold;
His voice, no joyous mill;
And yet, though feeble, gray, and old,
They're faithful lovers still.

Since they were wed, on lawn and lea
Oft did the daisies blow,
And oft across the trackless sea
Did swallows come and go;
Oft were the forest branches bare;
And oft, in gold arrayed,
Oft did the lilies scent the air,
The roses bloom and fade.

They've had their share of hopes and fears,
Their share of bliss and bale,
Since first he whispered in her ears
A lover's tender tale;
Full many a thorn amid the flowers
Has lain upon their way;
They've had their dull November hours
As well as days of May.

But firm and true through weal and woe,
Through change of time and scene,
Through winter's gloom, through summer's glow,
Their faith and love have been;
Together hand in hand they pass
Serenely down life's hill,
In hopes one grave in churchyard grass
May hold them lovers still.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

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THE INDIAN MINTS.

WE British are a peculiar race. At times we excite ourselves over the most trivial and transient events; while at others we calmly retain our seats in our easy chairs, and without even taking an extra pull at our pipes, read with equanimity of some startling discovery, or some sudden change of international relationships which threatens to revolutionise no inconsiderable portion of the world. When, a little more than twelve months ago, the announcement was made that the Government, acting on the advice of their financial and political advisers in India, had resolved upon closing the Indian Mints to any further public coinage of silver, there was just a little flutter among those immediately interested, or in some way likely to be affected; but as far as the general public was concerned, they took no more, perhaps less, notice than they would have done of the announcement that henceforth no more florins, but only half-crowns, would be issued from the Mint on Tower Hill. And yet that simple act was one likely to have far-reaching effects upon two hundred and fifty millions of people whom we regard as our fellow-subjects, and perhaps indirectly upon the welfare and prosperity of the whole civilised world.

Considering the pride we feel in the possession of India, and the immense benefits we are, in one way or other, supposed to derive from it, it is astonishing how little the average Briton knows about its affairs or cares about how it is governed. It is notorious that the Indian Budget, dealing with the vast revenues of our great Eastern Empire, is always introduced at the far-end of the Parliamentary Session, propounded to almost empty benches, and rushed through in the course of a few hours. For many reasons, it is perhaps just as well that the British public should be content to leave its interests in the hands of those officials in whom they feel confidence, as it is practically impossible, without long experience,

to understand the prejudices and requirements of native races absolutely foreign to us in blood, habit, and religion, and in extending to them many of the privileges to which we have become attached, we should be conferring a very doubtful boon. But at the same time it is our bounden duty to watch the course of events and of legislation with sufficient closeness to know when any act of injustice is being done which will alienate the loyalty and check the progress which we all desire India to participate in as well as ourselves. It is most likely that such an act has just taken place in the attempt to change the currency of that country; and the very fact that it has been done by men answerable for its welfare, and thoroughly desirous of promoting its interests, rather than any personal ones of their own, naturally tends to induce the belief that what has been done must be for the best. It is therefore all the more necessary that we should attempt to grasp the situation for ourselves, and clearly understand not only the circumstances which have led to such a radical change, but what the outcome of it is likely to be.

Every one knows that the finances of India have of late years been greatly disordered by the heavy fall in the value of silver, and the consequent depreciation of the rupee, which in that country is the monetary standard, just as the sovereign is with us. How this has come about can be very easily explained. A considerable part of the cost of governing India is annually incurred in London. In the first place, a great deal of money has been borrowed in this country for public works there, such as the construction of railways—the dividends of which the Government guarantees—irrigation works, and many others of a nature which are always looked upon as remunerative expenditure. India has therefore to find the money to pay the interest on these loans, very little of which, however, can be regarded as a tax upon the natives. Then, again, an expensive establishment has to be kept up at home to conduct

the affairs of our great Eastern Empire, which has to bear some portion of the cost. And finally, large quantities of stores of all descriptions for the use of our officials there, and the proper conduct of the Government, such as telegraph wire, stationery, and hundreds of other things, which can either only be procured at all or to much greater advantage in this country, have to be paid for. When all these items are added up, the result is a little bill of over fifteen million pounds sterling, which in some way or other India must pay to England.

Formerly, the arrangement of this was a matter of extreme simplicity. The rupee was worth just two shillings, and ten of them, therefore, went to a sovereign. The Indian Finance Minister knew that, if fifteen million pounds had to be remitted, he would require one hundred and fifty million rupees for the purpose; or, as he would call it, fifteen hundred lakhs. But as silver and the rupee became depreciated, the amount of indebtedness did not grow any smaller, and it took a great many more rupees to meet it, so that if the value of the latter was only one shilling instead of two, it followed that he would require three thousand instead of fifteen hundred lakhs, as formerly. On the other hand, the revenues which he had to draw showed no corresponding expansion, because the rupee maintained its value in India itself, and was only depreciated when it came to be exchanged outside; consequently, this additional fifteen hundred lakhs, or whatever the amount might be, became an increase in the annual expenditure. It has been accumulating gradually over a number of years, and has not taken place all at once, and had to be raised either by additional taxation or by fresh borrowing, which in the end only tended to make matters worse.

This, then, was the state of affairs when the United States, by threatening to repeal the Sherman Silver Act, brought about a panic in the silver market, which carried the price down to a figure which made the rupee worth only about tenpence-halfpenny of our English money. The Indian Government officials insisted that it was impossible for them to raise sufficient to go on paying the now enormous amount of rupees necessary to meet the sterling indebtedness of the country, and that some steps must be taken to prevent its depreciation any further. The only way to do this was, as they thought, to stop the public any longer taking silver to the Mints and demanding its coinage into rupees; and this is what was done, after exhaustive investigation and inquiry by a Committee presided over by Lord Herschell.

Now, up to this point there seems no ground whatever on which to raise an objection. The Government of India was clearly in a difficulty, and it was said to be highly dangerous to

attempt to impose any further taxation upon the natives to enable them to get over it. What course could be wiser than, by closing the Mints, to artificially raise the value of all the currency then in circulation? But it was one thing to stop coining, and quite another to raise the value of what was already coined. The Government decided that for the future the rupee should be worth 1s. 4d., and they might just as well have passed an Act of Parliament at the same time to say that a sovereign was worth twenty-five shillings. They further said that any one lodging English sovereigns with the Presidency treasuries should receive in exchange coined rupees at the rate of 15 to 1. It proved, however, no more possible to keep the exchange at 1s. 4d., than to attract to the Mints the hoards of gold which are known to exist in India, and which competent authorities say exceed two hundred and fifty million pounds in value.

The policy, in fact, has proved a failure; and although the India Council in London held out for months, in the hope of starving the community into purchasing its rupees, it had at last to give way, and after vainly offering to take 1s. 3½d., to accept the best offer it could get, which is now round about 1s. 1d.; and the principal result so far has been to increase the sterling debt of India by nearly ten million pounds, on which interest will have to be remitted in the future. It is nevertheless persisted in, on the principle adopted by the late Mr. Micawber that 'Something will turn up'; and the very lame apology is offered that, after all, it has proved of some partial benefit, inasmuch as the rupee is worth three-halfpence more than the value of the silver in it; but those who offer this excuse apparently overlook the fact that one reason why silver remains so low is, because it can no longer be coined in India. But whatever justification there may be for a continuance of it from a purely English and official point of view, there is absolutely none from that of the natives, whose interests we are bound to protect; and where the two conflict, there should not be a moment's hesitation in the mind of any Englishman as to the course this country ought to pursue. The only pretence upon which the natives could have benefited has been falsified by the result, and the increased taxation which was declared to be impossible has since had to be imposed, so far, at any rate, without any of the uprisings so confidently predicted.

There is another way of partly meeting the difficulty, but one which is always unpopular with officials—a reduction in expenditure; but it is nevertheless one upon which public opinion should insist, because there is little doubt that economies could be introduced in many ways, without in the slightest degree interfering with the efficiency of administration. And although no irreparable mischief has yet been done by the closing of the Mints, the possibilities, nay the probabilities of future trouble are so serious, that the reversal of the policy ought to be insisted upon while it can be done without financial sacrifice or loss of prestige.

Were the English Government to refuse to

coin any more sovereigns, we might not suffer any immediate inconvenience, because there are plenty in circulation to meet present requirements; but we know that any such proposal, which could only be designed to give an artificial value to our currency, would not only be contrary to every sound principle of political economy, but would prove most disastrous to all our commercial relations with foreign countries. What is true of England is true of India also, and we should not permit the light of great principles to be obscured by some passing cloud of expediency.

Quite apart from the intricacies and difficulties of exchange operations which concern the merchants and traders of India, who are well able to take care of their own interests, and into which we need not here enter, a great wrong is being done to the native peasantry of that country. Scarcity of gold, which means money, is believed to be one of the most important of the many causes which have brought about such an immense fall in the value of agricultural produce in the Western hemisphere; and yet, with this fact staring us in the face, an attempt is made to create a similar scarcity of money in India by preventing the coinage of any more silver, which is abundant. If successful, it must have just the same result there as with us, so that while we are contriving and scheming to increase the quantity and active circulation of money in Europe, we are doing our best to stop its issue and prevent its circulation in Asia. But beyond that, it is a well-known fact that the savings-banks in India take the form of private hoards, not in old stockings, because hoiery has not yet become popular there, but in all sorts of silver ornaments, fastened about the persons of their women and children so securely, that they can often only be removed with the aid of the village blacksmith; and when the quantity becomes too large for this, the remainder is buried in some hole in the ground near the hut or habitation of the owner. Sometimes the silver may have passed through the mints and become rupees; often enough it has been used in its simple state of bullion, with the knowledge that when the necessity arose it could be converted without loss into money equivalent to its weight. And although wealth changes hands much less frequently than in Western countries, there are certain periods when families and individuals have to dispose of amounts, small perhaps by themselves, but amounting to a large sum in the aggregate. In a year, for instance, declared by the priests as propitious for marriages, much money is spent not only in festivities, but in providing the brides with dowries, and savings, painfully scraped together over a long period, are quickly disseminated. Or something more serious—a famine—overtakes the land, and the people inhabiting large territories find themselves suddenly deprived of food. The construction of railways and canals has done much to enable the Government to cope in future more successfully than ever with such a calamity; but the people themselves, before taking to the relief works, will in many instances spend everything they have to maintain an independent existence;

just as many of our own poor will exhaust every resource before going to the workhouse. But when they come to part with their treasure, which they have all along regarded as money, they will be told that it has ceased to have any value as such, and that they must first go to the village money-changer or usurer, and take whatever he will give them for it, before they can obtain the rice or other food they so much need.

Let us imagine, if we can, a corresponding state of things at home. Instead of the Post-office Savings-bank, in which the savings of the artisan and small shopkeeper are deposited, they have grown accustomed to secretoring in their own dwellings, or about their persons, small pieces of gold, which they know can always be exchanged for their weight in sovereigns, and that for every ounce they possess they can always get exactly £3, 17s. 10½d. A great strike breaks out, involving perhaps several hundred thousand hands, and these men with their families, have to fall back largely on their accumulated savings. They take their gold to exchange, but are told that the Government has stopped buying it, and that the most they can sell it for elsewhere is three pounds. Would they stop to consider that the Government had a perfect right to regulate the currency of the country? Or would they not rather imagine that they had been grossly defrauded, and create disturbances leading very likely to riot and bloodshed?

How much more likely, then, are such events to happen among a down-trodden and ignorant people, ruled by an alien race, if it is brought home to their minds by agitators, who are always on the lookout for grievances, that they have been robbed—a charge only too likely to be believed when the price of food, in consequence of scarcity, has risen to a high figure, while that of silver, owing to the great pressure to sell it, has fallen heavily.

Even were this the only ground of objection, it is sufficiently important to make us ask, whether the Government has not made a huge blunder, which may some day land us in the most serious difficulties? This is no party question, and whichever side had been in office last year, the circumstances of the moment would have compelled them to yield to the pressure brought to bear. But the danger is now past, and the worst has happened. America has stopped purchasing silver, and the price has fallen so low, that the chances of a further decline are remote; and if the Indian Mints were once more thrown open, it is more than probable that instead of the rupee falling to the level of silver, silver would rise to the value of the rupee, and cause not the slightest disturbance in the national finances. Intricate and uninteresting as questions of currency are generally considered, we have here one of so much importance to the welfare of our vast Indian Empire, as well as of our own, that it becomes the duty of every citizen to think the matter out as carefully, and decide upon it as conscientiously, as he would upon one on which he has to record his vote at the poll. Without a decided and determined expression of public opinion, no Government will be strong enough

to resist the influence of Indian officials, who, in this instance, at any rate, appear to be acting directly contrary to the interests of the country they govern.

• THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XII.—MR FREDERICK BOLDON COMES TO ROBY A SECOND TIME.

THE days glided by; and little by little a sort of tacit engagement sprang up between Lady Boldon and Hugh Thesiger. She could not help herself. She could not deny herself the sweet comfort of those little signs of love that he offered her—a familiar word, a pressure of the hand, a tender glance. He had persuaded himself that his fears were vain, that Adelaide was only shy, fearful, perhaps, of what the world might say of her second marriage; and he thought that all she needed before she formally promised him her hand was “to become accustomed to regard him as her lover. So he went often to the Chase; and the little world around them began, not unnaturally, to speak of the two as being either actually engaged or on the point of becoming so.

A few days before the end of August, Thesiger received a letter from Lady Boldon. It was an invitation to make one of a party which was to assemble at Roby Chase for the partridge-shooting. The party had been planned and talked of some time before; and Hugh's coming was taken as a matter of course. This letter was written partly to invite, through Hugh's intervention, Mr Terence O'Neil, whom Lady Boldon had met several times at the Rectory.

‘It is good-natured of Adelaide to ask him,’ said Hugh to himself, when he read the letter; ‘but it is not wise to throw him and Marjory together, circumstances being what they are.’

However, Hugh could not refuse to forward the invitation to his friend; and of course it was gladly accepted.

Marjory and her mother, as well as two or three old schoolfellows of Adelaide's, and three or four distant connections of her family, were to be of the party. There was also one relation of her late husband invited, the only one whom Lady Boldon knew, even by name—Mr Frederick Boldon. This invitation was not given wholly from disinterested motives. Adelaide felt that her future was dark and uncertain; and she thought that it might be a good stroke of policy to make friends, if possible, with the man who might one day reign at the Chase. Yet she shrank from seeing him, and almost hoped that he would not come.

Frederick Boldon, however, was a man who never allowed sentiment to interfere with his interests or his pleasures. He had by this time partly got over his disappointment. His threat about disputing Sir Richard's will had of course resulted in nothing. Frederick Boldon was far too shrewd a man to throw away his

money in fighting a lawsuit without a solid ground-work of evidence. When he received Lady Boldon's invitation, he told himself that, though it might be unpleasant to stay as guest in a house of which he ought to be the master, nothing could be gained by refusing Lady Boldon's advances; while something might be gained by responding to them. Possibly he might be able to make love successfully to the widow, and gain his cousin's estate by that means. If not, there was at least ten days' or a fortnight's shooting to be had, and that was a thing not to be despised.

So Frederick Boldon journeyed down to Woodhurst for the second time. He was accompanied on this occasion by Louis Ducrot, his French valet; for Mr Boldon was determined to appear in his favourite *role* of a man of fashion.

Lady Boldon's guests amused themselves as people generally do in an English country house in September. The men went shooting in the morning; and most of them spent the afternoon in the billiard-room. The girls spent the forenoon in gossiping together, and walked or rode out after lunch. But it soon became evident that the party was not going to prove a success. Its members were too miscellaneous in their characters and dispositions: they did not hang well together.

The failure of Lady Boldon's party was due in great measure to the presence of Mr Boldon and his servant. Boldon was selfish and arrogant in his manner—nobody liked him. He soon discovered that he had no chance of becoming Lady Boldon's second husband; and it was not long before he noticed the preference which she had for Hugh Thesiger. His demeanour to Hugh after this discovery was so wanting in courtesy, that Hugh had the greatest difficulty in avoiding an open quarrel with him. In fact, it was only at Lady Boldon's special entreaty that he consented to stay a few days longer under the same roof with a man who all but openly insulted him.

Ducrot, as well as his master, was a source of trouble to the lady of the house. He carried on a strong flirtation with Mrs Bruce's maid, a country girl whom the Rector's wife had brought with her to wait on herself and Marjory. He then transferred his volatile affections to Lady Boldon's own maid, a foolish, pert, London girl called Julia Stephens. Mrs Bruce, who felt that her maid was under her protection, and that the girl had been badly treated, was of opinion that Ducrot, or Julia, or both of them, ought to be turned out of the house; and Lady Boldon, who was averse to such extreme measures, had some difficulty in preserving the peace.

At length the time fixed for the breaking up of the party was at hand. It was the morning of the thirteenth; and most of the guests were to leave that afternoon, only Hugh Thesiger and the members of the Rector's family remaining until the following day.

For several days Lady Boldon had been complaining of neuralgia; and she had remained a good deal in her own room. On this, the last day of her friends' visit, however, she forced herself to come down to breakfast as usual.

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There was no regular breakfast-time at the Chase. Everybody rose early—at least the men did—on account of the partridges; and breakfast was served in the great dining-room between eight and ten.

Letters were delivered during the breakfast hour; and it was an understood thing that every one might open and read his or her letters without apology. On this particular morning, Lady Boldon opened one of her letters without first glancing at the handwriting on the envelope—opened it, read a few lines, and turned as pale as if she were going to faint. Indeed, Frederick Boldon, who sat near her, thought she was going to faint. She looked up, cast a half-timorous glance round the table, and saw him watching her curiously. Immediately, her eyes dropped. She folded up her letter, and put it back in its envelope, though she was forced to keep her hands below the level of the table, to prevent any one seeing how they trembled. The other guests, busy with their own letters or newspapers, did not observe that anything was amiss; but Lady Boldon knew that her husband's cousin was watching her. And, looking at Hugh a moment later, she saw that he, too, had noticed her agitation. She made a great effort, and thrusting the letter into her pocket, went on with her breakfast—or seemed to do so—without saying a word, or casting another look either at Hugh or at Mr Boldon.

As soon as the meal was over, and the guests had dispersed, Mr Frederick Boldon went up to his own room and rang for his servant.

'I am not going to shoot this morning, Ducrot,' he said. 'See that my things are packed in plenty of time for the afternoon train.' He gave a few other directions, and then, as the man was leaving the room, called him back. 'By the way,' he said, 'I think it likely that Lady Boldon may write a letter to-day of—er—of some importance. Do you think you could find out for me who her correspondent is?'

'Very likely, sir,' said the Frenchman, with a grin.

'Do: I'll give you five shillings. Stay—it's possible that Madame may telegraph. Now, if she does, I want to know who the telegram is addressed to. Can you find that out for me?'

'No doubt, sir,' said the valet, with a bow and another grin.

'That will do, then. I leave by the four o'clock train.'

The hours passed, and Mr Boldon hung about the house, waiting to receive Ducrot's report. He was determined to find out the origin of the letter that had affected his cousin's widow so strangely. The Frenchman, however, made no sign; and luncheon time was drawing near.

The luncheon bell had rung, and Boldon was wondering whether it would be possible to invent an excuse for postponing his departure, at least until the evening mail had gone, when Ducrot made his appearance, and with rather a crest-fallen air, said that a telegram had been sent off by Lady Boldon shortly after breakfast.

'You scoundrel! And you only tell me this now!'

'It was of no use,' said the valet, with a sub-flavour of impudence in his tone. 'The telegram was sealed up in an envelope addressed to the postmaster at Woodhurst.'

'Ah! And yet'—

Mr Boldon fell into a brown study, during which his valet slipped out of the room. He was debating with himself whether he could not find out something about that telegram, or whether he were not pursuing a phantom. It certainly looked as if Lady Boldon had a secret, and a very serious one too. It could not be a mere money difficulty—she had three times as much money as she wanted. Suppose she had been married already, when she married Sir Richard, and this was a blackmailing letter from her first husband, her real husband? Mr Boldon had heard of such things. If anything of that kind were the case, of course she would not be Sir Richard's widow, for she could not have been his wife; and as the property was left to her as his wife, the bequest would be void, and the estate would fall to him, Frederick Boldon. If any such secret existed, it would surely be worth while to unearth it!

Such were the thoughts that were passing through Mr Boldon's mind, when the door opened, and Ducrot re-appeared.

'Lady Boldon has just gone down-stairs to lunch, sir,' he said; 'and before she went into the dining-room, she dropped some letters into the post-bag hanging in the hall.'

'Can't you bring the addresses of them?' said Mr Boldon angrily.—'Stop; no. You needn't mind.'

He waited five minutes longer, and then, feeling confident that everybody would be at lunch, he went down-stairs, walked boldly up to the letter-bag, and taking out the letters, glanced hurriedly at their addresses. The only name he recognised was that of Mr Felix; but Mr Boldon could not feel by any means certain that this was the correspondent whose letter had terrified Lady Boldon. It seemed unlikely that a respectable family solicitor like Mr Felix, his uncle's solicitor, should be the depository of a guilty secret of Lady Boldon's. Yet it was possible.

Mr Boldon went in to lunch; and after a time he bade his hostess farewell, declaring his intention of walking to the station, while Ducrot followed him with the luggage.

Having arrived at the village, Mr Boldon did not at once turn up the road which led to the station, but made his way to the post-office. The postmaster's son, a smart lad of nineteen or twenty years of age, was behind the counter.

'You attend to the telegraphs, I think? Ah—I thought so. I called to ask whether a telegram Lady Boldon sent in this morning was properly addressed.'

'We're not allowed to say anything about the telegrams, sir,' began the youth nervously.

'I'm not asking you anything about it,' said Mr Boldon with mild surprise. 'I only want to know whether it was properly addressed.'

'Oh!'

The young man turned to a file. 'What was the name, sir?'

'Felix—Mr Felix—from Lady Boldon.'

'Here it is. Felix, 9 Norfolk Street, Chancery Lane, W.C.'

'That's quite right. Thank you,' said Mr Boldon, quitting the office.

'So the letter was from that old rascal of a lawyer, after all!' he thought to himself, as he walked slowly on to the station. 'I half wish I had made some excuse for leaving Ducrot behind—or staying behind myself. I might have tried to get a peep inside my lady's letter to the lawyer. But that might have been a dangerous trick to play; and very likely the real answer was in the telegram, not in the letter.—Well; there's a secret between these two—no doubt of that. If ever I read terror in a human face, I read it in Lady Boldon's face this morning.'

The majority of Lady Boldon's guests drove off to the station at the appointed hour. The lady of the house bade them a smiling adieu, and then turned to Hugh, who was standing near, with a weary sigh of relief.

'Thank Heaven they're gone,' she said, under her breath.

'Will you say the same when I say good-bye to-morrow, Adelaide?' he asked with a half-smile.

'No; how can you ask such a question, Hugh? But these people have bored me so, especially that man Boldon! He shall never come here again. He is odious.'

'I confess I think so too,' said Hugh quietly.

'It made my neuralgia worse even to look at him. The tones of his horrid, rasping voice made my nerves tingle.—I think I will go and lie down for a little,' she said, moving slowly towards the staircase.

Hugh made her take his arm and lean upon it, and went with her to the door of her room. He was sorry that she was suffering, and disappointed too, for he had hoped that, now that the house was restored to its usual state, he would be able to have a little quiet chat with her, and perhaps get her to tell him the cause of the grave trouble he had seen in her face that morning.

As it happened, Hugh held a brief in an arbitration which had been fixed for the 17th of September; and he felt that it was time for him to get back to the Temple, and set to work on his papers. So he arranged to go straight to London on the 14th, the following day, without returning to Chalfont.

Lady Boldon did not appear again that evening; but next morning she came down to breakfast, and declared that she felt better.

'You go by the eleven-forty, don't you?' she said to Hugh.

'Yea.'

'Oh, then you may be my escort, if you like. I want to take a run up to town; and that is the train that will suit me best.'

'Do you think, Adelaide, you ought to travel when your nerves are in such a tender state?' put in Mrs Bruce.

'It's precisely for that reason that I am going, mamma. I want to consult a doctor about my neuralgia.'

Mrs Bruce was a little startled at her daughter

proposing to travel to London alone, except for the companionship of a young man who was regarded as her lover. However, Adelaide was her own mistress, and very well able to take care of herself, so she said nothing.

She was going to see Mr Felix. The letter she had received from him had been filled with bitter, passionate reproaches. It began with a threat to send Sir Richard's later will to Mr Frederick Boldon, confessing the whole plot. He would rather run the risk of punishment, he declared, than live to be defrauded of her hand. He could not believe, he said, that she really meant to marry him in a few months' time. It did not look like it. He was not well: anxiety about her real intentions had made him ill. But he was able to be up, and he insisted on seeing her. He must see her, and learn from her own lips what she meant to do.

Lady Boldon had found herself compelled to obey this summons. As she sat in the railway carriage, glancing now and then at her lover as he sat opposite, she felt that she was in reality a slave, bound hand and foot. The lawyer held her as by a chain of iron. She could not escape him, and she did not dare to defy him. She felt that he was capable of disclosing the part she had played, for the mere pleasure of revenge; and exposure would mean the loss of Hugh's love, shame, ruin. She forgot, for the time, that she had herself to blame for yielding to the lawyer's suggestion. Her uppermost feeling was that she hated James Felix with all her heart.

Hugh saw reflected in her face something of the sorrow and despair which tortured her.

'Adelaide,' he said gently, 'I wish you would tell me what it is that is troubling you so much. Have you had bad news of any kind?'

Lady Boldon started, and answered quickly: 'I have had no bad news. How should you think so?'

'Yesterday morning, at breakfast, when you opened one of your letters, you turned so pale that I feared you were going to faint.'

'Oh, I remember. I had a dreadful attack of neuralgia just then. It comes and goes so suddenly. I fear there is an attack coming on now.—And that reminds me: I have heard of a specific for tic which they say is marvellously rapid in its action—works like a charm. I have the prescription for it here; and I meant to buy some in London. Perhaps you wouldn't mind getting some for me when we reach town?'

Hugh took the piece of paper which Lady Boldon put into his hand, and glanced at it with a doubtful air.

'What is this stuff?' he asked.

'Oh, it is a new drug, I believe—quite a specific for neuralgia.'

'As you are going to consult a doctor, wouldn't it be better to wait and ask him whether it would be a good thing to take?'

'How tiresome you are, Hugh! All men are, sometimes, I believe! I want the medicine to take home with me, so that I may have something to fall back upon, if the physician's remedies fail. But don't let me trouble you; I can easily'—

'Oh, I'll get the stuff for you if you really wish to have it,' said Hugh; 'but take care how you use it. Those new drugs are not very well understood; and I fancy this one is dangerous.'

'Have you anywhere else to go in London?' asked Hugh, half absently, after a pause.

'Yes; I wish to go as far as the Temple. I have to make a call in Chancery Lane.'

The next instant Lady Boldon regretted her frankness, for Thesiger not unnaturally rejoined—'Chancery Lane! Are you going to see Mr Felix again?'

There was a troubled look in Lady Boldon's eyes. She did not speak, but merely nodded.

'I know Mr Felix by sight,' said Hugh. 'He met you in Fleet Street, I remember, when you and I were in London together two years ago.'

'Yes,' answered Lady Boldon; and then, feeling that it was better in every way not to make a mystery of the matter, she went on to say—'Yesterday he wrote to me saying it was necessary that he should see me, and that he could not come to Roby, as he is not strong enough to leave the house. He lives in chambers beside his office, he tells me.'

'Don't let me pry into your secrets, Adelaide,' said Hugh gently, after a little while; 'but I can't help thinking that you are in trouble about something. You can't hide that from me; I see it in your face.'

Lady Boldon said nothing; for she felt that if she tried to speak she should burst into tears.

'Adelaide, my darling,' said her lover yet more gently, taking her hand in his, 'can you not tell me what is making you so sad?'

She shook her head.

'Has this visit to Mr Felix something to do with it? If so, I beg you to let me see him for you. Let me go to him and tell that you are my promised wife, and'—

'No—oh, no! You forget, Hugh; I am not that—yet.'

'I can't understand you, Adelaide. We are not formally betrothed, it is true; but—Never mind that now,' he said, breaking off suddenly. 'Let me go with you as a friend. You ought to have a male friend with you, to advise you in business matters. I may go then?—What do you say? You dare not take me?—Adelaide! Can it be that you are afraid of this man? It almost looks like it! Has he dared to terrorise you—to make you imagine that somehow you are dependent on his good will?'

Lady Boldon would have replied if she had been able to speak; but she was unable to breathe a syllable. Her nerves, weakened already by neuralgia, were completely unstrung by her mental trouble and anxiety. She trembled from head to foot, and suddenly burst into tears. The sobs came thick and fast; she hid her face, but clung to Hugh with one hand, as if he had power to save her from some impending calamity.

'Adelaide,' he said, when she had become a little calmer, 'you really must let me see this Mr Felix in your place.'

'Oh, no—no. You cannot do that.'

'Then let me accompany you.'

'No; that would not do either. You are very kind, Hugh—far too kind to me. And I am very foolish. I have been troubled about something. Don't ask me what it is, for the secret is not altogether my own. But perhaps I am making more of it than there is any need for. I am ashamed of myself—crying and sobbing like a child who has broken a toy. I will—control myself—better. I am not usually a cry-baby; so you must set this exhibition down to the credit of that horrid neuralgia.—See! I am better already; and the poor thing tried hard to smile.'

Once again, before they reached Waterloo, Hugh begged to be allowed to go with the woman he loved to the lawyer's office, even if he waited in the clerks' room while she was closeted with Mr Felix; and again his offer was gently but firmly refused.

A crowd of doubts, surmises, and fears oppressed the young barrister's mind. What could this secret be that lay between Lady Boldon and the solicitor? What was the cause of her tears, her anxiety? And, above all, why should she not confide in him?

SOME REMARKABLE ARTESIAN WELLS.

SCHNEIDMÜHL is far from being an important place. The ubiquitous English tourist knows it as a sort of half-way house on the railway route from Berlin to Danzig. It is to him a convenient centre from which to explore the kaleidoscopic civilisation of Prussian Poland. From many points of view there is, however, but little to repay the traveller for any efforts he may make in this direction. The country around is flat and uninteresting, tracts of level arable land alternating with dreary marshes or stretches of uninviting woodland. The human components of the picture are for the most part in perfect harmony with the landscape. The stolid agriculturists and spiritless peasants who possess this region pursue the even tenor of their way, in utter ignorance of the great world beyond them. In the dull monotony of their existence, an occasional trip to the neighbouring market town stands out in the boldest of reliefs. Typical of these provincial centres is Schneidemühl. Quite recently, however, this semi-German town has established a claim to public attention other than that which might belong to it as a small town in an agricultural district of Prussian Poland.

It happened in this wise. The twelve thousand inhabitants of Schneidemühl ran short of water. In the autumn and spring months they frequently suffer from an over-abundance of that liquid necessity. Then the neighbouring Kuddow—one of the lesser tributary feeders of the Oder—is apt to inundate the low-lying lands through which it flows. What was wanted, however, was a thoroughly reliable supply of pure drinking-water, which would not fail during the most scorching of droughts. To secure this, the assistance of scientific experts was requisitioned. A little study of the geology of the district showed that the rocks underlying Schneidemühl contained a

vast storehouse of water, which only needed tapping to yield its liquid treasures to the thirsty townfolk. The water, however, was far removed from the surface, stored in a pervious rock walled in by impervious strata. To allow of the water reaching the surface, a means of communication had to be made through the superincumbent rocks. In short, an artesian well had to be sunk. The necessary plant was obtained; the most likely spot for operations was selected, and workmen skilled in well-sinking were engaged, and for a time splendid progress was made. The fate which has overtaken many artesian borings was not to be experienced in this case. Water there was in abundance. When the boring reached it, a rapid rise was observable up the duct, followed by a large overflow.

So far so good. Water had been struck, and in enormous quantities. How to control it was, however, quite another matter. The good people of Schneidemühl did not require, comparatively speaking, a vast amount of water; yet here was a supply forced upon them which accumulated at an alarming rate, and quite defied their efforts to cope with it. The pent-up stores that had so long lain dormant in their underground cisterns could no longer be kept in check, now that communication was effected with the outer air. The peaceful inhabitants were appalled with the magnitude of the force which they had summoned from the depths of the earth. The horrors of flood began to stare them in the face. Nor were there wanting the presence of other and perhaps more disquieting phenomena. Earth-tremors were frequent. Confused and mysterious subterranean rumblings were heard, clearly indicative of subsidences in that section of the earth's crust underlying the houses of the good folk of Schneidemühl. The ever-increasing flood of water created a new vent for itself, and vast quantities of mud and sand were ejected along with the water. Expert opinion said that the town need fear no danger; the waters would soon go down, and the risk of flood would be over. This supposition was mainly based upon the fact that between the storehouse of waters and the surface there was a solid bed of clay, some forty yards in thickness. This, it was thought, would prevent anything like a continuance of so alarming an outflow. The hope, however, was doomed to disappointment. Earth-shakes became more frequent. Some of the inhabitants experienced many of the phenomena usually associated with a seismic disturbance. The foundations of their houses sank; great cracks formed in the walls, and many a dwelling-house was hastily abandoned on such a peremptory notice to quit. About a week later, the final catastrophe came. After many alarming shocks and subsidences of the ground about the mouth of the well, a violent movement of what might be called the crater of the boring took place. Amidst the rush of the escaping water and the thunderous roar of the subsiding land, the whole boring and pumping plant disappeared from sight. Fortunately, no loss of life took place. The final collapse was heralded by rumblings and tremors which placed the engineers upon their

guard, and they very wisely removed the workmen from proximity to the shaft.

It seemed at first as if this refractory well was now contented with the mischief it had wrought, for the waters began to subside. The respite, however, was but short-lived. Soon the underground torrent once more made a way for itself, and the scene of the subsidence was speedily buried beneath a pond of water, in the centre of which the monster artesian foamed and bubbled. The pond soon attained the dimensions of a small lake, and that part of the town which had hitherto escaped damage was threatened with inundation. In time, however, this danger was averted, for a trench or cutting was made to carry the overflowing waters into the adjacent Kuddow.

After these unpleasant experiences, it is no wonder to learn that the burghers of Schneidemühl are resolved in future to be content with an inadequate water-supply, rather than again risk an appeal to the vast but masterless reservoirs which lie pent up beneath them.

While these events were transpiring in this out-of-the-way corner of Posen, an artesian boring was being made nearer home, which has given marvellous but satisfactory results. At Bourn, in Lincolnshire, an artesian well was sunk to supply the town of Spalding, some ten miles away, with water. Such wells have been sunk in this district from time immemorial, and rejoice in the vernacular denomination of 'blow-holes.' Scientific engineering has now made even the sinking of a deep well a matter of comparative ease. In the present case no difficulty was encountered, and a boring thirteen inches in diameter was satisfactorily sunk. As the well was made, it was lined with ten-inch tubes; and to guard against unwanted water finding its way downwards between the pipe and the sides of the bore-hole, the tube was tightly encased in cement, packed between it and the sides of the well.

At a depth of sixty-six feet, water impregnated with iron was encountered, but this chalybeate liquid was excluded as the tubes were carried deeper. Some twelve feet lower, the main spring was tapped, and the water rose very slowly up the tube; and it was twenty-four hours before the water overflowed. As the depth increased, so did the volume of the ascending current; and by the time the well had reached the depth of one hundred feet, the outflow was thirteen hundred gallons per minute, or 1,872,000 gallons per day. Although this was an enormous flow, yet the engineers thought, by going a little deeper, a still larger supply would be available. Numerous cases are on record where, under similar circumstances, the deepening of the well has resulted in complete failure. It will be readily understood that in such instances increased boring has carried the well through the non-porous rock upon which the water-bearing layer rested, thus allowing the water to escape. With the Bourn well, however, the deepening of the bore-hole had the desired effect, for, at a depth of one hundred and twenty feet, the outflow increased to eighteen hundred gallons per minute, or no less than 2,592,000 gallons per day.

While we may be disposed to regard so

splendid a piece of engineering skill as the Bourn well as a mere matter of course, it must be remembered that well-sinking in the past was a work of the utmost difficulty. Without discussing the vexed question of the means employed in sinking the wells of ancient Egypt, or the artesian bores whose overflowing waters nourish the oases of the Sahara, we will just allude to two other monster artesian wells whose story has become historic.

The first of these is that at Grenelle, near Paris. This well was commenced in 1831, to supply the French capital with water. When a depth of 1254 feet had been reached, a length of 270 feet of the boring-rods broke off, and fell to the bottom of the hole. Nowadays, the laborious rod-process is quite obsolete. Fifteen months were taken up in fishing up the broken rods, and then work was resumed. When the boring was carried down to fifteen hundred feet, the French Government wished to stop the work, on the ground that further expense was simply throwing good money after bad. The savant Arago, however, urged them to exercise a little more faith and patience. His advice was followed, with the result that, at a further depth of three hundred feet, water was encountered; and those who had laboured at the enterprise from 1834 to 1841 were rewarded by seeing a stream of six hundred gallons per minute escape from the orifice of the well.

In 1855 another well was commenced in the Paris basin. Water was tapped at a depth of 1920 feet, and this enormous boring, which is two feet four inches in diameter at the bottom, ejected a stream of water to a height of fifty feet, and at the enormous rate of five and a half million gallons per day.

These are among the more remarkable specimens of artesian wells. But well-sinking has now attained the dignity of a science, and the increase of our population and the development of our manufacturing industries has resulted in these underground water-supplies being tapped to such an extent that in many parts of England the rocks are literally riddled with these ingenious borings.

A TALE OF OLD EDINBURGH.

CHAPTER II.—THE BARBARY CORSAIRS.

'WELL, aweel,' muttered Wattie, 'if we're to stick here like pease-bogles, we maun e'en brazen it out!' So he ranged himself by the side of the Lord Provost, and awaited the coming of the strange troops. 'May be,' he murmured, 'when they see us like this, they'll be scared awa', and rin back to their ships, and so the town'll be saved after a'.'

When the approaching company saw them thus stand, the leader put his horse to the gallop, and the dozen horsemen behind him put their horses to the trot, to keep up with him. Then the spell upon the Provost was broken, and he turned as if he would escape.

'Stay!' cried the leader, in quite intelligible human speech. 'On your life, stir not!'

'Rin, Wattie!' then whispered the Provost

to his companion. 'Slip awa', man! Ye're light on your feet! And tell the Waiters to keep the Nether Bow Port closed—letting you in first! And gang to Jock the Drummer, and turn him out to beat his drum, to rouse up the Council and the town! Awa' wi' ye!'

'Deil a bit o' me will stir without your honour's sel!' said Wattie.

'I canna rin!' said the Provost; 'I'm ower auld and heavy!—Awa' wi' ye, or ye'll be ta'en!'

So Wattie slipped from his side and fled; and though one or two of the advancing vanguard fired after him, his wild leaps and gambols as he ran kept him free of their shots. No pursuit was made—probably because he appeared a creature of no consequence—and he got clear away on his errand. Meanwhile, the Provost was surrounded by the vanguard of horsemen, and confronted by the leader. Two or three dismounted, and were for searching the Provost for pistols, but their leader bade them let be, in a foreign tongue.

'I am *weaponless, sir, ye see,' said the Provost, raising his arms and his cloak and showing his belt. 'And now,' continued he, addressing the leader, 'I'm tain to hear who ye are and what business ye come upon this gate!'

'Auld Reekie all over!' exclaimed the leader. 'He's more curious about our persons and business than he is anxious about his own life and property!'

The Provost stared hard to hear such familiar speech come from one arrayed in an outlandish white mantle and a turban.

'Your bonnet and your cloak, sir,' said the Provost sharply, 'should speak you an outlandish heathen or a Turk; but your speech, sir, bewrayeth you: you're a Scottish man, or, at the least, a Borderer!'

'"Scottish man," quoth he!' said the stranger. 'And must every one who knows a tag of your uncouth speech be a native of your barbarous, bigoted country?'

'You will not deceive me, sir,' maintained the Provost confidently. 'I ken ower weel the accent of the Luckenbooths and the West Port. This manna be but a ploy, or a heathenish masque, sir. Come ye for Argyll and the Convention, or for that deil Montrose and the king? Are ye for the Covenant, or for the malignants and prelatists?'

'What the pest names are they?' said he in the turban. 'A plague on both your parties, say I. If I were king, I would forbid all separating names. As for me, I am neither for Argyll nor for Montrose—no, nor for the king—but just, like Harry Wynd, for my own hand.'

'And who are you, then, sir,' stoutly demanded the Provost, 'that speak of Harry Wynd and your own hand?'

'I am one,' said the other, 'that you will know more of before you have done with him. I serve under my own banner, and I call no man master save and except His Shereefian Majesty, the Soldan of Barbary, the renowned, warlike, and kindly Muley El-Valid.'

'Guidsakes!' exclaimed the Provost. 'Whatna mulish, heathenish name is that?'

'I am here on a special mission, worthy sir,'

he added abruptly; 'but before I say more, inform me of the quality of the person whom I address.'

'I am Lord Provost,' said the other with simple dignity, 'of this ancient city of Edinburgh.'

The face of the stranger very evidently flushed—though he was a dark man with a tanned skin—and his eye flashed, but whether with pleasure or anger was not plain. 'Now the Lord be praised!' he exclaimed. 'You are the very man whilk of all others I welcome the sight of! My business this day is with the Lord Provost and the Town-council of Edinburgh!—I opine you apprehend my meaning, Provost?'

The two men looked each other straight in the eyes. 'You tell me you are for your own hand,' said the Provost; 'and so I opine you come with intent to plunder and spoil.'

'It is well, Provost, to speak out soon as syne; and you set the example. I must e'en levy a contribution on Auld Reekie for auld sake's sake; but failing that, I must visit in person the dwellings of my Lord Provost, and the Town-council, and other citizens of substance.'

'You'd find us something ill redd up, worthy sir,' said the Provost grimly; 'but we might make shift to give ye kitchen, for the auld town has aye had a welcome for a returned prodigal.'

'Returned prodigal, sirrah?' cried the stranger, frowning, but seeming somewhat put out. 'A truce to compliments. The day wears, and my business will not brook delay; nor am I a man to be trifled with.—So lead on, Provost, and bring me to speech with the Town-council, that I may lay my requisition before them.'

'What needs ye have speech with the hail Council?' said the Provost, gaining time by all means. 'I'm the head of the Council and the town, and I'm here. Can ye not lay your requisition before me?'

'My requisition is twenty thousand pieces of gold, and a modicum of victualling for my ships,' answered the stranger without hesitation.

'Twenty thousand gold-pieces and victuals!' exclaimed the Provost. 'But ye're a bold cock to crave so crouse! Whaur do ye think so many gold-pieces are to be come by?'

'That's your affair, Provost,' said the other.

'Well, my birkie,' said the Provost, putting a bold face on it, 'ye've come to the wrang shop: it cannot be done.'

'You had better perpend, Provost,' said the stranger. 'I bring you that peaceful offer of a ransom in the one hand; but in the other I bring war and spuilzie.—Interrupt me not, sir. Your hard, bargaining Scots eye asks me, How can I make that threat good?' With a twist of his hand and a touch of his heel, which showed he was familiar with the art of the *mandye*, he made his horse plunge and turn. Then he uttered an order in a foreign tongue to his following, and the soldiers opened out and disclosed two cannon. 'There, sir,' said he with a proud fling of his hand, 'is part of my answer to your question. There you see over two hundred as brave and desperate carles as

ever flashed scimitar or burned powder. They are ready to burst your gates open. They are trained and indured by incessant practice to all the points of war both by sea and by land, and when they are let loose, they are the very hounds of the Nether Pit of Gehenna for blood and rapine and ravishment; for, sir, they bear a name that would blench the cheek of the bravest merchantman that ever put to sea with a fair wind: they are Rovers of Saltee!'

And the name did indeed make even the cheek of the stout Provost turn pale; for all men—and especially those who did any business with foreign countries—had heard of the piracies of the famous Sea-rovers, who, nominally Moorish, were recruited from among the ruffianly, the desperate, and the outlawed of every nation. And it is chronicled concerning them that so early as the closing years of James I. they were the terror of 'all the Straights,' of the European side of the Atlantic, and of 'the narrow seas of England;' and it is certain that oftener than once they even descended on the west of Ireland and raided the country. The title, therefore, of a Rover of Saltee smote on the Provost's ear even more fearfully than would have sounded to his like a century and a half later the name of Paul Jones.

'I am their chief *reis*, or admiral, on this cruise,' continued the stranger. 'I have four well-found ships riding at anchor at this precise moment off the end of the pier of Leith; and they have on board as many men again as ye see behind me, all armed to the teeth, and broadsides of cannon loaded to the throat—waiting my word to ding the township of Leith about the sharp cuts of its rascally traders; and then to come on, and do the like, if need be, for Auld Reekie. It rests with you, Provost, and your Council to settle if that shall be done or no.'

'My certie, sir, said the Provost, putting a good face on it, 'ye're gleg. While you were dinging at our ports and shaking our dames' crockery, where would our buiggies be, trow ye, sir, and where would the castle be—that is, been where it is for hundreds of years?'

'You think to come on my blind side, Provost,' said the stranger. 'But—without undervaluing the valour of the citizens and of the garrison of the castle, whilk is doubtless as ancient as you maintain—I opine that neither town nor castle has any resistance to fling away. I know that you have not at this precise moment in the town fifty men fit to bear arms, and not one that has any skill even in a street-tuilzie, and that if the garrison of the castle is able to fire a cannon-shot over our heads, that's all that they can do.'

'Ay, man, is that so?' was all the poor Provost could find to say; but he said it with as full a touch of irony as he could command. 'But ye're a wise chield to ken a' about a town ye make out ye hae never seen before.'

'I have my information, Provost,' said the stranger composedly, 'from the Bailies of Leith, who are fain to beseech you to yield even as they have done, and save their town from sack and ruin. Like wise men, they think it better to lose their coat than their skin.'

He turned again and uttered an order in the

foreign tongue, and there were led forward two men, with their hands tied behind them. They were dressed much like the Provost, and he readily recognised them as they were led near to be Bailies of the port of Leith, whom he knew by name.

'These honest Bailies are here with me, Provost,' said the leader, 'to tell you that their eldest sons are on board my ships as pledges for the payment of the small ransom which I have demanded of their township, and to plead with you to help them to fulfil their contract and to redeem their pledges, who else will be carried away into Moorish slavery.—Tell the Provost,' said he, addressing the unfortunate citizens, 'whether that be true or not?'

'It's ower true, Provost,' said they sadly. 'There was naething to be done but tak' what terms were offered. Beggars canna be choosers.'

'So, Provost,' broke in the leader, 'let us waste no more time, but lead on to the town, and consult with your fellows whether you will pay me my contribution or have your old town sacked.'

'I must e'en bow to necessity,' said the Provost. 'But, said o' me, man, I had rather fight ye with my bare meves!'

So he led on back to the town, surrounded by the vanguard of horsemen. As they entered the Canongate, the rapid alarm toll of a drum was heard from the town; and as they advanced between the high houses, windows were flung open and heads were protruded to survey in silent amazement the strange troop of armed men, like people from another world, who were marching up to the Nether Bow. The afflicted Provost cast up his eyes to the windows of his own house as he passed, but they showed no sign of life; and still the drum rolled, and the hum of excitement grew within the city, and the strange, turbaned men marched steadily forward to the gate, while the sun, which now shone almost directly up the Canongate, flashed on the bright weapons of the strangers—their lances, swords, and musketoons.

When the Nether Bow was reached at the bottom of the High Street, the Provost knocked at the postern for admittance. The Waiters, or porters, demurred to opening the gate for anybody: their orders were, they said, to keep it closed.

'If the gate is not opened before I count a score, I'll blow it in with my cannon!' roared the turbaned leader, and gave orders that the two pieces of artillery which his men dragged with them should be brought to bear on the gate.

After a word or two from the Provost, the gate was opened wide, and revealed a sulkily, angry, amazed, but wholly obstinate crowd, chiefly of women, stretching away up the High Street. They stared at the regular armed ranks of the turbaned strangers, and scowled sulkily at the threatening cannon; but they kept their ground in silence. With orderly promptitude, the leader of the strangers posted some of his men at the gate, chose the twelve horsemen to be with himself, and drew up the remainder square-wise, with the cannon looking up the High Street. The twelve horsemen, on the requisitioned horses, gathered within the gate

about their leader, who with the Provost awaited the hurried approach of the Town-councillors. The Bailies and Councillors came fluttered more with astonishment than with fear. They made for the Provost with unrestrained demonstrations of their feeling. 'Eh, but this is a sair trial of faith, Provost!' said one. 'But whaur do they outlandish earles come frae?' demanded another.

'It would be main-seemly and conformable, friends,' said the Provost, who regretted the want of dignity shown by his colleagues of the Council, 'if we postpone the discussion of these matters till we were in the Council Chamber.'

'If you are for the Town-house, Provost,' said the leader of the strangers, 'I must e'en go with you.'

To that the poor Provost could not choose but assent; and the Council therefore led the way to the Town-house, followed by the Provost and his guardians. The crowd hustled and jostled in the narrow street; but the dark turbaned stranger looked so fierce, so warlike, and so well armed, that the boldest men and women of the crowd held their hand. Had Auld Reekie, however, had its proper complement then of fathers and sons, the strangers might have had a very bad quarter of an hour in the High Street; for the Edinburgh mob had had much experience of street-fighting, and was known to be the fiercest and most formidable of any town in Christendom. The leader of the turbaned cavaliers was probably aware of that; for he kept a shrewd, sharp eye roving restlessly round. Though there were few proper men to be seen in the crowd, he yet had the caution, when the Town-house was reached, to order two-thirds of his small troop to wheel onward and form a semicircle about the door with their lances threateningly advanced against the crowd, so that none should enter save the Council, the two Bailies from Leith, and himself and his bodyguard of four. The minister, Mr Galbraith, who had heard what was forward, hurried up to pass in, but the leader refused to admit him.

'There is no need for a clergyman, or divine, here, said he.—A friend of the Lord Provost? That may be; but I trow the Provost will do better in this kittle business without the Geneva bands wagging at his jawl.'

Both the minister and the crowd marvelled to hear the turbaned stranger utter such familiar speech, and they set themselves to discuss the matter. Meanwhile, the strange leader had given the Provost and Council half an hour to find him an answer, and they had retired into the Council Chamber, while he remained in an outer room in the company of his bodyguards.

'Achy!' murmured a voice at the leader's elbow, as he stood waiting and looking out of window. 'Wox'; fine woo'—finer than Cheviot; and weel wove; worth a merk the ell, belike.' The leader felt a slight tugging, and turned—to see a quaint, dwarfish, barefoot creature, in a broad bonnet, fingering the material of his mantle with great interest.

'Hallo, Jockey!' exclaimed the leader, 'where have you come from?'

'Nae mair Jockey than ye're John, for a' ye may think o' yourself!' said Wattie; for it was he. 'An' ye're a gran' chield enough, I'll

allow, and weel put on.—“Jockey,” quo’ he, ‘ruminated the creature. ‘I should ken the ring o’ the voice: an’ Embro’ voice, I’ll be sworn. Whaur the deil?’— And the leader caught him trying to get a good view of his face. He turned again and gazed full in Wattie’s eyes; but Wattie was the natural, wild kind of creature that cannot endure a direct and sustained gaze, and he turned his head sharply away with puckered brows, and seemed to look busily from the window. ‘Here’s a bonny dirdum ye’ve brought on the auld town, Captain,’ he continued. ‘But the splore would hae had another guess-look if our gutter-bloods hadna been a’ killed aff wi’ the plague.’

‘The plague, say you?’ demanded the leader. ‘Is the plague in the town?’

‘Did ye no ken?—Hoch, ay! The plague’s been haeing a gran’ time o’t in Auld Reekie: ten o’ them buried last night on the chap o’ twal’: I saw to them myself. Your carles in the big white bonnets down at the Nether Bow, Captain, may be getting smitten at this verra minute!’ The leader again glanced at him, and again found him earnestly perusing his features. ‘Guidsakes!’ exclaimed Wattie, as he again quickly turned his head away. ‘A hereawn’ chield, I’ll be sworn! But whaur the deil?’— And his fingers burrowed in his thick mat of hair to aid recollection. ‘There’s been a rowth o’ roaring loons and scattergoods that hae loupit the law in the auld town sin’ I can mind,’ he murmured, and again he brought his earnest scrutiny to bear on the leader’s face—who was again anxiously looking through the window—and considered it this way and that. ‘Mony and mony a loon I mind. There was Wattie Webster had to rin for dirking a chield in the Lawnmarket; but na: he was red-headed. There was Franky Balfour, a lad frae East Lothian, had to rin for a saucy quean; but a’body kens he gaed to France in a collier, and he had tint twa front teeth in a college ploy.—Na, na. It’s no there: it’s langer syne than that.’ And again his fingers burrowed in his mat of hair, while he pondered and viewed this way and that the appearance and bearing of his tall neighbour. ‘I daursay it’s as lang syne as ten or twal’ year come Martinmas. Hech! but that was a bonny splore! Ay, and he was a black-avised loon, o’ gentle birth, if I’m no mista’en, and his name was—’odsakes! what was his name? His name—ay, his name was Andrew Gray!’

At that, the leader started from his anxious reverie, and demanded: ‘Andrew Gray? What’s that about Andrew Gray? Oh, ay, Jockey, I’ve heard something of an Andrew Gray. What’s the tale you have about him in the town? Out with it now, before the Council comes, and—hark ye, Jockey!—neither add to nor abate from the truth as you remember it.’

‘I see nae good it would do me to tell ye aught but the truth, John,’ answered Wattie.

‘John?’ queried the other.

‘If I’m Jockey, ye’re John,’ answered Wattie in grim offence.

‘So like the obstinate old town!’ murmured the other. ‘But go on: to your tale.’

‘Weel, ten or twal’ year syne come Martinmas—ay, it’ll be twal’ year—there was a grand

splore about the Kirk and the Bishops, and the King and the Titulars—I canna mind what it was a’ about, for there’s been sae mony splores, and tuilzies about a’ that kind o’ business—but it was a grand splore—ay, man, a mighty splore and a nickle bleeze; for what did the loons and the clamjamfrie led on by Andrew Gray do but ‘mak’ a raid on the Lord Provost’s house? Ay, guidsakes! they attackit, and sackit, and brunt the Provost’s house!’

‘Well? well?’ said the other impatiently. ‘Andrew Gray, you tell me, did that?’

‘I’ll no say that Andrew Gray did that wi’ his ain hand—for it would do me nae good to tell ye aught but the truth—but Andrew Gray was the head and leader o’ the rabblement and the wild loons that did it. And he was ta’en and judged in the Court o’ Justiciar, and he was sentenced to be hangit. But he got awa’, man—he got awa’! It was a sair mishanter; for he’d lu’ made a bonny corp!’

‘But how did he get away?’ demanded the other.

‘Ow,’ answered Wattie, ‘he just disappeared frae the Tolbooth—wow! flisk! and awa’!—and there was the wuddie (gallows) without him! And there’s been neither word, smell, nor sight o’ him since!’ And Wattie gave his listener a very sharp, sidelong look.

‘And that’s all—is it? Was it never kenned wha was nobody ever suspected of helping him to escape?’

‘Deil a body! A lot o’ gentle and half-gentle folk banged their loudest at the doors o’ the judges to get him aff; but, na’—

‘I’ve heard,’ said the other, ‘that that Andrew Gray was just a wild, hot-headed loon that meant no harm, and that there was one or two even in the Town-council who thought he should not have been so severely sentenced.’

‘Ay, troth, ane there was, I mind! Nae mair than ane, as I’m a sinner! And that was Bailie Wishart: him that’s now the Lord Provost. What the deil’s come to me that I should hae forgotten that?’

‘Now Lord Provost, is he?’ exclaimed the other.

He had but uttered the words, when the door of the Council Chamber opened, and the Lord Provost came forth, followed sadly by the Council.

A FISH WITH A HISTORY.

THE ‘Reptile House at the Zoological Gardens in London’ contains many creatures which have no claims or even pretensions to be considered reptiles. Among these is the African ‘Protopterus,’ which, even on the most liberal interpretation of the term, cannot be called a reptile. It is, however, undoubtedly one of the most interesting of the varied inhabitants of that institution. Though not a reptile, it is hard to say exactly what it is. It looks like a cross between a fish and an amphibian, with a strong flavouring of something altogether nondescript. That is perhaps the fairest definition that can be given. Its exterior is on the whole fish-

like; but its interior is as decidedly built on the plan of that of a newt; while its weak and thread-like fins are like nothing at all in particular. The *Protopterus* has a more interesting cousin in America, which enjoyed the distinction for some time of being at least semi-mythical; for this reason it collected round itself a variety of legends, which are still hardly dispelled. The animal in question is known technically as the '*Lepidosiren*;' and to some naturalists it was a kind of zoological Mrs Harris. Its very existence as distinct from the African Mudfish was denied. Lately, however, it has been discovered that in certain parts bordering on the river Paraguay, in South America, the fish is, and has been for long, an article of food not by any manner of means recherché. This being so, it is probable that the African fish at the Zoo will soon be reinforced by the arrival of its American relatives. So rare, however, was the American *Lepidosiren*, that in the year 1887 only four specimens were known in European museums; and on the principle that no prophet has honour in his own country, there were none at all in the Museum of Rio de Janeiro.

But though there were not any individuals in museums in South America, there was an immense amount of floating information respecting the creature. In some of the deep lakes in Brazil a monster was reported to exist 'black, short, but of an enormous thickness.' This description, though alluring to the naturalist, is calculated to appal the average person who is not a savant. And besides, the habits of the mysterious animal were on a par with its apparently gloomy and ferocious aspect. Like the celebrated 'Snapping-turtle,' it was said by the natives to seize and devour horses and horned cattle. The unfortunate beasts, when swimming a river or drinking at the margin of a lake, suddenly and quietly disappeared; the fish gripped them beneath, and never showed itself above the surface.

There is a fell American fish which really does do a considerable damage to such large animals; this is, of course, the Electric Eel; but everybody is agreed that an eel can have no possible relations to a *Lepidosiren*; confused though zoological classification is apt to be, and changeable, this much is certain. Still, the eel in question may have afforded a part of the whole, which is termed the '*Minhocao*.' The mythical creature is very probably a kind of mermaid, constructed from diverse elements of the more deadly inhabitants of the rivers and lakes of Brazil. The word *Minhocao* applied to the reputed fish really signifies, in the Portuguese language, 'large earthworm.' The name probably gave a different turn to the legends; for a story was told, some few years since, that in the same part of the South American Continent a huge creature was heard and seen to force its way through the dried-up mud of the margin of a swamp, its progress being rendered

audible and visible by the tearing-up of such trees, of whatever size, as happened to come in its way.

Now, even this behaviour does not by any means put altogether out of court the possibility of a great fish like the *Lepidosiren*. In tropical Africa, the *Protopterus* has occasionally to suffer the apparent inconvenience of a complete drought. It often lives in rivers which the torrid sun of Africa dries up for a part of the year. Nature, however, has provided the fish with an excellent way of coping with this seeming difficulty to its continuity as a species. When the water supply begins to fail, and its failure begins to be felt, the fish calmly proceeds to fabricate for itself, out of a mixture of slime and mud, a case which has been called a 'cocoon.' Within this cocoon the fish can live securely, free from any persecution by enemies, who would at once pounce upon such a fish out of water. It can breathe, though probably it does not breathe very much during this estivation, through the chinks and crannies of its manufactured home; but the air thus used does not supply the gills, which it has in common with all other fish; the beast has lungs like those of the higher animals in general, and of the simple amphibia in particular. When the welcome rains descend, and the mud is again diluted, the fish awakens up from its enforced torpor, and swims freely about, a fish in reality.

It requires no great amount of theory to suppose that the American *Lepidosiren*, which is very near, indeed, to its African connection, has a similar capacity for triumphing over the general defects of the piscine organisation. If so, we have at once an explanation of the subterranean monster which terrified the imported negro. Start with an animal six feet long, and add a trifle for fear, and another trifle for natural exaggeration, inherent in the Caucasian mind, and possibly also in that of the negro, and at once a very respectable creature is created. So entirely at their ease are the Mudfish of Africa in their extemporised dwelling-place, that a number were lately exported, and arrived safely at the Zoological Gardens in London, where, on being placed in water, they crawled out and began to swim about.

Descending from the regions of sheer imagination to those of sober fact, it is a matter of the highest interest that these two peculiar types of fish—if we may so call them—occur on both sides of the Atlantic. The only explanations of this fact are either intense conservatism on the part of the fish, or extreme mobility on the part of the continents of Africa and America. We must either call in the aid of a vanished Atlantis, or believe that the fish slowly journeyed by a kind of North-west Passage from one continent to the other. Scientific opinion happens to be just at present in a convenient state of flux; either hypothesis would secure adherents. On the one hand, we know well that the fish is of ancient lineage and conservative in its characters; it has come down to us from very early times, with many of its present characteristics. On the other hand, opinion is growing in favour of a passage of land from Africa to South America by way

of the Antarctic Continent, about which we have been hearing so much lately—a far better way of transit than the roundabout route by the North Pole.

THE BEAUTY OF VOSS.

By CHARLES EDWARDS.

I. a

SIEGFRIED NANSEN was known as 'the Beauty of Voss' far and wide. Even in Bergen, they would have known whom you meant, if you had so referred to her. She was twenty-one, and just orphaned. Her eyes were of the common Norwegian blue: a clear honest colour. She was, besides, tall and well shaped, almost stately in her demeanour, and with a complexion that many a fashionable lady would have given thousands of crowns to be able to rival for even but a year.

She was as good a girl as most Norwegian dale-bred damsels. Her career had been uneventful and happy. She was duly confirmed, like other girls, and on that most solemn occasion her eyes had overflowed with simple tears of happiness. Her gratitude for the privilege of living was very sincere. In her heart, while the Pastor gave her his blessing, she solemnly made a vow that she would thwart her parents in nothing. They had done much for her. She was ready and eager to do all for them that she could. This was when she was sixteen, and already notorious for her beauty. What cared she for such fame at that time? She meant to be good and dutiful. The manner in which the young men of the valley looked at her on Sundays when she approached the church with the other girls of the village, rather confused than delighted her.

And so for the next three years she milked her father's kine, worked among the hay of the Voss meadows—fine and deep with grass, some of them—and enjoyed winter and summer alike.

Once her father mentioned marriage in her presence. But Siegfried's mother, a masterful woman, cut him short. 'Don't put notions into the lass's head,' she exclaimed somewhat angrily. 'I've plans for her—by-and-by.'

Fru Nansen was not a very tender mother. She had come from Bergen, where she had been maid-servant in an hotel. With other things, she had learned in the town that a pretty face can be turned to excellent account. She had not the least idea of allowing her husband to marry Siegfried out of hand to Olaus Christensen, just because the lad declared he loved her better than his own mother, and would live and die for her if she would let him. Olaus was a worthy young fellow, three years Siegfried's senior. But he was only the third son of his father, who had a small farm; and his position in the world was yet to make.

Mrs Nansen reckoned she had a better match in store for Siegfried in Henrik Pegner, the rich bonder under Swartefeld; and she meant it to come to pass. Pegner was forty, and already twice a widower. But what of that? He had seen Siegfried at village festivals, and,

greatly enamoured of her, like the shrewd, sensible fellow he was, had straightway won the suffrages of her mother. Fru Nansen was a vain, headstrong, and rather ill-tempered woman, and she could not resist the sly blandishments of Bonder Pegner, or the gold brooch with a pearl in the middle which he had ventured to offer her at Yuletide.

As for Siegfried, do what she could to keep her heart absolutely impartial and indifferent to mankind, she could not help being terrified when her mother left her alone with Herr Pegner, and being strangely glad when Olaus and she were alone.

Pegner was not an elegant wooer. He was too old, he said, for that sort of thing. He had spent all his nice phrases and pretty smiles upon his two deceased wives. Would Siegfried take them for granted? he asked. Nothing contented the girl better than to do this: and she hoped he would take himself off afterwards. But no; the man must needs tell off on finger and thumb the worth of his farm, the number of his cows (with their names), and the quantity of milk and wool which he thought a fair average income of produce from his various quadrupeds.

'No doubt about it,' he would then exclaim, with a chuckle and a satisfied stroking of his long red cheeks, 'but there's a good living for a woman in my place.'

The odd thing was that, though he beat about the bush in this coarse way, he did not ask Siegfried outright to marry him. Most men, with his opportunities, would have done it, despite Fru Nansen's wish that he should bide his time till the girl was two-and-twenty.

On the other hand, one June night, when all Voss was *en fête*, and the meadows were full of pleasure-seekers, at eleven o'clock in the mild light of a midsummer gloaming, young Olaus could not control himself. 'Siegfried,' he said to the tired girl, 'I will accompany you home, and you shall go to bed and sleep; but first—Oh, how I wish I were as rich as—as—Bonder Pegner, whom I detest.'

'Why do you detest Henrik Pegner, Olaus?' asked the girl, with some surprise.

'Because he—he loves you, Siegfried,' stammered the lad; 'and because I do too, though I am so much poorer than he is, and therefore not at all likely to gain your mother's consent.'

The girl hung her head and felt warm all over. Then she looked up sideways. 'You love me, Olaus?' she whispered, with a crimson face, to which the midsummer twilight gave a saintly beauty.

'I shall die if I cannot marry you—or at least I shall go to America, which is the same thing,' exclaimed the lad.

The girl said nothing. They walked on until they had distanced all the others, and were in the pine forest just to the north of Voss. Then, when Olaus's feelings had nearly overmastered him, Siegfried again peeped at him sideways. 'Olaus,' she said quietly, 'you need not go to America for me.'

He hesitated a moment, and then, well, he took Siegfried in his arms and kissed her again, and again. As for Siegfried, she felt that her

cup of happiness was full. And of this she was convinced when the next day she told her father what had happened, and Nansen said that Olaus was a good lad, and he had no objection to him. Siegfried's father was not a very strong-minded man. He did not, in the face of the girl's sweet illusion (as he feared it might be), like to mention her mother and the scheme that was concerned with Herr Pegner. He was a bit of a domestic coward.

'I tell you, Siegfried, I think very well of Olaus—a fine strong fellow as ever was. I'd say "Yes" with all my heart, by-and-by.'

That was enough for the girl; she whispered not a word of it to her mother, and lived in a maiden vision of felicity for just four-and-twenty hours. Then they brought Nansen home on a couple of turf creels bound together. He had had a fit in the fields. That night he died, without having spoken an intelligible word. The people of Voss were always of opinion, they said, that Nan-en was not sound in health. His sudden death was not, therefore, surprising. It was a sad affair, of course—very. But it would have been a deal sadder for the 'Beauty of Voss'—of whom they were so proud—if it had been the mother instead of the father. Fru Nansen was a rare woman as Herr Nan-en had been unobtrusive and unsuccessful (speaking comparatively) as a man.

The funeral was, for Voss, almost a grand spectacle, and the pastor, good man, spoke many comforting words at the grave-side, where Fru Nansen shed more tears than she had ever shed in her life. There was not much genuine sorrow at the source of these tears. Still, she could not help missing the man over whom, for more than twenty years, she had exercised a rule of iron.

A week later, young Olaus, who had been in Bergen to see if he could anyhow become partner in a herring-boat, paid the dame a solemn visit.

'Well, Olaus Christisen,' said Fru Nansen, as she whisked a fly from her nice widow's cap—'what have you got to say so very special?'

The lady's manner oppressed the young man. He meant to be diplomatic, and set his hopes before her in convincing array. He had almost succeeded in getting hired by a Tromsø man with a fleet of five 'hearty boats.' Upon the strength of this, he already saw himself a rich Bergen merchant, with a comfortable banker's balance, due to stock-fish and cod-liver oil.

As it was, however, Bønder Pegner's disagreeable, prosperous form came to his mind, and the sense of humility by contrast made him look and feel foolish. 'I want,' he said, 'that is, I should like, dear, honoured Fru Nansen—'

'Come, come,' interrupted the dame. 'I can see through you like glass. You may as well say you want Siegfried, and get it over.'

'That is it,' cried the young man, elatedly.

'The more fool you, Olaus Christisen, and so there's an end of it. I don't bring only children into the world to give them in marriage to young men with nothing to speak

of.—Good-afternoon to you—I have my bread to see to.'

'But'—began the youth.

'There's no "but" in it; and that's all I have to say to you on the subject.'

As Fru Nansen went out of the room, leaving Olaus alone with a tobacco plant, a tame magpie, and a cat, which seemed considerably afraid of the magpie's bill, there was no rejoinder possible. Olaus therefore snatched up his cap, and went into the open air at enmity with the world.

'She won't hear of it,' he blurted out to Siegfried, who was waiting for him under a cherry tree.

The girl looked sad for a moment. Then, seeing tears in Olaus's eyes, she quietly offered him her handkerchief. 'We must hope for the best,' she whispered; and somehow, when the young man heard her, he felt that all was not lost. There was a decision about the girl's voice that declared her her mother's daughter.

II.

Six months passed—for Olaus, six cruel months of doubt and despair in alternation. Voss was white, instead of green. The mountains and the lake, and the valley which ran from the lake toward Stalheim, were all deep in snow. One day the weather was bright and nipping, and the mild sun just peeped over the mountain tops to look at the snug little village by the lake-side. The next, the snow was driving as in Norway it well knows how to drive. The people attended church in sledges, and great was the concourse of goloshes, of Setch manufacture, usually to be beheld in the church porch on Sunday mornings. In short, winter was in full swing, and the villagers who were so unfortunate as to die were not even able to be buried; they were stacked stiff and stark in their coffins in the little mortuary house adjacent to the church, there to stay until the frost went out of the ground, and the snow lifted its deep mantle therefrom.

To Olaus it seemed that his hopes were no nearer fruition than ever they had been. The widow Nansen was ice-cold and contemptuous whenever she was obliged to say a word to him. Nor had Siegfried much positive encouragement to offer him. Again and again he had said, 'I shall go to Tromsø in the spring.' But though his sweetheart could not announce that she had won her mother to her and his side, the smile with which she was wont to urge him to be patient yet a little longer, gradually became more confident.

'I cannot think, Siegfried,' said Olaus one day in a pet, 'how you can take it so easily.'

They had met by sweet chance at the apothecary's shop, and the apothecary, who was a sympathetic young man, and quite understood Olaus's wink of entreaty, had left them and his drugs together.

'No!' rejoined Siegfried with the far-away look in her blue eyes which at times vastly annoyed her lover.

'No, I cannot. And that beast Pegner always in the house! I heard his sledge-bells this morning when I was chopping

wood, and the wickedness of Cain swelled in my bosom at the sound. I believe, Siegfried dearest, if he had come my way at that moment, I should have cleft his skull.'

'That would have been murder, and they would have imprisoned you for life.'

'I do not care.'

'But I do, you mad-minded fellow. Pegner is still in the house.'

Olaus raised his hard-palmed hands to his forehead, as if to keep his brain from bursting out of its bone mansion.

'With my mother,' added Siegfried.

'May the devil'—began Olaus.

But the girl put her mitted hand to his mouth. 'Hush!' she whispered. 'You are certainly not so clever at understanding things as some young men would be. How is it, Olaus?'

'How is it? How the plague can I tell! Let me go and slay him out of the way.'

'And break my mother's heart!' said Siegfried, with a sweet coquettish smile on her pretty red lips.

'And yours too, I begin to think!' sighed the thick-headed young man. After which he plodded into the snow again, and left the girl ungallantly to find her way home by herself.

But Siegfried understood Olaus, and she would not really have exchanged his stupidity for all the learning of a University Professor of Christiania.

She re-entered the house, and stole away to the back, where the cat was seen washing its paws on the doorstep and looking discontentedly at the snow; while the magpie jerked its tail up and down as it fluttered from chimney-pot to roof-line and exchanged remarks with another magpie not yet domesticated. Here she did much household work, singing gently to herself all the time. Now and then, her mother's laughter could be heard; and occasionally such explicit words as 'Oh, dear Herr Pegner, how entertaining you are! I never met so agreeable a man as you.' She also said, more than once, 'My late man, Nansen, was a fool to you, Herr Pegner!' But Siegfried did not hear this remark, which would not have pleased her.

Pegner waited till supper, and Siegfried waited on them both. At times, the honest bonder might have been seen looking from Fru Nansen to Siegfried, and from Siegfried to Fru Nansen, in a curious manner.

The dame noticed it, and asked what he was thinking of.

'I was confused-like,' he said. 'It is so difficult for a plain man like me to know which is the mother and which the daughter.'

'That's capital, Herr Pegner,' laughed Siegfried.

As for Fru Nansen, she looked as pleased as a baby with its first rattle.

At parting, the bonder kissed Fru Nansen on the cheek, and would have saluted Siegfried in the same manner, only she avoided the courtesy. The girl was very happy.

'You guess,' said Fru Nansen afterwards, not without embarrassment, 'what has occurred, do you not, Siegfried?'

'I think so, mother. A thousand felicita-

'Thank you, child. He is a worthy fellow, and in such excellent circumstances. His other wives did not manage him properly, I fancy. We shall see what we shall see. But there's one thing I am a little distressed about. It would hardly do, my dear child, to have you in the house. I think you will be very happy with your uncle Jens at Eide.'

'No; I should not, mother.'

'Bless the child, what a positive tone she has!'

'I think I am in the right of it, then. You have deprived me of Pegner.'

'I deprived you! Why, my dear Siegfried, he was never seriously taken with you.'

'O h! I tell you what, mother; I am going round to the Christensens. I know it is late; but poor Olaus has had so much disappointment lately, that I can't help giving him this good news as soon as possible.'

Fru Nansen sat and pursed her lips meditatively. It was wonderful what a strong spirit this pretty daughter of hers had developed of late. Such a spirit was not to be tolerated in Pegner's household—that was positive. Then her thoughts centred upon the Eide uncle. The man was fond of corn-brandy—too fond of it, by far. After all, Olaus was a broad-shouldered, steady-going lad. Besides, Pegner was wanting a steward for his little mill-farm by Tynde. There was a snug cottage to it and some good mark-land into the bargain. Why should they not have it? How charming it would be to have both weddings on the same day!

'Very well, Siegfried—at the snow isn't too bad, run and fetch him in,' said Fru Nansen.

That day month the name of Nansen became extinct in Voss, and the 'Beauty of Voss' was led beamingly to Tynde amid the usual gala ceremonies.

VILLANELLE.

Down the dear old lane where we always meet.

With its hedges tall and its grassy way,
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

The bracken is tall and the wild-rose sweet,
And the air is scented with new-mown hay.
Down the dear old lane where we always meet.

In a simple frock, so pretty and neat,
With a face as fresh and fair as the day,
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

There's an old gray stone makes a mossy seat,
With a bank behind where butterflies stray,
Down the dear old lane where we always meet.

Daintily tripping on dainty wee feet,
With an innocent haste that brooks no delay,
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

There's a thrill that quickens my heart's quick beat,
And I fain would think 'twill ever be May:
Down the dear old lane where we always meet
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

HOLT SHAFRO.

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AN OLD ENGLISH SPORT: HAWKING.

THE pursuit of Hawking may be said to have become as all-nigh as extinct in England as the nobler varieties of hawks themselves. Occasionally, indeed the pastime is taken up for a while by one possessed of the requisite leisure and capacity for training the birds, with the result that a reasonable amount of amusement is obtained. But whether from the scarcity of herons owing to the better drainage of the country—the absence of professional falconers, the difficulty of securing trained falcons, or from some other causes, the fact remains that this fascinating recreation of the middle ages has practically died out in England; nor does there seem to be any prospect of it ever regaining a permanent footing amongst us. This is much to be regretted. How much of the charm of outdoor life in medieval times was connected with the sport! The baronial castle, with its bright assemblage of knights and ladies thronging forth to pursue the wild heron or fleet hare—the excitement of the chase—the pleasure derived from noting the keen swoop of a falcon or the wily turning of the quarry: such is the scene again and again presented to us in the earlier literature. How many of Shakespeare's and Chaucer's expressions are only intelligible to us from a study of the terms used in hawking! Many of our every-day English and French words, as every reader of Skat and Brachet will recognise, are derived from this sport, although they may have travelled far from their original meaning. Only to quote, amongst crowds of others, such words as *haggard*, *hire*, and *mews*, in the first language; and *acharne*, *delure*, in the second. The word *mews* has indeed entirely transferred its meaning from a place where hawks are kept, to a building set apart for horses. The royal mews, where the king's hawks were formerly kept, stood once on the ground now occupied by the National Gallery, close to Charing Cross.

As early as Saxon times, hawking seems to have been established in our island. In a letter addressed to St Boniface, Archbishop of Mayence, King Ethelbert writes, asking for two falcons to fly at the crane, 'for there are very few birds of use for this flight in our own country' (Kent). An historian of the time says of King Alfred: 'His felicity in hunting and hawking, as well as in all other gifts of God, was really incomparable, as I have myself often seen.' William of Malme-bury thus describes Edward the Confessor's love of hunting and hawking: 'It was his chiefest delight to follow a pack of swift hounds in pursuit of their game, and to cheer them with his voice; or to attend the flight of hawks taught to pursue and catch their kindred birds. Every day, after divine service, he took the field, and spent his time in these beloved sports.' It was during Saxon times, too, that the monks of Abingdon found it necessary to procure a charter from the king to restrain the practice, in order to prevent their lands from being trampled on.

Every Welsh chieftain kept a large number of hawks; and in the tenth century the sport seems to have been greatly in favour in that kingdom. The 'master of the hawks' was the fourth officer in rank and dignity, and sat in the fourth place from the sovereign at the royal table. He was permitted to drink no more than three times, lest he should neglect his birds; and when more than usually successful, the Prince was obliged by law to rise up and receive him as he entered the hall. It is said that a British chief, Galfredus, was struck on the head and killed by an angry woman, because his hawk had seized one of her fowls. The Princes of the Norman dynasty pursued hunting with great enthusiasm. In the Bayeux Tapestry, Harold may be remarked with a sparrow-hawk on his wrist. From the date of Henry I. and during many subsequent reigns, offences against the Crown were punished by a fine of many

hawks. In Stephen's reign, a noble was fined one hundred Norway hawks and as many gerfalcons, of which four of the former and six of the latter were to be white. Laws were passed making it felony to steal a trained hawk, and subjecting offenders to fine and imprisonment. It was also an offence to take the eggs of the bird. In the time of Henry VII. it was enacted that no one should fly a native hawk; but if he wanted a hawk, must import one from abroad. Frequently hawks were given as presents by our kings to foreign Princes, and also received in return. Edward I. received, in 1276, eight gray and three white gerfalcons from the king of Norway, some of which he seems to have sent to the king of Castile, since a letter of his to that sovereign runs: 'We sent you four gray gerfalcons, two of which are trained to fly at crane; and having already lost nine white falcons, we have none of these at present to offer. Meanwhile, we have sent some of our people to Norway to fetch some.' In 1517 we find the Muscovite ambassador having audience with the king, and bringing presents of furs and hawks, with coats embroidered with pearls. Pepys, describing the entry of the Russian ambassador into London, writes: 'I could not see the ambassador in his coat, but his attendants in their habits and fur caps; very handsome, comely men, and most of them with hawks on their lists, to present to the king.' Many anecdotes of the English kings' love of hawking are extant from the earliest times. We read that when Henry II. was at Pembroke, on the way to Ireland, he chanced to see a fine falcon on a crag, and let loose upon it a half-bred Norway hawk. The falcon, however, became in turn the assailant, and stooping from aloft with great fury on the king's hawk, laid it dead at Henry's feet. From that time the king used to send every year for young falcons from the cliffs of South Wales.

Richard I., when in the Holy Land, amused himself with hawking on the Plain of Sharon, and is said to have presented some of these birds to the Sultan. Later on, while passing through Dalmatia, he carried off a falcon which he saw in one of the villages, and refused to give it up. He was attacked so furiously by the, justly incensed villagers, that it was with the utmost difficulty that he managed to make his escape. King John used to send both to Ireland and to Norway for his hawks. We are told by Froissart that when Edward III. invaded France, he had thirty falcons, and every day either hunted or went to the river for the purpose of hawking. Henry VII. imported goshawks from France, giving four pounds for a single bird—a much greater sum in those days than at present. Henry VIII. whilst hawking at Hitchin was leaping a dyke, when the pole broke, and the king was immersed head

first into the mud, and would have perished, in all probability, had not his falconer dragged him out. Elizabeth and James I. were much interested in the sport; the latter sovereign, indeed, expended considerable sums on its maintenance. Aubrey, in his *Miscellanies*, says: 'When I was a freshman at Oxford, I was wont to go to Christ Church to see Charles I. at supper, where I once heard him say that as he was hawking in Scotland he rode into the quarry, and there found the covey of partridges falling upon the hawk; and I remember his expression further, "And I will swear upon the Book 'tis true."'

It was said that not long before the death of Charles I., a sparrow-hawk escaped from its perch and pitched upon one of the iron crowns of the White Tower, where, entangling its leash in the crown, it hung by the heels and died. This was regarded at the time as a very ominous circumstance. The last member of the royal family who is said to have received hawks from abroad was Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II., who occupied the palace of Durdans, near Epsom, now the residence of Lord Rosebery. The quarry at which the hawks were flown varied with the breed of falcon employed. The peregrine was generally used to attack rooks, crows, or magpies; the gerfalcons would be flown at herons and cranes; while the goshawk, a more sluggish bird, would suffice for partridges and rabbits. The tiny merlin, which was the ladies' favourite bird, would be used for smaller game, such as black-birds or larks. Further information about hawks and hawking may be found in Mr Harting's interesting book and lectures, from which we have largely quoted; whilst an excellent account of the 'History of Hawking in Norfolk,' down to the present century, is given by Professor Alfred Newton in a pamphlet on Lubbock's Fauna of that county. The latter writer gives an amusing extract from Blome's 'Gentlemen's Recreation,' which quaintly describes the way in which the kite—itsself a species of hawk—was assailed by the falcon: 'There is a pretty way for the flying of a kite which affords good diversion; it is thus performed: Get an owl, and tie a small fox-tail, or some such device, to one of her legs, that she may not give you the go-by; and, being in the field, the day being warm and clear, you will soon discover a kite cooling herself in the air; then let your owl fly, and the kite will not fail to make haste to gaze upon her; and when the kite is descended pretty near her, then let fly your hawk, and the kite, perceiving the surprise, doth endeavour to preserve herself by mounting up and winding the more she can; and here the combat begins; but oftentimes none can see when it ends—both mount out of sight. But in the end the hawk becomes

victor, and by main strength and courage beats down the kite, yet not without many turns and wrenches in the air, to the great pleasure of the spectators.'

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XIII.—FOUND DEAD.

POLICE constable Q99 (known as Pirret to his friends and acquaintances) was often heard to say that he considered his beat in Chancery Lane one of the best in London, certainly the best in the Q Division. At night the pavements were deserted, save in one or two small side-streets, inhabited chiefly by office-cleaners and their families. All through the day the streets were filled with lawyers and lawyers' clerks, patent agents, and clients, who never gave policeman Pirret any trouble, except by calling on him to act as arbitrator in the case of a disputed cab fare.

On the evening of Thursday, the 14th of September, Constable (Q99) was pacing down Norfolk Street in his usual leisurely manner. It had been an unusually quiet day—quiet to dullness. There was a sunset somewhere, far beyond those smoke-grimed walls and lofty chimneys, and a reflected radiance shone through the stifling, smoky air. It was not hot; but there was no vitality in the air; it seemed to have been breathed over and over again until the oxygen had gone out of it; and the policeman felt tired and languid, though he did not know why.

He was just thinking that it was possible for a beat to be too quiet, when he noticed a woman, a stout, elderly woman, a few yards ahead of him, come hastily down the steps of the block of buildings known as No. 9. She was behaving in a peculiar way—running (when she got to the street), and then stopping short in an aimless fashion, uttering incoherent cries, and moving her hands, clasped in front of her, up and down, as if they were being worked by a machine.

In another moment she had caught sight of the policeman, and began running towards him. Constable Pirret did not quicken his pace by a fraction of an inch per second.

'Well, my woman, what's up now?'

'Oh dear me, it gave me such a turn!'

'What gave you such a turn?'

'It's that sudden. To be took off like that, without, you may say, a moment's warning! And him so well this morning, ever so much better!'

'I can't make out what you mean to be at. Speak plain, can't you? Is anybody dead?'

'Yes, he's dead. Oh dear! Oh dear me!'

'Who is dead?'

'Mr Felix, as lives at No 9. I went in to get him his dinner, as he wasn't able to go out, and I found him lying on the couch, stone-dead! Oh deary me!'

'Show me the way,' said the policeman sternly.

Already a few messengers and junior clerks

on their way home had collected to listen to what the woman had to say; and they followed at a respectful distance, knowing that if they pressed too close, they would be driven off.

'I seem to know your face,' said the constable to his companion.

'Bird is my name,' answered the woman. 'I've been laundress to Mr Felix, and done for him, this fifteen years past o' Christmas; and now, to think of him lying there dying all by hisself!'

'There—that'll do,' said Mr Pirret, who was superior to irrelevant sentiments.

Mrs Bird had left the door of the lawyer's office open. She and the constable passed through the clerks' room and the solicitor's private room to the dining-room. The fireplace was on the left-hand side of the room; and on the right hand was a small table with a tray containing dishes, among them a water carafe and a tumbler. Between this table and the fireplace was a writing-table with a tall back, containing pigeon-holes for papers. Close to the writing-desk the constable noticed a japanned tin-box, closed, but not locked.

Beyond the writing-table, and nearly opposite the fireplace, was a small, old-fashioned 'claw-foot' table, large enough to hold a tray for a meal, or writing materials. And beyond that, again, on the other side of the fireplace, was a couch—a couch with the form of a man on it, apparently sleeping.

Mrs Bird remained near the door. The policeman advanced, and touched the man's face. It was already cold.

'We must send for a doctor,' exclaimed the policeman. 'We must have a doctor, even if he can't do no good, for there must be a hinkst, that's plain.—Where's the nearest doctor, Mrs Bird? Run and fetch him—take a cab, if it's any distance. I'll stay here till you come back.'

In less than a quarter of an hour the doctor had arrived—a tall, thin, careworn man of fifty.

'I am Dr Macleod,' he said to the constable. 'Where is?—Ah! I see.' He bent down over the prostrate form on the couch, and made a short examination. 'I should say it's all over with him. Overdose of some narcotic, I fancy. But we must try and bring him to. I'll do what I can at once, and then you had better take him to a hospital. He can't be properly treated here.'

A stretcher and an ambulance were fetched; and the lifeless body of Mr Felix was taken to the Great Northern Hospital. It was not long, however, before the surgeons desisted from their labours. It was useless. James Felix had gone to his account.

Dr Macleod had left some of his belongings in the room where the body was found, and he went back for them on his way home. He found a small crowd outside the door; and upstairs another smaller crowd was lingering near the door of the office. Inside, Constable Pirret was standing on guard. An Inspector of Police had just arrived. He was making a tour of the room and of the bedroom beyond, poking here and there. Dr Macleod and he had met over police cases before, and they nodded each other a greeting.

'Any hope of restoring him?' asked the Inspector.

The doctor shook his head. 'He's as dead as ever he will be,' was the answer.

'What do they make out he died of?'

'An overdose of some preparation of cocaine, I fancy.'

The Inspector started, straightened himself up, and looked straight at the doctor. 'Sure of that?' he inquired.

'I fancy there's little doubt of it. But why do you ask?'

'We must find out who gave it him—that's all.'

'He took it himself, most likely.'

'No; he didn't.'

'How do you know that, Clarke?'

'Because there isn't a phial here with any trace of such a thing about it, as far as I can see. There's a tumbler over there with a few drops of water left in it. And there's a cup that has had soup or beef-tea in it. Of course, what is there must be analysed. But I can find no phial with any narcotic in it. That shows that somebody must have given him the drug, doesn't it? If he had taken it himself, the phial would have been here.'

'He may have sent out for some, and the clerk or servant who fetched it may have taken away the empty phial.'

'Oh, that's possible enough. I only mean that we must make some inquiries, and find out how it actually happened.'

During this conversation, the two men had passed through the office and gained the door. A few clerks and loungers, with a number of women employed to clean offices, were gathered in the passage.

'Are any of you clerks in this office?' demanded the Inspector.

'No, sir,' promptly responded a voice.

The police-officer looked sharply round, and his eyes met those of a boy of fourteen who stood almost at his elbow. The boy had a small, pale face, without a particle of shyness or reserve—the face of an eager, restless, precocious London youth.

'What do you know about it?' said the Inspector roughly.

'I know wot you asked, and I give you an answer,' answered the boy, in a tone of injured dignity. 'I'm a clerk in there, Touchpenny & Diggs—he pointed across the passage as he spoke—and I know the clerks belonging to this office—Father Matthew, an' Lardy Dardy Dan. They ain't neither of 'em 'ere.'

'Do you know where they live?'

'No.'

'When did they leave?'

'Lardy Dardy Dan'—

'Speak a little more respectfully, my lad.'

'Dan O'Leary's away on his holidays.'

'Well—he isn't the only clerk, I suppose?'

'There's only one more, old Matthew Fane. He was out part of the afternoon, but he left about five o'clock, as usual.'

'Is that the usual time for closing solicitors' offices?' This was said with a sidelong look of deep cunning, as if the Inspector was convinced that the lad was trying to deceive him.

'It is, about here, in the middle of September.'

The Inspector threw an inquiring look at the constable, who nodded a corroboration of the boy's statement.

'There was a lady come about 'arf-past three'—continued the lad.

'How do you know that?' interrupted Clarke.

'If you like, I'll show you,' said the boy; 'but will you let me go to the hinkwest? I heard them say there's sure to be a hinkwest.'

'You'll be called as a witness, if you have anything to tell the jury,' answered the police-officer diplomatically.

'Get her to open the office then—Touchpenny's, I mean—and I'll show you how.' As the lad spoke, he nodded in the direction of one of the office-cleaners; and the Inspector beckoned to her to open the door of Mr Touchpenny's office.

Once inside, the boy went straight to a small airless den, not quite four feet by three, furnished with a high narrow desk and a high stool. This box was separated from the passage outside by a partition, the upper part of which was of glass, painted white, so as to prevent any one outside seeing into the office. The office-boy, however, had scratched a tiny hole in the paint at such a height above the level of his desk that, while apparently bending over his work, he enjoyed a view of the passage outside, and could amuse himself by watching the various visitors as they came and went. This hole in the paint the boy pointed out to the Inspector; and the policeman saw at once that a person might have visited Mr Felix and thought himself unobserved, while the lad's sharp eye had been upon him all the time.

'Well, I can't stop any longer now,' said the Inspector. 'Mind you're here at half-past nine to-morrow morning.—What's your name, by the way?'

'Atkins, sir—Edward Leopold Atkins.'

'Very good, Edward Leopold Atkins. You give the policeman your address, and see that I find you here at half-past nine to-morrow morning.'

Master Atkins, who now found himself a public character, and the object of envy to all the junior clerks of the street, was punctual next morning. He overtook Inspector Clarke just as he reached the landing at the top of the stairs. 'Oh, you're there, are you?' growled the Inspector. He had a rooted dislike to boys in general, and to sharp lads like Mr Edward Atkins in particular. 'I hadn't time to talk to you last night; but I want you to give me an exact account of the people who came to see Mr Felix yesterday, as far as you know. Now the clerk, you said, left about five?'

'Yes, sir; and here he is, to answer you himself.'

Fane came up-stairs at that moment. He carried a newspaper in his hand, and seemed very pale.

'Ah, your name's Fane?' said the Inspector, stepping forward. 'You know what's happened here, I suppose?'

'I've just read an account of it,' said Fane, holding up the paper in his hand. 'As I was coming along the street, I saw on the placard of

the *Telegraph* "Mysterious Death of a Solicitor;" so, out of pure curiosity, I stopped and bought a copy. Little did I think it was my own employer, sir. The thing has quite upset me; so sudden it was!

'You may say so, very sudden. When did you see Mr Felix last?'

'About half-past three, I think it would be; he came to me in the outer office, and sent me on a message to the City.'

'Ah, well; you'll have to tell all about it at the inquest. You give me your name and address, and you shall get a summons to attend.'

COOLGARDIE.

It was at one time generally believed that the unexplored regions of the vast Eastern Division of Western Australia consisted merely of sandy desert or arid plains, producing at most scrub, and spinifex or 'poison plants.' In recent years, however, a faith that the interior would prove rich in various mineral resources began to dawn, and rose in proportion as each report of a new 'find' was made to the Government. But only a few ventured to cherish a hope that tracts of fertile country were lying beyond their ken, awaiting the advent of the explorer whose verdict upon the nature of the soil, or possibilities of obtaining water, would result in settlement, and prosperity, and civilisation.

By the opening up of the country surrounding Coolgardie—situated at a distance of three hundred and sixty-eight miles inland from Fremantle, the port of Perth—it has been proved that not only thousands of square miles of auriferous country are contained in these once despised 'back blocks,' but also large areas of rich pasturage and forest-lands.

Very little is known in England of the extent and importance of the five great gold-fields already proclaimed within the boundaries of what it was once the fashion to call 'the Cinderella of the South,' but which is now more generally spoken of as 'The Coming Colony.' This is, however, less surprising than that similar ignorance should exist in the sister colonies. A few months ago a Sydney paper published the following piece of information: 'Coolgardie is not a continuation of the Murchison; Southern Cross is. Coolgardie is four hundred miles east-by-north from Perth, from which you rail it to York only. It is about one hundred and fifty miles from Esperance Bay.' This is a truly astonishing blunder. On the map which lies before me, both Coolgardie and Southern Cross are found within the proclaimed limits of the Yilgarn gold-field, which, roughly estimated, covers an area of forty-six thousand square miles, and is situated in the Eastern Division; whereas the Murchison, a totally distinct gold-field, is in the Gascoyne, and lies to the north of Yilgarn.

Little more than eighteen months have elapsed since Bayley's sensational discovery of gold at Coolgardie attracted world-wide attention

to the hidden treasure of Western Australia. Yet in this brief space of time, settlement has been carried far into the interior. Even within the last few months, the hardships of the journey to Coolgardie have been considerably lessened, as the Yilgarn railway has already been pushed on as far as Southern Cross, two hundred and forty-four miles from Fremantle. This town was the centre of the field until the discovery of Bayley's mine laid the foundation of its rival's future supremacy. The remainder of the journey may now be made by coach; frequent camel trains and teams of horses carry provisions of all kinds to Coolgardie; but hundreds of the poorer seekers after fortune are obliged to 'lump their swags'—as they would themselves describe carrying their loads—and tramp along the track through the bush.

After leaving Southern Cross, the first camping-place is reached at a distance of eight miles. Here a small tank, made by Government labour, is surrounded by a good fence, and belongs to the Warden and police. These stations are called 'soaks,' or 'rock-holes,' if made—as they usually are—in the vicinity of granite rocks. Above the level plain of desert vegetation towers a peaked or round-backed mass of granite. Some rise to the height of one hundred feet, and may cover an area of many acres. Down their bare, brown sides courses the infrequent rainfall, and is absorbed by the soil at the base, which, as a rule, is well grassed, and in its deeper places probably contains a surface spring, which constitutes 'the soak.' Or, perhaps there is a tank-like hollow in the rock—sometimes several—and these are the 'rock-holes.'

The next important stage is called Yellow-dine Rock, and is between nineteen and twenty miles on the road to Coolgardie. Around this spot there is abundant evidence that much labour was lost before the water was lured from its hidden springs. Numerous trial-shafts and bore-holes break the ground. But perseverance was at length rewarded, and a fair supply was obtained. Several of the wells are fenced round, to preserve the water from pollution, and troughs constructed for the use of stock.

The track next leads through country which is described as metamorphic. Having traversed this region, the traveller is refreshed by the sight of a placid lake; but, alas, a draught of its deceptive waters means more maddening thirst than before, for it is salt. Then on for seven or eight miles, through forests of morrell and salmon-gum, to Morlining Rock. Here, beneath the shade of lofty trees, abundant grass can be obtained by the stock, and the soil is particularly rich and suited for agriculture.

About three miles farther on, at the rock Karulee, a magnificent view of the Koolyanobbing Hills, which lie about thirty miles to the north-west-by-north, is to be seen. The country passed through in this last short stage is said to be very good land, more or less sandy, and interspersed with thickets. But in Australia the fact that soil is sandy does not mean that it is poor; when irrigated, it is

highly productive, as has been proved by the returns from that already under cultivation in the settled districts.

The forest is again entered on leaving Karalee; then for a short distance the track leads across a sand-plain, with occasional patches of rich-looking soil, till Kooralyee is reached. Starting from the latter place, the worst part of the route begins. All around, as far as the eye can reach, stretches an arid and apparently sterile plain. For miles and miles nothing but the cruel spinifex or the 'poison plant' grows, unless where an impenetrable thicket breaks the monotony of the view, looking like a desert island in this shimmering bluey-white ocean of desolation. Beside the track lie the bones or the putrefying carcasses of horses or sheep that have died from eating the poison scrub; or of exhaustion, from dragging their burdens through the burning sand; or perished for want of water. But once safely arrived at Boorabbin Rock, beneath the grateful shade of a clump of sheoak and salmon-gum, the weary traveller and his jaded beasts may rest and quench their thirst. A rather sandy soil is observable in the next five miles of country; then, for a dozen miles or so, the track passes through forests alternating with brief intervals of sand-plain. In the wooded parts the soil is exceedingly rich, and grass is plentiful.

As Coolgardie is approached, the country becomes more undulating; and in the distance Mount Burgess makes a bold and striking feature in the landscape, isolated from the neighbouring low hills. A few miles to the south lies the vigorous little town, surrounded by a halo of tents. It is situated thirty-one degrees south, one hundred and twenty-one degrees east; the climate is therefore temperate, though very hot during the dry season. It has been judiciously laid out, and promises to be one of the prettiest inland towns in the colony. In the principal street, all is bustle and activity: teams arriving from Southern Cross; camels unloading or being driven out by picturesque Afghans; diggers and prospectors setting out for distant 'rushes'; black piccaninies rolling in the dust, or playing with their faithful kangaroo dogs—their dusky parents lolling near with characteristic indolence—and men of every nation and colour under heaven combine to give the scene a character all its own.

There are good stores, numerous thriving hotels; and a hospital has lately been started in charge of two trained nurses. The spiritual needs of the population are supplied by Wesleyan services and Salvation Army meetings. As yet the public buildings are not architecturally imposing; the principal one is a galvanised iron shed which does duty for a post-office. When the bi-weekly mail arrives, the two officials, with the aid of an obliging trooper, vainly endeavour to sort the letters and newspapers quickly enough to satisfy the crowd, all eager for news from home. During the hot dry months, Coolgardie has been almost cut off from the outside world. It was found necessary to limit the traffic between it and Southern Cross, owing to the

great scarcity in the 'soaks' and wells along the road. Condensers have been erected at various stations close to the salt lakes, and the water retailed by the gallon; by this means the road can be kept open till the wet season sets in.

Prospectors are energetically exploring the country in every direction around Coolgardie, and from all sides come glowing accounts of the quality of the land, which, besides being auriferous, is undoubtedly suitable for agricultural and pastoral purposes. To the eastward lie many thousands of acres of undulating pasture-land, wooded like a park with morrell, sandalwood, wild peach, zimlet-wood, salmon-gum, and other valuable timbers. The soil is a rich red loam, which with cultivation should equal the best wheat-growing districts of Victoria. So green and abundant is the grass, that it has been described as looking like an immense wheat-field before the grain has formed. Several kinds of grass are to be found: the fine kangaroo variety; a species of wild oats; and a coarse jointed grass, all of which stock eat with relish, and thrive, it is said.

A Water Supply Department has been formed by the Western Australian Government, and measures are being taken to obtain supplies of artesian water as well as to construct a system of reservoirs and dams on a large scale. For the latter purpose the soil is said to be well suited; and during the rainy season there is no lack of surface-water. In many parts of Australia this method of maintaining a supply is considered more reliable than that of well-sinking or boring.

It is evident that the natural conditions are favourable for attracting a permanent population of traders and agriculturists, the produce of whose industry should supply the demands of the mining community. There is undoubtedly a great future for reefing operations on this field, where, it may be mentioned, Bayley's Reward Claim is by no means the only valuable property. Leases have been taken up for miles along the chain of hills. Mr Bayley's discovery of Coolgardie might serve as an apt illustration of 'the early-bird' theory. While on a prospecting expedition in September 1892, he went one auspicious morning to look after his horse before breakfast. A gleaming object lying on the ground caught his eye. It was a nugget, weighing half an ounce. By noon, he, with his mate, had picked up twenty ounces of alluvial gold. In a couple of weeks they had a store of two hundred ounces. It was on a Sunday afternoon that they struck the now world-famed Reward Claim, and in a few hours they had picked off fifty ounces. Next morning they pegged out their prospecting area. But whilst thus profitably employed, they were unpleasantly surprised by the arrival of three miners who had followed up their tracks from Southern Cross. The discoverers worked on during the day at the cap of the reef, and by such primitive methods as the 'dolly-pot,' or pestle and mortar, easily obtained three hundred ounces of the precious metal. The unwelcome visitors stole two hundred ounces of the gold, a circumstance which

obliged them to report their 'find' sooner than they would otherwise have done, fearing that, if they delayed, the thieves would do so instead, and claim the reward from the Government.

On condition that they would not molest his mate during his absence, Mr Hayley agreed to say nothing about their having robbed him, and set out on his long ride to Southern Cross. He took with him five hundred and fifty-four ounces of gold with which to convince the Warden that his discovery was a genuine one. The field was declared open after his interview with the authorities.

No one will dispute that this mineral wealth must prove a source of immense prosperity to Western Australia; but of no less importance is the fact that the soil is rich and productive. The ultimate and enduring development of a country must depend on the labour and thrift of a different class of settlers from those who compose the majority of a rush to the gold-fields. Miners are usually only eager to 'make their pile,' so that they may return to the haunts of civilisation, taking with them the riches they may have amassed. That the country surrounding Coolgarlie is suitable for permanent settlement is of vast importance, not alone to Western Australians but to Englishmen, to whom it should open up a fresh field for enterprise and colonisation.

A TALE OF OLD EDINBURGH.

CHAPTER III.—THE ELIXIR.

THE leader of the Saltee Rovers turned, and waited for the Lord Provost to speak.

'Sir,' said the Provost, 'we see no way of winning out of this trouble ye have brought upon our town save and except by submitting ourselves to your very hard and burdensome requisition. I speak in the name of the haill Council.'

'And look ye, Captain-rover,' broke in the Town-clerk hurriedly, 'we must hae time granted to pay the contribution: that's but reasonable in law and equity, as I tauld my Lord Provost; and forbye, it would be baith conformable and gracious in a son of the auld town, as I understand your roving honour to be, to remit or postpone a guid whang of that same contribution.'

'I have not acknowledged, sir,' said the Rover-captain loftily, 'that I owe aught to this ancient town; nor, in sooth, do I.'

'I may have been deceived, sir,' said the Provost with a simple, pathetic dignity, 'in thinking ye must be in some sort a son or a friend of our auld town; I hope I may, if you are to maintain a hard, cruel heart. But, sir, if ye have any humanity, ye'll abate your requisition; not that we would have you spare fat purses, but that ours are at the present time something of the leanest. In truth, sir, I know not where we should collect you twenty thousand gold-pieces in a twelvemonth; for our town is wasted by requisitions for our

army in England, and for our levies with the Lords of the Convention, and now with this plague that the town is smitten with. Our purses are well nigh empty, and our families are dying; and I pray ye, sir, take that into your account.'

The Rover-captain was plainly touched with the Provost's dignified plea. He frowned, looked down, bit his lip, and considered; and when he looked up to speak, the Town-clerk declared afterwards that 'a tear was in his e'e.'

'I have had in my time,' said he, 'a friend or two native to this town. For their sake, sirs, I will reduce my requisition to one-half; but I must demand hostages for its payment on noon of the third day, at the end of the pier of Leith.'

'Three days!' exclaimed the Town-clerk, while the rest looked blue, and cast glances of dismay on each other. 'Ye might as well say three hours!'

'Wouns, sirs!' cried the Rover-captain, 'have I not been easy enough for ye in dividing the sum by two?—Three days, I say,' he repeated, in the tone of one who is not wont to be questioned or contradicted: 'no more and no less. And the Lord Provost and the Bailies will deliver to me instanter each his eldest son, to be held by me as hostage for the stipulated sum.'

'My son?' exclaimed the Provost. 'Alack! I have no son! I have but a daughter, and she lies sick of the plague!'

'Sick of the plague!' exclaimed the Rover-captain with a new, a singular, a sprightly kind of interest. He had given his attention to the discussion of the terms of the ransom with a dull, obstinate, business-like persistency, of which he seemed half ashamed; but now all that was changed, and his eye sparkled and his voice rang with hope and vivacity, inasmuch that the whole Council wondered, and listened in silence, with a sure instinct that here somehow was a new turn of the business. 'Is she your only daughter, Provost?'

'The only daughter or bairn,' said the Provost, almost in tears, 'that I ever had.'

'Ay,' broke in the Town-clerk, 'an' she was a blithesome and a bonny aye.'

'Na, sir?' exclaimed the Rover-captain. 'You speak as if she already had passed!'

'Na, na,' said the Town-clerk; 'I'm not aye to cast down any man. But there's not a single body aince smitten that has got ower this plague yet.'

'Tut!' exclaimed the Rover-captain. 'Ye make this wark about the plague because ye are so little acquaint with it. In the towns of Barbary we have it, like the poor, always with us. I've been myself smitten with it twice, and I always carry with me an elixir that is potent to drive it out. If it be not too long since the maiden was smitten, I will engage myself to cure her.'

'I am obliged to ye, sir,' answered the father; 'but she has already been waited on by a worthy leech and chirurgion, and my ain mother sits by her, who has as great a knowledge of simples as any.'

'Nay, but, sir,' pleaded the Rover-captain with a singular earnestness, 'the treatment of

the plague is a special knowledge which I have had from a very learned Arabian doctor; and all men know that none have ever attained to such medical skill as the Arabian doctors of Spain.—How long is it since the maiden was smitten?’

‘She was smitten about six of the clock yester e’en,’ said the Provost.

‘There wants yet two hours of the prescribed limit of twelve. I will send with all speed to my ship for the elixir; and, with your permission, Provost, I will administer it on the instant it is brought.—Decide, sir,’ he urged; ‘for there is no time for further parley.’ Then, seeing the Provost still hesitate, he exclaimed, as if on a new thought: ‘If I cure the maiden, then I shall claim her only as a hostage for the ransom;’ and he glanced at the Provost’s colleagues with a contemptuous smile of expectation, for he guessed that they would now readily back his desire. And they did.

‘Hoot, neighbour Wishart,’ said one of the Bailies, ‘let the Captain but try. If he disna prosper in his task, there will be nae harm done belike. And after a’, the issue is with the Lord.’

‘But if the lassie should die under his hand?’ exclaimed the father.

‘We are all in the hands of God, Provost,’ said the Captain. ‘If the maiden die, she will but be as she would be sure to be without my elixir, according to the testimony of your colleagues.’

‘That she will,’ said the Town-clerk and the Bailies promptly.

‘But,’ said the Captain, ‘I am ready to stake the ransom on her cure. If I fail to cure the maiden, then I abandon my requisition, and I sail away no richer than I came!’

‘That’s a noble offer!’ exclaimed the Clerk and the Council in chorus. ‘Now, Provost, there is but as thing to say to that!’

‘Ye all press too hard on me!’ cried the Provost. ‘But be it as you will.’

In an instant the Rover-captain was out of the room, with the supremely interested Wattie at his heels; and in another second or two one of the horsemen was riding down the street to Leith, with Wattie trotting by him as guide. Then the Council all left the Town-house to provide some refreshment for the Rovers; and the Provost went to his own abode to prepare for the coming of the Rover-captain. When the news of the undertaking spread, and that the ransom of the town was now dependent on its success, the excitement of the crowd grew to fever-height, and the curiosity about the Rovers and their Captain became dangerously friendly. There was only one found denouncing the arrangement, and that was the Rev. Mr Galbraith. It was a sinful thing, he declared, and a blasphemous, that an outlandish, heathenish man should be permitted to administer drugs and incantations to a Christian lassie; and to put her life on the wager of the ransom was no better than casting dice, and was as bad as selling her to the Evil one. But his listeners, though respectful, were in no mood to give heed to his lecture. The interest of the ransom of the town and the life of the Provost’s daughter both hanging in the balance, touched them far

more closely both in their business and their bosoms.

The unintelligible strangers were fed with whangs of bannock and kebbucks of cheese; and the citizens, while they looked on, were surprised that such a piratical, ruffianly crew would drink nothing but water. Ale and strong waters, they heard the strange Rover-captain say, were forbidden by their religion; and they gazed with new curiosity and amazement both on the outlandish leader, who spoke their own speech, and on his following, who only jabbered barbarously. Women and children—for, though it was still very early morning, all were now astir—craned their heads from the high windows of the Canongate and the High Street to see the fearsome men in strange coloured garments and white bonnets, eating and chattering in the street below, while the morning sun glinted on their weapons; and there gradually rose even to them in their cries the news that the Captain, who still sat on his horse, was waiting to cure of the plague the daughter of the Lord Provost, and they wondered if there would be any of the medicine left for poor plague-smitten folk, after the Provost’s daughter had had all she might need.

After more than an hour, the horseman who had gone to Leith was seen returning up the Canongate. He was met by the Rover-captain, who took from him a case-phial, and hastily entered the house of the Lord Provost, while his bodyguard of horsemen surrounded the door. The Provost led, and the Captain followed straight to the sick-chamber. There the Provost’s wife and mother were waiting—in some prepared anxiety, evidently; for they rose immediately on the appearance of the turbaned figure and came forward eagerly to question the Rover-captain on the potency and compounding of his elixir.

‘What will be the effect on the lassie?’ whispered the mother.

‘Aiblins,’ murmured the grandmother, ‘I would ken the cordial, if ye would let me put it to my lips.’

‘It is not a cordial, madame, in your sense,’ said the Captain. ‘It is an essence, a refined spirit, and a few drops are potent for this purpose.—But permit me, ladies, to wait upon the suffering maiden!’—and he bowed in a very courtly fashion—‘for this elixir must be administered within twelve hours of the smiting, and the time, I am given to understand, is well-nigh expired.’

He stepped over to the bed, where the lovely Madge was still tossing her fever-wrought head, and bent over her earnestly. He took her hand and laid his finger on her wild pulse. He pushed back the drawn curtains from the bed as far as they would go, so that the light might enter freely into the recess where she lay, and again looked earnestly upon her; and the strange head and face and the strange head-gear seemed to arrest and hold the attention of the maiden’s fevered and distracted eye. Then he rose, sniffed the air of the room, and went without hesitation and flung wide the window of the room.

‘Eh, sirs!’ exclaimed the two women, and held up hands of horror and affright. ‘It’ll

be the death of her!' And they appealed to the Provost himself, who stood aloof and silent, but quickly observant.

'It is a proper rule,' said the Provost, 'if you have entrusted a man with an affair of moment, not to meddle with the way it may seem good to him to fulfil his business.'

The Captain said nothing to the criticisms on his procedure, but asked for water like one who is wont to be obeyed. The water was brought; he poured a little into a cup, and into it he counted so many drops of the elixir. 'Raise the maiden,' said he, glancing at her mother.

The maiden was raised, and the Rover-captain put to her lips the cup with the watered elixir. She was made to drink, and then she was laid back on her pillow. The Captain demanded with his hand that there might be complete silence in the chamber; and he sat down by the bed to watch the effect of the medicine. The maiden at first rolled her fevered head as she had done any time for hours; then gradually her eyes drooped and closed, gradually and gently her head ceased its movement, and at length she sank to sleep like a tired child. The Captain took her hand to feel the pulse; but when the pulse was counted, he still kept the hand—a beautiful, long, nervous girl's hand—in his own, and let his eyes dwell on the lovely head with the dark hair all spread abroad on the pillow, and on the gently heaving chest—heaving like the long swell of the sea when a storm has abated. He sat thus silent and watchful for a good while, and what he thought of I may not try to say. At length he laid his hand gently on her brow: it was moist. He turned to the Provost who was by him.

'Go, sir,' said he, 'and get a litter ready.'

'A litter?' exclaimed the Provost. 'For what, sir? For what?'

'It is a rule, sir,' said the Captain, repeating the Provost's own words, 'if you have entrusted a man with an affair of moment, not to meddle with the way it may seem good to him to fulfil his business.'

And the Provost bowed and went out.

The Captain sat on patiently by the bedside. The Provost returned after some time, and said that the litter was ready; and the Captain said it was well, but that they must wait. And still he sat on and watched the face, while the parents and the grandparent, overdone with want of sleep and anxiety, dropped to sleep in their chairs.

After a little while the Provost woke, and came and sat over against the Captain. And as they thus sat in silence, watching for the waking of the sleeping maiden, the Provost began to regard the other with a more and more friendly eye.

'Think ye,' asked the anxious father at length, 'that the elixir is doing its work?'

'The elixir, sir, is acting as it ought,' said the Captain. 'It has brought back to the skin its natural function of moisture, and anon it will have expelled, or driven out, the plague poison, with the help of certain wrap-pages to promote heat.'

'If the lassie be indeed snatched frae the

jaws of death,' said the Provost with feeling, 'then, sir, I will be owing you more than I can ever pay, not even excepting my component of your requisition.' And he laid his hand friendly-wise upon the Captain's knee.

The Captain took the hand in his own and squeezed it with a surprising warmth. 'There's no need to say that, Provost,' said he. 'The pleasure of curing the maiden—your daughter—is enough to a man that has occupied the deplorable situation I have occupied all these years.'

'Ye like not, then, your trade of rover and pirate?' asked the Provost, with a quick touch of compassion. 'Spite of your disclaimer, Captain, I have it more and more borne in on me that you are a Scot-man, and hae the tongue of the auld town. Now, if there be aught in remeid of your condition that the official head of the town can do, or aught in the past needs setting straight.'

'Let us not speak of it, Provost,' said the Captain, resuming his reserve. 'If a man make his bed, he must e'en lie in it. And, speaking of beds, the litter is ready, I think ye told me?'

'The litter?' exclaimed the Provost, reminded that this man, towards whom he was beginning to experience a friendly feeling, was virtually in possession of the town, and was truly an enemy to be suspected. 'Ay, sir, the litter is ready. And I would fain inquire at ye now, sir, wha the litter is about to contain?'

'To contain?' replied the Captain. 'The maiden here—your daughter. Who other?'

'I doubt, sir,' said the Provost, shaking his head, 'that I have been mistaken in ye. This is not in accord with the profession ye have made but this instant; for ye must have a heart as hard as the nether millstone to insist at this preceese moment on the pact that she is hostage for the ransom, and to take her out of her bed and carry her aff when she is only belike winning out of the dead-thraw, as ye may say.'

'Troth, Provost,' answered the Captain, 'if you'll believe me, I had clean forgotten that the maiden is my hostage: it was to complete her cure, not to hold her as hostage, that I designed to carry her off.'

'Cure her by carrying her off straight frae her bed? Cure a cat by drowning it? What havers is that, man?' exclaimed the Provost.

'Hut, tut!' exclaimed the other with composure. 'Don't mistake me, Provost. If her cure is to be speedy, perfect, and complete, we must take her out of this pestiferous air.'

'Where to, may I inquire of ye?' asked the suspicious Provost.

'On board my ship, where she will have the free, caller air of the Firth.'

'On board your ship, to be sure'. Whaur other, man?' said the Provost ironically.

'On Arthur's Seat, if ye will, Provost. If the hail bounrach of your townfolk, Provost, could be camped out upon Arthur's Seat for a while, ye'd soon have done with the plague. But ye maun perceive, man, that it is not possible for me in my situation to wait upon the maiden to Arthur's Seat.'

'There are others, I doubt not, sir,' said the

Provost, becoming more and more suspicious and angry, 'would be fain to wait on her to Arthur's Seat, if it were necessary.'

'Sir,' said the Captain, losing patience, 'you are ungrateful. I have begun this cure, and there is no other but myself can carry it through. If ye refuse to believe in my goodwill, ye must submit to my authority. And ye remind me yourself that there is not only the life of your daughter at stake, but also, in accordance with the pact I foolishly made, the ransom of the town, which is of the greatest consequence to my comrades.'

That was somewhat rashly and cruelly said; but it must be admitted that the Rover-captain was provoked. Their voices had been unwittingly raised considerably higher than the whisper in which they had begun, and their sound appeared to disturb the sleeping maiden. She stirred softly and sighed, and both the Captain and her father were on the instant silent and attentive. That pause gave both the opportunity to abate their temper, which had gone previously near an explosion. The Provost noted the ready tenderness with which the Captain felt the pulse and the brow of the patient, and was ashamed of his suspicion and his petulance; and the Captain thought: 'After all, he's an old man and her father: I must be patient and easy with him.'

'Believe me, Provost,' whispered he earnestly, 'if she's to recover speedily and perfectly, I must take her out of this instant. And I should wish her mother to go with her, for, of course, we have no women-folk on board of us. You may come yourself, too, if it please ye, Provost, and if it would set your mind at rest.'

'Na,' said the Provost; 'I maun bide and gather in the ransom.'

'Troth, I had forgotten that again,' said the Captain.

'But,' continued the Provost, 'if her mither may gang—what for did ye not say that before, Captain?'

'Because,' answered the Captain with a smile, 'as we were wont to say when boys, ye did not speir, sir.'

'Weel, weel,' said the Provost, smiling in return, and patting him on the knee in friendly fashion.

And so the unconscious girl mediated between the two and saved them from a dangerous rupture.

'Her mother, Provost,' said the Captain, 'will be needed soon: she had better be preparing herself.'

The Provost, therefore, went over to his wife and mother and waked them, and disclosed to them the news. After some argument, his wife accepted the situation, though with fear and trembling, and rose to prepare to accompany her daughter on board one of the pirate ships.

'The Lord will be with you, my woman,' said the Provost's mother, to cheer her. 'He is a very present help in time of trouble. Trust in Him, my daughter.—And the Captain-child seems a sonny, canny lad, after a'. He has a hamely look, and a hereawa' tongue, for a' his being a pirate in a white turban.'

At length—full three hours after the elixir

had been administered—the sufferer woke gently, and yawned with a long, audible breath. She opened her eyes and fixed them languidly on the Captain, but with the strange and simple speculation of a child. A flash even of something like recognition passed over them; and then the Captain sprang to his feet, and prepared and administered a second dose of the elixir; and again in a little while she sank off to sleep.

'Now, quick!' said he. 'Ye must aid me to wrap her in all the bedclothes, and to put a piece of old sail, old canvas, or anything impermeable to damp, round all.'

The most impermeable thing that could be produced was a cloak of thick homespun; and thus swathed and wrapped, the maiden was raised and carried forth in the Captain's arms; for, as he said, he was the youngest and strongest to bear the burden.

'Eh, sirs,' exclaimed the Provost's mother, as he departed, 'but he hauds her as featly and saftly as a mither would carry a wean!'

WHERE GENIUS WORKS.

ALL that concerns the men and women who give distinction to their day is of interest to those who admire, criticise, and perhaps envy their achievements. A special and legitimate curiosity is felt in reference to the conditions under which success is won. Glimpses are occasionally given into the methods of eminent toilers, and a wonderful variety is revealed. It is at least plain that no guide-book to great performances—the anxious author can have his choice of several—will determine the point where exactly the best results are to be obtained. One man's help is another man's hindrance. Many famous writers, for instance, have only been able to perfect their thoughts in silence and seclusion. But there have also been those who could work in the midst of babel and defy distraction. Jane Austen, whose unpretentious canvases are full of some of the most life-like portraits in fiction, was never in the habit of seeking solitude to compose. She wrote sitting in the family circle, and under perpetual risk of interruption. It was the same with a successful lady novelist happily still living. Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote her best-known story on a plain pine-table, by the aid of an evening lamp, in a tiny wooden house in Maine. About her were gathered children of various ages, conning their lessons or at play, and never guessing what a treasure-mine of excitement was coming into existence for other young people in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' A large part of the 'Roman History' of Dr Arnold was composed under similar circumstances. Dean Stanley has sketched the Rugby study, where Arnold sat at his work, 'with no attempt at seclusion, conversation going on around him—his children playing in the room—his frequent guests, whether friends or former pupils, coming in or out at will.' Thomas Lovell Beddoes, a poet of luxuriant fancy and true genius, though much neglected, also found a stimulus to the creative faculty of his muse in working in playful and even noisy company. Such cases recall the story of the learned man

of Padua who assured Montaigne that he actually needed to be hemmed in by uproar before he could proceed to study.

Fastidious order and dainty surroundings have been essential for some eminent *littérateurs*. Douglas Jerrold was a writer of this stamp. His soul seemed to abhor every trace of study slovenliness. A cosy room was his in his home at West Lodge, Lower Putney Common, and his son's pen has given the world a welcome peep at the interior: 'The furniture is simple solid oak. The desk has not a speck upon it. The marble shell upon which the inkstand rests has no litter in it. Various notes lie in a row between clips, on the table. The paper basket stands near the armchair, prepared for answered letters and rejected contributions. The little dog follows his master into his study and lies at his feet.' And there were no books maltreated in Douglas Jerrold's study. It gave him pain to see them in any way misused. Longfellow had the same sympathies with neatness and exactitude. Method in all things was his rule. He did not care to evolve fine thoughts and poetic images at a desk fixed like the one stable rock in an ocean of mudde.

But other distinguished writers have been as careless as these were careful. Carlyle gives us a curious sketch of Leigh Hunt's *study*. In one room—the family apartment—a dusty table and a ragged carpet. On the floor, books, paper, egg shells, scissors, and last night when I was there, the torn heart of a half-quarter loaf. And above, in the workshop of talent—something cleaner—only two chairs, a bookcase, and a writing-table.

There was much that struck a stranger as confusion in Dr Johnson's chambers in Inner Temple Lane. Boswell describes a visit, saying: 'I found a number of good books, but very dusty and in great confusion. The floor was strewn with manuscript leaves in Johnson's own handwriting, which I beheld with a degree of veneration, supposing they might perhaps contain portions of the "Rambler" or of "Rasselas." I observed an apparatus for chemical experiments, of which Johnson was all his life very fond.'

Partly by reason of his hobbies, 'Christopher North's' favourite study resembled a recently ransacked lumber-room. To a casual eye its contents were a chaos, and there seemed no chance of finding a clue to any article not immediately in sight. Professor Wilson had varied tastes, and his snuggerly was crammed with the belongings of one who was sportsman and naturalist as well as poet and philosopher. The fittings of the room matched the general contents. Book-shelves rudely knocked together of unpainted wood held rows of books, tattered, and often wanting backs. But the famous writer was at home there, and content, and from those uncouth surroundings came many a brilliant essay and exquisite poem.

The acme of luxury in a retreat of genius was surely reached by Bulwer-Lytton. Dr Charles Williams, who had to see the author of 'Zanoni' professionally soon after the publication of that novel of mystery, found Bulwer in a Park Lane house. He reached the interior

through waves of perfume, ever growing stronger, and oddly blending with tobacco-fumes; and 'on a divan' at the remote end of a noble room, 'through a haze of smoke, loomed his lordship's figure, wrapt in an Oriental dressing-robe, with a coloured fez, and half-reclined upon the ottoman.' A different picture this from the old Grub Street type, where, in dismal garrets, immortal tales were told. It contrasts effectively with the 'miserable, dirty-looking room, in which there was but one chair,' wherein Bishop Percy found Oliver Goldsmith, hard at work on his 'Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning.'

Genius has frequently had remarkable workshops. Robert Burns once went galloping over a remote Scottish moor. His horse on this occasion was not much troubled with the guidance of the rider. Burns was busy, brooding over a glorious theme. His lyrical powers touched one of their highest points. The result of the journey was the impassioned national lyric, 'Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.' J. S. Mill framed his 'Logic' as he walked from his home to his office and back again. Sir Matthew Hale composed his 'Contemplations' as he rode on horseback about country on his circuit journeys. While travelling in the same fashion on his numerous and prolonged preaching tours, John Wesley contrived to accomplish a vast quantity of literary work. Byron composed the larger portion of the 'Corsair' in a London thoroughfare, as he walked up and down Albemarle Street, between Grafton Street and Piccadilly; and states himself that he composed 'Lara' not in the study, but at the toilet table. 'The Revolt of Islam' took form in Shelley's brain as the poet apparently frittered away summer hours lying in a boat on the bosom of the Thames at Marlow.

Sometimes there is a touch of humour about the story of where genius works. Victor Hugo was living in the Place Royale, at Paris, in the revolutionary year 1848. His neighbours knew him as more or less of an eccentric, and gradually they discovered that he was a great poet and dramatist who selected queer working-places. Victor Hugo called one day on a hair-dresser named Brassier, who had a saloon in the vicinity. Seating himself in the barber's chair, he asked to be shaved. But just as the lathering-brush approached his chin, the poet called out 'Wait!' The shopkeeper obeyed; and his customer seized a loose sheet of paper from an adjacent stand, glanced at it to see that its back at any rate was blank, and after fumbling in his pocket for a pencil, commenced to scribble. He went on heedless of the hair-dresser's impatience, and seemed wholly lost to his whereabouts. It was a ludicrous scene, and it ended as strangely as it began. A gentle reminder came that a business-man could scarcely be expected to wait even a poet's convenience indefinitely. 'Ah! you are in a hurry; so am I,' was the unexpected answer; and taking his hat, the poet retreated unshaven. Unluckily for the barber, he carried with him his scribbling paper, and a list of patrons' addresses was afterwards missed, which it was hard to replace. The top of a Paris omnibus was a favourite working haunt of Victor Hugo;

and in later years, the dramatist informed his intimates that much of 'Marion Delorme' was composed while pacing the pavement of a covered footway between noisy and inferior shops.

Many eminent word-artists have either found or shaped their material out of doors. It was so with Robert Browning during the earlier part of his career. Like Charles Dickens, he chose night as the season of his most stimulating wanderings. He frequented a lonely wood in the neighbourhood of Dulwich. In this retired workshop—traversing these dim aisles—great thoughts came thick, and the real preparation was made for the mechanical task of putting poem or play on paper. Whole sections of 'Strafford' and of 'Paracelsus' sprang first into being in the Dulwich woods.

To a considerable extent it was the same with Ralph Waldo Emerson. He worked best and with greatest ease when he was free to forsake great American cities—visited in his capacity of lecturer—and give himself to high thinking amidst the loved sights and sounds of the country. Wordsworth delighted to work abroad, in the lovely byways of Lake-land. When a traveller, calling at the poet's house, once requested to be shown his study, a domestic answered: 'Here is Mr Wordsworth's library; but his study is out of doors.' Washington Irving had a select working retreat by a stile in some dewy meads. Here that most English of all transatlantic authors, with writing-block upon his knee, produced as charming essays, histories, and tales as readers east and west could wish. In the quiet Hampstead lanes, young Keats, the Edmonton surgeon's apprentice, prepared the witchery of his exquisite 'Ode to the Nightingale,' 'at once vague and particular, full of mysterious life.'

The desire to avoid interruption, rather than a wish in the abstract for isolation, has probably been the first factor in numerous cases of withdrawal from the busy ways of men. The choice has sometimes been made of a fortress in a garden. Buffon, the naturalist, while in residence at Montbar, took refuge every morning at sunrise in an antique tower in his ornamental grounds, and here he wrote and sketched with a grateful sense of security from importunate lion-hunters of his day. Being in his tower one day during a violent thunder-storm, the people of Montbar trembled for his safety, and prevailed on the mayor, when the worst was over, to come and see if the reckless scientist were still a living man or a calcined victim. Samuel Richardson, in his then country-home at North End, Hammersmith, used to write in a secluded summer-house or 'grotto' in his garden. As he went to his tasks before any one in the house was up beside himself, his quiet was perfect. At breakfast he would detail the day's progress of the particular novel then on the stocks. In the grotto was a simple wooden seat, and by its side an inkhorn was slung. In this way 'Pamela,' 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and 'Sir Charles Grandison,' were written.

Painters work under the same limitations as authors, and are subject to the same worries. Sometimes the studio has too many visitors. These are artists with a happy gift of abstrac-

tion in the centre of a throng. Gustave Doré was one. He would give a curt nod to callers, and go on working with single-eyed attention to his task, as if they were miles away. But others have to scheme for self-protection. A quaint summer studio with this special advantage of shutting out curiosity was devised at Magnolia by Mr Hunt, a well-known American artist. His comrades called it 'the Old Ship.' It stood in a sequestered and maze-like corner, and the second storey was appropriated by the painter. His plans constituted the refuge a veritable castle. The tenant's own means of access were a set of steps leading to a trap-door. There was no other ingress. When he meditated a bout of stiff work, the artist had merely to hoist the steps into the studio by aid of ropes and a pulley; and then, with the door closed, communication was cut off, and he was secure, and able to snap his fingers at the possible bores of Magnolia.

Workshops for authors are sometimes deliberately selected on board ship. Mr William Black has been known to shut himself up with pens, ink, and paper, in the stuffy fore-castle of a seven-ton yacht labouring along under full sail. He has cheerily defied squally weather in quest of realism. The novelist has been weaving his fictions 'while the *débris* of the fore-castle was rattling around him and the ropes whistling above his head.' The truth and charm of his sea-sketches show that there is a reward for such fidelity and enthusiasm. He has been able to describe ocean storm and calm as one who knows; and an old salt does not smile with derision if he comes across the narrative. Anthony Trollope often had his study on shipboard, and was a very methodical occupant, turning out his daily quantity of manuscript even under most trying conditions. On one occasion Mr Henry James was his travelling companion during an Atlantic passage, and he reports that Trollope gave a magnificent example of stiff perseverance. The season was bad, the vessel was overcrowded, and the trip detestable from beginning to end, yet the English story-teller stuck gallantly to his task. Says Mr James: 'He drove his pen as steadily on the tumbling ocean as in Montague Square. And as his voyages were many, it was his practice before sailing to come down to the ship and confer with the carpenter, who was instructed to rig up a rough writing-table in his small sea-chamber.' Trollope worked also continuously and systematically while travelling by train. He fitted up a contrivance by which the mischiefs of oscillation were reduced to a minimum, and many of his novels were thus composed.

It may be said, indeed, that genius is always and everywhere at work, hewing stones in the quarries of research and observation, or building up its structure of fame with them. The great inventors are the men who notice and interpret and use facts trivial in common estimation. The great bookmen are those who gather stores in all quarters. Many a nook and corner of the Scottish shires and of the Border hills and dales Sir Walter Scott searched for traditions of the people. Wherever a good story was to be

heard was his workshop, and there a fragment of poem or novel was practically fashioned. Macaulay roamed Cumberland and Northumberland on foot in his student days, and went into the cotters' houses, and gleaned all he could bearing on old times and a vanished literature. He made it a point never to leave a cottage until he had won from each country gossip some legend of the district or a bit of some ballad. The ingle nook was his workshop. There the brilliant essayist and historian was in the making. The variations of genius are many; but this law is common, that it appropriates its material and shapes its tools betimes for coming occasion.

SECRET NORTHERN DESPATCHES.

By W. H. NEEHAM.

IN TWO PARTS. —PART I.

At the time when I made my first Northern journey, the incidents whereof I am about to relate, my private income barely reached three hundred pounds a year; so, although that sum sufficed to render life fairly comfortable, I was not at all dissatisfied whenever, as sometimes happened, I was enabled to increase it by my own exertions. One of my cousins held a very good position in the Foreign Office, and as I had travelled much on the Continent, and, from occasional residence there, become a fairly good linguist, my cousin succeeded once or twice in enrolling my services, when extra messengers had been suddenly wanted. I received one morning a note from him to the effect that he had recommended me to a certain Embassy requiring a thoroughly trustworthy man on special service with despatches, and arranged that I should call on the Chancellor of the Embassy at his private residence in Rute Square to receive instructions and the despatches. At the appointed hour I found myself seated with Mr. Bronskoff, a short, stout man, wearing his hair closely cut, and an extensive beard, which seemed to invade the whole of his visage, leaving but two little shoals to represent his cheeks. He wore glasses, and the eyes behind them wore an expression which at once convinced you that their owner was neither dull, slow, nor stupid. He had gathered together in the room in which we sat many little souvenirs of his native land: in one corner, before a picture of the Madonna and Child, a lighted lamp was suspended by gilt chains; and opposite, hung a fine portrait of the Emperor; the floor was partly hidden by bear and wolf skins, which, with the furniture of foreign manufacture, combined to give a most peculiar appearance to the room.

'Glad to see you, Mr. West. Your cousin has no doubt given you a hint, and I will give you details. We want you to carry a very important despatch to headquarters. We will pay your expenses, and give you a honorarium of fifty pounds.'

'My lips parted to speak, but Bronskoff nimbly found the words for me. 'You think that the task is very easy, and the remuneration very liberal: it is, however, open/ to

question. There are some contingencies to be considered. In the first place, you may never reach the capital, but possibly be shot or stabbed on the road. Will that deter you?'

'If it were a question of certainty, there might be food for reflection,' I replied; 'but you only referred to contingencies.'—

'Which we will do our best to render harmless,' interrupted Bronskoff with a laugh. 'You don't speak our language, nor have ever been in our country, I believe?'

'No; but I speak French and German fluently, and I imagine'—

'That they will prove useful. Quite right. But you will find many of our officials know English. I must now, in strict confidence, tell you that the queer lot of political refugees we have to deal with are cunning to an extraordinary degree, and, in spite of all our precautions, contrive, in some mysterious fashion, to know what we intend doing—almost of what we are thinking. For this reason, we have chosen you, as an outsider, wholly unconnected with ourselves, and I receive you here rather than at the Embassy, and have had'—glancing at a mahogany box placed near him—the necessary seals and stamps brought over. You will therefore readily understand that you must be excessively cautious and prudent, and with whomsoever you deal, even if with our own officials, whatever their rank or uniform, you cannot be too careful and guarded in what you say, and the least said the better.'

I promised not to forget his recommendation, and the result was— But I must not anticipate events.

Then Bronskoff took a sheet of note-paper, opened it and turned each side up before me—manifestly wishing me to observe that nothing was written thereon—this he folded, and placed within a rather large square envelope, which he fastened with a red wax seal as big as a half-crown, bearing the Imperial arms. 'There,' said he, handing me the envelope, 'is your despatch.'

I really did not know at the moment whether to give way to laughter or anger, and stared at him in perplexity without offering to accept the proffered envelope. He smiled amusedly, and quietly said: 'This is a little ruse of my own invention. Don't you understand that it is to serve as a safeguard?'

'I see. You mean that if I am hard pressed or in a difficulty, I can allow myself to be relieved of it?'

'Just so. Now, tell me, do you sometimes carry, as I do, an odd letter or two in your pocket?'

'Yes,' I replied, divining his object; 'here are some.'

He quickly espied that one of the envelopes bore a printed address on the corner, and taking it in his hand, read out, 'Leaf & Sons, Tobacco and Cigar Merchants.' Then withdrawing the enclosure, he asked, 'Is this of any value?'

'None whatever.'

'Very well; it can go there,' said he, dropping it on the fire. Then, from his blotting pad, he produced a sheet of ruled paper bearing words in foreign script, and said: 'This is the

despatch. I will translate it to you—"Nilikoffski has decided to pass the winter in London. The report that he would try to reach the capital on Wednesday night is false."

As I listened, gazing at the fire, I certainly failed to detect anything so highly important in the communication to render necessary my special journey and the outlay of fifty pounds. I refrained making any comment, and felt that Bronskoff's eyes were watching me.

'Now, if we put this in the tobacconist's envelope, and you carry it loosely, with those other letters, it will not be so badly hidden.'

'I agree with you.'

'But you don't confess that you are not quite satisfied,' rejoined Bronskoff.

'I am calculating probabilities.'

'On the supposition that you are tacked?' said he.

'Yes. Say, now, that I am summoned to deliver up my despatch. I bluster, pretend to show fight, but in the end hand over the sealed envelope, and so keep my skin whole and the real despatch safe—that is, provided these concerned get away—which they would, no doubt, arrange to do as quickly as possible—without first breaking the seal. But if they opened the envelope, eager to learn the contents, how then?'

'You can fight for it, I suppose,' replied Bronskoff, smiling cheerfully.

'Certainly. I know I must at any risk keep the real despatch out of their hands—if possible. But if they killed or overpowered me, they would soon unearth it.'

'I hope so,' coolly rejoined Bronskoff.

'What!' I indignantly exclaimed.

'It is the fact, my dear Mr West, that we do actually want this despatch to be read, if, as we hope, there be some people anxious to see it; so you can keep up your little comely right through, and after resisting sufficiently to avert any suspicion, let them get the information.'

This seemed to me such a topsy-turvy proceeding, that I exclaimed, laughing: 'The despatch, then, is not really for headquarters at all?'

'A pardonable but hasty conclusion, Mr West, as I will now demonstrate to you.' Then Bronskoff took a second sheet of paper in which divers apertures were cut, and superposed it on the despatch, with the result, of course, that the only words visible were those beneath the open spaces.

I was aware of the existence of this secret method, and said: 'Yes, I understand.'

'Now,' continued Bronskoff, 'when our people apply their duplicate key, this is what they will read: "Nilikoffski has decided to try to reach the capital on Wednesday night." You now see plainly our object, which is to kill two birds with one stone. We warn headquarters through you, without any risk of betrayal; and if Nilikoffski's friends do think it worth while to read your despatch—should they be clever enough to discover you carry any—then it will only encourage Nilikoffski to risk the attempt, as he will conclude that any special precautions, as far as he is concerned, will have been relaxed. This despatch you must yourself place in the hands of General Doravitch, the

head of our police, as soon as you arrive on Wednesday. I do not think you require any further instructions or explanations; but remember, my last words to you are: deliver the despatch yourself; and at any risk or cost get through without fail or halt.'

As I turned out of the square on my way home, saying to myself, 'If the refugees are wide awake, Bronskoff is not quite asleep,' a man suddenly stopped me and inquired the way to Bute Square. 'There it is,' I replied abstractedly, too busy thinking about the refugees to bestow a thought on my interrogator.

After an early but excellent dinner—as I knew I would get nothing but indifferent food at irregular intervals until I reached the end of my journey—I drove off to the station to catch the night mail-train. I found a carriage in which were two vacant seats. I entered, and as I did so, I became aware that some one was following me, and when I seated myself, a man took the opposite place, whom I instantly recognised as him who had inquired for Bute Square. I was now aware that I was being followed. On the journey, I opened my coat to look at my watch, and, as I anticipated, the man caught sight of the dummy despatch, which my breast coat pocket could not entirely take in; so it proved already useful to me.

I reached Dover, crossed the Channel, and got to Cologne without any untoward event. After taking some slight refreshments at the buffet, I passed on to the platform. For some reason or other, the train had rapidly filled up, and I regretted that I had delayed so long at the buffet; luckily, a guard said to me: 'Can't find a seat, sir? I can give you one; this way, sir.' He led me to the rear of the train, and opened the door of a carriage in which sat three men, muffled in fur coats and caps, and hardly visible in the smoke-laden atmosphere which pervaded the dimly lighted carriage. The men were all seated on the same side, so I had the choice of any of the places opposite. On entering, I put some newspapers I had bought on the first seat, and so sat down for the moment in the next, the middle one; then I lighted a cigar, and began scrutinising my fellow-travellers, whose language I could not understand. They spoke with animation, and appeared to be in earnest discussion, while they glanced occasionally at myself. Presently, as the train sped along, my *vis-à-vis*, addressing me in German, said: 'Have you seen the telegram, sir, about this new abominable plot? Those rascals won't leave our noble Emperor in peace. Confound them! I only wish I could hang the lot!'

It instantly occurred to me that Bronskoff had hardly reckoned on my falling into the company of such loyal folks, and I could not refrain from smiling.

This the man perceived, and immediately angrily added: 'I don't think it is a matter to provoke a smile, sir. I hope you are not, too, an enemy of His Majesty!'

'Dear me, no,' I hurriedly replied—'far from it.'

'You would rather render him a service than do him an injury?'

'Certainly,' I answered quite sincerely.

'Perhaps you would carry a despatch for him?'

Then I knew that Bronskoff would not be disappointed after all, and sitting up stiffly, I curtly retorted: 'What has that to do with you?'

'Oh! a great deal; so much so, that I am about to put the matter to the test. You needn't look so fierce; we are three to one, and it will be only giving way to superior force if you pass me your despatch.'

'But,' said I, 'how can I pass it if I have not one?'

'True, my friend; but we happen to know you have it in your breast coat-pocket.'

I made no reply. The man snapped his fingers; and the other two instantly threw themselves on me, seized my wrists, and pinioned my arms very easily, as, of course, I only made a feint of resisting. The third man then drew from my pocket the dummy despatch, smiling as he examined for a moment the big official seal. I was highly amused with the little comedy I was playing, and the more so that it was part of my cue to let the men be aware of it. Still holding the envelope, the man eyed me curiously, and evidently suspiciously; then, after exchanging a few words with his companions, he exclaimed: 'You don't seem over-concerned about losing your despatch, nor over-careful in carrying it;' and he glanced again at the envelope. 'I begin to suspect that this is nothing but a worthless blind,' and he chucked it contemptuously on a seat. 'I think we must see if you have not some other better hidden.'

'Oh!' I replied, endeavouring to show anxiety, 'you have the despatch, and can be content. I am not going to let you treat me just as you choose;' and I began to struggle with my captors.

The man instantly exclaimed: 'Oh! just what I thought. You have, then, another. Better keep quiet. We have not followed you up all this way to let ourselves be balked.' As I ceased struggling, his hand again dived into my pocket, and he quickly found the real despatch, which he began reading to himself, but suddenly bursting out in laughter, read it off aloud; and his companions promptly joined in his merriment. They all looked at me, and I did my best now to appear angry and annoyed.

'You don't understand?' inquired the man.

'No.'

'Well, the reason we are so much amused is because we find that we have made an extraordinary mistake. Your despatch is everything that we could desire, and we shall be delighted to give you any help to deliver it. Pray, excuse us if we have had to be a little rough with you; we could not possibly foresee that things would so shape themselves.' With marked politeness the man returned me my papers, while his companions resumed their seats. Then, observing the dummy envelope, he picked it up, saying, as he handed it to me with a smile: 'You should really be more careful with your despatches—especially important ones like this,' he added with a chuckle.

'You may keep it,' I—intentionally—testily replied.

'Oh dear no! You must have all your papers in good order, and nobody will then be any the wiser about our chance meeting, as of course you will have no desire to mention it. And if you will permit me to offer you a bit of friendly advice, you will even take the greatest care not to say a single word on the subject.'

The men then resumed, with renewed animation, their conversation, and took no further notice of me.

Feeling glad that I had now got through the first and most irksome half of my business, I moved into a corner seat and fell into a doze, until a man's voice crying out, 'Change foot-warmer, sir, please,' awakened me; and I found we had pulled up at a station, and that my late companions had disappeared. As it was now all easy running right on, without risk of further complications—at least, so I then believed—I took things coolly, looking forward with a traveller's curiosity to getting over the Northern frontier and seeing a new country.

UTILISATION OF WASTE PRODUCTS.

A MARKED, and, in some of its results, a very astonishing feature of modern industrial enterprise is the successful introduction of economical methods of working undreamt of a few years ago. Many industrial processes necessarily throw off considerable quantities of refuse, the only thought with regard to which is, frequently, how best to get rid of it. If it is solid matter, the increasing accumulations encumber the ground. If it is fluid, it most likely flowed—at least, until it was made illegal to discharge such matters into streams—into the nearest river or canal, polluting the water and destroying the fish; while waste gases and smoke vitiate and poison the atmosphere. It is in dealing with these unpromising materials that chemical and scientific skill has in some cases been remarkably successful, encouraging the hope that, in the future, much more may be accomplished in the same direction.

Of the successful treatment of solid Waste Products, gold-mining probably furnishes the most notable example. The waste heaps, or 'tailings,' were known to contain a fraction of the precious metal, even after the most searching process of extraction by the best machinery. But as there was no known method by which this residual fraction of gold could be profitably extracted, the tailings were thrown aside, and regarded as practically worthless. With the discovery of the M^r Arthur Forrest or cyanide process, it has, however, become possible to recover large quantities of gold from these discarded tailings, and gold-mining companies have become alive to the actual commercial value of an asset hitherto neglected, or looked upon as an inconvenient encumbrance on the mines. The success of the industry may be inferred from the fact that during last year more than £1,250,000 in gold bullion was recovered by this process from tailings in the gold mines of South Africa alone. Such results have naturally led to its introduction into other parts of the world, and it has been found possible to

apply it profitably to the silver mines of Mexico.

The problem of utilising the waste heat and gases in connection with blast furnaces has long engaged attention and pressed for solution. In the Middlesbrough iron district, the heat from the furnaces has been turned to good account in the salt industry which is springing up there. By means of the enormous heat the brine is evaporated as a 'by' process, and the economic advantages thus secured have given the east-coast salt industry benefits in this respect denied to the Cheshire trade, where no such blast furnaces are available. With a low-priced mineral like salt, it is obvious that much depends upon economy in production.

The Caledonian Packet Company's steamers are now being fitted for the permanent consumption of liquid fuel—a kind of tar—which is recovered along with ammonia from blast-furnace gases in the Clyde district. Here, of course, the object again is economy, for tar at three-halfpence per gallon—the average price—is considerably cheaper than coal. A considerable number of the locomotives on the Great Eastern Railway are similarly fitted with a patent—the result of many years' experiment by the chief engineer of the company—for the consumption of liquid fuel. Vessels on the Caspian and Volga use the refuse from the petroleum industry in the Caucasus. It has a high calorific power—1·6 times that of good coal. The fires are automatically fed, and under perfect control, and the fuel requires little space for storage, leaves no ashes, clinkers, or dust, and is economical.

The refuse from the puddling furnaces in the South Staffordshire iron district—locally known as 'tap-cinder'—is a prominent if not very picturesque feature of the landscape of the Midlands. Hundreds of acres of land have from time to time been acquired in the vicinity of large iron-works upon which to deposit this, as it was regarded, worse than worthless material. It was a source of trouble and cost to the owner, who was glad to give it to any one who would cart it away. An eminent German chemical analyst, experimenting on tap-cinder, discovered that it contained a percentage of phosphorus, which rendered it valuable as an ingredient for the production of basic steel. The result was that it was bought in large quantities for the German market; and now, among steel-makers, tap-cinder has a recognised use, and has acquired a commercial value of from four to five shillings a ton.

Many schemes have been proposed to deal with the smoke nuisance of London and other large towns. At the Birmingham Mint a smoke and fumes annihilator is in successful operation, and serves the double purpose of destroying the smoke, while it at the same time recovers the valuable constituents in smoke which are usually wasted. The smoke is thoroughly washed, and its noxious ingredients are thus prevented from escaping into the air. The residual products accruing from the process are carbon—used for the—arc light—and a liquid that has valuable properties as a disinfectant. Statistics have been compiled to show that London smoke would yield £2,125,000 annually

under such treatment; and Sir F. Knowles has stated that the ammoniacal products alone would yield sufficient manure for the growth of six million quarters of wheat a year.

The fluid refuse in connection with the waste liquors from manufactories is of very variable constitution. That of the flannel industry of Newtown, in Wales, has been found to be of considerable value to the agriculturist. It forms excellent manure, one hundredweight of it being worth, for this purpose, more than a ton of London sewage. Yet it was formerly drained off into the nearest streams, where its fertilising properties were wasted, and became a source of pollution.

More than two years ago, Professor Forbes expressed his opinion that if town refuse were properly burned, the amount provided by any population is as much as is required to supply one electric lamp per head of that population. The desirability of accomplishing this double object—the disposal of waste matter and the economical production of power—is obvious enough. It is now further claimed that at Halifax an invention is in practical operation which overcomes difficulties hitherto found insuperable, and works satisfactorily. The rubbish of that town has become a valuable asset, for, in nursery phrase, it feeds the furnace that heats the boiler that creates the steam that drives the dynamos that generate the electricity that lights the streets and buildings of the city. No sifting is necessary: ashes, dust, vegetable refuse, boots, and hats in the last stages of dissolution everything which in the ordinary course finds its way to the dust-bin, is fit and profitable fuel for this furnace, and without the escape of the unsavory odours, gases, and smoke-fumes which have hitherto been the inevitable products of such processes.

If this the *livet* system—answers the expectations of its promoters, we are within measurable distance of a time which will bring changes in the direction of greater economy, and an extended use of electricity in lighting all our large towns a prospect full of hope and promise to the long-suffering householder, who will welcome such a condition of things all the more from a long experience of the obstinate tendency of gas bills to increase.

MIDNIGHT.

MIDNIGHT! So deep the stillness, I can hear
The long-drawn breathings of the summer night;
The moon has fled; tall lilies, gleaming white,
Amid the slumbering darkness, fill the air
With fragrance sweet; no living creature stirs.
Anon, into the silent east, there steals,
A veil of gray; one after one, it chills
The silent stars; then, spreading swiftly, blurs
The lilies, which, with one long shivering sigh,
Pass out of sight. Unseen, meanwhile, on high
A lark has soared; and now its vein of song,
Faint through the shadowy stillness breaks; ere long
That song of faith unto a chorus grows,
And earth anew with morning's beauty glows.

M. G. C.

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SCOTTISH STUDENT-LIFE.

ENGLISH people, and the others whom a well-regulated Scottish mind insists upon regarding as foreigners, often find it hard to understand the exact place which the four national universities hold in Scottish life. The Englishman, whom no multiplication of University Colleges will easily wean from his habit of regarding Oxford as the unapproachable ideal of university aims, regards the academic claims of Edinburgh or Glasgow as little better than those of so many day-schools; just as the German mildly finds it difficult to believe that a Professor can seriously attempt to impart knowledge to a class of three or four hundred young men, which nevertheless does happen. These diverse points of view undoubtedly have their use in nature, stimulating as they do that local spirit of self-questioning which periodically blossoms into a Universities Commission. But misapprehensions among neighbours are never desirable, and it seems worth while to attempt to give some impression of what life at a Scottish university really is like.

Although the four northern universities all agree in the main points of their methods and aims, they have each many distinctive local peculiarities. In Glasgow and Aberdeen, for instance, they wear the scarlet gown with which Mr Lang's graceful verses have made all the world familiar at St Andrews, but which Edinburgh has steadily refused to adopt. Indeed, as the first care of the Aberdeen 'bejan' usually is to dim the splendour of his blushing scarlet by spilling ink upon it, trailing it in the gutter, and tearing it down the middle, and otherwise displaying hostility to its distinguishing principle, Edinburgh may possibly be in the right. St Andrews, the oldest of the Scottish universities (founded 1411), has under 300 students; Edinburgh, the youngest (founded 1582), has well over 3000; Glasgow (dating from 1450) has 2000; and Aberdeen (from 1494) educates some 900. Within the past two of

three years, the masculine monotony of the quadrangle has, in Edinburgh and Glasgow especially, been diversified by the presence in the same classrooms, both in the Faculties of Arts and Medicine, of not a few women students. In Glasgow there were last year more than 150 ladies. And St Andrews has instituted a special degree, LL.A.—understood to mean, 'Lady Literate in Arts'—for women who pass in seven of the subjects in Arts. At St Andrews there is said to be far more social intercourse among students, Professors, and townsfolk than at any of the larger universities. One advantage of this is that the phenomenon of a ripe Greek scholar talking in the Doric of the plough-tail is less common there than elsewhere. But, on the whole, the ways and manners of each university are like enough to those of its sisters to allow a description of any one to apply, with the necessary modifications in detail, to all the four. Of late years, indeed, there have been much chopping and changing in the courses of study and regulations for the taking of a degree. These, say experts, have greatly widened the somewhat hide-bound curriculum which was the only avenue along which one could wander to the M.A. when Plancus was consul, and have brought the system of medical study more into touch with the requirements of modern science. Like Herodotus, 'we prefer not to say what we think of this matter;' however, it is safe to assert that the ordinances of the Commissioners have not greatly interfered with the general spirit of Scottish student-life, with which we are for the moment chiefly concerned.

It may be profitable to glance at the experiences of a lad of sixteen or seventeen coming up from somewhere in Scotland or England to enter at a Scottish university—in many cases direct from a village or elementary public school. When he arrives, his first care will probably be, according to his habit of mind, either to enrol his name in the Matriculation Album of the university, or to

provide himself with suitable lodgings. It is said to have been observed that the Scottish student usually attends first to the former business, the English lad to the latter. It is while he is engaged upon it that the novel sense of his independence usually comes with a sudden freshness upon him. Perhaps a boarding-school has taught him to do without the pleasures of the domestic circle; but to chaffer with a buxom landlady about attendance, and to learn that fires and washing are extra, very frequently form his first glimpse of the realities of life. As to this matter of lodging, there are two courses open to the new-comer, whom of course we assume not to be in the comparatively simple position of having a home, or at least an aunt by marriage, in the town.

He may choose either the independent and somewhat cheerless life of what he speedily learns to call 'digs,' or he may prefer the greater luxuriousness of boarding with a cheerful family, tempered by a latchkey. In the latter case he will have to pay rather more than life in lodgings usually costs, but he will avoid the loneliness of the existence which a shy and sensitive lad often has to lead for his first year or two. In Edinburgh, it is true, there is now a third course open, which, while freer and less expensive than that of boarding, gives most of the advantages of companionship and social intercourse that come from college life at Oxford. One of the best things that has been done in Edinburgh University of recent years is the foundation, by the energy and public spirit of Mr Patrick Geddes, of what is known as University Hall. Some five or six boarding-houses, clustered in the most historic and picturesque part of the Old Town, are here carried on by the students who inhabit them, on the most approved co-operative principles. They have taken root slowly, and even now hold less than a hundred students; but their appearance is among the most pleasing signs of the times in the university which has given birth to them. It is to be hoped that the other universities will before very long see their way to follow so excellent an example.

When our student has found a place wherein to lay his head for the next one hundred and fifty nights or so, his next concern is probably an examination. If he is in 'Arts,' it is either an entrance or scholarship trial; and if he has any pretensions to fame, probably both. If he is medical, he may have already passed some of his 'Prelim,' and now proceeds to complete it. All the northern universities have four or five Faculties; but two of these, Law and Theology, are confined to those who propose to settle in Scotland, and are almost always preceded by a course in Arts. The Faculties of Arts and Medicine, with the recently established Faculty of Science, as they contain the great majority of the students in all the universities (with the possible exception of theological St Andrews), so are also the most cosmopolitan in their character. It is exceedingly rare to find a 'foreign gentleman' who is anxious to become proficient in Scots law or eligible for the Scottish Church. But nowadays quite a large proportion of the Arts students in Edin-

burgh and Glasgow come from the schools of Northern England, drawn by the cheapness of the course as compared with that of Oxford or Cambridge: men of the calibre of Lord Kelvin draw science students from all the ends of the earth to their laboratories; and the medical school of Edinburgh is equally well known in Shetland and India, Australia and the Cape.

Thus our typical student, whether he comes from a distant colony or a Scottish parish, is likely to find himself within reach of some one hailing from the same part of the world whilst he hangs modestly about the outskirts of the university buildings in the interval of his examination. Naturally, and especially if he comes from a 'far country,' he hails these new acquaintances with a delight that is quite unproportioned to his previous knowledge of them. And it must be said that a good deal more than most people think, least of all the students themselves, depends upon the kind of acquaintances that the freshman makes at this outset of his university career. As Diderot has observed, one falls, *bon gré, mal gré*, into the tone of the society in which one lives. This is especially true of a lad entering upon his first term at the university. If the old school-fellows who welcome him, or the first friends that he makes, find their ideal of life in the cricket field or the lecture room, the billiard saloon or the laboratory, it is highly probable that, unless he be the rare exception with a strong backbone, he will make a habit of imitating them. As a rule, it may safely be said that the general public opinion of the Scottish students is healthy, and even strenuous, in its moral tone. There are black-sheep, and amiable but helpless 'wasters,' everywhere, of course, but they mostly have the grace to be obviously ashamed of themselves. The Scottish student in nine cases out of ten has come to the university by his own choice for work, and he is not very tolerant of any one who, with the best intentions, proposes to hinder him. This is lucky; for there is scarcely any provision made for the control of the course of study, which is practically left in every respect to the free-will of the student, who can use or abuse his time at his liking without encountering either praise or blame, save in the official and abstract form of medals and places in the honours-lists on the one hand, and repeated 'spinning' on the other.

This fact, indeed, will speedily make itself apparent to our student when he proceeds to the work of his first session. If he is a candidate for the M.A., he may have won an exhibitionship, or 'bursary,' as we prefer to call it in Scotland, with a recollection of our Latin days. He is naturally somewhat elated, and will get a moderate shock when he finds that the academic world does not seem to be especially impressed with the fact of his existence. There is nothing here of the interest which Trinity or Balliol might show in a man who promised to shed lustre on his college. There are no colleges, and consequently, none of that amiable rivalry which makes Oxford so agreeable to the owner of a first-rate Latin style. Till lately, it was the fashion for the student to pay the fee for each class direct into the

hands of each Professor, which often afforded an opportunity for a word or two of welcome that might in special cases prove the foundation for a personal acquaintance between teacher and taught. Now that kindly custom is abolished, and all fees are payable to the university in the abstract by the hands of the Clerk to the *Senatus*.

Such intercourse as there is in the larger universities between Professor and students comes nearer the end than the beginning of the curriculum, through the medium of occasional supper or breakfast parties for selected students. There are, indeed, extra-mural ways for the two sets to meet through the agency of the Athletic Club, the Representative Council, and the Smoking Concert; but for the great majority of the students the Professor only exists as a lofty abstraction or a lecture-giving and examining machine. The truth is that it is extremely difficult for a Professor to know even the names of the three or four hundred students who compose his classes, though they say that some, like *Cæsar*, do this, and more. In the Medical Faculty, the hospital wards and laboratories do more for the promotion of mutual intercourse, though even here there is something left to be desired. But the discussion of this matter would involve the question of large versus small classes, which is not to be disposed of so briefly.

As a set-off to this absence of intercourse amongst the members of the body academic must be placed the extreme freedom, both of thought and action, which the Scottish system allows, and indeed requires. The Scottish student is left absolutely to his own devices in these matters, to an extent which his brother of Oxford or Cambridge can scarcely conceive. The university simply prescribes certain examinations and the necessary preparation for them as the avenue to its degrees, and provides courses of systematic lectures, giving the needful instruction with the irreducible minimum of tutorial assistance. Attendance upon the prescribed lectures may be of the most perfunctory kind, and yet the degree may follow in due course, or be found unattainable, without any one having the right to interfere on behalf of the university. In matters of conduct, the rule is the same. The Proctor is unheard of, and would not be tolerated for a single moment. Only grave offences against discipline within the academic walls, such as very rarely arise, are under the academic jurisdiction.

To an English critic, it often seems that such complete liberty must result in much neglect of work and many irregularities of life. As a matter of fact the system has always been found to work exceedingly well, and no serious attempt has ever been made to change it. Independence is a plant that has always flourished in the soil of Scotland. And the Scottish system has one great advantage over that of England. By being thus left to himself, and taught to be his own moral and intellectual censor, the student learns some invaluable lessons, that the carefully guided and guarded Oxford man has to wait for until he goes out into the world. Often, no doubt, the lad who is thus suddenly thrown upon his own resources had

to take Experience for a teacher, often stern, and always inexorable. Possibly a good deal of time is wasted in ways that less liberty would make impossible, and the keenest students have a harder battle to fight than if the path to learning were made smoother for them. But on the whole the gain will always appear greater than the loss to those who remember that the ideal of a university is to supply not only Greek and Mathematics and Anatomy, but also a preparation for Life itself.

One of the most notable facts to a student of the recent history of the Scottish universities is the rise and development in the last few years of a spirit of academic fellowship, an *esprit de corps*, which was for some time distinctly wanting. Among the outward and visible signs of this growth are to be reckoned the creation in all the universities of Representative Councils and Unions, the organisation of athletics, and in Edinburgh that movement for the establishment of co-operative boarding-houses of which mention has already been made. The Representative Council of which perhaps greater things were hoped than have actually been accomplished—is elected by the whole body of students annually, and is supposed to afford a means of communication between its constituents and the governing bodies of the university. It also gives the students who belong to it a certain opportunity of exercising themselves in debate, and of playing at the work which they may one day be called upon to do in a civic capacity. There are also in existence many independent debating societies, amongst which the highest place should be given to the Union debates, which are open to all members of the university, and at which a Professor in evening dress occasionally helps to defend the Constitution of the country or the university from the young lions of Radicalism, who exercise their sprouting claws on Blue-books or the Reports of the Universities Commission. A wave of enthusiasm for Unions began to run through the universities some ten years ago, and the efforts of the students and their friends have endowed them all with these useful and pleasurable institutions, which combine the rôle of the club with that of the debating society, and are chiefly modelled on Oxford.

Athletics, too, play a large and increasing part in the life of the Scottish student. Within the last twenty years the general athletic movement in the land has made itself felt within the walls of the universities, which now boast a very fair share in all the games of the country, and maintain a keen rivalry amongst themselves, though, for obvious reasons, it never approaches that between Oxford and Cambridge. Still, the runner, cricketer, or football player of parts is sure speedily to win himself a favourable share of reputation at any Scottish university, with the exception, perhaps, of St Andrews, where golf, the royal and ancient game, admits no rival near her throne. Scottish students, as a rule, have less time and money to spend on amusements than their brethren in the south, and perhaps it is just as well that this should be so. One result of the fact is that athletics are kept in

due subordination, and cases of their being allowed to spoil a man's work are exceedingly rare.

A particular form of athletics, peculiar to the Scottish universities, which must not be omitted here, is the Rectorial election. This occurs once every three years, early in the winter session, and in the time of the present writer was a sort of excuse for a carnival of misrule. A week or two of vigorous electioneering, in which speeches were not the only weapons employed—the curious may consult the twenty-third chapter of *Alfred Hagar's Household*, a half forgotten novel by the late Alexander Smith, for a vivid account of these exercises—preceded the actual day of election, when the quadrangle was turned into a battle-field by the opposing parties, armed with flour of various colours, pea-shooters, dried flat-fish, and similar weapons. Nowadays, the warfare is of a much milder character, though the election literature is more virulent in type. No doubt this, like the abolition of the historic snowball fights outside the quadrangle of Edinburgh University, of the festival of Kate Kennedy at St Andrews, and of the town-and-gown rows in Glasgow, points to the appearance of a milder public spirit; but there are still a few who regret the older state of things.

These, after all, are but straws upon the steadily advancing current of Scottish student-life. The most essential character of life in the northern universities is to be found in their democratic nature and the independence which they teach. These no reformer will ever alter whilst Scotland stands where it does. Every Scotsman is rightly proud of the fact that a university education is within the reach of every lad of parts, however poor his circumstances. There is a custom in Edinburgh of having a holiday on a certain Monday half-way through the winter session, which is still called by its ancient name of 'Meal Monday.' It was then that in days of yore the poor student went home for the second supply of meal, ham, and potatoes, on which, like Carlyle, he might board himself through his half-year of plain living and hard work. The student who, like the one whom Shairp celebrated, works in the fields one half the year to gain the wherewithal to pay his college fees in the other half, is rarer than he used to be, but by no means extinct in any of the universities. He more often nowadays works in a school than at the plough-tail; but he is still to be found, especially in Aberdeen. An Edinburgh Professor not long ago gave serious offence by assuming the majority of his readers to spring from this class. Perhaps the young gentlemen who then gave vent to their indignation were not quite so wise as they thought. It is no small matter to belong to a country in which no degree of poverty debars the lad of strenuous mind from attaining the best education that is to be had within its limits. It has always been the boast of Scotland that all classes rubbed elbows on the benches of her class-rooms, and the son of the village innkeeper could, as Scott tells us, offer his friendly help to the darling of the best society in the land. There is great sociological wisdom in such an arrangement, by which the

rich benefit even more than the poor. And it is not for nothing that our Scottish universities can take for their motto Napoleon's boast: 'La carrière ouverte aux talents.'

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XIV.—THE INQUEST.

A LIVING dog is better than a dead lion; how much more is a living dog better than a dead dog? This, apparently, is the principle on which justice is administered in England. If you have a dispute about a bill of lading, or about the soundness of a horse, you shall have a highly trained lawyer, an educated gentleman with a salary of five thousand a year, for your judge. He sits in a building set apart for the purpose; and the trial is conducted with all possible decorum, not to say solemnity. If the matter in dispute is only a cook's claim for wages, or a milkman's bill, you have again for judge a man of education, legal ability, and knowledge of the world, a separate court-house, and orderly and decorous procedure. But if the inquiry concerns only the death of one of the Queen's subjects, a respectable person who may have some legal knowledge or none, elected by popular vote, is the judge; the jurors are twelve fellow-creatures whose only qualifications are that they must belong to the male sex, and have plenty of time to spare. The court-house is generally a room in a tavern, where jury, witnesses, and spectators sit almost together, and where the dignity proper to a court cannot possibly be maintained.

The inquest on the body of James Felix was held in a room in a large public-house in Fetter Lane. Everybody supposed that it would be merely a formal affair, and that a verdict of 'Death by misadventure' would be returned. Even Inspector Clarke did not doubt that Mr Felix had himself sent for the cocaine, and had accidentally taken an overdose. Still, it would be necessary to discover who had supplied him with the drug.

The body having been duly 'viewed,' the witnesses were called. The first to give evidence was Dr Macleod, who said that when he first saw Mr Felix he was, he believed, dead, and had been dead for some time. Death was, in his opinion, due to a dose of cocaine. The doctors who had performed the autopsy quite coincided in this opinion; and they added, that a basin containing some dregs of beef-teen, and also "a wine-glass containing a few drops of water, which had been handed to them by Inspector Clarke, showed unmistakable traces of the same drug.

Mrs Bird was next brought forward. She described the finding of the body, and strenuously denied having fetched any medicine for her employer, either on that day or for some weeks past. She had not seen Mr Felix, she said, since the morning of the day on which he died. She had never noticed any little bottles of drugs about his room, nor, so far as she knew, was he in the habit of taking opium, or sleeping-draughts of any description.

Matthew Fane was the next witness. After stating that he and the young man O'Leary were all that were employed in Mr Felix's office, and that O'Leary was then absent on his holidays, he was asked, 'When did Mr Felix become ill?'

'He was never regularly ill,' he replied—'never confined to bed; but he was looking ill, and complained of having no appetite, and of pains about his heart.'

'How was he on the day he died?'

'Better. But he stayed mostly in his own room—I mean, the room behind his private office, the dining-room. He lay on the couch a good deal.'

'When did you last see him alive?'

'About half-past three in the afternoon, or it might be twenty minutes to four. I had been extra busy that day, and didn't get out for dinner till a quarter to three. I got back about half-past three or twenty to four, and I hardly sat down when Mr Felix came to me'—

'He was able to come to the outer office, then?'

'Oh dear, yes, sir. Only he was weak, and didn't go out.'

'Well?'

'He came to me and sent me on an errand to the City.'

'Was there anything unusual in that?'

'I thought it a little odd, as I was the only one in the office. He didn't generally like to be left with no one in.'

'You did your errand?'

'Yes, sir. I got back in half an hour, or perhaps three-quarters. I didn't take particular notice. I don't think it was after half-past four when I got back. I went to Mr Felix's room to report what I had done. He wasn't in his private office, so I went to the dining-room door. The door was open a little way. I peeped in, and saw him lying asleep on a couch near the fireplace.'

'Now, stop a moment. Are you certain he was asleep, or might he have been dead?'

'I didn't go near enough to look into his face.'

'Had you any doubt at the time that he was merely asleep?'

'Not the least in the world, sir. I thought a sleep would do him good, and I went away quietly. Then I waited till five o'clock, and left for the night.'

'Now, Fane, attend to me.—Did you fasten the outer door of the office after you that evening?'

Fane passed his hand across his forehead. 'I'm afraid, sir,'—he began.

'Come, now; yes or no?'

But the witness was not to be hurried.

'The door fastens with a Chubb lock,' he said; 'and I have a key for it. When I leave at night, I always lift the little spring-catch, so that the door is fastened when I shut it behind me. That is my regular practice. I had no doubt that I did the same as usual, till'—

'From what you have heard since?'

'Yes, sir. From what I have heard since, I believe I forgot to move the catch.'

'That will do, Fane.'

The clerk had retired to the back of the room, when the coroner, who had been exchanging a word or two with Inspector Clarke, called out—'One more question, Fane. You needn't push your way back. Just tell me, did you notice a tray on a small table, when you looked into the dining-room?'

'No, sir. It may have been there, but I didn't take any notice. As soon as I saw Mr Felix was asleep, I went away from the door.'

'So you never were in the room at all—the dining-room, I mean?'

'No, sir.'

'I ought to have asked you—Did you either that day, or at any time, procure any drug or medicine for your master?'

'No, sir.'

'Was he in the habit of taking narcotics—sleeping-draughts, or anything in the shape of opium?'

'Not so far as I know—he may have been.'

'Did you ever see phials about his room that might have led you to suspect that he was in the habit of dosing himself with such things?'

The clerk pondered for a moment or two. 'No, sir; I don't think I have,' he said at length.

This ended the clerk's evidence; and then the lad Atkins was produced. He said: 'Some time after three, when Fane was at his dinner, a lady called at Mr Felix's office. Mr Felix came to the door and let her in.'

'What was she like?'

'She looked like a swell.'

'I mean, was she tall or short, dark or fair?'

'Pretty tall, she was; and she was very handsome. Rather fair.'

'Would you know her again?'

'Yes; I'd know her if I saw her.'

'How long did she stay?'

'It might be an hour, or a little over an hour.'

'Did you see her come out?'

'No, sir. Mr Felix's room has a door opening on to the passage—the outside passage, I mean. She came out that way, for I heard the door open and shut. But from where I was, I couldn't see her.'

'So you couldn't say whether Mr Felix went to the door with her?'

'No, sir.'

'What happened then?'

'Mr Fane got back about a quarter past four, and left about five.'

'Had you seen any one else about the place in the meantime?'

'No. I'm certain no one had been at the office since three o'clock, except only the lady, and Fane. But a gentleman came later on.'

'When was that?'

'About half-past five, a gentleman came to the door and knocked.'

'Did any one answer?'

'I can't say. I fancy so, for he opened the door and went right in.'

'How long did he stay?'

'Maybe a quarter of an hour.'

'Which door did he leave by?'

'The office-door, the same as he went in by. That gave me a good look at his face.'

'What was he like?'

'He was tall, rather dark, a dark moustache, and short whiskers. He didn't wear a black coat; he had on a suit of dark gray tweed stuff.'

'Did you notice anything peculiar in his manner?'

'Yes, sir. When he first came, he seemed in a hurry. And when he went away, he was in a bigger hurry, and his face was as white—as white as that paper.'

'He looked alarmed?'

'Yes, and scared like.'

'Should you know the gentleman again if you saw him?'

'I'd know him quick enough—I'd pick him out of a thousand.'

Atkins was dismissed, and Inspector Clarke took his place. This officer stated that he and Constable Pirret had made a thorough search of the office and living-rooms belonging to Mr Felix—that they had found the basin and wine-glass which had been handed to the doctors for analysis; but that no phial of any description had been found in the rooms.

This completed the evidence; the coroner summed up; and the jury said they wished to retire. Half an hour afterwards they came back into court with a verdict of 'Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown.'

The coroner exhibited some surprise. 'I don't say I disagree with you, gentlemen,' he said. 'But,' he continued, 'I confess I expected that you would simply say there was no evidence to show how the poison came to be administered. However, I shall not quarrel with your verdict.'

An hour or two after the inquest, Mr Inspector Clarke made his way to the office of the Solicitor to the Treasury, and asked for Mr Arthur Perowne, who had the charge of criminal prosecutions in their first stages.

'Well, Clarke, anything fresh to-day?' he asked, as the Inspector appeared.

'Yes, sir; I think I may say there is. That case of Mr Felix, sir, the attorney in Chancery Lane—at least, Norfolk Street'—

'Yes, I know.'

'The jury have brought it in "Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown."'

'Indeed!' exclaimed the young lawyer. 'Was there any real ground for such a verdict?'

'I hardly think so; and the coroner seemed surprised. But the public will expect us to do something.'

'Yea. Some boy calls with a letter. The old gentleman is in pain, and wants some relief. He gives the boy sixpence to fetch him some narcotic. Takes an overdose, and having a weak heart, let us say, dies. Then some fool of a juryman persuades his fellows there's murder in it. The boys cry "Murder!" all over London. Then, a week afterwards, some newspaper fellow in want of a subject remembers the verdict, and sits down to denounce the department as idle and useless, because they don't discover a criminal that never existed!'

'Just so, sir. Still, there are one or two

points about this case—one which I didn't think it worth while to mention to the jury.'

'First of all, read me your notes of the evidence given to-day.'

This was done, Mr Perowne paying the closest attention, and occasionally taking a note.

'Perhaps the clerk, Fane, might have some idea who the lady was,' said Mr Perowne.

'No, sir; he had no idea who she could be. I asked him. And there was no mention of any lady's name in Mr Felix's diary. I asked Fane about it, and took a look at the diary before the inquest.'

'Then, what was the point you had noticed?'

'Only that'—

At this point a messenger entered, and said that a gentleman who had followed Mr Clarke from Scotland Yard wished to see him immediately.

'I'll be with him in a moment,' said the Inspector. 'The little circumstance was this, sir; that there was a small tin box half full of papers standing on the floor close to Mr Felix's couch, almost within reach of his hand. It was open. I looked it up in the safe; but I first took a look at the papers. They had to do with a Sir Richard Boldon. I only mentioned it, sir, because I thought that if there had been any foul-play, we might do worse than look for the motive among these papers.'

The lawyer smiled incredulously. 'A very slender thread, Inspector. Wouldn't bear a fly's weight. The poor man may have been at work on the papers, most likely he was, at the time of his death. I see no clew there. But I'll think over the case. Look in to-morrow, unless you are too busy.'

Clarke took his leave, but returned in a minute or two, bringing with him a short stout man, who looked like a tradesman. Both wore an excited look.

'A witness in the case we were discussing, sir,' said Clarke.

The newcomer was told to sit down and tell his story, which he did. His name, he said, was Jonathan Davis. He kept a chemist's shop in Holborn. On the afternoon of the 14th of September, about three o'clock, he was at dinner, having left his son Herbert in charge of the shop. The boy, who was ill at present, had told him that a tall, good-looking gentleman, dressed in dark tweed, had come into the shop about three, or a few minutes past three, and had bought some cocaine, which he said he wanted for neuralgia. But, unfortunately, the youth, though qualified to dispense medicines, had forgotten that it was necessary, when selling cocaine, to enter the purchaser's name and address in the poisons-book.

Mr Perowne angrily struck his fist on the table.

'I know it's a fault, and my poor lad's dreadfully cut up about it,' said Mr Davis. 'But I will say this for him, he told me as soon as I came back to the shop. And as soon as ever I heard the name of the drug mentioned in connection with the case of Mr Felix, I came straight to Scotland Yard.'

'Yes, you have done what you could, I admit. Would your son know the gentleman again?

'Oh yes, sir. He says he is sure he would. And I forgot to say, the gentleman came in a cab—a four-wheeler.'

'Then there is a chance yet,' said the Inspector.

'Yes,' said Mr Perowne to the Inspector; 'your men must do their best to find that cabman, and trace through him the gentleman in tweeds.'

NATAL, BY ONE WHO KNOWS IT.

SOUTH AFRICA is coming to the front 'at home.' The northern and eastern parts especially are attracting much attention in the 'mother country.' Mashonaland, Matabeleland, and the wonderful 'Randt'—on which stands the large and well built town of Johannesburg, a town and district appropriately named 'Goldopolis,' have drawn attention to this portion of Her Majesty's Empire. The 'Garden Colony' of Natal is at length coming into notice, with its little European population of about forty-five thousand, almost as many Indian coolies, and nearly half a million of natives, Kaffirs. The writer, knowing this part of South Africa best, now offers to the reading public a short history of the rise and progress of the colony. Such has appeared in print repeatedly, and sometimes the details have not been correct, for the simple reason that the author never lived there, or wrote an account of impressions made upon his or her mind during a flying visit.

Passing over the discovery of the port by a Portuguese navigator one Christmas day some centuries ago, and the occupation of the colony by the Dutch Boers about fifty years ago, the writer purposes dealing with the settling of Natal, in and about the year 1850, by the British colonists, some five or six thousand of whom came out under what is known as Byrne's Emigration Scheme. Joseph Charles Byrne had become entitled to large tracts of land in this beautiful country, and so tempting were the baits he threw out, coupled with descriptions of the place from other pamphleteers, that large numbers of people, dissatisfied with England, were tempted to try their fortune in the land. Nor did the promoter of the scheme bring these people out under false pretences; the mischief was that numbers of the emigrants were quite unfit for colonising any country; hence, as in every colonisation scheme, there were to be found here, as elsewhere, people who would give this or any colony a bad name.

Soon after this colonisation in 1850, the gold-fields of Australia attracted large numbers of people to those shores: the prosperity of the Natal settlers who elected to remain in the country, or who, perforce, having locked up their small capital in various adventures, were compelled to remain, has in many cases been assured. Many have been gathered to their fathers, and the 'old colonists' are shuffling off this mortal coil one by one. Meanwhile, a

second and third generation are taking the place of these old settlers, and entering into their labours. The way for these has been wonderfully smoothed and prepared by the efforts of the sturdy pioneers who found a wilderness, many being permitted to live to see towns built, homesteads founded, and said wilderness smiling on every side. Byrne and others who had visited Natal some year or two prior to the advent of said immigrants, represented it as a land of wondrous fertility and great natural beauty, well watered throughout, well wooded on the coast, and also on parts of the mountain ranges. These descriptions were true. Of course, the settlers afterwards found out that some portions of the country were sterile and deceptive; and to this day, settlers who will not take the advice of old colonists often make grievous losses, and involve themselves in trouble which might have been avoided, could they but have discarded those English notions and methods of working which are naturally turned upside down in the southern hemisphere.

When the writer landed about the time that Byrne's emigration scheme was completed, the town of Durban consisted of a few houses, stores, and canteens, scattered among the bush and sandhills, with a few hundred white inhabitants, who employed about the same number of native servants. The houses were mostly constructed of wattle and daub with thatched roofs. All these dwellings have disappeared, or become merged in the handsome structures now composing a real town. In the background lay wooded hills, called the 'Berea.' The corporation of Durban was fortunate in securing many thousands of acres of this 'Berea Bush,' and the suburbs of Durban now are certainly unequalled for beauty and beautiful residences in South Africa. The Cape Peninsula of course covers more ground; and at Port Elizabeth no expense has been spared in the erection of homes for their merchant princes; but for natural beauty, good roads, good lighting, water, beautiful gardens and grounds, terraces, courts, and magnificent trees and streets, tram-cars and conveniences of life, the suburbs of Durban, the seaport of Natal, are very hard to beat.

The climate—so often before described—is in perfection from April till October. December, January, and February are hot; a cool sea-breeze generally tempers the heat. The rains fall principally during the hot months; and November and March are frequently wet.

A few miles from the coast, the land rises, and continues to rise in steps, the temperature falling until the Drakenberge are reached, some five or six thousand feet above the sea-level, where the nights are very cold. Thus, a dweller in Natal, if he has the means, can choose his own climate, or at least temperature. The city of Pietermaritzburg, seventy-two miles by rail, and about fifty inland from the port, lies about two thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level. There the temperature is variable, hot in the daytime, and cold at night. The city lies in a large basin, and the sun's rays seem to focus down upon it, and yet it is cool and pleasant on the shady side of the street.

There are some good buildings in the city, and a fine town hall. The Legislative Assembly and the Legislative Council are now in session. This is the first session under the new form of Government, and the new Ministry is composed of hard-headed, intelligent, and energetic colonists of tried integrity and experience, and the working of responsible government promises well.

The water-supply to the city is splendid. In cases of fire, its own momentum through the pipes will send a jet of water over the tallest building. The way trees grow in and around the city astonishes all nursery-men from colder climes. The corporation are planting trees, principally the Australian blackwood, in the streets, close to the footpath kerbstone; and in four or five years from planting, as a result large trees are throwing their grateful shade around.

The fruits in the uplands are all the English fruits, excepting gooseberries and currants. Pears and Orleans or blue plums require an altitude of four thousand feet or more; but apples and peaches, apricots, and 'mirabile' plums, grow in a profusion that temperate climes know not of. The coast fruits are too numerous to enumerate. Pine-apples, sixpence a dozen when the season is at its height, and even cheaper. Bananas and plantains all kinds; these two kinds of fruit are obtainable, more or less fresh, all the year round. When the railway is opened through to Johannesburg next year, the coast fruit-growers will make that high market *luna*. The coast grows, of course, the East and West Indian fruits, excepting the cocoa-nut, mangoes, avocado pears, custard-apples, pawpaws. Guavas, &c., abound on the coast. The reader may wish to know what an avocado pear is like. Well, the writer can only say with the greatest reverence that he trusts it will form one of 'the twelve manner of fruits growing on the Tree of Life.' Oranges, naartches—a kind of mandarin orange—lemons, limes, grenadillos, &c., grow and bear prodigiously all over the colony.

Thirty years ago, the coffee-plantations flourished on the coast-lands; but the 'leaf and bark disease' which devastated Ceylon was equally destructive in Natal.

Tea is now a great 'industry' of the coast, and the tea-plantations are extending on every side. Sugar is the principal coast product; and the factories all along the coast are turning out yearly, and increasingly, vast quantities of sugar, the quality of which can, if requisite, be almost brought up to best refined sugar. In fact, nowadays the best of machinery and appliances must everywhere be used, in order to compete with the world's market. The sugar estates extend about seventy miles north and south of Durban, seldom reaching inland more than a distance of six or eight miles from the sea-line. It is found to pay best when the planter and manufacturer each takes his own share of the risk and labour—that is, large central mills crush the cane grown by planters within a radius of a few miles. In some cases, the north and south coast lines of railway form an easy means of transit from field to mill. The trucks are

loaded with the sweet canes in an inglorious fashion, so as to carry as many tons as possible in one truck. The usual terms are that the grower receives two-thirds the produce of his cane. Many planters and pioneers at the outset were ruined through ignorance as to the machinery required, high rates of interest for same, and initial expenses. The growing of the cane was easily learned by men who knew how to cultivate land, nature in Natal being wonderfully kind, and the soil prolific. But when it came to erecting machinery in expensive buildings, the pioneer frequently succumbed to his difficulties. Now, the division of labour is working well for the benefit of both grower and manufacturer.

If this fragment is acceptable to the reading public, the writer might find time to forward to the *Journal* further and more interesting details pertaining to life in South Africa, especially as touching the natives, their manners and customs, or, rather, their state of mutation, for civilisation is now in their midst and no mistake.

A TALE OF OLD EDINBURGH.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.—RANSOM.

It was the morning of the next day, while the sun still hung in the haze between the Isle of May and the southern shore, and poured his beams directly up the Firth upon the four pirate craft, anchored stem to stern between the island of Inchkeith and the port of Leith. The ships lay broadside to the harbour, and the cannon looked out of the portholes in warlike threatening. All appeared grim and ready for fight on board of every ship except the westernmost of the four, the raised poop of which was marked by a striped unwarlike awning, while under the awning was a low trestle-bed, by which sat a man and a woman.

The man was the Rover-captain, the admiral of the little squadron; the woman was the Provost's wife; and the occupant of the bed was the Provost's daughter. The maiden was completely and wonderfully rid of her fever—the elixir, the captain said, had driven out, and the wrappings had drawn out, the plague-poison. She had perspired profusely, and now she lay clothed afresh by her mother and in her right mind, gathering strength as rapidly as she might in the open, fresh air of the Firth. The patient's mother was asleep in the warm sunshine—she had slept little all the night—and the Captain sat on a cushion and talked in low tones with his patient, who had already learned from her mother the condition of the Captain and what he had done for her. She considered him with a curious, searching interest.

'It seems to me,' she was saying, in that soft, caressing Lothian tone which went about his heart and warmed it, 'that I hae kenned ye before.'

'Ye saw me twice in your father's house, when ye were in the grip of the plague,' said he.

'Ay,' said she; 'but I mean lang years ago.'

'Four-and-twenty hours would seem lang years in the state ye were in,' said he.

'Nay, nay,' said she. 'It was, I'm sure, when I was a bit lassie. I'll mind in a blink.' She closed her eyes and drove her memory back, referring to him now and then with a half-open casual glance, which he did nothing to avoid. 'I trow,' she said, 'I saw ye ance in a blue bonnet with a cock's feather in't, betokening ye were of gentle birth, and ye were wearing your first beard;' and she blushed for having said that. 'But— No; I can mind nae mair. It puts me in a dweam.'

'Ye mustna tire yourself,' said he. Then he added on an overpowering impulse: 'Let me aid your memory. Ten years ago—'

'When I was twelve year auld,' said the patient.

'There was in the strong-room of the Tolbooth a young man condemned to death. His case was hard, for he had been condemned only in respect of being concerned in a foolish riot wherein some damage had been done to the Lord Provost's house. But he had been said to be the leader in the riot; and so he must be hanged. He was awaiting execution in a most desperate frame of mind, trying to think on some way of escape—though the ashlar work and the iron stanchels of the Tolbooth gave little promise of yielding to a pair of bare hands—when one of the magistrates who had been trying to win mercy for the young man came to visit him, and brought in his company a little dark-haired, black-eyed maiden of twelve or so.'

'Oh, ay, I mind it!' said the patient quickly, her face flushing—'I mind it weel!—And I put a file into the lad's hand without my father seeing! I had been reading some book about prisoners, and I could think of nothing other to do! I mind it weel!'

'And the lad could not guess for a while what to do with the file. But at last he be-thought him of the wide chimney which was barred across at about the height of a man. One of the bars he filed through in the night, and then clomb out upon the roof, and dropped into the street in the dark, and so got awa'. Some friends helped him on board a ship at Leith, and he left the country.'

'But he cam' back ten years after,' said she with another blush, 'as a Captain of Rovers! For ye're that lad!'

'I'm that lad,' answered he, flushing in his turn. 'And now ye can guess the reason that has fashed ye till now what for I should hae, ta'en the care and responsibility of curing ye of the plague. It was just giff-gaff: one good turn deserves another.'

'And now I mind,' said she after a pause, 'the lad's name was Andrew Gray.'

'His name was Andrew Gray, and is the Reis Mohammed El-Valid.—And now, ye must talk no more.' And he rose, drew his Moorish *hakk* about him, and over his head, to shade him the better from the sun, and walked away.

All through that day the Provost's daughter lay and mused, while her mother knitted by her side. The great heat was shaded by the sawning and tempered by the constant breeze

from the water, promoting that mild and pervasive condition of ecstasy which marks a pleasant convalescence. The maiden mused on the strange events of the past day and a half since she was stricken down with the plague, on her own marvellous recovery, and on the turbaned man, no longer mysterious to her, whom she saw moving here and there about the ship. She was grateful, humbly grateful—grateful to him for his devoted and generous treatment of her, and for his remembrance of the little service she had long ago done him; grateful for being alive and able to think and plan—and she longed to make him show more generosity still—to prevail on him to forgive his own and her own native city; and to remit, to abandon, the demand he had made of an enormous ransom. When the sun was sinking towards the head of the Firth, they met and talked again. They talked of the Edinburgh of ten years before, of the men and the women who had then been spoken of, and of the religious and political factions which had divided it and had set neighbour against neighbour. The Provost's daughter knew of the factions which then existed, though she could remember but little of those of ten years before, and she agreed with her companion in lamenting that the strength of faction was so strong.

'But is it not faction brings you into the Firth with your ship?' she asked.—He looked at her; and she continued with a sweet smile: 'Have ye not come to punish the auld town for that one of its factions tried to take your life ten years ago?'—He admitted that there was some truth in that view.—'And will ye do that?' she urged. 'Ye have a generous heart; that I ken for certain. Ye hae been kind and generous to me; be kind and generous to the auld town.'

'I owe you the life that Edinburgh tried to take from me,' said he: 'I owe Edinburgh nothing.'

'Do ye not owe Edinburgh your birth and upbringing?' she asked.

'When all is said and done,' he answered, 'I only require of Edinburgh a bag or two of gold. I owe it to my comrades, who have come with me a' this gate on the quest to insist that the ransom be paid.'

'The town can never pay so much as ye demand,' said she. 'It is exhausted and spent with the wars, and wasted now with the plague: poor auld town, it can never pay ye.'

'We must wait the three days and see,' he answered.—'Meanwhile, mistress, I must insist that ye now compose your mind to rest, or else this same recovery of yours will be slow.'

He withdrew, and paced the lower deck—paced it in agitated meditation till darkness descended and enwrapped all things. At length he paused—paused abruptly and looked around him, as if he would for once demand the meaning of all things that met his eye. He saw his wild, foreign crew at his feet, asleep, wrapped in their *jelabs*, with the hoods drawn over their heads, all save the one or two keeping watch. They were mostly Moors; but yet among them were renegadoes of all nations. Why was he in their company?—Why had he been one of such

company for the past ten years? He looked away over the water to the southern shore: the light was still sufficient to show where the snug township of Leith lurked behind its ships and its pier; while behind it the rock crowned with the old castle and the craggy bulk of Arthur's Seat marked where Auld Reekie lay, the gray, hard, dour town, always at war with itself on some earnest point of politics or religion, then weltering in its own helplessness and unwholeness. He pitied the brave old town, and was ashamed that with so small a force he had been able to bully and humble it. The poor old town! The dear old town! With that gush of pity and shame in him, its gross faults of conduct appeared humorous foibles, as they always must in those we love; and he loved the old town, after all. With that there returned to him the vision of the little maiden which had haunted his imagination all the years of his exile, and which had found its ripe fulfilment in the lovely young woman under his care; and he thought that surely the barest, hardest portion among his own folk, in his own land, would be better far than the highest advancement and the greatest wealth in the distant land of the stranger and the infidel. But no; he must not think of it. Had he not been proscribed?—outlawed? And was he not bound to that ship on which he stood, as much as a slave was to his galley? Yet—and yet—that was a troublous time, and in Edinburgh there appeared to be no government to speak of: might not his outlawry be forgotten, ignored, pardoned, or condoned? But no; he must not think of it.

He turned away and looked across the waters to the northern shore. There something was seen which drew his eyes from meditation: the north-western horizon was red and lurid with fire and smoke rolling eastward over Fife. The man of action in him was at once on the alert. He was certain that the signs of conflagration on the horizon marked the track of war. He had heard there were two armies in the field northward—that of Montrose for the king, and that of Argyll for the Covenant: upon the sign of which was he looking? Which-soever army it might be, it was of moment to him to be aware of its progress; for if the passage of the Firth and a descent upon Edinburgh should be aimed at, then his contribution from the town would be in danger of confiscation. He ascended the poop to have a fairer view of the phenomenon, and having ascended, he looked under the awning to see if his patient were asleep. He bent over the little bed, and was surprised to have his hand grasped.

'Forgive the auld town—will ye not?' came from the bed.

The soft, low tone of the voice and the gentle pressure of the hand took him quite at unawares, and precipitated feeling straightway. 'I'll forgive the auld town anything for your sake!' he answered fervently.

'And,' she continued, 'will ye not give up your wild, roving life with these terrible men of strange speech and strange faith? The poor auld town and poor auld Scotland have need that all her sons should be faithful and strong in her cause to bind her bleeding wounds and

assuage her bitter strifes! The poor torn country that she is!' And there sounded something like a sob.

His head was in a whirl and his heart in a turmoil. 'I cannot answer ye at once,' said he. 'There are weighty and difficult questions to answer; but, God helping me, I'll try to answer them as ye would like.—But now, Mistress Madge, ye'll ruin my cure if ye grieve. Ye must sleep. But first tell me this, if ye can—which army is like to be burning and reiving in Fife?'

'Montrose and his Highlanders,' she answered at once; 'for the folk of Fife are a' on the side of the Covenant.'

She had barely answered, when there was heard the splash of oars. The Captain instantly strode to what may be called the Fife side of the ship, from which, he conceived, the sound came. There, less than a cable-length off, black upon the shining water, which reflected the lingering twilight, he saw a boat with two men. At the same instant it must have been seen by the Rover on guard, for he shouted his challenge, 'Balak!' and on the boat still coming on, he fired his piece. Then a voice rang over the water.

'Row, man, row!'—And then in a louder tone—a tone of appeal: 'Andra Gray! Andra, lad! Gar your hause loons lay down their musketoons, and help me on board your ship! For I'm a frien' to ye, man—I'm Wattie, ye ken! Him ye ca' Jockey! And I hae a maist preceese and important word for your private ear.'

The Captain gave orders not to hinder the approach of the boat, and in a little while Wattie was on board.

'How's a' wi' ye, man?' was the strange creature's greeting. 'And how's the lassie?' And he tried to peep beneath the awning.

But the Captain restrained him. 'Come, sirrah—Wattie—what seek ye with me on board my own ship at this untimous hour?'

'His ain ship!' exclaimed the unabashed Wattie. 'Hoity-toity! Sae preceese and formal as we hae grown! We might be the maist high and mighty Argyll oursel!—But here, man!' And he drew the Captain apart to the ship's side. 'That donnet wild chield Montrose is "marching down to the Firth wi' his Red-shanks: ye can see the bleeze o' him." And he swept his hand towards the conflagration still visible in the north-west. 'He means to mak' the passage at Queensferry in boats at skreigh o' day. I ken it weel, man. I heard them speak o't. His foreguard, or frontguard, or vanward, or whatever the de'il ye ca't, is on the shore already getting the boats together!—Now, thinks I to mysel': "I'll trow Andra winna like that; for it would play 'coup the crans' wi' his business if that de'il o' Montrose jinkit into Embro' at this preceese time." And see here I am, man; and it's for you to stop the passage wi' your ships and your cannon; and I'll see warrant Embro' and the Lords o' Convention'll be gey muckle obleeged to ye.'

'And I'm obleeged to you, Wattie,' said the Captain, and gave the strange creature his hand.

'Y'are—y'are!' exclaimed Wattie, returning.

his grasp.—'But I like ye, man—I like ye! I kenned ye langsyne, and I aye approved the visiony o' ye!—And ye'd better hae dune wi' roving, man, and come back to your ain kintra and your ain kin. The ploy o' ten year syne is a' blown awa'; there'll be nae upcast; and ye can get nae vivers across the seas like the collops and pence-brose o' the auld town.'

To hear even that strange creature speak of the auld town smote him to the heart with an acute longing of affection. 'No more of that, Wattie; I have other things to think of now.'

He had quickly resolved what he would do. He saw his opportunity of making himself more agreeable to 'the auld town' than he had yet done, and he seized it. He passed the order to pipe all hands, and to pass the order on to the other ships. In a second or two all was orderly bustle on board the ships—which spoke well for the discipline maintained among the Rovers; and in a few minutes the anchors were weighed, the sails were set, and the ships were standing up the Firth, tacking off and on towards Queensferry. He arrived off North Queensferry just in time to prevent a large flotilla of boats from starting across the Firth. He fired a shot or two into the water near the boats, to give notice of his intention to dispute the passage, upon which the preparations were abandoned, or at least seemed to be. He anchored there till morning, and upon the coming of full day he saw plainly that his interference had been successful, for the army of Montrose could be descried marching westward along the northern shore of the Firth towards Stirling. The Captain got himself rowed ashore to see what traces the army, or its foreguard, had left. He found a boat sunk—probably by one of his cannon-shot—and lurking in some brushwood a Highlander seriously wounded, whom he carried on board in token of the event of the night. That done, he weighed again, and returned to his anchorage before the port of Leith, on the pier of which it had been arranged that he should meet the Lord Provost of Edinburgh at noon to receive the ransom of the town.

It was necessary that the Provost's daughter should accompany him ashore to be surrendered to her father as hostage for the ransom; but before anything was done toward that end, he and Madge exchanged some significant words of conversation. He was restlessly pacing the deck of the poop, now looking towards the shore, and now glancing at her.

'I ken—I'm sure—there'll be no full tale of ransom for you this day,' she said, when he chanced to halt by her. 'What will ye do? Ye'd best prepare yourself.'—There was a pause, during which he did not stir, but looked hard across the water at Arthur's Seat and the castle. —'Will ye not forgive the auld town?'

He turned at once; he scarcely looked at her, but it was clear that a crisis was reached. 'That,' said he, 'is a serious question for me to answer—more serious than ye trow. If I forgive the auld town, if I abandon the demand for ransom, my life would be no longer safe in any of these ships. If I do as you require, of me, when I go ashore I must not return. I

must cast myself on the mercy of the auld town.'

'The town will receive ye gladly; and my father will protect ye!' exclaimed the Provost's daughter.

'But,' he continued, with a severe control on himself, 'I shall have to leave what has been my home with these comrades'—

'My father's house shall be your home!' she said.

'I shall have to leave these comrades, some of whom have been my staunch friends—shall I find any friends in the auld town?'

'Many friends, leal and true.'

'But,' he urged, 'ae friend will be enough for me, could I have her; and having her, I carena wha else I have or what else may be-tide. What say ye, Madge Wishart?'

'I canna feign, sir, to misunderstand ye,' she replied. 'If ye'd wish me, I'll be, with God's help, leal friend and true wile to you, Andrew Gray; and ye may tak' my hand on it.'

He passed and kissed the proffered hand, and a laboured sob escaped him. In a little while thereafter they talked of what would be the most prudent order of procedure on landing, in order to avert all difficulty and disturbance either with the town-folk or the Rovers. It was agreed that the Provost should be allowed to see and converse with his daughter before the ransom was mentioned, and that she should tell him all, and that the Captain should manage the rest.

The Captain chose half-a-dozen renegade English and Irish whom he could trust from the company of his own ship, and by these and two Moors, he and the Provost's daughter, the Provost's wife, Wattie, and the Highlander prisoner, were rowed ashore in two boats: an armed boat from the other three ships followed as guard. As the boats approached, a party appeared on the pier to receive them. The Captain's boats rowed in first, and while disembarking his patient, he ordered the other boats to hang off and on. His party landed, he still forbade the other boat-crews to land; but he looked for the Lord Provost, and saw him come with bowed head and sad visage. 'She was right: he has not been able to collect the sum!' he thought to himself.

'My Lord Provost,' he cried, 'ye may come and speak to your daughter before business is entered upon.'

The Provost came with alacrity to his daughter's side, while Wattie with the captive Highlander went and mingled with the Council in the background, and told his wondrous tale of the baffled descent of Montrose. Then the Captain turned to the Englishmen and Irishmen of his company whom he had prepared for the event, and called to them to stand by him, while he stepped forward and addressed the crews who had not been permitted to land.

'Comrades,' he said in their own speech, 'I do not return with you; I put off the authority of your commander, your Reis. I am in my own land again, and I intend to stay. Ye can receive no ransom from my native city; if you did, I could not stay.'—There were murmurs among the crews.—'I surrender you all my

property, both in my ship and in Sallee : that ought to be sufficient compensation for the loss of your share of ransom. These countrymen of mine remain with me. For the sake of our safety, I give you notice that if you have not begun to row away before I have counted ten, I shall fire upon you. Farewell.—Go!’ said he to the two Moors on the pier; and they descended into their boat.

Those in the boats could decide on no course of action except flight, and so, before the Captain had counted ten, their oars were at work, and the boats were leaping through the waves. The Captain stood silent and looked after them : the reversal was complete.

The Provost came forward and wrung his hand. ‘My son! My son!’ he murmured.

Before sunset, the Rovers of Sallee were standing out of the Firth with all their sails set.

In the fullness of time, Andrew Gray married the Provost's daughter, and dwelt in the Provost's house; and in memory of his long sojourn with the Moors, he set in the forefront of the house an effigy of the Sultan of Morocco, where it long stood, bearing silent witness to the truth of this story.

MARITAL CEREMONIES.

WELL has Selden said, ‘Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life 'tis most meddled with by other folks. Marriage is a desperate thing: the frogs of Æsop were extreme wise; they had a great mind to jump water, but they would not leap into the well because they could not get out again.’ Notwithstanding this adverse opinion, the most of people yet enter the connubial state. Such being the case, a study of the origin of wedding customs is not inappropriate. To begin with: the word ‘marriage’ is said to be derived from *matrimonium*, which in its turn is said to be obtained from Mars, the god of war. ‘Wedding’ comes from an old word *wad*, or ‘wed,’ a pledge or token, still used in Scotland to denote a bail or surety. An early English author, one Robert Brunne, writes of laying his glove to ‘wed;’ also Geoffrey Chaucer says: ‘Let him beware his nekke lieth to wedde.’ Furthermore, the poet Gower enigmatises us on the use of the word ‘wedde’ as follows:

But first 'er thou be spedde,
Thou shalt leave such a wedde,
That I will have troth on honde,
That thou shalt be myn husbando.

Anglo-Saxon custom ordained that, when the betrothal of young people took place, the youth gave the maiden certain ‘weds,’ one of which was a ring. It was put on the right hand then, being subsequently removed to the left on marriage. This is apparently the origin of our modern engagement ring.

The giving of money is assigned to the time of Clovis, who, when married to Princess Clothilde, gave her a ‘sou’ and a ‘denier.’ Since then, these have become legal marriage offerings even to this day in France. Of course, the value of the coins depends on the status of the contracting parties. Formerly, a like custom existed in Eng-

land. The bride or her attendant carried a bag, often handsomely embroidered, to receive the donation for the bride. This receptacle was called a ‘dow (from ‘dower’) purse;’ and this custom long lingered in country parts. Evidently from it originated the bridal gift of parents or bridegroom called a dowry.

The ancient ‘Morrowing Gift’ or present given to the bride by her husband the morning after marriage, was akin to the ‘dow.’ Our national records refer to it, as instanced in the gift of the castles of Dunfermline and Falkland to Anne of Denmark by James VI. of Scotland. The deed, dated November 23, 1589, runs accordingly: ‘Grant by the King to the Queen's grace of the lordships of Dunfermline and Falkland in morrowing gift.’

At present, in some parts of Cumberland the bridegroom brings money to church, and at the words ‘With all my goods I thee endow,’ having first deducted the clerical fee, hands the rest to a brides-maid, who is ready, handkerchief in hand, to receive the dote in trust for the bride.

The ring was considered a badge of servitude by some, and was for that reason given by the man to his wife, like our forefathers, who were accustomed to give the future son-in-law one of the bride's shoes as a sign of authority over her. It was reputed to be accompanied by a tap on the head of the bride with the said shoe by the husband, in order to assert his prerogative. The ring was used in ancient times as a sign of contract, and from that fact, according to the antiquary Brand, it was nearly abolished by the Puritans of Cromwell on account of its heathenish origin. Butler in his ‘Hudibras’ refers to it:

Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring,
With which the unsanctified bridegroom
Is married only to a thumb.
As wise as ringing of a pig
That used to break up ground and dig.

The circlet of love withstood the assaults of the sanctified Roundheads, and Cupid's yoke did and does still have sway. An old Latin writer thus describes the ring: ‘(1) It is circular, because its form importeth that mutual love and hearty affection should always exist between the giver and wearer. (2) Its rotundity exemplifieth that the loving joys of courtship and matrimony should be for ever, their continuity remaining as unbroken as the circlet itself.’

The bridal veil is evidently of Eastern origin, being a relic of the bridal canopy held over the heads of the bride and bridegroom. Among the Anglo-Saxons a similar custom existed, but if the bride were a widow, it was dispensed with. According to Sarum usage, a fine linen cloth was laid on the heads of the bride and bridegroom, and not removed till the benediction had been said. The old British custom was to use nature's veil unadorned—that is, the long hair of the bride, which was so worn by all brides, royal, noble, and simple. Only then did all behold the tresses of maidenhood in their entirety, and for the last time, as, after marriage, this badge of virginity was neatly dressed on the head. Among some, the tresses were cut and carefully stowed away on a woman becoming a wife. It is customary in Russia for village brides to excise their locks on returning from church.

The peasants of that country have a pretty song, the gist being the lamentation of a newly-married wife over her golden curls just cut off, ere she laid them low.

Wedding cake is a remnant of the Roman confarreation, the breaking of bread as a solemn act or ratification of union. Consequently, the eating or sending of wedding cake is a symbol that ancient friendships shall not be broken.

Jewish custom ordains man and wife to drink out of the same cup at marriage, and the vessel to be immediately dashed to pieces, to remind them of the utter fragility of earthly joys. The old English custom of carrying the bride-cup before the bride on her return from church was similar.

Throwing rice on the newly-married couple leaving the church and on their departure for the honeymoon may have originated from the custom of strewing corn of some kind, generally wheat, over the bride's head on entering her husband's house. Herrick pens a few lines on the custom:

While some repeat

Your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with wheat.

A peculiar custom exists in Yorkshire - namely, a part of the wedding cake is divided into many small pieces, and thrown over the heads of the happy couple, and finally passed nine times through the wedding ring. Should a portion be obtained and put under a bridesmaid's pillow, she would surely dream of her lover that night.

Every country has its own peculiar custom. In Sweden, if the bride could at the altar place her right foot in advance of the bridegroom, she would secure future supremacy in fact, 'wear the breeches.' Again, if she see him first, before he can her, on the wedding morn, the bride retains her husband's affection.

Marriage vows have sometimes been a stumbling block to unlearned and conscientious people. A sailor (Dissenter in the Eastern Counties came to be married. He gave the ring to the parson without demur; but at the next clause cried out, 'Hold hard there, parson! I'll worship none other than my Maker; that I won't.' With difficulty the service proceeded. On another occasion, a man marrying a woman older than himself for lure, at the clause, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' very candidly cried out without ceremony, 'But I woant, though. I'll ha' she's.'

SECRET NORTHERN DESPATCHES.

PART II.—CONCLUSION.

I WAS the sole occupant of the carriage when we reached the last German station, but here a little wizen-faced man with lynx eyes jumped in. He began talking in German with great volubility; and almost before I was aware of it, had learned that I was going on; and confided to me how dearly he loved the English, their liberty and liberal Constitution, and led me to saying, rather unguardedly, some strong things about foreign, and notably the Northern system of government. Perhaps, had we not still been on German territory, I would have been more

careful in my remarks. It was quite dark when at last we steamed into the frontier station, and our passports having been collected, we were all marched into the building. While I gazed around me, interested in the novelty of the scene, I observed a policeman, as I guessed him to be, beckoning me; and, I advanced. He led me into a sort of office, where stood an officer, who said in good English: 'I am afraid, Mr West, I must know a little more about you before I can let you go on, as I am informed that you are a determined adversary of our Government.'

I was greatly taken aback at this announcement. 'I am quite at a loss'—I began.

'Hardly so, I should think,' he broke in, and called out, 'Max' Instantly the wizen-faced man stepped in.

'Oh! it's that wretched little rascal,' I involuntarily exclaimed; and observing a smile on the officer's face, I continued: 'I daresay we English are often a little too outspoken; but I shall easily and completely reassure you, when I tell you that I am going on to the capital under instructions from Mr Bronskoff, Chancellor of your Embassy in London.'

'You will, I know, pardon my saying that simply telling me that does not completely reassure me.'

His answer nettled me, although I was unable to gain-say his assertion, and I sharply retorted: 'You had better, then, ask Mr Bronskoff himself.'

'I will—I will telegraph at once,' he replied, sitting down and beginning to write a telegram; then, with a wave of the hand, he said: 'We will let things so stand for the present, Mr West.'

Divining that he wished me to understand that our interview had terminated, I went back to the waiting-room. I felt slightly uneasy, and afraid lest I might have been too hasty; but I did not regard the threat to detain me for a few casual words as seriously meant; and remembering Bronskoff's strict injunctions to exercise the greatest caution, I thought it prudent to see how things developed, and only reveal anything concerning my mission when circumstances might absolutely compel me to adopt that course. Presently the passports, duly examined and viséd, were returned to every one but myself; the station doors were re-opened, and, with the other travellers, I passed out on to the platform and seated myself in a carriage; but in a few moments the officer appeared at the door, saying, laughingly: 'It won't do, Mr West. Without your passport, you cannot go on; quite useless to attempt it, even.'

I stepped out, beginning to fear that matters were getting serious, and walked down the platform, thinking as to my next move. When I got alongside of the locomotive, I heard a voice exclaiming, 'Beastly coals!' and I called out, 'You are a countryman.'

The driver looked up and nodded. 'Yes; my name is Briggs.'

Then it struck me I might perhaps get away on the locomotive, and I continued: 'I want to see something of the working of the railways in these parts. Can you let me ride

through on the engine? I will give you a ten-pound note.'

I saw the man perched on the engine was looking away over my head as I spoke. 'Gainst the regulations, sir,' he replied; and instantly from behind me came the words: 'A nice little plot, Mr West.' I turned round to find myself face to face with the officer, who had stealthily followed me.

'You had better have a little more patience. I have, you know, wired to London, and I daresay shall soon learn that your statement is correct. In fact, it is really because I am inclined to take that view that I am desirous to avoid causing you any discomfort, and have not ordered your confinement in the guard-room. You will always be able to continue your journey by the morning mail-train.'

As he turned back, I followed by his side, for I saw that unless I wished to spend the night there, I must proceed to take energetic steps, and I began: 'The fact is'— But I thought it well to know to whom I was speaking, so I broke off, saying: 'You will forgive me, as a foreigner, being unable to recognise your rank.'

'Captain of gendarmerie, Captain Vanovitch,' he briefly replied.

I slightly raised my cap, and he returned my salute military-wise; then firmly persuaded that I was about to remove every difficulty, I exhibited my dummy despatch and resumed: 'The fact is, Captain Vanovitch, I am carrying this most important despatch to General Doravitch, and it is a matter of extreme urgency that he should receive it to-morrow.'

'Oh! I can make that all right. I will send it on for you by one of my men,' quickly exclaimed the captain, holding out his hand.

This unexpected proposal naturally only put me in a greater fix. I was therefore greatly at a loss, for the moment, what to say or do.

Noticing my hesitation, the captain promptly said: 'It will go quite as safely as if you took it yourself—perhaps even more safely.'

Finding no alternative course, I handed him the sealed envelope.

As he took it, he said: 'Why didn't you mention this earlier, Mr West?'

I instantly drew the conclusion that he now regretted having been forced, by my own act, to deal with me with so much strictness, and replied: 'I must confess, captain, I think that it would have been wiser on my part. I hope, however, that matters are now put straight, and you no longer harbour any suspicions, nor consider it still necessary to detain me.'

My countenance probably betrayed the anxiety which I really felt, as the captain looked keenly at me, and slowly replied: 'Probably I could accede to your request; but as your despatch will be duly delivered, it is quite unnecessary that I should do so. You seem to be so excessively anxious to get away, that I prefer you should await Mr Bronskoff's reply.'

I saw him enter the station, and very soon a gendarme came forth, carrying a leathern despatch box, swung by a broad strap over his shoulders, and entered the train.

The time before the train's departure was getting short, and I was getting desperate. Bronskoff's last words, 'Get through at any

cost or risk,' came back to me. Seeing that the captain had not returned to the platform, I hurried off again up to the engine. 'Look here, Briggs,' said I; 'it's all right. I am really on important Government business; but these stupid police here mistake me for some one else, and won't let me go on. I will make it twenty pounds if you let me ride with you. I will jump down in front of the engine, run round, and get up on the offside, and hang on the step until you are clear of the station.'

The increased recompense tempted Briggs, who replied: 'It's very risky, sir; but if you'll promise to pull me through, if need be, I'll agree. I'll open the furnace an instant, while you jump down in front.'

Nobody troubled themselves about the engine, so five minutes later Briggs was able to call out, 'All clear now, sir.' Then I got up, and at once recognised that three men on the engine would certainly attract attention sooner or later. I thought I saw how to turn this difficulty, and asked Briggs if he could not manage to get rid of his mate. 'You can talk to him, I suppose. Tell him I will exchange my topcoat and cap for his, and give him five pounds besides, if he will let you put him down on the way; and then,' I added, 'I will be your stoker.'

Briggs explained my proposal, to which the man agreed; and I put on his sheep skin coat and cap, rubbed a little coal dust on my face and hands, and was ready for a spell at stoking.

Says Briggs: 'We shall presently run through a bit of forest; there's a sharp curve as we get out where we slows down a bit, and the engine as she runs round can't be seen because of the trees, from the train. I'll go slow enough to let my mate jump off, and he'll just hide 'mongst the trees, so if a guard should rush up he won't be seen. There's some houses about half a mile away, and he'll be all right.'

Briggs dextrously carried out his plan. Whether any one noticed that the train almost pulled up, I don't know; anyway, nothing occurred, and the rest of our journey was uneventful, excepting at the first station at which we stopped. I kept as much out of sight as I could, while Briggs leaned over the hand-rail. I perceived considerable commotion on the platform, and that the whole train was being inspected. When we were again running, Briggs told me he had asked what was up, and heard that a telegram from the frontier station had been received reporting that an Englishman without a passport was in the train, and was to be detained. Fortunately, the instructions sent were so precise that only the train was suspected, and of course, as Briggs exclaimed, laughing heartily: 'If it's the stoker yer wants, it's no good looking for him in a first-class carriage.'

Recalling to mind how the captain had overheard my first confab with Briggs, I felt rather interested, and said: 'It's curious, Briggs, that the captain sent no instructions about overhauling the engine too.'

Briggs looked alarmed, and nervously answered: 'I suppose, sir, they thought that I would never have dared to risk bringing you away with me.'

During the journey I laid my future plans.

Briggs informed me that when the train was cleared of passengers and luggage, he would have to put it on a siding, and then run the engine into the shed; and that done, he would manage to pass me out of the station yard by the workmen's entrance, and pilot me to the ministry of police.

I saw that this little delay was inevitable; but there was no alternative, and I knew that the gendarme in the meanwhile would have delivered, in post haste, my dummy despatch.

Perhaps, to keep my narrative clear, it will be well to relate at once the result of the gendarme's mission, as I subsequently learned. With the dummy despatch, Captain Vanovitch sent a report stating that it had been delivered up by an Englishman whom they had detained as a suspected person. The General, a very quick-tempered man, fell into a towering passion at the sight of the blank enclosure, and instantly telegraphed to the captain to send on the Englishman under escort. Captain Vanovitch had no choice but to wire back that the Englishman had escaped. The General then became furious, put the captain and his men under arrest, and ordered up a relief company to take over their duties.

This was the position of affairs when I found myself at last in the streets of the capital with Briggs, who judged it prudent to take a cab. 'Now, sir,' said Briggs, 'you can't talk their language, but you can give some tips; you will see how they will make all clear.'

I alighted in front of a fine palatial building, and Briggs drove off. Ascending a few steps, I entered a large marble-paved hall, in which a policeman was pacing to and fro. He eyed me with surprise. I felt that my grimy hands and visage and grease-stained, blackened, sheep-skin coat were not calculated to produce a favourable impression on him; so I smartly advanced, saying, 'General Doravitch,' and held out a half-sovereign, indicating with my finger that he was to put it in his pocket. His eyes glistened at the unwonted sight of a gold coin; and motioning me to follow, he led me into a corridor, where I found a second policeman, seated at a small table alongside a pair of folding-doors. He had pens and ink and an open book before him. My guide said a word or two and left us. Straightway, I discreetly placed another half-sovereign on the table corner. The man, pretending not to observe it, offered me a pen and pointed to the open book. I guessed it was a register of callers, and wrote in the first column, 'Richard West, then "London," and, across the remaining columns, 'With despatch for General Doravitch.' The man looked at the writing, which was Greek to him; then he scratched his ear, and suddenly snatching up the book, went in at the door close by. He reappeared in a few seconds, and held the door open to allow me to pass in. I found myself in a spacious well-furnished room, and saw a handsome young man, in uniform, advancing to meet me, his countenance plainly revealing that my uncouth appearance amused him.

'So, Mr West, you have brought a despatch from London,' said he, in excellent English. 'But surely you cannot have found it neces-

sary to travel in that curious'—he paused, seeking a word—'disguise,' he added.

'Not quite from London, at any rate,' I replied.

'The General,' he resumed, 'has already received a despatch from London this morning which seems to have greatly displeased him. I hope your despatch will prove more acceptable; otherwise, I am afraid it may prove a little awkward'—and he added maliciously, with emphasis—'for you.'

'Oh! I have no fear that my despatch will create any difficulties'—and I continued, imitating him—'for me.'

'I will take it in to the General,' said he, extending his hand.

I had to tell him that Mr Bronskoff had strictly enjoined me to deliver it personally. 'You will not, I am sure,' said I, 'desire to force me to disregard my instructions.'

Thereupon, he passed into an adjoining room, and returned, accompanying a gray-bearded man, whom I guessed was the General.

'You desire to hand me, yourself, your despatch,' he said, in my own language.

I bowed, and in my precipitation to get to the end of the business, handed the despatch as it was in the tobaccoist's envelope. The General's eye first caught sight of the printed address, and he read aloud, 'Tobacco and Cigar Merchants;' then, with a look of thunder, he roared at me: 'Explain—instantly.'

Naturally, I was only too ready to do so, and as the quickest mode, cried out: 'Inside; look inside, General.'

He hesitated a second before withdrawing the enclosure, then instantly passed into his own room, followed by the young officer, and the click-click of the telegraph speedily reached my ears. I had little doubt that orders were being hurriedly sent to keep a sharp lookout for Lukolski; and I began to feel a little compunction. I knew nothing of the fellow; still, he had never done me any harm.

The General shortly re-entered the room, and instantly I addressed him, saying: 'I want to tell you, General, that Mr Bronskoff's parting words to me were, "Get through without fail at any risk or cost." I have done so; and I hope with your approval too.'

'You have done admirably well, Mr West. Your despatch gives me highly important information, which a few hours' delay would have rendered wholly useless.'

'Then, General, I must make a short confession;' and I rapidly told him of the incidents at the frontier.

He laughed; but I thought I detected that he was not quite content that I should have contrived to elude his men's vigilance; so I candidly told him I half suspected that Captain Vanovitch had tacitly facilitated my trip on the locomotive.

The General reflected a moment, and, evidently better pleased, exchanged a few words with his companion, who left the room, and again I heard the click-click of the telegraph.

'You may possibly be right,' said the General; 'and I have just wired Captain Vanovitch not to trouble further about you.—But really, Mr

West, it was a very strong proceeding to break through our frontier. But we will be lenient,' he continued, smiling, 'and not shut you up in a fortress this time.'

'Your Excellency's clemency will, I trust, be extended to the engine-driver and his mate. As I was the tempter, I should be much grieved if I thought any harm would befall them.'

'You may rest satisfied, Mr West. I will see that they are not molested by any one.'

Just as I was seeking some suitable words of leave-taking, the General cried out: 'We can't let you, a perfect stranger here, venture forth alone in that guise. I am afraid you would very soon get again in trouble. We will send one of our men with you to the Grand Hotel, and put you safe.'

Highly satisfied that my mission was now satisfactorily accomplished, I stood again on the steps, escorted by a policeman, who hailed a cab. One smartly drove up; and as soon as we were seated, off the driver started, only, however, instantly to pull up as the policeman shouted vigorously at him. I caught the words 'Grand Hotel.' The driver appeared thunder-struck, and whipped up his horses. I guessed that there was something droll in the matter, and was curious to get an explanation: so, on reaching the hotel, and finding an interpreter, I had the policeman questioned, and learned that the driver concluded the policeman was taking me off to the jail, and thought it unnecessary to ask where to drive; and naturally was astounded to be told to go instead to a hotel hardly frequented by fellows such as I outwardly appeared to be.

On my return journey to London, when I again reached the frontier, up stepped Captain Vanovitch, who, saluting me, cried out: 'You have come to surrender yourself at last, then, Mr West.'

'Yes, captain; but only, I hope, for a quarter of an hour. General Doravitch has pardoned me, and I am sure you will be equally lenient.'

'Do you know, Mr West, that the General has been terribly angry with me?'

'Well, I think I may assure you that he is no longer so, as I contrived to give him a broad hint that my engine-tride was most probably accomplished by your tacit consent.'

To my surprise, the captain frowned as he replied: 'Now I understand how things have since turned out. You no doubt meant well, Mr West; but certainly, in implicating me, you attempt to prove that I am capable of most serious neglect of my strict duty.'

'I can only re-echo your own words, captain. I meant well, and regret exceedingly if I have unwittingly displeased you.'

The captain bowed stiffly, and went away. I confess I was somewhat puzzled; but, as my conscience was clear, I dismissed the matter from my thoughts.

As soon as I arrived in London, I sent word to Bronskoff, and got an immediate interview with him. I was in high spirits, eager to recount to him the events of my journey and hear his comments, feeling sure that he would be as much elated as myself with the success of my mission. You can imagine, therefore,

how much I was startled when I met him, noted his lugubrious visage, and heard him exclaim in a most doleful voice: 'A nice little business this, Mr West.'

'It's all right,' I ventured to say.

'It's all wrong,' he retorted with a groan.

'I don't understand in the least. I have been quite successful, and I did everything possible to help.'

'We know it,' he interrupted. 'You even stoked the locomotive.'

'Well, what if I did?' I exclaimed, quite bewildered.

'Only this—you helped to take Nilikoffski on to the capital.' Bronskoff's grave countenance told me convincingly that he spoke in earnest.

'How was that possible?' I asked in amazement.

'I will tell you. Nilikoffski appears to have cunningly dogged your steps; and while you were being detained at the frontier, on a got-up pretext, Nilikoffski, with the connivance of the captain of gendarmes stationed there, secured your passport, and went on in the train as Richard West, in your place.'

'That captain was really a puzzle to me,' said I. 'Now, his conduct is easily understood. His punishment will, I suppose, be heavy?'

'Oh, the rascal! He took good care to show us his heels in time.' I need hardly say, Bronskoff continued, 'that we do not impute the slightest blame to you, Mr West; but it has proved a most unfortunate mission.'

'It has, indeed,' said I; but as I was at that moment occupied in neatly folding up the Embassy cheque for fifty pounds plus my expenses, no doubt my words were only applicable from Mr Bronskoff's point of view.

BROKEN FAITH.

Though the careless turns of fortune

Bring us nearer, and we stand

Changing coin of old remembrance,

Chilly hand enclosing hand—

Never while the sun is shining,

Never in eternal hours,

Can the broken faith be mended,

Can the ancient love be ours.

Once the sombre day was morning,

Once the bloom was on our youth;

But the glamour melting showed us—

Was it Death, or was it Truth?

Bitter the unvoiced reproaches,

Bitter the delayed Good-bye;

Bitterest the silent morning.

When we parted, you and I.

Passionless the sombre present,

Gentle every glance, and yet

Though the words convey forgiveness,

Never may the heart forget;

So, though kindly fall our voices,

Hush them, lest they draw a wraith

From the daisied mound between us,

Where we left a younger faith.

G. AMY DAWSON.

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ART SURGERY.

WE had been talking about old pictures and the business of picture-cleaning—talking as people do across the dinner table, expressing opinions formed on slender grounds, and criticising the methods of the picture-cleaner, as we understood them, with the breezy freedom of ignorance. Only one man took no part in the conversation; an elderly man, with an interesting and handsome face, who listened to our remarks with what might have been intelligent interest, but which I now suspect must have been amusement. If I had known who he was, I, for one, should have been less ready with criticism, and I rather think the rest would have been more restrained too: we did not know he was a Royal Academician, and a very distinguished R.A. at that. I had heard his name, but it is not an uncommon one, and it never occurred to any of us that he might be the Mr ——. We all make mistakes of the kind at times; and though I did feel rather small when I learned who our fellow-guest was, I cannot regret it, because it led to a particularly interesting talk in the drawing-room after dinner.

We had been, as I said, discussing the business of picture-cleaning, or 'restoring,' as those engaged in the trade—or art, it may fairly be called—describe it. Everybody knows the orthodox 'sign' of the picture-cleaner: a painting—portrait for choice—of unquestionable antiquity and dinginess, but of dubious value, one half of which retains the subduing pellicle of dirt acquired by age, and the other brilliant in what purport to be the real original tints. I said at dinner, and say again now—since it was the only remark I made which the Royal Academician did not afterwards prove quite wrong, and of which I am therefore rather proud—that the 'restored' moiety of most of these specimens was very much restored indeed, owing their freshness, in fact, far less to any process of removal of grime than to the simpler

and speedier operation of applying, or misapplying, fresh paint. Mark Twain frankly confesses his preference for the copies of Italian Old Masters; and though all amateur patrons of mediæval art have not his courage, I own to the belief that the copies fall more within the range of amateur appreciation than originals whose details are toned down almost to extinction by the accumulated dust of centuries.

It is a fortunate phase of the artistic tendencies of the middle ages that the subjects were of a nature which indicated cathedral or church as their appropriate resting-place. As everybody knows, a very large proportion of the famous pictures by the Old Masters of Flanders, Italy, Spain, and Germany, are to be seen in, or have been taken from, the churches. These, although they appear to have suffered more than pictures of equal antiquity which have been preserved in private galleries and elsewhere, are really much more amenable to the art of the cleaner. The heavy smoke of the candles so largely used in the ritual, while seeming to blacken out the colours of pictures which hung within its influence, by comparison with other sources of dirt, is actually the easiest discoloration to remove. This was the first thing we learned from the Royal Academician, who, with infinite tact, appeared to have heard absolutely nothing of the ignorance we had been parading, an hour before, at dinner. He went on to tell us that one of the most important duties of those in charge of the National collection in Trafalgar Square occurs in connection with this matter of picture-restoring, on which we had been pouring the vials of contempt. When a valuable work seems to be very 'far gone,' it is a question for careful consideration by experts whether it is safe to attempt restoration; it is such a delicate operation that a painting may be ruined in the effort to freshen it. There are only two men whom the National Gallery authorities employ on a task of this kind—No; not artists, said the Royal Academician in answer

to a suggestion that only a painter of acknowledged repute would be allowed to touch them: they were professional restorers, whose business was restoration, and nothing else.

'It can't be a very lucrative profession,' somebody observed.

'It is, though,' said the Royal Academician. 'They are the only two men in the country that I know of who can really be trusted, and they have just as much work on their hands as they can do.'

'Are their terms very high?' asked a young lady with some interest. 'A relation of mine picked up a picture at Venice the other day, and several people who know something about it think it's a valuable one. It is painted on a panel which is one piece with the frame, such as it is, and that, in conjunction with its artistic qualities, as well as they can be seen under the dirt, made some one who saw it attribute the picture to Botticelli or Lippo Lippi.'

'Both are known to have painted on that peculiar style of panel,' said the Royal Academician cautiously.

Then did the Royal Academician think that Mr D——, or the other restorer, Mr M——, would inspect the picture with a view to cleaning it? Its condition was really awful.

The Royal Academician, not having seen the painting, could not say; but in regard to the cost, he could state that if Mr D—— went down to the country to look at it, he would expect his fee of five guineas, even if he came to the conclusion that nothing could be done.

We began to have more respect for picture-cleaning. A man who expects five guineas—and gets it—for telling you he can't do anything, is entitled to respect; and we began forthwith to make inquiry about methods and results. The Royal Academician was quite willing to satisfy our curiosity: he had had many opportunities of seeing Mr D—— at work, and spoke of his methods with a reverence that bordered upon awe. He began by explaining that in the old days it was generally the artist's custom to give a finished picture a thick coating of mastic varnish.

'Perhaps the early substitute for glass,' suggested somebody with the air of one struck with a valuable idea.

'Perhaps,' assented the Royal Academician dryly, 'perhaps with the idea of preserving the colours from the action of light. Anyhow, they almost invariably did so; and we may be thankful for it. This film of mastic naturally received the particles of dust which would otherwise have settled on the paint itself, and in course of time became the foundation of that coating we all know which dulls the pigments to sombre uniformity.—Well, the great object of the restorer is—or should be—to remove the layer of mastic with its superincumbent dirt without injuring the pigments below. Solvents are commonly employed, but, as you will understand, are not very easy to control, so that the actual paint shall escape their action.'

'Is that so very difficult?' I asked.

'Not when the picture is thickly painted, though even then it may do harm. But a

thinly-painted work inevitably suffers if a solvent be used upon it, no matter how carefully. Now D—— uses no solvents.'

The Royal Academician smiled to himself, and we waited for him to go on.

'It's the strangest thing you can imagine,' he continued after a pause. 'He sits down before the picture, after examining the surface carefully, and begins to rub it with his fingertips.—No; he uses no resin or anything else; he works with perfectly clean hands. He begins with gentle pressure, and increases it gradually, though he never rubs very hard. After he has been rubbing for a few minutes, you see a trace of blue-gray dust coming out under his fingers, and this increases till it lies like a thick powder. He dusts this off; and—there you are!'

'The picture is cleaned?'

'Yes. It looks like magic, to us outsiders,' said the Royal Academician modestly, as though we all had been of the sacred Forty, and he the latest elected. 'The secret lies in his wonderful touch; in working off that coat of mastic and dust which covers all these old pictures. But when you see the original paint below as fresh as the day it was laid on, the effect of such a simple-looking operation is really extraordinary.'

'I can understand how that can be done on a smoothly painted picture,' said one of his listeners; 'but some of those Old Masters look so rough and lumpy. How does he manage with them?'

'On those, of course, he can't do it all with his fingertips,' confessed the Royal Academician. 'A Titian or Tintoretto, for instance, requires different treatment. Their work was very rough, as you know.'

I don't think any of us *did* know; but we all murmured a cordial assent.

'Dealing with a picture of that kind, he manipulates the ridges and all he can reach with his fingers in the same way; but he has to use a solvent to restore the little nooks and valleys; he does it and the necessary touching up afterwards with wonderful skill. I assure you I myself could not tell where his brush had been.'

'Do you consider a restoration in which the brush and palette play a part as satisfactory as one done by the fingers only?' asked the lady who had mooted the subject of asking Mr D—— to inspect her relative's purchase.

'Perhaps not quite,' replied the Royal Academician, 'But the man is an artist, though he does not profess to be one; and when the choice lies between a picture smothered in dirt and one which shows the painter's work, we must not be too critical. I call D—— an artist because he works so sympathetically.'

'Supposing he comes across a blister,' said somebody speaking as one who puts a regular poser, 'how does he manage that?'

'Ah!' said the Royal Academician with gusto, 'that's another thing worth telling you about. The difficulty is not so much in cleaning the blister as laying it.'

'Laying it?'

'Yes. It's a beautiful process: quite a bit of artistic surgery. You can guess that on an

old picture these unsightly bubbles are quite hard. Well; first D—— softens the bubble very slowly and carefully with oil. It takes a good deal of time. When he has got it to a workable consistency, he pricks it with a needle, and inserts a very small dose of a special cement. When he has got in as much as he requires, he sets to work with a little ivory implement, and coaxes the blister down against the cemented canvas till it lies perfectly flat and smooth; and you would never guess there had been a bubble there at all. It's a very nice operation, that of laying a blister; it wants most delicate workmanship.

The Royal Academician nursed his knee, and remained lost in silent admiration of this example of 'artistic surgery.'

'How do you proceed when a picture is cracked all over, as one so often sees?' I inquired.

The Royal Academician threw out his hands, and his face fell. 'You can't do anything,' he said sadly. 'It must be left alone. I believe D—— could repair cracks, if any man could; but no means of doing it have been discovered yet, and for my part, I don't believe any ever will be. Of course, they can be painted over. But that' with scorn 'is mere journeyman work.'

Consideration of the hopelessness of cracks seemed to depress the Royal Academician, so, recollecting something another artist had once told me, I threw a suggestion delicately, as you throw a fly over a feeding trout.

'I suppose that these very old pictures which have hung for generations on the walls of damp churches are not always in good enough condition to withstand Mr D——'s mode of cleaning? Is not the canvas on which they are painted often very rotten?'

The Royal Academician recovered himself at once. 'Yes,' he said, 'very often. I have seen pictures of which the canvas was rotted simply to shreds.'

'You can't clean them by rubbing?'

'I was going to tell you how they are treated; it's worth knowing, as a curiosity. They have to be repaired before they can be touched.'

That sounded like a 'bull,' but nobody noticed it, and the Royal Academician went on.

'It's an interesting process, though a bit heroic, and only practicable with a picture that is tolerably thickly painted. You lay the picture face down, and strip the old rotten canvas off thread by thread till you have nothing but the naked skin of paint by itself.'

'It must demand a great deal of care,' said somebody; 'one would think there would be more holes than paint left.'

'Of course, it must be done very slowly and cautiously; but it is a recognised process, and is often employed. Once the whole of the original canvas is removed, it is a simple matter to apply a fresh one.'

We could quite believe that. To take the paint off a canvas is orthodox enough; but to take the canvas off the paint is an inverted way of doing things, worthy of a place in *Alice through the Looking-glass*, where you reached the

spot you wanted by walking in the opposite direction.

'If it isn't a secret, how much does Mr D—— charge for cleaning a picture by the hand-rubbing process?' I asked.

'It all depends on the size of the painting and the amount of work to be done—in fact, on the length of time required to clean it. You may see a picture in the National Gallery which has been quite recently hung, though it has been in the possession of the authorities for some time. D—— cleaned that. It's a small thing, and did not want much doing to it—that is to say, it was smooth and even, so that he did all that was necessary by hand alone. He was paid twelve pounds fifteen shillings for the job, if I remember rightly.'

It was on my lips to ask the Royal Academician about the manufacture of Old Masters, an industry which must be a thriving one, judging by the number of pictures attributed to the great painters of the early and middle ages—but it struck me that a Royal Academician was hardly the man to furnish information on that department of art, and perhaps would not consider an appeal to his acquaintance with it in the light of a compliment; so I refrained. I mean to find out something about that business, if I can. Mr Burs, the dealer in the *Golden Butterfly*, you will remember, converted a brand-new picture into an old one by simply shaking the door-mat over it before the paint had had time to dry. This simple expedient furnished the approved 'tone' of extreme antiquity. But it seems to me there must be something more to learn about the creation of cheap Old Masters.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XV.—UNDER ARREST.

THE measures taken by Inspector Clarke for finding, among all the cabmen of London, the one who drove the purchaser of the cocaine to Mr Davis' shop were well chosen—in other words, the reward offered for information was sufficient. On the following day, one of the fraternity came to Scotland Yard, and told the sergeant on duty that on the 14th of September he had driven a lady and a gentleman from Waterloo terminus to Oxford Circus, and then from the Circus to Chancery Lane, passing through Holborn. On the way they had stopped at a druggist's shop, stayed there a few minutes, came out, and got into the cab again. They then drove on to Chancery Lane, where both the lady and the gentleman got out. He got his fare, the cabman added; and that was the last he saw of them.

Asked whether he would know the lady or the gentleman again? he answered that he would not know the lady, but thought he would recognise the gentleman if he were to see him again.

On receiving this information, Inspector Clarke had an interview with a superior officer, and obtained permission to engage the cabman and a detective to keep a watch at Waterloo on the

chance of the purchaser of cocaine turning up there. It was a slender, a very slender clue, but it was the only one the police possessed.

Some days passed without the watch leading to any result, when one Saturday afternoon the cabman, who was languidly scanning the groups of people in the booking-office, suddenly started, and then, throwing a significant look at the policeman near him, walked up to a tall gentleman of prepossessing appearance, and then went on, looking keenly at him as he passed. After going a few steps farther, the cabman made a circuit and returned to his companion.

'That's 'im, Grainger,' said he laconically, nodding his head in the direction of the person he had been inspecting.

'Make a better shot next time, calby,' said the detective, in an indifferent tone.

'I tell you that's the man I drove, 'that time you know of; and you may make what mull of it you like, for me,' said Jehu, turning sulkily away.

The policeman, who was of course in plain clothes, looked a little uneasy at this. He sauntered over to the booking-office, and watched the gentleman pointed out to him go up and take a ticket for Chalfont. Then Mr Grainger likewise took a ticket for Chalfont.

Arrived at the little road-side station, Grainger loitered about till the man he was shadowing had got a few yards ahead, on his way to the village, and then approached the station-master.

'Can you tell me who that tall gentleman is?' he asked—the one carrying the Gladstone bag?

'That's Mr Thesiger, a nephew of old Captain Thesiger, as they call him, that lives at Hope Cottage.'

Several more questions were put and answered; and so intent was the detective in gathering information about Mr Thesiger, that he did not notice that Mr Thesiger himself had returned to the platform, and was standing a few paces off, waiting, apparently, till the station-master should be at liberty to speak to him.

Grainger, on observing this, retired at once, and waited until Mr Thesiger had again taken his departure. The detective expected that the station-master would now be suspicious and reserved in his answers, and he was not mistaken. At length he pulled out a card that vouched for his official character; but the worthy station-master at sight of this card broke into a loud laugh.

'So you're a thief-catcher?' he said. 'I thought as much. Well, you're on the wrong track this time, my lad. The Thesigers are about the best respected people in ten parishes round—quite gentlefolks; and that gentleman you saw just now is a lawyer up in London. The idea of a thief-catcher coming here to look after Mr Thesiger!'

'There's worse things than thieving folks have to be looked after for,' said Grainger, as he walked away. It was an imprudent utterance; but the detective was nettled at the epithet the station-master had applied to him. Having left the station, the police official put up at the village inn, and telegraphed to London for further instructions.

On the next day, Sunday, Mr Grainger walked over to Hope Cottage, and satisfied himself that

the gentleman he was watching was staying there; and on Monday morning he followed the young barrister up to town, traced him to his chambers at No. 16 Garden Court, Temple, ascertained that he lived there, and then went to Scotland Yard to report progress.

Two hours afterwards, Inspector Clarke and his satellite Grainger came to No. 16 Garden Court, and asked for Mr Thesiger. They were shown into a small but well-furnished sitting-room, the walls of which were closely covered with books.

'Good-morning,' said the young barrister, as he came out of an inner room, which served as his bedroom. 'Can I do anything for you? I am rather busy, in fact very busy to-day. You will excuse my mentioning it?'

'Oh, certainly, sir. I am from Scotland Yard,' answered Clarke.

'And this is one of your men?' said Mr Thesiger, glancing at his other visitor. 'I saw him down at Chalfont on Saturday. He was making inquiries about me, I was told; and I have been a little curious to know what it was all about.'

'I'm really ashamed to trouble you, sir, about such an apparent trifle; but I wanted to ask whether you have had occasion to use any cocaine lately?'

'Any - what?'

'Cocaine, sir - it's a drug.'

'No.'

'You are quite sure? Not on the 14th of this month? Think, sir. Of course, I needn't tell you, sir, being a barrister, that you don't need to answer unless you please.'

Mr Thesiger shook his head. 'I never tasted the drug in my life,' he said.

'There must be some mistake, then. We were told that you had driven from Waterloo that day, the 13th, with a lady, to Oxford Circus, and so on to Chancery Lane, and that you had stopped at a shop in Holborn and bought some cocaine there.'

The barrister was silent.

'Is it not the case, sir?'

'I didn't say'—began Hugh, and stopped himself. 'You said a little ago,' he continued after a moment's pause, 'that I need not answer your questions unless I chose. I think I had better avail myself of the privilege.'

The Inspector looked surprised.

'I'm afraid, sir, I must ask you to come with me,' said the Inspector.

An indescribable change came over Thesiger's face. 'Very good,' he said; 'I will go with you at once. I'll be with you in a moment; and he turned to re-enter his bedroom.

But the officer by a swift movement barred his way. 'Excuse me, sir; but really it is my duty not to let you out of my sight.'

The barrister stared, frowned, and then drew himself up. 'You should have told me plainly that I was under arrest. Have you got a search-warrant?'

'Here it is, sir.'

'Let us go, then.'

They set off immediately, and soon reached the police headquarters. As soon as they arrived, Thesiger was searched—in a rather perfunctory manner—and the contents of his

pockets were taken from him and locked up. He was then turned into a room where there were perhaps a score of men of various sizes and complexions, and of all ranks. While he was there, a red-faced man came in, looked from one to another, looked harder at Mr Thesiger, smiled, and passed out. The barrister changed his position; and he had hardly done so when a youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age entered the room. An anxious look was on his face. He peered into the countenance first of one, then of another, till he came to Thesiger. Then the look of anxiety passed away; he went quickly through the other occupants of the room, and vanished.

Once more Mr Thesiger walked away a few paces, and tried to amuse himself by studying the faces of those around him. As he did so, another lad, younger and keener-looking than the other, came in, went from man to man till he came to Thesiger, and then stopped.

Thesiger stared hard at him, and the boy stared hard in return.

'What do you want with me? I never saw you before,' said the barrister.

'I've seen you before, though,' answered the lad coolly. He silently drew the attention of a constable who was in the room to the fact that he identified Mr Thesiger, and then he, too, left the room.

The process was over. The prisoner had been satisfactorily identified by three witnesses.

'Can I see the Superintendent on duty?' asked Thesiger, as he was taken back to the office.

'In one moment, sir,' said the constable. 'The Superintendent's busy just at present; and he showed the prisoner—for such Thesiger knew he already was—into a small waiting-room.'

The Superintendent was at that moment listening to the report of the officer Grainger, who had remained behind to execute the search-warrant by searching the prisoner's chambers.

'I found the bedroom was a small apartment with only one door—that opening into the sitting-room,' said the man. 'On the floor I found a portmanteau, not locked, but packed with clothes, books, dressing-case, and so on. In it I found a bundle of share certificates in various railways, which I produce—also a pocket-book with a bundle of bank-notes, which I also produce.'

'It certainly looks as if you got there just in the nick of time,' remarked the Superintendent.

'Not a doubt of it, sir. And I found these under the empty grate in the bedroom.'

The man held in his hand a number of fragments of glass.

'It has been a phial, sir; I'm sure of it. The label has been removed; but you can see there has been one. See! There are two corners of it left on these two bits of glass.'

The Superintendent struck a bell. 'Send that lad Davis in to me,' he said to the constable who answered the bell.

'Look at these morsels of paper,' he said to the lad when he entered the room. 'Are the labels you use like that?'

'They are the same, sir! I'm certain of it,'

cried the youth, flushed with excitement. 'I'll bring you one from our shop; and you'll see for yourself that the border is exactly of the same pattern!'

'What a fool the man was to leave the fragments in his fireplace!' muttered the Superintendent, when the lad had gone out again; 'but then criminals, even the most intelligent, do continually do the most stupid things.—Yes, Grainger; you may have him sent in now.'

A moment later, Thesiger, strictly guarded, walked into the Superintendent's room.

'I think it right to tell you,' said the official, 'that you are going to be taken to Bow Street. You may wish to send for your lawyer, or telegraph to your friends. Any message you please to send will be despatched at once.'

'No; I have no message to send.'

'Not to a solicitor?'

'Not even to a solicitor.—What am I to be charged with?'

'With the wilful murder of Mr James Felix.'

The prisoner drew a long breath and made no reply.

(To be continued.)

ON GOOSEBERRY CULTURE.

THE Gooseberry is essentially a plebeian fruit, common and cheap; almost every one can buy it in its season, and there are few gardens in which it cannot be grown successfully. Compared with the aristocratic grape, the gooseberry is far behind in appearance; but in respect of flavour, there are many competent judges accustomed to eat both fruits who prefer the fruit of, say, the 'Whitesmith' gooseberry to the finest hothouse grape. Indeed, if gooseberries were always scarce and dear, they would stand a good chance of being the more fashionable of the two fruits.

In spite of its being abundant and within the reach of every one, the gooseberry had, till quite recently, been declining in popular favour. Several reasons may be assigned for this. Mostly grown by the less wealthy classes, the gooseberry generally found its place in their gardens near the vegetable break, the sunniest position being usually assigned to flowers. In ordinary gardens the vegetable break is sure to contain a plantation of some members of the Brassica or Cabbage family. How these should attract the magpie moth, which is greatly destructive to the foliage of gooseberry bushes, is not very plain, but the opposite. The fact is, however, well known that where no cabbages are grown, magpie moths are rarely seen; but where cabbages are grown, magpie moths are frequently abundant, and do great damage, by eating the leaves of gooseberry bushes, as a consequence of which, the fruit attains a smaller size, and its flavour is deteriorated. The caterpillars certainly may be destroyed by the application of hellebore over the foliage; or they may be picked by the hand from the leaves and killed, the easiest way of doing this being to throw them into a pail of water, where they soon perish. But most people refuse to apply hellebore, from a natural dislike to handle poisons, and from the idea that 'traces' of the poison might be found on the berries when

they became ripe. And people in general dislike to touch caterpillars; even boys would require to be liberally bribed to do such a thing. Hence, as the bushes grew old and were rooted out, people have thought it not worth while to replace them, and gooseberries have in many cases completely disappeared from gardens.

Another reason for the diminished cultivation of gooseberries is the greatly increased and growing taste for flowers that has spread through all classes of the community, the consequence of which has been that no room in many cases could be found but for the floral favourites, the culture of which engrossed entirely the time and attention of the owner of the garden. Further, for a long time there had been little improvement or change in the varieties of gooseberries in general cultivation. Those mostly found in gardens were: the Early Sulphur or Golden Lion, a favourite variety of Scotch origin, much used for preserves, and a pleasant eating sort, besides being the earliest kind to ripen; the Hedgehog, a very excellent eating sort; various sorts of red gooseberries, small in size, and used in making preserves; the Red Warrington, an English variety, keeping a long time on the bush when protected from birds, and fitted for dessert as well as for jam. Other varieties were: Crown Bob, a large red berry; the Gascon, a small green fruit, mostly grown for children. These sorts, with a few local favourites, made up the list of varieties usually found in gardens. The Whitesmith, a delicious berry, of great size and first rate quality, was well enough known, but not much grown, being a bad keeping sort, the berries requiring to be eaten the same day they were picked, unless stored in some cool place.

The popularity and cultivation of this useful fruit has in late years been much increased by the introduction of a new sort known as Whinham's Industry. This is a vigorous growing kind, producing fruit in extraordinary abundance, and, when the berries are fully ripe, of the highest quality. A large grower in the north of England, discovering the value of this gooseberry, increased his plantation of it till he had many acres of this kind alone. As he made a large amount of money by the sale of this particular gooseberry, the notice of other growers was drawn to the value of the Industry, and the consequence has been that enormous numbers have been planted. More than two million bushes of this gooseberry are computed to have been sold by nurserymen within the last ten years, and the number propagated by other parties must also be very great. No other gooseberry can show, or is ever likely to show, a record like this. Though the fruit is of the highest quality when fully ripe, yet in some years, the fruit before being fully ripe is of very inferior flavour.

This fact is illustrated by the following story. A gentleman travelling a few years ago in the month of July in the north of England, had his attention drawn to a new sort of gooseberry as being an excellent kind for dessert. Upon trial, he found the fruit deserved all the praise it got, and he made up his mind to have a break in his garden filled with young bushes of this grand

new sort in the following autumn. This was done; and for two or three years the results were watched with the keenest interest by the gentleman and his head-gardener. Both were perfectly satisfied with the new gooseberry as deserving all that had been said in its favour. But it slowly dawned upon the gentleman's mind that the flavour, colour, and size of the new gooseberry were not new to him, and that it was just an old sort that he had directed his gardener more than twelve years before to root out and commit to the flames, on account of its inferior flavour. Upon comparing notes with his gardener, he found that the same idea had fixed itself in his mind also, and both were perfectly satisfied that this new gooseberry was just the outcast of a dozen years before. This was verified when the gentleman compared his new bushes of the Industry gooseberry with some bushes of the same old outcast variety which were in existence in the garden of a cottager who had purchased them at the same time as the gentleman had bought his original bushes, and from the same nurseryman.

The drawback that the fruit of the Industry is unpalatable when ripening until that process is complete, when it is of most enticing excellence, is only partially a drawback, as people are kept from partaking of the fruit till it is at its very best.

Those who feel inclined to go in for gooseberry culture on a small scale cannot do better than follow the example of those who have bought and planted the two millions of Industry bushes already mentioned; and if they do not confine their selection to this single variety, they will certainly do well to include it among the sorts they select for planting. As the fruit is large, it is recommended to ease the bushes when the fruit is green by removing a considerable amount of the crop for cooking purposes. In doing this, the berries on the branches nearest the ground ought to be taken. If it is allowed to remain, it is certain to get dirtied and spoiled, owing to the weight of the fruit bearing the branches to the ground. When the fruit has thus been thinned, the remainder grows to a greater size.

In planting gooseberries, care should be taken not to put the roots too deep. This is frequently done, as, when the planter considers the stem too long, he will make the hole for the new bush a few inches deeper, and in this way have his plant above ground at the height he prefers. But he will find that his bush will for some years carry little or no fruit. In these years, nature is working out her own way; a set of new roots is being formed about six inches above the original ones; and when these have grown numerous and strong enough to support the bush with proper food, it will then bear fruit, but not before. Such a plant, if lifted out of the earth, presents a strange appearance with its two tiers of roots. It is best in such a case to cut away the under tier altogether, closely below the upper tier, then to replant the bush, and cover up the roots with fresh soil, if possible. In planting young bushes, it is best to procure four or five year-old plants; these will cost a little more than

the three-year-old bushes commonly put in, but they will give more satisfaction in the long-run. Having been trained to a proper shape in the nursery-grounds, they will require little further training for years. These, put in from the middle of October to the middle of November, ought to bear a fair crop of fruit the first year. When they begin to make extra vigorous growth, do not prune them, but lift the bushes and replant them. This gives them a check, and keeps them from making strong growth. If they continue to bear good crops, and make only moderate growth, pruning should not be resorted to; only care should be taken that the thin straggling branches should be removed, as well as the other branches which need to be taken away to admit air and sunshine. The bushes should be kept in fertility by manure laid on the surface of the ground above the roots; it should never be dug in. Fresh strong soil would do as well as manure, and a top dressing of soot over this would improve the quality of the fruit, and keep away noxious pests of the caterpillar tribe.

The leaves of some sort of gooseberries are infested by red-spider, which, partly destroying the leaves, prevents them from performing their due functions in assisting the ripening of the fruit. The best way of dealing with this insect is by imparting extra vigour to the foliage, which can be done by watering the soil around the bushes with a moderately strong solution of nitrate of soda. This renders the foliage vigorous and of an extra dark-green hue; and the destructive work of the red-spider is stayed to a great extent. With strong healthy green foliage, the berries are increased in size, and their flavour improved.

The Whitesmith has been already mentioned as a berry of delicious flavour. The style of growth of this gooseberry lends itself naturally to wall-culture; when so trained, the fruit is ripened earlier. Another sort that may be specially recommended for wall-culture is called Queen of Trumps. It is inferior in flavour to the Whitesmith, but it surpasses the latter very much in size. This kind deserves to be grown in every garden for the pleasure it invariably gives to children to get a few of its enormous berries. Its size is so great, that instead of eating it at once, the little ones prefer to find their pleasure in admiring the fruit, putting it again and again to their lips, withdrawing it, looking at it, and repeating these manœuvres times without number before swallowing it. The advantage of growing the Queen of Trumps or the wall is that there the fruit is least likely to burst in wet weather, which often happens when the bush is grown in the open ground.

The value of gooseberries eaten uncooked when fully ripe has not been referred to. They are, when partaken of freely, a valuable agency in repelling indigestion. In the busy town and the crowded city, Paterfamilias could give no better treat to the youngsters on Saturday afternoons in summer than to take them a walk of two or three miles out into the country, where, in some cottage garden, young and old could pick the fruit for themselves, and enjoy it with a zest unknown to them when confined to the

enjoyment of berries purchased in fruiterers' shops in town. Opportunities for this would be freely given by cottagers in the country, in return for a small sum; and these treats—a source of great enjoyment at the time—would often come up to their minds in winter, as the great events of the summer.

THE HEIRESS OF GOLDEN FALLS.

By HEALON HILL.

THE ramshackle coach, whose only claim to dignity lay in the fact that it carried the United States mails, pulled up with a jerk in front of the 'hotel.' The place was welcome as the first habitation we had passed for miles; otherwise, it didn't amount to much. So far as I could see in the gray gloom of scarce broken dawn, it consisted of a log cabin with an inverted hog's head set in the doorway as an *al fresco* bar, round which some half-dozen miners were clustered for a morning dram.

While I was wondering whether a cup of decent coffee was within the capabilities of the hostelry, the guard came to the door and addressed me. 'If you're bound for Golden Falls, Judge,' he said, 'there's two ways open to you. Some of the boys have come in from there with a load of dust for us to take to the Bank at Parson's City. You can either go back with them in the mule-cart—a matter of fifteen mile—or you can go on in the coach, and we'll drop you at Blackman's Corner. From there it's a roughish tramp of ten mile to Golden Falls.'

Without a moment's hesitation, I decided to go on in the coach, and walk the ten miles. I merely changed my position from the inside, where I had spent the night as sole passenger, to the box seat next the driver. This would be preferable, I thought, to a fifteen-mile drive in a jolting mule-cart in the company of roughish strangers, who were showing an inclination to celebrate the despatch of their previous earnings by frequent rounds of rye whisky.

The boxes of gold-dust were soon hoisted into the coach, and, amid cheers from the assembled miners, we started on our lonely road again. The route lay for a few miles through rugged boulder-strewn country, thickly interspersed with pine-trees. At a spot called Blackman's Corner it debouched into an open plain, and it was at this juncture of the rocky ground with the prairie that I was to be set down. The one-eyed guard, with whom I was by this time pretty friendly, had just announced our approach to the Corner, and I was rummaging for my valise, with a view to departure, when two masked men stepped quietly out of the rocks, one on either side of the road, and with rifles levelled, shouted the dreaded cry of 'Hands up!'

'Road-agents, by thunder!' said the guard, holding his arms high above his head.—'It's no go, Mike,' he called to the driver; 'they've got the fair drop on us; better pull up and save our skins.'

The horses were pulled almost on to their haunches. One of the men kept his rifle levelled at the driver's head, while the other advanced to

the side of the coach and shouted: 'Now then, guard, look alive, and hand out the dust; sixteen packages. You see I've got the office straight, so it's no good your trying to come the bluff.'

'If I hadn't laid down my gun to help the passenger with his baggage, you'd never have got the drop on us, I guess,' said the guard ruefully. But he did as he was bid, and one by one the sixteen little oilskin packages were thrown on the ground in front of the robber. He gathered them into a sack, while the other robber kept his rifle ready. There was no chance for any of us to get to our pistols, though I saw the guard's fingers twitching and the whites of his eyes glisten as his glance turned downwards to his belt. It was all over in no time, and the sack was removed to the road-side. I was beginning to congratulate myself that I was not personally to be a victim, when the man who had filled the sack returned to the coach and dispelled my illusion by saying: 'Now, mister, your dollars, please. Don't put me to the trouble of coming up there to go through you.'

There was nothing else for it but to submit. I took out a roll of notes and handed them down. There was no use in trying to conceal any of them with that pair of sharp eyes searching me from the slits in the mask. But the proceeding had the effect of leaving me practically penniless in a strange land, two thousand miles from a friend. With the exception of a ten-dollar bill, which I remembered was in my waistcoat pocket, I had no resources nearer than New York.

'Better help ourselves to a nag apiece, Bill,' said the more active of the two to the one at the horses' heads. 'See here; keep your shooting-iron handy while I do the trick.'

In a moment the two leaders—one a 'capped gray, and the other a bald-faced chestnut—were detached from the team. The sack was slung on the back of one of them, and the two horses were led away behind a bluff. They were no sooner out of sight than the other man, who had watched us the while, began to retreat backwards in the direction his companion had taken. He, too, disappeared; and then for the first time for ten minutes we knew what it was to exist without the sensation of a loaded Winchester threatening us at point-blank range.

The driver and the guard set about adapting the cut harness to the two remaining horses; which done, the lumbering vehicle started at a crawl to return to the hotel to replace the stolen steeds, leaving me alone to make the best of my way to Golden Falls. The guard's directions were very simple: 'Point your nose to the west, and keep right on till you git thar.'

And while I am taking my lonely tramp, it may be well to explain how it was that I, Arthur Saltmarshe, a young English barrister, came to find myself in the wilds of the Black Hills, where 'road-agents' and 'shooting-irons' were quite commonplace affairs. Just before the commencement of that Long Vacation, I had seen an advertisement in one of the newspapers which informed the next of kin of the

late Leonard Saltmarshe of New York that he would 'hear of something to his advantage' by applying to Wilkins & Crowdy, attorneys-at-law in that city. To the best of my belief, I was that individual, Leonard Saltmarshe having been my father's only brother. We had never heard of his marriage, and, to the day of his death, my father had asserted that his brother Leonard would have a pile to leave behind him some day. All I knew of my uncle was that he was an eccentric young man, who had gone to America years before I was born. My father and he seldom communicated.

I wrote at once to Wilkins & Crowdy, and by return mail received a civil reply to the effect that my uncle had died suddenly without a will, leaving property to the amount of two million dollars behind him. They were quite prepared to entertain my claim, in the absence of any other applicant; all they wanted was to be furnished with the necessary proofs; and they hinted that, considering the amount at stake, it would be worth my while to run across to New York in person. The idea of spending the vacation in this way pleased me. My father had left me well off; so, whether the inheritance proved to be mine or no, I could well afford the holiday jaunt. I took the next Cunard boat, and on landing, went straight to the offices of the attorneys.

But here a surprise was in store for me. The very morning of my arrival in New York, Messrs Wilkins & Crowdy had received a letter putting in a claim to the property from another applicant. The letter was dated from Golden Falls, which the lawyers believed was a mushroom mining camp in the Black Hills district; and it purported to come from one Luke Saltmarshe, who said he was a son of Leonard Saltmarshe as the result of a marriage contracted by the latter when 'out West' twenty-eight years before. His mother, he went on to say, was dead, and he was the only child. In the face of this new claim, Messrs Wilkins & Crowdy, though thoroughly recognising my position, very properly determined to know more of this latest applicant before coming to any decision. They had written to Mr Luke Saltmarshe for proofs, just as they had written to me, and expected to get an answer any time within six weeks. It was impossible to say how long a letter would take in reaching such an out-of-the-world place as Golden Falls.

I chose my own course at once. I explained to the attorneys that I was well off, and only desired that justice should be done. If this young man were really my uncle Leonard's son, by all means let him have the property. But I had no relations living, and quite apart from the matter in hand, it would please me much to make my cousin's acquaintance. My time being my own, I therefore proposed myself to go to Golden Falls and see him, quite, in a friendly way, and thoroughly prepared to recognise his claim. My legal training, I said, might even be of some use to him in helping him to procure the proofs which were necessary.

Messrs Wilkins & Crowdy confessed that they did not like my project. A trip to the Black

Hills was no joke, they said; and if by any chance Luke Saltmarsh was an impostor, my life even might not be safe in that wild region. Better, at any rate, wait for his reply. These objections I over-ruled, and started for the West that same evening.

Thus it was that on the day the Parson's City mail-coach was robbed I was approaching Golden Falls with nothing but a change of clothes and a solitary ten-dollar note. At the end of ten miles the path suddenly dipped over the brink of a ravine, down the centre of which a mountain torrent was brawling. Perched among the rocks below on the brink of the stream were some twoscore log cabins, with a few tents here and there, to denote that Golden Falls was a thing of to-day, but not of yesterday. All down the course of the brook were the 'cradles' for washing out the gold, and I could see the various claims with their heaps of dirt on either bank. But they seemed to be all deserted. Spades and picks were lying here and there, as if cast aside in a hurry.

It struck me as strange—this abandonment of work in the middle of the day—the more so as I could hear the hum of men's voices raised, I thought, in angry discussion. Looking again, I saw that there was a crowd round the largest of the cabins about the centre of the row, above which a flag floated bearing the device, 'Ben Baldwin's Saloon.' It flashed upon me in a moment. The miners had heard of the robbery of their gold-dust.

When I reached the saloon, I found that I was right. Three of the miners whom I had seen at the wayside 'hotel' had just arrived with the news of the coach's forlorn return. Round the doorway of the saloon an excited throng of slouch-hatted, red-shirted miners were lamenting and vowing vengeance. I elbowed my way into the saloon, and, having been posted in the customs of the West, pulled out my ten-dollar bill to 'treat the crowd' inside. This method of self-introduction left me with only a dollar or two in my pocket.

The excitement was increased when it became known that I had been the solitary passenger in the mail-coach. Many were the questions I had to answer as to the appearance of the masked robbers; but I could throw but little light on that. Almost any of the men before me would have resembled them, given the addition of a crape mask.

It was not for full half an hour that I was able to think of my own affairs. Then I asked the landlord if he knew where Luke Saltmarsh was to be found.

'I guess he's totin' around somewheres jawing about the road-agents,' he replied.—'Any of you boys seen Luke this morning?' he added, turning to the throng before the bar.

'Luke started for Parson's City at sunrise,' said one of the miners. 'Expect he'll be back by supper-time.'

I explained to the landlord that I had come from New York to see Saltmarsh on a matter of business.

'Well,' said Mr Baldwin, 'I reckon you'd best get along to his shanty; it's fourth from here as you go down stream; maybe his sister

will fix you up something to eat while you wait.'

Here was a revelation! Luke Saltmarsh with a sister! I distinctly remembered that he had described himself in the letter to the lawyers as an only child. Was there something wrong about my unknown cousin, after all?

I thanked the landlord, and turned my steps towards the cabin he had indicated. It was larger than most of its neighbours, and there was an air of neatness about it which would have suggested woman's presence, even if I had not heard of it. A dusky half-breed Indian boy of about fifteen was just entering the cabin with a bucket of water as I approached, and at the same moment a white arm appearing in the doorway relieved the boy of his load.

I cannot describe Naomi as I saw her then for the first time; I only know that I looked upon the most beautiful woman my eyes have ever seen. Tall and fair, and with a stately dignity of her own, the picturesque simplicity of her frontier dress in no way clashed amid those surroundings with her natural grace. There was an air of refinement about Naomi which the roughest setting could not negative. She invited me in; and without going into the object of my visit, I told her that I had reason to believe I was a relative.

To my wonder, a look of harassed fear came into her eyes. 'Tell me,' she said, 'is my father, Leonard Saltmarsh, living?'

'Is it possible,' I exclaimed, 'that you do not know? Your brother Luke knows. It is in consequence of a letter from him that I am here. Leonard Saltmarsh died two months ago.'

'Ah!' she said as if to herself, shuddering the while, I thought; 'that explains it then—that explains it. It is as I feared.' Then she went on: 'Mr Saltmarsh—or may I call you cousin?—there is a story which I must tell you before Luke returns. I am Leonard Saltmarsh's only child. Luke is neither his son nor my brother. He is my dead mother's nephew. But I was brought up to believe myself his sister, and it is only the other day that I learned the truth. He has known it all along.'

'But how is it,' I asked, 'that you are out here in the wild? Did not your father and mother live together?'

'Only for two years after their marriage, which took place in Chicago. My mother always said that his temper was so violent that she could not stay with him. So she ran away, taking me with her, and supported herself as best she could by her needle. Luke was her sister's child, and mother took him when my aunt died. Then my mother died when I was twelve years old; but first she gave me a little box, which I was not to open till I was twenty. I was twenty last May; and when I opened the packet, I found a letter from my mother telling me that Luke was not my brother. I had no one to protect me, and she wanted me to think myself his sister. That was the reason she gave; and she added, that when I was twenty, it would be right for me to know the truth.'

'So Luke has always known that you were not his sister, but you have only lately discovered it?' I said.

'Yes,' she answered; 'I have not told him yet that I know.'

'Am I right in supposing that you are afraid of Luke?' I asked.

She hesitated, and turned the question aside. Seeing the absolute necessity of gaining her confidence, I told her exactly how matters lay, and asked her what I had best do under the altered circumstances. We both agreed that the only safe course would be to treat Luke as if he were a genuine claimant for the present, and as if I and Naomi were still in ignorance of the truth. I was powerless to aid Naomi, or move myself, till I had obtained a remittance from my bankers in New York.

'Even without his knowing that we are aware of his designs, you will have to be careful,' said Naomi. 'Luke is dangerous if thwarted, and this is a lawless place.'

There was a firm step outside, and a young man strode into the cabin. He was of medium height, with sandy hair and complexion. He had a furtive look, and paused on the threshold to eye me askance.

'Luke, here is a cousin from England,' Naomi said; 'won't you bid him welcome?'

For a moment he hesitated, as if making up his mind. Then he came forward and gave me his hand. 'Glad to see you,' he said. 'Guess you've come over after the old man's dollars—that so?'

'Yes,' I said; 'but as I find another claim with more right than mine, I shall go home again quite contented.'

'That's all right, then,' said Luke; 'stay as long as you like, and make yourself comfortable. Naomi will fix you up.'

After this, he became more and more hospitable. He listened with an air of interest to my story of the coach robbery, and offered to lend me a few dollars till I heard from New York. But I said not a word to enlighten him as to my knowledge of his having claimed Leonard Saltmarsh's money for himself alone, without mentioning Naomi. I wished to try and fathom him without raising his suspicions. In the course of that evening's friendly conversation Luke informed us that he had been to Parson's City that morning to buy a horse.

The next few days passed quickly enough. Naomi and I became fast friends, and whenever she had the chance, she told me much of her early life. But Luke took care that we were seldom alone. He haunted the cabin, under the pretence of entertaining me, and pressed attentions which were almost servile. He avoided talking of his claim on the solicitors, but when obliged to speak of it, always inferred 'that Naomi was to share his good fortune. It was understood that I was to remain at any rate till the remittance for which I had written to New York arrived.

When I had been at Golden Falls three weeks, an incident occurred which had its effect on after-events. I came out of the cabin one morning and found Luke brutally thrashing Indian, Joe, the half-breed boy who

fetched and carried for Naomi. In my horror at the cruel treatment, I called Luke a black-guard. To my surprise, he left the lad alone and apologised to me humbly, making some excuse about his temper. When I told Naomi of this, she was much agitated. Luke's civility she felt sure was dangerous.

The next day I was sitting alone in the cabin reading a week-old newspaper. Naomi had gone up the ravine to hunt for some herbs among the rocks; and Luke had started off after breakfast to his 'cradle' to wash for gold. Suddenly the door of the cabin burst open and Luke dashed in. 'For God's sake, cousin'—he always called me cousin—'get on my nag and ride for Doctor Bell at Parson's City. Naomi has fallen over a crag up yonder. I'm afraid her back is broken. She can't be moved, and I must get back to her right away.'

Horrified as I was, and anxious to go to her, there was no need for Luke to press me into the service. In two minutes I was mounted and listening to Luke's final instructions. 'Take the path you came by till you strike the coach-road,' he said; 'then along the road till you come to the City. Any one will tell you where the Doc. lives; bring him back at all risks, and ride like thunder.'

The sure-footed horse—a large rawboned chestnut—carried me safely up the rocky sides of the ravine. Once on the top, I dug my heels into his sides and made him gallop his best. The ground, though level, had a broken surface; but with Naomi lying there injured, perhaps fatally, what cared I for the risk of a broken neck. We flew along regardless of stones and the frequent burrows of prairie-dogs. I had reached a spot three miles from the coach-road when I thought I heard a shout. Looking round, I saw some twenty or thirty mounted men following in my tracks. They were galloping their hardest, and some of the best mounted were overhauling me. For a moment I wondered what it meant; had Naomi's peril started off the whole of Golden Falls in search of a doctor? That had nothing to do with me; I had promised to go to Parson's City, and whether I arrived there first or last, thither I would go. I sent my horse along with a will.

But there were fleet-footed than the chestnut behind me. As we entered the coach-road, three of my pursuers dashed alongside, and, before I could realise what they were doing, pointed their pistols at my head. 'Halt! you turned horse-thief, or we'll down you,' cried one of the miners.

I pulled up to explain. Before I had opened my mouth, they had me off the horse. Two of them held me fast while the remainder of the party came straggling up.

'For heaven's sake,' I said, 'whatever blunder you are making over me, let one of you ride on for the doctor. It may be too late else.'

'It's uncommon little good a doctor will do you in this job, my lad,' said one of my captors.—'Here, Luke,' he added, as Naomi's servant brother rode up on a borrowed steed, 'we've took him, you see.'

Luke came up to where I stood. 'What'

does this mean?' I asked. 'You told me Naomi was hurt, and asked me to ride for the doctor.'

'That be hanged for a yarn; you had better tell that to the Court. You stole the horse, you dirty Tender-foot,' replied Luke, letting his pent-up hatred loose at last. I saw that I was trapped, but I rejoiced that Naomi's supposed fall was but part of Luke's device.

'Come, boys; form the Court,' said one of the older men; 'there's a handy tree on yonder bluff ready for the Britisher.'

Thus it was that I found myself on trial for my life—for horse-stealing is a hanging business in Dakota—before the dreaded Judge Lynch. Luke's perjured evidence was fatal. He swore that my story of having been sent for the doctor was false, that I had arrived at Golden Falls a mere penniless loafer, and that I had requited his charity by robbing him of his horse. I looked round on the rugged faces of my captors, and saw there was no hope for mercy. I was absolutely without proof of my innocence.

It was all over in five minutes. The Court pronounced me 'Guilty,' and I was told to say my prayers. But just as the sentence was uttered there was the clatter and rattle of wheels, and round Blackman's Corner came the Parson's City mail-coach—the self-same vehicle in which I had been victimised by the 'road-agents.'

The driver pulled up as he came abreast the crowd. I saw that my old acquaintance the one-eyed guard was in charge. He got down and strolled over to where the miner who had overtaken me was still holding the chestnut horse. 'Going to hang him, boys?' he asked after a moment's scrutiny.

'That's so,' was the reply.

'Where is the cuss?' asked the guard.

'That's him,' said one of the men, pointing to where I stood with my hands bound behind me. The guard recognised me with a start. 'Pah!' he said, 'you're foolin'. That Britisher was along with us, a passenger, when the agents stuck us up. He couldn't have stole the horse, or the dust either, for the matter of that.'

'What do you mean?' asked the miner who had acted as judge; 'no one's talking about dust.'

'I am, though,' said the guard shortly. 'I tell you that that is the horse the road-agents lifted, and it stands to reason that the man as lifted the horse lifted your dust, don't it?'

There was a murmur of wrath among the miners. All eyes were turned on Luke. He began to move towards the edge of the crowd; but rough hands restrained him, and the leader said very quietly: 'You will have to show where you got that hoss, Luke, before you make tracks.'

'It ain't a matter of showin' where he got the hoss, I reckon,' said the guard; 'leastways, not altogether.—See! he's a button short in the centre of his shirt. Guess I can find the missing shiner to match;' and he pulled out of his pocket a bright metal fancy button, engraved with a phoenix—the exact counterpart of the showy fastenings Luke wore in his hunting-shirt.

'Go on. What of that?' shouted the crowd. 'I picked up that button on the ground where we were robbed,' said the guard, 'right here by the corner. It got hitched off as the galoot cut the traces of that bald-faced chestnut. I saw it drop. I guess that ought to be enough for you.'

It was. 'What say you, boys, shall we hang him?' asked the judge; and amid a storm of 'Ays,' Luke was dragged, pale and trembling, to the tree. As the fatal spot was reached, he braced himself up with an effort and pointed to me. 'I was still bound between two of the men. 'Boys,' he said, 'if I tell you where the dust is hid, will you hang that cursed Englishman alongside me?'

'No! By gum, we wouldn't hang a dog on your evidence, you traitor, that sold your pals!' said the judge.—'Up with him, lads.'

It was not till a year later that, safe in the security of our English home, Naomi told me quite all there was to tell about Luke. She had reason to believe that in the interval between hearing of her father's death and my arrival, he had twice attempted her life—once by means of a reputed 'accident' with his revolver; and again by persuading her to cross the mountain torrent at a dangerous spot. In all probability my rash trip out West was the means of preserving the life as well as the fortune of the Heiress of Golden Falls. But I am more than repaid.

My character was fully re-established among the miners on our return to camp. The boy, Indian Joe, had overheard Luke pressing me to take the horse to ride for the doctor. Needless to say, Naomi's fall from the crag was a fiction designed to send me to a merciless death.

ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

PERHAPS nothing brings to mind more vividly the changes which the last Hundred Years have witnessed in England and the world generally than turning over the pages of a year-book for 1794. Such a volume recently fell into our hands, being purchased from a barrow in the Farringdon Road for the sum of sixpence. The book in question is the 'Royal Kalendar' for 1794, together with 'A Companion to the Royal Kalendar,' 'The East India Kalendar or Asiatic Register,' 'Rider's British Merlin,' and 'The Arms of the Peers, &c., of England, Scotland, and Ireland.' All these Kalendars are handsomely bound in red leather, stamped with gold, in one stout volume, six inches long, three and a half broad, and two deep. Formerly, it had clasps, but these have disappeared. In all probability, the different Kalendars were thus bound for the convenience of some public man who felt the need of a comprehensive book of reference. It must have been purchased at the sale of some gentleman's library, being labelled 'Lot 316;' while inside the first page the mark 48. shows that the Farringdon Road barrow was not the first place where it was exposed to sale second-hand. Before noticing the contents of this guide

to Europe in general and Great Britain in particular one hundred years ago—the Kalendar, be it noted, bears the legend, 'Corrected to the 26th of April 1794'—it is worth while pointing out that it is the direct ancestor of the Royal Kalendar of to-day, and that the J. Debrett who published it was publisher also of 'Debrett's Peerage,' a work now in its one hundred and eighty-first year of publication. The 'Arms' part of the volume was published by T. Longman, a name still honoured among the chief publishing houses of England; so that while we shall presently see that many changes have taken place in this country since 1794, some of the publishing houses in the front rank then maintain their proud position up to the present time.

Let us first see what the Kalendar tells us of the political state of this kingdom a century since, and to do this let us note the composition of the Houses of Parliament in 1794, 'the seventeenth Parliament of Great Britain' for as yet Ireland had its own Parliament. We find that the House of Lords then consisted of but 264 members, counting several minors. There were 4 Princes of the Blood, including the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York (he who had ten thousand men, and 'marched them up the hill, and then marched them down again'), 20 Dukes, 9 Marquises, 88 Earls, 13 Viscounts, 88 Barons, 16 Scotch Peers, and 26 Prelates. The Bishopric 'in the gift of the Athol family,' 'Sodor and Man,' did not then, as it may do now, confer a right to sit (though without the power of voting) in the Peers' Chamber, for the Isle of Man was regarded as an 'independent dependency.' Among the Dukedoms are three which have since become extinct—Ancaster, Bridgewater, and Dorset; and several of the Earldoms, &c., have also lapsed or become dormant. Nevertheless, most of the families still flourish, and find representatives in the Upper House to-day.

The House of Commons then had 558 members, made up as follows: 40 Counties in England, 80 Knights; 25 Cities (Ely, none; London, 4), 50 Citizens; 167 Boroughs (two each), 334 Burgesses; 5 Boroughs, one Burgess each; two Universities, four Burgesses; eight Cinque Ports, 16 Barons; 19 Counties in Wales, 12 Knights; 12 Boroughs, 12 Burgesses; the Shires of Scotland, 30 Knights; the Boroughs of Scotland, 15 Burgesses—making a sum-total of 558. All the members were Protestants, in virtue of an Act passed during the scare caused by the 'discovery' of the supposed Popish Plot by Titus Oates. The same rule applied to Ireland, where there were in the Irish House of Lords 185 members; and in the Irish House of Commons, 300.

Most interesting is it to look at the list of members of the House of Commons, and to note the places which then sent 'representatives' to Parliament. Addington, who sat for Abingdon, was then Speaker; Pitt was Prime Minister and member for Cambridge University; Charles James Fox was returned for the city of Westminster; William Wilberforce, the slave-trade abolitionist, was one of the two members for the County of Yorkshire; Henry Dundas, Secretary of State for the Home De-

partment, represented Edinburgh City; St Andrew St John was one of the members for Bedfordshire; Edmund Burke was M.P. for Malton; Somers Cocks for Ryegate; and R. B. Sheridan for Stafford; whilst among the ordinary run of members occur such familiar names as Anstruther, Balfour, Baring, Beaufoy, Bouverie, Bruce, Brixton, Cavendish, Courteney, Curzon, Dalkeith, Fergusson, Grosvenor, Harcourt, Henenage, Knatchbull, Lowther, Luttrell, Norman, McLeod, Peel, Spencer, Sykes, Trevelyan, Whitbread, Wemyss, and Wyndham. It is worth while to note that to-day representatives of nearly all the families named have seats in the House of Commons, some for the very same towns as in 1794, showing that the old Houses still hold their own despite the advance of democracy. Chief among the members of the Irish Parliament a hundred years since was Henry Grattan, who sat for Trinity College; Sir John Parnell sat for Queen's County, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald for Kildare.

Among the places which then sent members to Parliament were Minehead, 2; Old Sarum, 2; Gatton, in Surrey, 2; Winchester, 2; a whole host of little towns in Cornwall (this county, including its boroughs, had 41 members in all; while Yorkshire had but 30), Agmondesham, Bucks (2), Bearston, Devon (2), Corfe Castle and Bramber, Sussex. The Lord Mayor of London was one of the members for Southwark. Such towns as Manchester and Birmingham, rising places even then, returned no members.

The statistics concerning the House of Commons and the qualifications carrying a vote (they are given in the Companion) are very instructive. The qualification for voting differed in almost every electoral district. Perhaps the most interesting part of this section is the estimate given of the number of electors in the boroughs. In some cases one elector returned two members to Parliament; thus, 'W. C. Medleycott, Esquire,' sent two gentlemen to the House of Commons to sit for Melbourne Port, and Mr Fownes Luttrell two for Minehead (including himself). Other boroughs, such as Gatton, Droitwich, &c., had two electors. On the other hand, the city of Westminster with ten thousand electors only sent two men to the Commons. Aldborough in Suffolk had 80 electors; the town of the same name in Yorkshire, 57; Andover, 24; Banbury, 19; Bath, 30 (in these towns and in many others the Mayor and Common Council alone had the 'right to vote'); Basing, 20; Bristol City, 5000; Buckingham, 13; Canterbury, 1000; Coventry, 2400; Dunwich, 40; Higham-Ferrers, 145; Lyme-Regis, 50; Rye, 7; New Romney, 11; Old Sarum, 7; New Sarum, 58; London (the City), 7000; Marlborough, 7; Sandwich, 500; Taunton (the voters here are inhabitants of the borough, being potwallers), 300; Winchester, 40; Yarmouth (Norfolk), 730; and Yarmouth (Hampshire), 13.

Of scarcely less interest than the political information given is the list of officers in the army and navy. England was then engaged in that great struggle which only ended at Waterloo. The year 1794 was the year of Admiral Howe's great victory at Brest 'on the glorious 1st of

June,' and his name figures conspicuously in the Navy List. Among the captains is the entry, 'H. Nelson, June 11, 1779,' being the date when Lord Nelson took post rank. Nelson was then in command of the *Agamemnon*, a ship carrying 64 guns. Earl Howe, 'Vice-admiral of England, and Lieutenant of the Admiralty thereof,' is allowed twenty shillings per day, and ten shillings per month for sixteen servants. The Admirals having no other title are described as Esquires. To this day it is the custom on ships of the royal navy to address the officers not by the rank they hold, but as 'Mr' (pronounced on board ship 'Muster') So-and-so. The navy in 1791 consisted of 157 Ships 'of the line,' 22 'Fifties,' 142 Frigates, and 122 Sloops, &c. Many of the ships had been captured in war from the French, Spanish, Dutch, and Americans.

Before taking leave of the services, we may say that we fail to find the Duke of Wellington's name in the Army List. It was the year he joined the Duke of York in the Netherlands expedition, and not yet having attained the rank of Major—the lowest degree given in the Kalendar—we miss the name of the Hon. Arthur Wellesley.

It is a matter of some surprise to find the name of many institutions still in vigorous life in the pages of the Kalendar. The officers of State and the Household (such as Post-laureate Henry James Pye, Esquire, £100; and Harpsichord Maker John Broadwood) we naturally expect to find chronicled; but not all of us remember the age of some of our best-known institutions and societies the members of which are given in our book. There is the Royal Academy of Arts (Benjamin West, Esquire, President), which in 1791 was, it appears, twenty-six years old. The British Museum was fifteen years older than the Academy; the Royal Society (Sir Joseph Banks was President in 1791) dates from 1663. First among the trading companies is put the Bank of England; next comes the East India Company; then the South Sea Company; the Company of Merchants Trading to Africa, the Levant, Russia; Eastland and Hudson's Bay Companies. In the list of London bankers we find the names of Barclays & Tritton; Biddulph, Cocks, & Co.; Boldero, Child, Coutts, Drummond, Lubbock; Glyn, Mills, & Co.; Hankey, Herries, Hoare, Martin, Prescott, Roberts & Smith, Payne & Smiths. The offices of nearly all these eminent firms are to-day where they were a hundred years since. Among the assurance offices then in existence were the Royal Exchange, the Sun Fire Office, the Hand-in-Hand, and the Phoenix. Among the list of charitable institutions we notice the 'Laudable Society for the Benefit of Widows,' and the 'British Society for the Encouragement of Good Servants, Instituted November 23, 1792, at No. 27 Haymarket.'

England's colonial possessions were not so numerous then as now. In America (the United States had already been lost) we possessed Upper and Lower Canada, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia; and many of the West India Islands. We possessed besides, Cape Coast Castle and New South Wales. 'The rest is silence.'

In the chronology of remarkable events we find that after the Creation, the Flood, the destruction of Sodom and of Troy, comes the building of London, which is put down at 1107 B.C., or fifty-seven years before the building of Rome. The last two events recorded are the assassination of the king of Sweden (1792) and the beheading of the king of France (1793). This last entry is not the only testimony the Kalendar bears to the political changes which were then agitating Europe. Just as 'Whitaker' to-day devotes a section to the description of foreign countries the Kalendar has 'a Short Sketch of the Political Geography of Europe.' Denmark and Norway were then under one sovereignty, and of the laws prevailing there we read that all cases which do not come within the cognisance of the code established by Frederick III., are 'determined by the law of nature.' Of the States of Sweden we read 'they are now at the nod of the king.' In describing the sad state of Poland, the writer dwells on the unholy partition of that country by (Catherine II. of Russia and Frederick IV. of Prussia, then an event of quite recent history). Count Poniatowski (Stanislaus II.), a former favourite of the Empress, was still on the throne; but he was forced to resign the following year. Germany 'may be considered a grand confederacy of above three hundred independent sovereign princes,' acknowledging an elective superior in the person of the Emperor. Among the electors is the Elector of Brunswick-Hanover (the king of Great Britain). Concerning the electorate of Hanover, we are told 'No Government could be more mild, and an air of content is visible in the countenance of every inhabitant.' From the description of Spain we take the following significant passage: 'The people's knowledge of religion may be collected from the levity and absurdity of their worship, which is replete with such gross offences against sense and decency as even to displease the Catholics of other nations. Here the Inquisition reigns in all its terror, and threatens the life and liberty of all who deviate from the established faith.'

Coming to France, the chronicler notes the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a Republic in this 'singularly metamorphosed State.' We have also accounts of Sardinia, the Two Sicilies, the Pope's States, and Venice. Of Great Britain it is said: 'The persevering industry and great mechanical ingenuity of its inhabitants have given it decidedly the first place in Europe as a commercial and manufacturing country.' This, be it remembered, was written at the time when Watt was still carrying out his experiments for steam-navigation.

Last country of all treated of is Ireland. The following passage, though written in 1794, is not without significance at the present time: 'The indulgences lately granted to the Roman Catholics in this country, and their enjoyment, with others, of the protection and toleration of the laws, are instances of the soundest policy, which cannot fail of drawing after it a multitude of national advantages, in the exclusion of which, the selfish spirit of unrelenting bigotry so prevalent among the

contending sects had for a length of time proved almost uniformly successful.

We have left ourselves no space to deal with the East India Kalendar, which is a very complete guide to 'Bengal, Madras, Bombay, Fort-Marlborough, China, and St Helena,' and full of interest with its lists of 'free inhabitants,' senior and junior merchants, &c. Indeed, it gives the names of every European in India, as far as they were under the dominion of England—a task possible a hundred years ago, but one which would appal any directory compiler now.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It cannot be said that the meeting of the British Association at Oxford this year has been 'worthy of note for the publication of any remarkable advance in science; but at the same time it must be admitted that great interest is attached to many of the papers and observations brought before it. The first place must certainly be given to the discovery by Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay of a new constituent of the atmosphere. This discovery was brought about by the observation of a difference of density in nitrogen separated from the atmosphere and that obtained from other sources. The new element, if it be an element, and not a compound body, has a spectrum giving a single blue line, which is much more pronounced than the corresponding line in the spectrum of nitrogen.

The meeting of the British Association of 1894 will also be memorable for the attention given to the subject of flying-machines. Mr Maxim's machine is stated to be a marvel of ingenuity, and, unlike other flying-machines, of which we have all of us heard a great deal from time to time, it will fly. The difficulty seems to be not in making it rise in the atmosphere, but to control it when it has risen. Mr Maxim, in the paper which he read, said that it was a mistake to suppose that flying-machines could be made to carry freight and passengers. They were expensive to make, and must be dangerous to navigate, and the engineer in control should be an acrobat as well. The flying-machine would be for the arts of war, and not for peace, and machines with one thousand horse-power or more might possibly be able to travel more than a thousand miles with the fuel they would be able to carry. These not too sanguine expectations by Mr Maxim will be valuable to those who are apt to run away with the idea that the conquest of the air has at last been accomplished.

The British Mercantile Marine is to be congratulated on the fact that one of its members, Captain S. T. S. Lecky, R.N.R., has just issued the ninth edition of his most valuable nautical work entitled *Wrinkles in Practical Navigation*. Navigational guides there are in abundance, but not one of them so cleverly fulfils its purpose as that of Captain Lecky. Written by a seaman for seamen, it is redolent of the salt sea, and should be on the book-shelf of every navigator

worthy of the name. Every difficulty in practical navigation likely to crop up in actual work at sea is dealt with clearly yet concisely; and although mathematics is ignored, the proofs of the various problems leave nothing to be desired on the score of exactness. Every seafarer will find much to learn from this seaman-like work on practical navigation, and our merchant navy is much indebted to Captain Lecky for his painstaking endeavour to make straight the paths of his hard-worked brethren. Messrs Philip & Son of London and Liverpool are the publishers of this *magnum opus*.

Messrs Cross, Bevan, & Beadle, who are well known as experimental chemists, discovered, some months ago, a new class of substances which are derived from cellulose, which seem destined to have various industrial applications of a most important kind. The new material can be procured (1) As a solution which it is believed will form a substitute for glue, which can be used for cloth-sizing, paper-sizing, and as a vehicle for pigment-printing. (2) As a dense solid mass having much the appearance of ebonite, which can be turned, worked in any direction, will bear a high polish, and can be used for a variety of articles including insulators. (3) In the form of films or sheets, including a transparent variety which can be used for photographic purposes in lieu of glass. (4) As films or sheets attached to cloth, for bookbinding, upholstery, and a variety of purposes. And (5) In a porous state for the manufacture of artificial sponges and other articles. The solution will also lend itself to admixture with various foreign substances, which much increases its usefulness. Full particulars of this valuable new addition to the resources of the manufacturer will be found in the August number of the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, Philadelphia.

A curious operation may be seen in progress at the works of Messrs Cornell of New York, who have erected on the banks of the Hudson River a complete plant for heating and dipping in the salt water of the river steel plates which are intended for burglar-proof safes. By this salt-water treatment, the plates are rendered harder and better in other respects than if they were cooled in fresh water. The building of burglar-proof safes is now carried to a degree of scientific perfection which will hardly be credited. The plates employed are of a compound character, being made of alternate layers of hard and soft metal which are welded together. By such a combination the plates will yield neither to drill nor sledge-hammer; and the burglar's efforts to break through them are futile. One safe now being built has an outer cage, made of railroad iron interlaced, the interstices being filled in with Portland cement.

It has often been remarked that the first paper-manufacturer was the wasp, and the observation that the little insect makes its paper from wood probably led to the formation of the wood-pulp industry. From a recent number of the *Board of Trade Journal* it would seem that this industry in Norway is in the most flourishing condition, the demand for the pulp being constantly on the increase, and the

price of the material therefore rising. Both in Norway and Sweden the number of factories is being added to, and the production for the current year is already sold at remunerative prices. There are at the present time fifty-nine wool-pulp factories in Norway, one of which manufactures casks, three make cardboard, and ten make paper. The total Norwegian product for the year 1893, including a certain proportion of Swedish pulp, amounted to two hundred and thirty thousand tons. These figures relate to what is known as mechanical pulp only, the chemical wool-pulp coming under another category.

The present great demand for paper, owing chiefly to the increase in periodical literature, has attracted renewed attention to a valuable fibre-producing plant known as Sisal. This plant was introduced into the Bahamas from Yucatan about forty years ago, and has found such a congenial soil there that it has flourished to a surprising extent. Exaggerated accounts have been published as to the profits to be reaped from its extended cultivation; but, according to those best able to judge, it can only yield under favourable conditions a moderate return for capital invested in it. As to the excellence of the fibre, there is no doubt whatever; but there are now so many materials from which paper pulp can be made, that no one in particular can command an outside price.

An habitual railway traveller knows, as well as does the engine-driver, that a head-wind has often to be reckoned with as a preventive of punctuality, and it has occurred to most persons that the present blunt end of a locomotive in opposing such a broad surface to the air must to a great extent diminish speed and cause unnecessary consumption of fuel. Nature has constructed birds as well as fishes of such a form that their bodies offer the least possible resistance to the media in which they move, and man has acknowledged the correctness of the design in the construction of boats. The Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway have determined to test the value of the same principle for vehicles which cleave the air at the speed of birds, and they have ordered to be built forty engines with a metal prow in front, which shall enclose funnel, dome, and fire-box. The experiment is an interesting one, and it seems curious that it has not been tried before.

In July last, a new electric cable was laid in the bed of the Atlantic Ocean in the surprisingly short period of twelve days. And cable-laying has now become such a common matter that the event has not excited one hundredth part of the sensation created by the insignificant electric wire which was laid across the Strait of Dover in 1851. Since that date, the manufacture of cables has advanced by leaps and bounds, and the new Atlantic one may be regarded as the finest ever made. It is worthy of note that Great Britain has almost a monopoly of the world's ocean wires, the English companies controlling more than one hundred and fifty thousand miles of cable. Government has encouraged this form of enterprise; and in return, Imperial and Colonial despatches must have priority over all others

when required. We have now no fewer than ten cables communicating directly with America, while our French neighbours have only one.

It has long been a tradition among railway engineers that the ends of rails must be separated by a certain space, so as to allow for expansion of the iron in the heat of summer, and for its contraction in winter. This idea, which is based on theory, would seem to be erroneous in practice, for a company in America which proposes to apply electric welding to rails, has proved the contrary by the experimental joining-up of fifteen hundred feet of track. In welding a joint, the company makes use of a travelling plant containing the necessary electrical apparatus. The joint in the rails where the weld is to be made is first brightened up on all sides by a revolving emery wheel. Plates of metal are then applied on either side, and the whole is secured between two powerful jaws. The electric current is next caused to traverse the joint; and the ends of the rails and the attached pieces of metal are specially brought to a white-heat. At the right moment, power is applied to the jaws, which give the joint a mighty squeeze, with the result that the whole is welded together so perfectly that when the metal cools, no trace of a joint is visible. The system is considered to be of special value for electric railways and tramways, where the rails are used as conductors of the current, and continuity is of great importance.

At the recent meeting of the British Medical Association, much attention was given to the subject of Influenza, and the President suggested that the constant outbreak of the malady made him wonder 'whether by doing away with the conditions under which certain infectious diseases spread, they might not be actually producing a state of conditions favourable to the spread of other infectious diseases.' The question of sewer ventilation elicited from one speaker the opinion that surface ventilators, such as are found in the roads of most of our towns, were undoubtedly one cause of the spread of such diseases as diphtheria and enteric fever.

The manner in which different occupations affect the eyesight of those engaged in them is a most important and interesting field of inquiry, and we are glad to see that the subject claimed the attention of the meeting of the British Medical Association. Lead, in the many industries in which it is used, is a cause of optic neuritis. The iron and steel industries are found to be injurious to the eyesight, although certain of the workers seem to enjoy a strange immunity from injury. The increasing use of the electric arc light in various manufactures was also commented upon, and it was stated that in electric welding, the men were careful to cover the neck and arms, while the head and face were protected by a helmet with glass windows.

In a paper read before the British Association at Oxford, Dr Haldane asserted that explosions in mines were often not immediately fatal to underground workers, and that if they could be protected for a time from the deadly effects of the after-damp, valuable lives might often be saved. He exhibited a small apparatus which

he had constructed for the purpose of keeping up respiration in a noxious atmosphere. It consisted of a collapsible bag and tube, a small reservoir of compressed oxygen, and a layer of material for absorbing the carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs. From this description, it appears to be only a modified form of the apparatus devised by Mr H. A. Fleuss about twelve years ago, the first published account of which appeared in this *Journal*.

It is a very curious circumstance that in these days, when so much is written and thought about the importance of sanitary matters, no definite plan exists of ventilating private dwelling-houses. The needed fresh air must at present be obtained by opening doors and windows, and as the bulk of persons are afraid of draughts, a vitiated atmosphere is complacently borne, in preference to one which is pure. In some few of our public buildings, an electrically-driven fan is seen drawing the bad air away; but these useful appliances are rare, whereas in America they are common. Each living-room should possess some simple form of ventilator which would act without causing a draught.

It is reasonable to suppose that the manufacture of gigantic guns will give way to those of smaller calibre, now that the effectiveness of modern weapons of smaller size has been so often demonstrated. The marvellous power of some of the smaller sizes of breech-loading guns is illustrated in an article in the *Century Magazine* for July, in which their performance in actual warfare is criticised. In the Chilean civil war, a shot from an eight-inch gun struck a cruiser above the armour belt, passed through a steel plate, went through the captain's cabin, and took the pillow from under his head without hurting him, passed into the messroom, went through a wooden bulkhead, and killed nine men; then it went through a steel bulkhead five inches thick, and came to an end of its career by striking a battery outside. A shot from a ten-inch gun was stopped by the eight-inch armour of the same vessel; but it drove a bolt clean through the armour with such force that the bolt itself became a projectile, and, striking a gun, completely disabled it.

A new building material, called 'Compo Board,' is highly spoken of by an American paper. It consists of strips of one-eighth-inch wood sandwiched between sheets of straw board, the surfaces being cemented together, placed under hydraulic pressure, and finally dried in a kiln. This board is designed to take the place of the usual very unsatisfactory lath-and-plaster work in an interior wall. It is highly elastic; it will not warp; and wall-paper is affixed to it with ease, and with the highest finish. It is said not to be more expensive than first-class plaster-work; it produces no dampness in a building; it is air and dust tight; and makes in every respect a better wall than that afforded by older methods.

The recently published Report of the Silk Association of Great Britain and Ireland refers to the Exhibition held in May last at Stafford House, London, by the kindness of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. The object of the

Exhibition was to bring before the public the present state of excellence of the British silk-manufactures; and it was shown most conclusively that silk fabrics for dress and upholstery of every kind and description could be manufactured in this country. Although the promoters of the Exhibition sustained a slight loss, the enterprise is regarded as having been a great success in fulfilling the objects for which it was organised. It is proposed to establish in Lancashire, most probably at Manchester, a well-equipped school for teaching silk technology and design.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

He lured me from the firelit room
Adown the garden path, to see
The white chrysanthemums in bloom
Beneath the cherry-tree.
And while the autumn twilight fell
In tender shadow at our feet,
He told me that he loved me well,
In accents silver sweet.

I heeded not the faded leaves;
I never heard the wailing wind
Which mourned amid the silent eaves
For Summer left behind.
The golden hours might all depart;
I knew not that the day had flown;
My sunshine lay within the heart
That beat so near my own.

Now, Spring has come with flower and bird;
And softly o'er the garden walls,
By warm south breezes flushed and stirred,
The perfumed blossom falls.
New buds are on the hedgeside spray;
New grasses fringe the country lane;
But never in the old sweet way
Shall we two stand again.

My mother clasps my listless hand,
And tells me that the roses blow,
While all about the happy land
Drifts fragrant hawthorn snow.
But looking from my lonely room
Adown the path, I only see
Some white chrysanthemums in bloom
Beneath a cherry-tree!

E. MATHERSON.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 330 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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THE GREAT NORTH ROAD.

OF all the national highways, before the era of railways, the one most used was that leading northwards from London, along the eastern side of the island, to York and the intermediate towns. The Great North Road, as it has been called from time immemorial, did not, however, terminate at York, although that city in the old days was the metropolis of Northern England; but was continued to Edinburgh, thus forming a direct communication between the two capitals.

In the time of the Romans, the importance of the route was recognised. Watling Street—although it did not coincide at all points with its successor—ran in much the same direction; but new towns springing up in the more direct line between London and York, the old Roman Road was in time deserted and lost. Along with the disappearance of the Roman roads, disappeared the art of road-making. Up to the time when Acts of Parliament and the increase of traffic made it necessary to keep the roads in some state of repair, the Great North Road was a ditchless and hedgeless track for the most part of its length, and so difficult to follow in places, that guides had to be employed by those who did not know it. On one of the Lincolnshire moors there was, until comparatively recent times, a lighthouse to guide travellers in the right direction. The road, as it existed up to the seventeenth century, was innocent of any making, all the making it ever received being from the tramp of the countless feet and hoofs which passed over it. Such being the free-and-easy style of the road-making of our ancestors, its normal state may easily be conceived.

In 1680 the state of the road from Edinburgh to London, four miles out of the former place, was described in the Privy-council Records of that year as in so dreadful a state that passengers took their lives in their hands when they ventured upon it; 'either by their

coaches overturning, their horse falling, their carts breaking, their loads casting and horse stumbling, the poor people with the burdens on their backs sorely grieved and discouraged; moreover, strangers do often exclaim thereat.' The exclamations of strangers need not have troubled the Privy-council, as the roads were in much the same state from one end of the land to the other.

The first stage-coach between the two capitals appears to have been started in 1658. It ran once a fortnight, and the fare was four pounds. The time taken to the journey is not accurately known; but between York and London it was four days. This lavish system of communication was not, however, kept up, as, in 1763, the coach ran between London and Edinburgh once a month only, taking a fortnight, if the weather was favourable, to the journey.

In the days of stage-coaches, people sometimes clubbed together and hired a post-chaise for their journey, as being quicker and less expensive; and Scottish newspapers occasionally contained advertisements to the effect that a person about to proceed to London would be glad to hear of a fellow 'adventurer' or two bent on the same journey, to share the expense.

In 1754 a heroic effort was made to improve the London and Edinburgh coach. The *Edinburgh Courant* for that year contained the following advertisement: 'The Edinburgh Stage-coach, for the better accommodation of passengers, will be altered to a New Gentee Two-end Glass Coach Machine, being on steel springs, exceeding light, and easy to go in ten days in summer, and twelve in winter; to set out the first Tuesday in March, and continue it from Hosea Eastgate's, the "Coach and Horses," in Dean Street, Soho, London; and from John Somerville's, in the Canonsgate, Edinburgh, &c. Passengers to pay as usual.—Performed, if God permits, by your dutiful servant, HOSEA EASTGATE.'

There were some conservative souls, however, who scorned to use coaches, and preferred the

good old way. One of these was Lord Monboddo, the Scottish judge, who persisted in riding on horseback to London when he had occasion; as he said, it was unmanly to sit in a box drawn by brutes. Another, about the same time, was Mr Barlay of Ury, the member for Kincardineshire; but he scorned even a horse. When he went to London, he walked.

A journey on the Great North Road in the middle of the eighteenth century was not at all pleasure, even in the glass coach, but was as exciting and dangerous as any one could reasonably wish. Why was it, when in the neighbourhood of Barnet, especially at night, that the coachman kept a keener and more anxious lookout than usual? Why did the guard look to the pinning of his blunderbuss, notwithstanding that that instrument seldom did any mischief? Why did the passengers anxiously whisper together and peer out into the darkness? Why did those who had firearms portentously examine them? Why! Because this was the particular hunting-ground of the renowned Dick Turpin. Here he was wont to wait in some darksome nook and 'hold up' the passing traveller. When the word of command came, blunderbusses and pistols were forgotten, and their valiant possessors submitted to be fleeced like lambs. And here might be mentioned Turpin's famous ride to York; but, like many other doings of cherished heroes, it has been scouted by the historian, in the vulgar desire to keep to the level of sordid fact. Dick Turpin was not the only gentleman of the road, however; he had imitators, who practised on the highway all the way to York; but they had not always his success. Here and there, a grim reminder swinging in the wind testified to the uncertainty of human affairs as exemplified on the Great North Road. But the highwayman was only one of the dangers. If the coach escaped being upset in the ruts, or stuck in the mud, or engulfed in a ditch, or set afloat on the floods of Lincolnshire, or buried in the snow in winter, then the traveller might hope to arrive at the end of his journey alive. It is little wonder, taking all these considerations into account, that the intending traveller made his will, and solemnly took leave of his weeping family before setting out on a journey.

If the roads were bad, the coaches themselves were often not above reproach. Axle-trees had a habit of breaking, with disastrous results; and wheels came off so frequently, that it was taken as a matter of course. Dean Ramsay relates an anecdote of one of the North stage-coaches. A gentleman sitting in the coach at Berwick was inconvenienced by a copious stream of rain-water that descended upon him from a hole in the roof. On calling the coachman's attention to it, all the satisfaction he got was the quiet, unmoved reply: 'Ay, mony a ane has complained o' that hole.'

There was another vehicle, besides the stage-coach, which held the road until well on towards the end of the eighteenth century; this was the stage-wagon. As the stage-coach was not for everybody's money, the wagon was calculated to meet all requirements as regards cheapness. Thus, the York and London wagon, besides carrying merchandise, carried passengers

between these two cities at the rate of a shilling a day; but one did not require to be in a hurry, as the journey took fourteen days.

In 1784 a new era in coaching commenced, for in that year the mails were first carried by coach; before this, from the earliest times, they had been carried by postboys on horseback. The first regular post between London and Edinburgh was established in 1635. It was usually despatched twice a week, but in winter only once, and took three days to the journey. This was remarkable celerity for the times, although, in 1603, Robert Carey, son of Lord Hunsdon, galloped to Edinburgh with the news of the death of Queen Elizabeth in three days; but this was considered marvellous. Notwithstanding this rapidity, the news of the abdication of James II. in 1688 took three months to reach Orkney. By 1715 the speed of the mails had fallen off, for the Edinburgh post then took six days; but, owing to the vehement remonstrances of the towns on the route, their speed was accelerated to three and a half or four days. This could not have been any great exertion, as the mails in those days were not very heavy, as instanced in the year 1715, when the Edinburgh mail arrived one day with only one letter.

The post, like the stage, had its dangers and adventures. When the floods were out in Lincoln and Norfolk, the post was delayed for days, and sometimes weeks; and in winter, when the roads were blocked, it was sometimes interrupted for months. There were dangers of a kind which we should hardly have expected. The mail which left Edinburgh on the 20th of November 1725 reached Berwick in safety, but was never afterwards heard of, neither postboy, horse, nor mail bags. It is supposed that in crossing the sands between Holy Island and the mainland, over which his road lay, the postboy was confused by a fog, and rode in the direction of the sea, where he perished. In winter, too, postboys frequently perished among the snow.

But the danger above all others which the mail had to encounter was that from highwaymen. Postboys were waylaid at every turn, and the postbags rifled. This was so common, that 'robbing the mail' became a proverbial saying. Postboys seldom showed fight, being no match for a well-armed and mounted highwayman; indeed, if all tales be true, postboys themselves were not immaculate, for Mr Palmer says: 'The mails are generally entrusted to some idle boy without character, mounted on a worn-out hack; and who, so far from being able to defend himself or escape from a robber, is much more likely to be in league with him.'

About 1780, Mr Palmer drew up a scheme for the reorganisation of the postal system, and submitted it to Mr Pitt. He had been led to do so by the slow rate of the post as compared with stage-coaches, which had then attained some degree of efficiency. Pitt was so struck with Mr Palmer's scheme, that he made him Comptroller-general, in order to carry it out. Palmer's scheme was that the mails should be carried by coach instead of on horseback, thereby at least doubling the rate of speed; for by this time the old order of things

had become reversed, and stage-coach travelling was quicker than the post.

Like the introduction of stage-coaches, the introduction of mail-coaches was violently opposed. One post-office official expressed astonishment that 'any dissatisfaction or desire for change should exist;' that the post-office was excellently managed, and could not be improved upon; and also that he 'could not see why the post should be the swiftest conveyance in England.' The arming of the guards, which Palmer suggested, was objected to, as likely to add murder to the crime of robbery, 'for who, once desperate fellows had determined upon robbery, resistance would lead to murder.' But Pitt was adamant, and the coaches were started.

The first mail-coach to Edinburgh started in 1781, and took three nights and two days to the journey. The introduction of mail-coaches caused a revolution in travelling. Carrying passengers, and being better made, appointed, and horse-drawn, and travelling at a faster rate of speed, and, moreover, being subsidised by the Post-office, they were from the first a most formidable rival to the stage-coaches. The stage-coach, on the other hand, could not afford to be left behind, and soon, in point of equipment and speed, was equal to the mails. Under pressure of this competition, and also on the active interference of Government, the roads began to be better made and kept, and soon the ordinary rate of travelling for both mail and stage-coach was about eight miles an hour. But even this did not please everybody, not on the ground of its not being fast enough, but because it was too hot. It was gravely asserted that several people had died of affection of the brain on their arrival in London, owing to the too rapid motion through the air.

About 1820, travelling on the North Road was much improved by the new system of road-making introduced by Macadam; and about this time, also, an altogether new road between London and Edinburgh was contemplated. Telford was the engineer chosen. The road was to be as straight as possible, thus reverting to the plan of the Romans. The part between Morpeth and Edinburgh was completed about 1824. It went by Wooler, Collieston, up Lauderdale, by Soutra Hill, to Edinburgh. The larger portion between Morpeth and London, after some years spent in surveys, was at last decided upon; and a hundred miles of the New Great North Road between London and York were actually laid out, when the works were finally stopped by the advent of railways.

By this time, coaching had attained its acme of perfection. The maroon-coloured mail coach, with its four-in-hand team and scarlet-coated guard with his 'yard of tin' or horn, and the equally well-appointed stage-coach, were flashing up and down all parts of the road at an average speed of nine and ten miles an hour. The time for the mails was forty-two hours twenty-three minutes from London to Edinburgh; and forty-five hours thirty-nine minutes from Edinburgh to London; and these times were kept, not to a minute or two, but to the minute. This was surprising, considering the loads they sometimes had to carry. The mail-coach, besides the postbags—sometimes a load in themselves—

carried four inside and three outside passengers with their luggage. The stage-coach carried four inside and twelve outside passengers and luggage, which was piled on the roof, and when it had a full complement, looked like a mountain on wheels. Just before the introduction of railways, as many as seven coaches ran between London and Edinburgh daily.

Barnet, the first stage northwards from London, was at this time the grand junction for all the coaching lines to the northern parts of the kingdom. A continual procession passed through it at all hours of the day and night, and the sound of the guard's horn was as familiar as the railway whistle is to-day at Willem.

In spite of good roads and good coaches, travelling still had its dangers, especially in winter. In January 1814 the Edinburgh mail stuck in the snow, and the bags had to be forwarded to Alnwick on horseback. Eight horses were required to draw the down mail between York and Newcastle. In this year, too, Macready mentions in his *Reminiscences* that it was necessary to cut a passage for some miles through the snow in the neighbourhood of Berwick; and he says that, if he had delayed his journey for another day, he would not have got south for six weeks, the roads being blocked for that time between Edinburgh and Newcastle. In December 1836 was one of the severest snow-storms that ever occurred in this country. Communications were everywhere stopped, the mail and stage-coaches being completely disorganised. Coaches were caught wherever they happened to be, and buried in the snow. The town of St Albans was completely filled with them, unable to proceed up or down the road. In some parts of the country, all trace of the road was lost, and the coachmen, when they could proceed at all, had in many instances to find their way by guess.

In the end, the London and Edinburgh coach was gradually elbowed off the road by the railway. As the railway advanced northwards, so the coach receded. Its last run was between Edinburgh and Berwick; and this was finally given up on the opening of the Edinburgh and Berwick Railway in 1846. After this, the Great North Road was the Great North Road no more; from a national highway teeming with life, it became a mere country road, in places grass-grown and deserted.

The old coach, although it had its dangers and inconveniences, had a degree of romance about it which the railway, with all its comfort and expedition, does not possess. Although the traveller had at times to endure rain, sleet, and snow, yet what could be pleasanter than bowling along at twelve or thirteen miles an hour in the crisp morning air, all nature fresh and bright? In the stirring times when the century was young, it was the coach which spread the tidings of victory through the land. We can imagine the anxious crowds that awaited the mail at every stage, and the ringing cheer, as the coachman's beaming face and the sprig of holly in his hat announced another victory. The coachman was a mighty man in those days, not in name, but in reality; he was the king of the road, at whose nod all else

must stand aside. To sit beside him was a privilege, and to know him was an honour; but these days are past—both he and his occupation are gone.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

By JOHN K. LEYS, Author of *The Underside*, &c.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE TRIAL.

At the next sittings of the Central Criminal Court, a day was appointed for the trial of Adelaide, Lady Boldon, and Hugh Thesiger, for the murder of James Felix.

On the morning of the day fixed for the trial, which happened to be a Saturday, the doors of the court-house were besieged by the public as early as nine o'clock. It was lucky that Terence O'Neil was on the spot, to coax here and bully there, and bribe a sour-visaged policeman, else Lieutenant Thesiger and his wife, the old Rector and Adelaide's mother, would never have been able to squeeze their way in. Marjory was there too. She could not imagine what folly had possessed her sister to give herself up to the police for a crime which, the girl felt certain, she had never committed. As for Sir Richard Boldon's will, Marjory had not the slightest doubt that it had lain in the drawer of the writing-table ever since her brother-in-law's death, and that Mr Felix had either overlooked it, or had pretended not to find it when he sought for it on the day of the funeral. As to the murder of Mr Felix, Marjory maintained that he had taken the drug himself, and that the chemist and his son were simply mistaken in imagining that they recognised a fragment of one of their labels on the bit of broken glass found in Hugh's bedroom. At any rate, she believed, Adelaide could not be guilty of such a crime as *that*. She must have accused herself falsely, with the one idea of standing between her lover and danger. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, and indeed the public generally, took this view of the matter. There were a few, however, and amongst them were many *habitues* of the Old Bailey, who believed that both were alike guilty; and there were some who thought that, in spite of appearances to the contrary, Lady Boldon was the chief, if not the only criminal, and that Thesiger had done what he had done solely in order to screen her from the consequences of her crime. Of course, O'Neil and all Hugh's personal friends were of this number. The unemployed members of the bar crowded the benches allotted to them, and betted freely as to whether one prisoner, or both, or neither, would be convicted.

A little before ten, two Queen's Counsel appeared and pushed their way through the crowd till they reached the front row of the barristers' seats. The first was a quiet, gentlemanly man, the Solicitor-general, Sir Edward Spencer. He 'led' for the prosecution. The other was tall and spare-gaunt, indeed, of figure, with a hard eye and a determined air even when there was no occasion for pugnacity. This was the counsel whom O'Neil had selected for the defence of his friend, when he heard

that he could not command Mr Tempest's services. His name was Griffith, and he had a great reputation for a bulldog-like tenacity, which sometimes enabled him to win a case that had seemed hopelessly bad. O'Neil followed close behind him.

The two Q.C.s exchanged a few words; but presently another 'silk' came in, a little man with a withered face, a gentle tone, and a hesitating manner. Immediately, the Solicitor-general stopped talking to Griffith and addressed himself to the new comer. 'Hallo, Soames, who are you for?'

'I believe I'm for the lady,' said Soames in his usual soft accents.

'Most appropriate, I'm sure. Instructed by family solicitors, I suppose?'

'Yes—solicitors of Lady Boldon's father,' answered Mr Soames.

Sir Edward turned to his brief; and in a few minutes more the judge, Mr Justice Cherry, entered the court.

'Put Lady Boldon and Hugh Thesiger into the box,' said the clerk of arraigns; and in a few seconds the two prisoners appeared. Evidently, they had not been allowed to see one another until that moment; for each of them, before so much as glancing up at the crowded court, looked first of all into the other's eyes.

O'Neil, who was watching them intently, was surprised. Hugh's look was rather one of reproach, gentle, yet with some sternness in it—reproach and sorrow, rather than pity. Lady Boldon's look was that of a woman whose emotion is too great for words.

Chairs were provided; and the two prisoners were seated side by side, but a few feet apart from each other.

'You appear for the prosecution, I suppose, Sir Edward,' asked the judge.

'Yes, my lord. Mr Tempest is with me,' said the Solicitor-general, barely rising from his seat.

'Who appears for Lady Boldon?'

'I do, my lord. Mr Wylie and I,' said Mr Soames.

'And who is for Mr Thesiger?'

'No one, my lord. I prefer to conduct my own defence,' came in clear, ringing tones from the dock. Hugh was standing up, his head thrown back a little, his mouth firmly set.

There was a rustle, then a sudden hush in the court. O'Neil, greatly distressed, rose from his seat, and turned towards his friend, with an imploring look on his face. Hugh did not seem to see him; he kept his gaze fixed upon the judge.

Mr Griffith also rose to his feet, and glared, first at the prisoner, then at O'Neil, who paid no attention to him—and finally at the judge.

'I don't understand this, my lord,' he said. 'I was retained to defend Hugh Thesiger in the regular way. Of course, if he has changed his mind'—

'You had better leave your case to Mr Griffith,' said Mr Justice Cherry to the prisoner in persuasive tones, bending over his desk. 'It could not be in better hands.'

'I am sure of that, my lord; but I prefer to take my own course,' was the answer.

'Of course, if you insist—but I strongly advise you—'

'I fear I must insist,' said Thesiger calmly; and the judge said no more.

'I suppose we had better take Hugh Thesiger's case first,' said the judge; and Hugh, who had recoiled himself, immediately rose again to his feet.

'Hugh Thesiger,' said the clerk of the arraigns, 'you stand indicted that, on the 14th day of September last, you did wilfully, maliciously, and feloniously slay and murder one James Felix. Another count in the indictment charges you with the manslaughter of the said James Felix.—How say you, Hugh Thesiger, are you guilty, or not guilty?'

There was a dead stillness in the court for an instant, which was broken by Hugh's voice, and, but perfectly clear: 'Not guilty of murder. I plead guilty to the manslaughter.'

A cry from the dock—a cry that reached to the furthest corners of the court, and Lady Boldon rose up, her hands clasped before her: 'No! No! No! It was not he. Don't let him say he did it. It was I—I will confess it.'

'Sit down, Lady Boldon; I cannot listen to you,' said the judge sternly. 'Your motive may be a very generous one; I have no doubt it is. But you cannot be allowed to interfere with the course of justice. If you speak again, I must order you to be removed.' Mr Thesiger's plea is, in effect, one of not guilty, unless— He glanced, and glanced at Sir Edward Spencer, who had been talking in whispers with Mr Tempest and Mr Perowne, who was sitting at the solicitor's table in front of him. As the judge made that significant pause, the Solicitor general rose.

'I have been consulting with my friends,' he said; 'and he agrees with me that the evidence will not carry the case beyond the point of manslaughter. If your lordship has no objection, I am prepared, on behalf of the Crown, to accept the plea of Guilty of Manslaughter which the prisoner has tendered.'

'I think you are taking a very proper course,' said Mr Justice Cherry. 'There is no evidence of an intention to kill; stupefaction would serve any purpose the prisoner may have had equally well.'

'Just so, my lord,' said Sir Edward.

Then, after an inquiring glance at the bench, the clerk of arraigns proceeded to say: 'Hugh Thesiger, another indictment charges you with stealing, on the 14th day of September last, from the executors of the said James Felix, a certain document, to wit, a will; and another count in the indictment charges you under the statute with concealing the said will.—How say you, Hugh Thesiger, are you guilty, or not guilty?'

'I plead guilty, my lord,' he said quietly.

'Guilty on both counts?' asked the clerk of the arraigns, dipping his pen in the ink to make a record of the pleas.

'Yes.'

Lady Boldon lifted her tear-stained face for one instant, and looked at her lover. She leant towards him, and seemed about to speak; but he appeared not to be conscious of her

wish, and remained standing perfectly still, his eyes on the ground.

'You can stand down,' said the clerk of arraigns. As Hugh moved to obey, he glanced, by chance, at the bench, and found that the judge was observing him with a strange inquiring look, as if he would have liked very much to put one or two questions to him.

A little disconcerted by the judge's gaze, Hugh sat down. A policeman touched him on the arm, to intimate that he might go below, as it was evident that sentence was not going to be passed at the moment. Hugh had a sovereign ready in his waistcoat pocket, and he slipped it into the man's hand. 'Wait till you are told to remove me,' he whispered; and the man let him be.

Lady Boldon was now called on to plead; and in a hardly audible voice, she answered, 'Not guilty.'

Then the trial began with a speech from the Solicitor general—a speech that was studiously moderate in tone, quiet and unpretentious in manner, and absolutely free from clap trap, but clear as crystal, and all the more convincing and effective from its moderation. He began by narrating the facts concerning Sir Richard Boldon's marriage, and his death, and the general surprise that was felt when it was discovered that in virtue of a will which Sir Richard Boldon had made soon after his marriage, the Boldon estate passed to his widow for her life. Sir Edward Spencer then went on to speak of the attachment which had sprung up between Lady Boldon and Mr Hugh Thesiger, telling the jury that he should at least prove that they were intimate friends, and had a lot in such a way that it might easily be inferred that they were engaged to be married. Under these circumstances, it was plain that if a later will existed which took this huge estate away from Lady Boldon in the event of her marrying a second time, and gave it to another, both Lady Boldon and the gentleman whom she had apparently chosen as her second husband would have the very strongest interest in getting possession of that will, and suppressing it. The male prisoner had in their hearing confessed that he had administered to the solicitor who had the will (and who had apparently been induced to keep it secret) a powerful drug, and that he had taken the will from the dead man's room. Now, strictly speaking, that might not be evidence against Lady Boldon; but he was entitled to say this—somebody administered this drug; it was greatly to Lady Boldon's interest that it should be administered; were there circumstances, relevant facts, which could be sworn to, which connected Lady Boldon with the unfortunate solicitor's death, showing, in fact, that she was a party to it? He feared that there were such facts in abundance. It seemed, indeed, as if hers had been the moving spirit in the whole matter; for it could hardly be denied that she procured, copied with her own hand, and gave to her confederate, the prescription for the poison—nay, more, that she accompanied him when he purchased it.

Lady Boldon, continued Sir Edward, had made a confession; but although there could be

little doubt that it was true in the main, he did not intend to rely on it to any great extent. He could easily understand that his learned friend would urge fairly, and with great effect, that in making that confession, Lady Boldon had but one object in view—the screening of her lover. That object had failed, by reason of the frank, and, he would add, manly, confession of his guilt which the male prisoner had made; and although Lady Boldon's statement remained, it would be for him, Sir Edward, to support the case for the Crown by independent testimony. That he was prepared to do. He would prove that Lady Boldon had visited the unfortunate solicitor on the afternoon of his death. But whether it was she who, with her own hand, had administered the drug, or the prisoner who had pleaded guilty, was a matter of indifference. It was really immaterial. If she counselled the deed, if she lent her aid to the other prisoner in the accomplishment of it, she was an accessory before the fact, and equally guilty with him. And the clearest proof of her complicity was this—that the will, the will which stripped Lady Boldon of the wealth she had been enjoying, the moment she gave her hand to any man in marriage, was found under some other papers in a locked drawer of Lady Boldon's writing-table.

Hugh Thesiger started as these words were uttered, and threw a quick glance—a look of wonder and of grave reproach on Lady Boldon.

Hardly any one noticed this, however. Everybody was looking at Lady Boldon; she sat perfectly still, her hands resting in her lap, her eyes cast down. Only, at the mention of the finding of the will, a troubled, anxious expression crossed her face.

Then the tedious process of examination of witnesses was gone through.

Mr Soames was characteristically mild in his manner when he cross-examined the witnesses for the Crown. It was his principle that a man can more easily be coaxed than bullied into making admissions. He had no difficulty in eliciting from Matthew Fane the fact that Mr Felix was, to the best of his belief, alive, and sleeping a natural sleep, when he returned to the office at half-past four.

'Had any suspicion crossed your mind, Mr Fane, as to your employer's condition, you would at once have gone for assistance?'

'Yes; certainly.'

'And as you did not summon any one?—'

'It never occurred to me to do that. I saw no cause for alarm,' said Mr Fane.

'Exactly.—Now, as to this alleged will. Do you know anything about it?'

'I was not present when it was signed.'

'No—no. I don't mean that. Can you identify it in any way?—Just hand it up to the witness.'

'Yes,' said Fane, glancing at the document from the corner of his eye. 'I engrossed it. It is in my own handwriting.'

'Do you know why it was not produced at the time of Sir Richard's death?'

'No.'

'Do you know where it was at the time of his death?'

'No, sir.'

'Can you tell us anything about its adventures after it left your hands?'

'No; I can't, sir.'

'You don't know whether Mr Felix had it?'

'I can't say, sir.'

'Or whether Lady Boldon knew of it?'

'I don't suppose she did, sir,' said the witness with apparent simplicity.

'You mean that you know nothing from which you could have inferred that she must have been aware of the existence of this will?'

'Exactly, sir.'

'Exactly what?' asked the judge sharply.

'Exactly what the counsel said, my lord,' said Fane. 'I knew no reason why Lady Boldon should have known of the will. She might, or she might not, for all I can tell.'

'When did you see it last?' resumed Mr Soames.

'When I gave it to Mr Felix after engrossing it—before it was signed.'

'Then you can form no idea as to who had kept it since Sir Richard's death?' put in the judge.

'No, my lord.'

'Nor how it came to be found at Roby Chase?'

'No, my lord.'

The other witnesses were called, one after the other, including some experts in hand-writing, to prove the hand-writing of the prescription, as well as the witnesses who had been called at the inquest, and the detectives who found the will. Then Sir Edward declared that his case was closed, and Mr Justice Cherry announced that the court would adjourn for half an hour.

BAMBOO AND ITS USES.

A MUSEUM or an Exhibition arranged for the single purpose of illustrating the innumerable and varied uses to which the Bamboo is put would be rather a small nor an uninteresting one. Exterminate the bamboo, and the poor Chinaman is deprived of his big sun-hat, and the wealthier Chinaman of the soles of his shoes. But although we are inclined to associate bamboo chiefly with the Chinese, yet it is hardly if at all less important to the natives of India, the Malays, the Dyaks of Borneo, and the Japanese. The gracefulness and beauty of its foliage render it an irresistibly attractive subject to the Japanese artist. And, indeed, hardly a fitter frame could be desired to an outline of Fusiyama, the Peerless Mountain, than a cluster of slender bamboos gracefully arching the foreground. Hardly a screen, fan, vase, or lacquer tray but probably owes more or less of its decoration to the feathery leafage of the bamboo. And if some invisible power were suddenly to abolish all traces and suggestions of it, many a Kensington drawing-room would become surprisingly modified.

The Chinese cultivate it in plantations. They have a method of keeping the shoots cut down close to the ground for three years, not allowing them to grow until the fourth. These young shoots, besides being boiled and serving as fresh vegetables, are also preserved by different methods, being either candied or pickled. One of the medicines of Chinese physicians, called *tabachir*, is extracted from the bamboo, being developed from a fluid secreted in the joints. But if the leaves possessed the wonderful properties claimed for them, there would be no need to extract *tabachir*. A charm against sickness or misfortune has only to be written on a bamboo leaf, the leaf burnt, and the ashes mixed with tea and drunk. Whilst speaking of it as food and medicine, a more direct application may be mentioned: administered externally in the form of bastinado, bamboo has extinguished the life of many an unhappy wretch, depriving him of the existence which it might also have been the means of supporting. A most barbarous form of punishment consists in tying down the victim over several growing bamboo stumps cut down close to the ground and sharpened to a point. In 'prison English,' 'bamboo chow-chow' is a term expressing the application of the rod.

In some places, bamboo forms the only material in the construction of a house. The framework consists of poles lashed to ether with long strips of the outer fibre; the roof is thatched with the leaves, the walls are of matting, and for flooring the largest poles are split into narrow strips. In Borneo the houses are built thus, and there also the same material is exclusively used in the construction of pathways round the faces of precipices, and of bridges spanning the streams and gorges. Some of these native bridges are formed of a single bamboo for a footway, and a smaller one for a hand-rail—the very simplification of a bridge. These bridge-builders smoke tobacco pipes which are a kind of large bubble-bubble formed of the same material as their houses and bridges. More than thirteen centuries ago, in the year 550, a small hollow bamboo cane—so it is said—formed the packing-case in which the first silkworm's eggs were smuggled from China to Constantinople by two Persian monks in the service of the Emperor Justinian.

Some of the oldest Chinese books consisted simply of strips of bamboo pared thin, upon which the writing was scratched. And to-day, paper is made from the inner part of the stem beaten into a pulp. From this paper the thick soles of Chinese shoes are made. From the fibre also is manufactured a very light, cool material, which not only the Chinaman but the European resident uses for summer clothing, the only difference being in the fashion of the garments.

The rain-coats which in wet weather make the coolies and the jinricksha and sampan-men look like strange big bedraggled birds, are made simply of dried bamboo leaves. The leaves also serve as bedding for cattle, and the shavings are used to stuff pillows and beds. Ropes and cables are made from the fibre, and masts

from the poles. One species has so hard a surface that it can be used for a whetstone. On the busy wharfs where steamers load or discharge, the weight of heavy loads is distributed amongst a dozen or more coolies by an ingenious but simple arrangement of bamboo poles. In the same way, large blocks of stone are transported as rapidly as one can walk. Burden is light enough for one man to be carried suspended from either end of a bamboo carried across the shoulder. But a load for two men would be slung from the centre, each man taking an end of the pole on his shoulder. In this way, pigs, poultry, and vegetables go to market; and the hawkers and itinerant restaurant-transport their stalls about the streets.

One of the simplest and at the same time prettiest uses of bamboo is probably familiar to every reader in the form of the ordinary Japanese fan. A piece of bamboo about a foot long with a joint in the middle is taken. One half forms the handle; and the other half, split down to the joint into numerous fine strips, which, being spread out, form the frame-work upon which the paper is pasted. And frequently enough, its only decoration will be a simple, boldly drawn spray of bamboo. In front of nearly every tombstone in a Japanese cemetery may be seen a short length of bamboo forming a very simple vase, containing a small branch of green leaves or a few flowers.

It would be tedious to do more than enumerate all the miscellaneous articles which bamboo enters into the construction of—such as handles for pens, brushes, and agricultural tools; holders for pens or joss-sticks; fishing-rods, water-pipes, carved tobacco-boxes, mats, sedan-chairs, cages, stools, flutes, shopkeepers' measures of both length and capacity, and a host of other articles literally 'too numerous to mention.'

Regarding its use as fuel, the following quaint hint from the book of Messrs Marco Polo, the Venetian, forms an interesting example of travellers' tales in these days, when travellers were so few that there was little fear of their meeting with contradiction. He says: 'The people cut the green canes, of which there are vast numbers, and set fire to a heap of them at once. After they have been awhile burning, they burst asunder, and this makes such a loud report, that you might hear it ten miles off. In fact, any one unused to this noise who should hear it unexpectedly might easily go into a swoon or die of fright. But those who are used to it care nothing about it. Hence those who are not used to it stuff their ears well with cotton, and wrap up their heads and faces with all the clothes they can muster, and so they get along until they have become used to the sound. . . . I tell you the truth, however, when I say that the first time you hear it, nothing can be more alarming.'

In those climes where the bamboo does not flourish, but where humanity boasts of a higher civilisation, the mathematician proves with deep abstrusities of x and y that a cylinder is the strongest form a material can take. He simply recognises in the style of architecture which nature adopts in bones as well as bamboos, a combination of strength and lightness, which he

clumsily endeavours to imitate in hollow rods for his clanking machinery. Yet he condescends to lean upon a yard of bamboo for a walking-stick.

ROMANCE OF A BULLOCK CART.

By ROBERT BIRNIE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THERE is not much romance in a Bullock Cart, yet it was in such a vulgar vehicle that old Stanley Brown found the only romance in his life, and the foundation of one of the largest fortunes that was ever taken out of Buenos Ayres. He was not old then, for it was twenty-three years ago that the incidents herein related occurred. In fact, he is not very old now; but, as the nervous and mental strains he encountered at that time had whitened his curly auburn locks, he became known as 'Old Stanley Brown' from that date. Brown is an aristocratic name, and in high request; and as there was another clerk in the house of Gilroy & Company who bore it, it became necessary to distinguish between them. The one was simply Mister Brown, the other (the junior) received his full cognomen, familiarly Stanley Brown.

The Paraguayan war had just closed; trade was beginning to look up, and everybody anticipated a high old time. The two railways that have now become the great trunk lines—Southern and Western—were unable to accommodate all the traffic which quickly followed on the peace, and long trains of bullock carts still continued to bring produce in from the camp. These found temporary resting-places in great open spaces, which were sloughs of mud in wet weather, and Deserts of Sahara in dry. They are now pleasant lounging-places almost in the heart of a great city, shady with foliage, and redolent of flowers, the Plaza Once on the western, and the Plaza Constitucion on the southern sides of Buenos Ayres. The principal merchants had *barracas* or storehouses at both plazas, one of which belonged to the great English house of Gilroy & Company.

After the bad years of the war, the revival of trade had put every one in good spirits. Every person engaged in it had frequent spells of extra work; but they had their periods of rest between seasons, or between the arrivals of ships, when sport in the daytime and gaiety in the evening held sway. The English community—then much smaller in numbers than now—were a happy family. Tom might call on Dick, and say, 'I have come to dine,' without exciting any astonishment; and Harry might ride out to Fred's *quinta* at Quilmes or Belgrano, and declare his intention of stopping a week, without inducing his host to set a dog at him. Hospitality was such a common thing that nobody would dream of calling it sacred. The officers and men of Her Majesty's ill-fated *Dartford* found that out when they were all made tipsy on champagne at the Palermo sports meeting. They had dropped their anchor in the roads unexpectedly, and special races with special prizes had to be hurriedly extemporised.

Lieutenant Block and Engineer Selscrew made asses of themselves with the *portenas*; but that is another story, as Rudyard the raconteur would say.

In the central offices of Gilroy & Company, both principals and clerks were in a state of complacent satisfaction with themselves and each other; for they had just cleared off a large consignment from England, and their return cargo had not yet arrived from the camp. The slack tide between this flow of imports and ebb of exports would be celebrated that evening by a *baile* in the *Quinta* Gilroy. The young men were in eager anticipation of spending a jolly night, for the 'old man,' as they irreverently called their principal, was famous for his hospitality. *Baile* is Spanish for a ball; but no such white-chokered and black-clothed solemnitude was then known in Buenos Ayres. It only meant a dancing party—the gentlemen in light ducks or nankeen garments, and the ladies in the flimsiest of muslin. The dancing would be both within and without the house. The garden lit up with Chinese lanterns. The newly imported windmill would force water-jets from the fountains. The clustering grapes were ready for plucking; those few who delighted in fresh ripe figs might regale to their heart's content; and there would be unlimited ice champagne. In those days the English community, as they delighted to style themselves, conformed more to the exigencies of climate than to the demands of stiff-necked imitation of home customs. They sought their own comfort, and were happy in the quest, rather than—now—in the vain pretence of posing as genuine habitués of Mayan. There might have been a vulgar reason for this: there was but one English tailor in Buenos Ayres, and he was only a Scot-man. True, sometimes the starch would melt in the gentlemen's collars, and the ladies' skirts might be sally rumpled and torn; but these were trifles, and did not interfere with their enjoyment. They were all courteous and considerate, and in the quiet grottoes and under the arching vine trees there was formed many a romantic attachment, wherein young hearts had it all their own way, wherein the great business of human life and the story of creation went on.

It might appear that Stanley Brown was the only diligent clerk in Gilroy's office. He alone was poring over a big wool ledger; the others were chatting and laughing and smoking. A familiar slap on the shoulder made him look up.

'I say, Stanley, have you not finished yet?'

'Well, I don't know,' replied Stanley; 'there is a discrepancy in the sheep-skins.'

'Hang the sheep-skins! What matter a few sheep-skins?'

'Hang them by all means, if that would only balance the account.'

'Write off the balance. What does it matter? Have a smoke.'

'You had better not utter such awful heresy before Mr Brown,' said Stanley.

'I can't see, for the life of me, why such valuable time as yours and mine should be wasted over a few trumpety sheep-skins. Why,

with half a day's pay, I could buy all your discrepancies in the season.'

'Quite so. But you see it is not the sheep-skins that make the bother; it is the figures when they don't come right.'

'Ah, I don't understand. But let us talk about something else.'

'What is it now?' asked Stanley.

'You are a real good hearted sort of fellow. Aint you, Stanley?'

'Oh, you want something.'

'Yes; of course; but it won't cost you anything--only a bit of your usual good-nature. I want you to give me a chance with little Miss Chumley to-night.'

'Oh! Ah!' replied poor Stanley with a pang, for he nourished sweet thoughts about Miss Chumley himself. 'What can I do?'

'I want you to get her away from Mr Brown--he is after her too, hang him! Take her for a walk down the quinta. When you meet me, leave her with me. Will you do that, like a good fellow?'

Stanley, like the good-natured numskull that he was, weakly consented; and then, as ideas came slowly into his brain, he asked, 'Mr Brown' what does he want with Miss Chumley?'

'To make her Mr Brown, of course.'

'And do you want to make her Mrs Bowman?'

'Well, dear boy, it would perhaps not be such a long engagement, if old Gilroy would consent.'

Stanley stroked his downy whisker. He had looked on Mr Brown as a confirmed old bachelor, old enough to have been Miss Chumley's papa; but when this idea was put to him like that, he had to admit to himself that there was nothing preposterous in it, for Mr Brown was a well-preserved gentleman, and held a responsible and highly paid post. The other continued: 'The old fox thinks we don't know about it. If it was only the cash he was after, why does he not take her aunt? She would jump at him. But to steal the little money--it would be a Jephthah's sacrifice--it would, by jingo!'

Although hazy in the knowledge of all history, sacred or profane, the young fellow thought he had made a good point there, and repeated it: 'A Jephthah sacrifice, by jingo!'

Stanley continued stroking his cheek, and asked hesitatingly: 'Is there an understanding betwixt you, then?'

'Of course there is. She can't misunderstand my attentions.'

'Does she--does she--like you?'

'I know I have made an impression. I believe it is a regular case of spoons. You might have noticed it at the cricket match; but I suppose you were too busy with your play to notice anything.'

At that moment Stanley's energies were devoted to the bottling up of his own internal perturbation, and he did not notice the ludicrous vanity of Mr Bowman's speech and manner. 'Has she--has she told you so?'

'Well, I can't go quite so far as to say that,' said Mr Bowman with a modest deprecatory smile. 'But I intend she shall tell me to-night;

and so she will, if you will only fence off that old fox Brown; and mind, you have promised.'

'Have I? No. Well, it can't be helped. You are entitled to your chance.'

'Ta, ta,' said Mr Bowman. 'Look after your sheep-skins.'

But Stanley had no further heart to hunt out his erring figures. He put away the book, locked his desk, and went out for a stroll and a smoke.

In spite of the liberal provision made for the enjoyment of the guests, there was an indescribable aspect of gloom over the Gilroy party.

The music was brilliant and harmonious as ever; the rooms within and the gardens without were lit up like a fairy dream; the young people were dancing as merrily as is their wont, and popping of corks and hurrying waiters proclaimed that the bodily desires of the creature were being gratified. But there was something which jarred with it all. Middle-aged and elderly people were conversing gravely in whispers. The laughter of youth was not quite so borderless as was usual at those parties where everybody knew everybody. The pauses between the dances were unnecessarily long. The genial gentlemen who welcomed any excuse for a drink forgot sometimes to invite their friends to crack a bottle together. Clearly, there was a want of go in the party. The brothers Gilroy, as hosts, were doing their best; but in some unaccountable fashion would drift into a corner and remain there until conscience pricked them, and they would start off anew to chat to their guests and stimulate the merriment. It was plain they did so under a sense of duty with preoccupied minds.

Stanley had strolled into the central *patio* from the garden. He did not feel well satisfied with himself. He had, according to promise, after dancing with Miss Chumley, walked with her down the arcade of vines, she rattling on in a happy mood about the clusters of grapes, and the astonishing and delightful absence of mosquitoes, that season. He had noticed it, and also that they had been spared the usual plague of flies that come in February. He might have spent a delightful half-hour with her, when they encountered Mr Bowman, and remembering his reluctant promise, he made some excuse, and surrendered her to his colleague in office. He thought he saw an offended look of surprise in the young lady's glance as he turned away. He was not sure, but the suspicion made him still more uncomfortable. It was his foolish habit to believe in everybody but himself, and he quite credited the vain boasting of his rival when he announced himself as the young lady's favourite. Now, he was tormenting himself with the vague pain of having lost something which he never possessed. In this mood he stumbled across his namesake Mr Brown.

'Ho, Stanley! Enjoying yourself, of course.'

'Yes, of course,' said Stanley vaguely.

'You don't look like it. A young fellow like you should be dancing all night. Go and get hold of Mr Gilroy's niece.'

'I have just been dancing with Miss Chumley.'

'Where is she now? I don't see her.'

'She is with Bowman in the quinta,' replied Stanley in a melancholy tone.

'Are you going to let him cut you out?'

This was very kind of Mr Brown. Stanley was surprised. It did not sound like a remark that would come from a gentleman who had matrimonial intentions towards the lady.

But before he could reply, Mr Brown continued: 'By the way—excuse me talking shop for a minute—whose turn is it for the barraca, yours or Bowman's?'

'Bowman's, sir: I had the last consignment.'

'I wish it were yours. He gives us enough to do in the office correcting his mistakes.'

Stanley felt a guilty pang connected with those lost sheep-skins, and did not answer.

'Well, it will be time enough to-morrow to give him his instructions; but, as I said before, I wish it had been your turn, for the *Lady Gertrude* is only a chartered ship, and the cargo rather an important one.'

Stanley thought of offering to take up the duty; but before he could reply, Miss Chumley entered alone from the quinta. He stepped forward hesitatingly; but she dexterously slipped in between the two gentlemen, and giving him a cool nod, addressed herself to Mr Brown. 'Are you two discussing business? For shame!'

'We have quite finished; and here is Stanley Brown looking out for a partner.'

'But your dancing days are not yet done, Mr Brown; and although it is not leap year, I ask you to give me a dance.'

'I will try,' said Mr Brown gallantly.

She went off smiling, on Mr Brown's arm, with the indescribable grace of the English portefaña—the grace of the southern born dancer combined with the freedom of English descent and education. The smile was not addressed to Stanley, yet he felt as vaguely relieved as he was before vaguely uncomfortable. Ere he could analyse his feelings, his mental processes being slow, Bowman came sauntering in from the quinta, a huge cigar in his mouth.

'Ha! Stanley, old man,' was his salutation.

'It has not come off, then?' inquired Stanley.

'No not yet; but it will.' Fact is, she is scared, like the rest of them; and he actually turned round to expectorate in one of the large tubs which held the plants that adorned the patio. Evidently his cigar did not agree with him.

'Scared! What do you mean?'

'Pooh! This yarn about the yellow fever.'

'Explain. I don't understand.'

'Of course not—you never do understand. It is now a fact that the fever has broken out at the Boca. Government have been doing their best to hide it; but down there, they are dying like flies—twenty deaths to-day, by jingo!'

Engrossed as Stanley had been with his duties, he had never paid much attention to the reports that came in about the advance of the epidemic that had broken out two months previously in the upper provinces, and how it was advancing steadily towards the capital. Like many others, he believed, if he gave it

a thought at all, that it could never jump over the broad expanse of the river Plate. But here it was, and he received the news with a chilling sensation of dread. He could only reply after a pause: 'And Miss Chumley is scared, is she?'

'Yes. It is evidently not the time to talk love to her.'

'Ha! quite so. Does she know of it? Ha, she been told?'

'I suppose so. 'Pon my honour, can't say. But I say, old boy—and Bowman siddled up to him entreatingly—'we are chums, you know; let me have a fair chance. There she is, waltzing away with old Brown, hang him! Give me a fair chance, and I will cut him out.'

'Have you not had your fair chance? Have you not spoken to her already?'

'Well, you know, I was just beginning, when she sort of pulled me up. But you know she could not guess what I was going to say, or she would have waited. Don't you think so?'

Stanley did not know what to think. Bowman was an insignificant-looking young man, with light blue, shifty eyes; but he was choked full of vanity, which he called self-esteem. Stanley himself was really a handsome fellow, but he did not know it.

'How can I give you a fair chance?' he inquired.

'It is my turn to take tally of those dashed bullock carts, and I will be in dust and grease for the next fortnight. If you take my place, I will see her again before they go to the camp. Do promise, old fellow, and I will work double tides next time, I will indeed.'

'That depends,' said Stanley, touched on a tender point. 'I can only obey orders, and so must you, Bowman.'

'Obey orders, of course. But if you say "Yes," I can tell the governor. Why do you hesitate?'

'I don't hesitate; but—'

'Thanks, old man. I knew you would do it. You are a good fellow.'

'Here, Bowman—don't misunderstand me. I am not promising.'

But Bowman was off, and skipped in among the dancers. He heard the last words of his friend distinctly, but he heeded them not; he was quite prepared, if necessary, to swear that he did not hear them. He indulged in a quiet chuckle to himself, and determined to settle the matter promptly. He watched his opportunity to address his supposed rival, Mr Brown, to whose face he was much more respectful than behind his back. Mr Brown was at that moment helping Miss Chumley to a ice; but soon the young lady was claimed by another partner, and left the way clear for him.

'Ha! Bowman, enjoying yourself,' said Mr Brown.

'Trying to do. It is rather slow. Don't you think so?'

'No; I don't. But you are a used-up young man.'

'I suppose, sir, there is a reason for it, if there is any truth in this story about Yellow Jack.'

'I fear it is only too true.'

'But it never came to Buenos Ayres before. Do you know if it did, sir?'

'I have never heard of it coming farther south than Brazil—that is, coming to stay—and therefore I am in great hopes that these few cases will end the matter. The Government have declared hitherto that it is only confined to the poor fellows who were prisoners of war in Paraguay and Brazil. I quite believe them; so you must not be frightened.'

'I am not frightened.—But excuse me, sir, a moment, as I might not have another opportunity. I wanted to mention that Stanley Brown has agreed to take my turn with the lading of the *Loch Garraoh*.'

Mr Brown looked at him keenly.

The young fellow blushed, and said hurriedly: 'Oh, believe me, sir; it is not that. I care no more for Yellow Jack than that'—snapping his fingers; 'I believe our factory is as safe as a church. It is only for a mutual convenience of our own. I will take up the next two turns.'

'All right, then. I am glad to hear it,' said Mr Brown with a smile.

'All right, is it?' muttered Brown, glancing at himself in one of the great mirrors. 'If he knew the real reason, he would not say it was all right.'

For the rest of the night he took care to keep out of Stanley's way. He looked upon his fellow clerk as one of the 'sottes' out of whom it was justifiable to exact as much friendly service as possible. He knew from experience that Stanley would not create unpleasantness by contradicting his story; yet it was not advisable to give him an opportunity to renew the conversation, until at least after he had received his orders to go on to the barracks.

BRITISH DESERTERS IN TIME OF WAR.

In most military conquerors the genius for plunder has been largely developed: to Napoleon Bonaparte belongs the credit, or discredit, which is much the same thing, of reducing the practice to a system. It was the special duty of Dominique Vivant, Baron de Denon, Director of the Museum at Paris—known to the soldiers by his familiar nickname of the 'Auctioneer'—to follow him in his campaigns, to select objects of value in every conquered city, for the purpose of adding them to the treasures of the Louvre. He fulfilled his mission with such affection that he has been accused—probably with truth—of appropriating a portion of the spoils. That such portion was neither small nor valueless, we may, by reference to the practice of his military companions and co-adventurers in such cases, rest assured.

As for the marshals and generals of the Empire, for the plunder they were enabled to amass, the reader must be referred to the pages of Madame de Régnier. Without trenching upon this authority, we may give a few examples, in illustration of our opening. Marshal Soult was eager in his search for Murillos and Velasquez, and possessed a fine collection.

The special predilection of Junot, Duc d'Abrantès, was gems and precious stones. To him belongs the peculiar infamy of having despoiled the famous gold crown of the Virgin in the cathedral at Toledo of the emerald of matchless colour and value which formerly surmounted the diadem. The act was done with the dexterity of an accomplished 'crack-man.' With the observation, 'Ceci doit être à moi,' he deftly twisted off the emerald with his finger and thumb, and put the gem in his pocket. The French general who occupied the Escorial carried away the gold and jewelled shrine which held the charred relics of St Lawrence. He had the grace, next day, to return the relics, tied up in a blue cotton pocket handkerchief, accompanied with an apologetic note, but, with the careful thoughtfulness of his fellows, retained the gold and jewelled shrine.

We might multiply examples, but these few shall suffice. Throughout the Peninsula, it was common for savants to show strangers articles of church-plate and jewellery which had been concealed under ground, in the hope of preserving them from the rapacity of the invader. This hope was oftentimes doomed to disappointment. The soldier of Napoleon had graduated in the school of plunder, and the *cave* which baffled his experience must indeed be clever. New masonry, a slight unevenness or inequality in the ground, were sufficient to awaken his suspicions; water was called in to indicate, by absorption, recesses where coin or valuables might be stowed away. The name of the individual whose scent for wine was so acute that it guided him with unerring accuracy to the spot where 'prime growths' had been concealed, has not been preserved to us. Anonymous as he is, he was scarcely a figment of the imagination, or 'gilt,' which might excite the envy of a *journal* would not have been noticed by grave historians of the Peninsular War.

The 'Soldier of Fortune,' like Junot and his comrades, who 'carried a marshal's bâton in his knapsack,' was unknown to the English service. By the maxims of that service, and the position he occupied in the Peninsula, the soldier of Sir Arthur Wellesley was precluded from plunder. After a town was captured by storm, and his blood was heated by resistance and strong waters, we all know the English soldier *did* plunder. In the search for 'loot,' he laboured under difficulties and disadvantages which did not trouble his French opponent. The English soldier was in a friendly country: in his 'friends and allies' left him to do the fighting, and hated him cordially into the bargain, it was all in the day's business: he had no cause to grumble. If caught pilfering even from the routed French, instead of earning a marshal's bâton, Tommy Atkins stood a fair chance of making the acquaintance of the provost-marshal. The scoundrels who profited by his victories—and they profited to some purpose—were the jackals of the English army. Of the five and a half million dollars which are said to have formed part of the spoils of Vittoria, only a fiftieth part reached the hands of the English general. The rest fell into the

hands of marauders, the majority of whom were non-combatants, not amenable to discipline, and richly as they deserved the halter, far too numerous to be hanged.

It was inevitable under such circumstances that the English soldier should begin to think. When he looked around him, he found ample food for reflection. The English army was suffering from the mis-management of its Government and the War Office, which had become so chronic, so persistent, and withal so dangerous. In marked contrast with the completeness of Napoleon's hospital service, the English medical and ambulance departments were wretched; the cutting tools were so worthless, that but for those captured from the French, the siege of certain fortified strongholds must have been abandoned; the military chest was empty; the commissariat often miserably supplied; and Tommy Atkins the most magnificent soldier the world has ever seen was frequently without his food. 'The bar to our felicity,' says one of the officers of the famous Light Brigade, 'was the want of money, as, independent of long arrears already due, the military chest continued so very poor that it could not afford to give us more than a fortnight's pay during these three months; and . . . we were obliged to sell silver spoons, watches, and everything of value we possessed, to purchase the common necessaries of life.' If this was the case with the officers, it told, we may be certain, with ten times greater force upon the British private and his comrades.

Tommy Atkins was not an acute reasoner, and a reasoner, however 'acute,' seldom argues with logical accuracy on an empty stomach. He put two and two together, and, as sometimes occurs in such cases, put them 'together' wrong. The inevitable result followed—desertions from the British army became numerous. Out of that circumstance, history has painted one of the most ghastly pictures which can be suggested to the mind of an Englishman: side by side with the French who fell in the breach at Ciudad Rodrigo, says Sir W. F. Napier, 'many British deserters—desperate men—were bayoneted.'

They sought death because no alternative was open to them. If they escaped it in the breach or the battle-field, they knew it must find them among the prisoners. Several deserters taken after the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo were shot. Some of these men were bad and irreclaimable; others were merely thoughtless and reckless. To every one who could produce a fair record from his commanding officer, mercy was invariably extended. Six utterly black sheep were shot near the village of Itiera. One protested against the legality of his sentence on the ground that until he had received the arrears of pay due to him at the time of his desertion, his judges were in no position to condemn him. The pleading lost none of its significance because it was uttered in front of the degraded man's coffin, in sight of the troops who were assembled to witness his execution.

Desertion to the enemy is a crime of the blackest character; it transforms the man who deserts into a murderer, because he imbrues his

hands in the blood of his former comrades. Although desertion in time of peace is far too frequent in our service, the British soldier rarely deserts in war time, unless special inducements seem held out to him. This is partly proved by the fact that although the War Office repeated its lamentable blunders in the Crimea, British deserters to the Russians were few and far between. On the other hand, in Canada, at the time of the Indian Mutinies, when England required the services of every one of her soldiers, desertions became so frequent and so scandalous, that they provoked the most indignant comments from General Eyre upon the subject. The men were led to believe they would obtain employment in the States; and as no excuse can be found for such fellows, it is very satisfactory to be able to add that they lived to repent their folly. Few as the cases of desertion to the enemy are, there are some which can be explained away by no hypothesis of pique, or passion, or impulse, or even of 'pure craziness.' The strangest, perhaps, on record is that of a sergeant in the artillery, whose name, even at this distance of time, we purposely withhold. This man deserted to the enemy at the siege of the Mahratta fortress of Bhimpore in 1825-26. The sergeant was a Waterloo man, and had always been a steady, good soldier, who regularly remitted a portion of his pay to his old mother in England. No conceivable cause could be assigned for the base act of treachery by which this man brought disgrace on himself. He was seen pointing the guns against his former comrades, and is believed to have given information to the enemy of the hour of relieving trenches. The result was one which must have been taken into the wretched man's calculation at the moment he went over. Bhimpore fell; and the sergeant was caught, tried by court-martial, and most deservedly and most righteously hanged out of hand.

ON HER WEDDING DAY.

By GEORGE G. FAIRBANK.

It was a quiet wedding—no show, no fuss, no flurry, but just unostentatious and decorous, as best becoms the ceremony. No carriage even. Only a step separated Ben Varley's cottage from the church, and old Ben, with his daughter, the bride, and her cousin, Kate Fletcher, had walked the distance. Dick Ford and his 'best man,' Reuben Grime, in like wise reached the ancient, lichen-ed edifice. The little building was well-nigh full of interested fisher-folk, a state of repletion which the rector's most learned sermons failed to bring about on Sundays. Various ejaculations uttered in would-be undertones—'Doesn' her luik bonnie?' 'She's paler nor I like to see;' 'Gray suits her, it do'—from the women, with sundry sniggerings and rib-diggings on the part of the men, marked the passage of the 'happy pair' as, leaving the church, they trod the leaf-strewn path of the churchyard.

'Eh, but he's fort'nit' to get sich a winsome young woman,' said Miss Mitchell, an elderly spinster.

'She noan knows what she's venturin' on,' replied Mrs Hogan, whose husband was reckoned the most henpecked man in Port St Bede. 'The troubles, the worrits o' men folk's enow to drive a body crazy. Oh, I know it, Miss Mitchell, nobody better,' shaking her head dolefully.

'Guid luck go wi' ye, Mrs Ford,' chorused the women; and 'May ye iver be blithe, Dick,' shouted the men.

Dick smiled, and raised his hat awkwardly -- it being the first time he had ever donned a silk hat, he did not feel at home in it -- while Esther clung more tightly to his arm as the good wishes thronged in on every side. Bride and bridegroom came first, of course; Rule Gracie linked next with Kate; then followed, in straggling order, old Ben and Dick's father his mother, like Esther's, had long been at rest beneath the shade of the church tower. Bob Yarde, Ralph Thwaites with Mr Thwaites, Simeon Howker and wife, and other friends who had been invited to celebrate the event. And so the little train wended down to the 'Trawlers' Inn, in the big up-tan room of which the wedding breakfast was spread.

The weather in the early morn had been none of the best; a tempest hovered in the air. The clouds in the churchyard enaked and bent their tops, although no wind was stirring; the hush that preceded the coming storm was painful in its brooding stillness. The long-drawn roar of the ocean smote the ears of the wedding party as they left the church; from the hill, the waves could be seen breaking far out to sea, overleaping and licking the Fork Rocks like angry tongues of flame round a martyr at the stake. The wind, too, had come, at first in short, fitful gusts, gradually prolonged, until, before the inn was reached, the full force of its strength was put forth. Heavy drops of rain fell pattering on the uneven cobbles of the street, and on the gray shades of the roofs.

'We shall ha'e it noo,' muttered Reuben to Kate, glancing with puckered brow to seaward. 'There'll be no boat, ventur' out to meet. I'm thinkin'.'

'Nay, an' I hope not,' was the reply.

Kate was too engrossed just then to give more than a laconic answer--too much engrossed in the study of her cousin's gray dress, in considering what improvements its style, fit, and texture were susceptible of, amid the time when she herself should take the foremost place in such another procession. Besides, she resented the transference of Rule's attentions from her own pretty self to the black, wrathful elements. What place have storms and discord in the music of marriage bells? Verily, none. They might reserve themselves--at least, so Kate thought--for a later period.

But her pique soon wore off when the company was seated round the loaded table at the 'Trawlers' Inn. Here, the sullen moan of the wind, the thunder of the sea, the patter of the rain, were forgotten in a flow of boisterous humour more appropriate to the occasion. Geniality and high spirits blotted them from the memory as effectually as if they were

non-existent. The season was to be a season of joy, despite all drawbacks, and right jovially was it inaugurated. Mine host had catered to taste.

There were speeches of course--speeches a little disjointed, perhaps, but full of pleasant banter, and of that species of wit denominated 'broad.' The homely sentiment were received with vast applause, and the lively sallies evoked grins and laughter that showed a thorough appreciation of their point.

Dick rose to reply. On entering the inn, he had been in sore perplexity as to whether he should remove his gloves or not, his knowledge of the usages of 'society' not extending to certainty on the matter. In fear lest he should violate some unknown canon of etiquette, and probably remembering the trouble he had had in getting them on, he finally decided to retain the lavender-coloured 'hand-shoes' as long as he could endure the infliction. When he now stood up, he twitched nervously at them, thereby unwittingly drawing attention to the rings between the fingers. 'Friends all,' he began. 'For Esther an' mysen I thank you every one for what you've said about wishin' us both good fortune. We mean to pull together all through life, as t' parson said, "till death do us part," an' I hope that'll be a goodish while yet. As for them other things you've a-moost all spoken about well, you've had a go at me to-day, an' welcome; an' I hope I shall have a chance one o' these days o' havin' a go at some o' you.'

'Hear, hear' broke in Simeon Howker.

A loud burst of merriment greeted the interruption. Simeon's exclamation had been simply thrown in to fill up the hiatus caused by Dick's momentary hesitation. A vile misconstruction had been put upon his sympathetic encouragement, and it only needed his wife's angry glance to drive away for that day I poor Simeon's enthusiasm and appetite.

'Well,' continued Dick as soon as the mirth had subsided, 'I trust you'll all luik back o' this day wi' as much pleasure as I allays shall--an' I can't wish you better nor that. Let me thank you again, for Esther an' mysen'. An' now you mun a' ha'e a bit o' bride-cake.'

The sugared pyramid in the centre of the table had been specially ordered and baked at Jennings's, of Morperland. Admiring eyes made it their cynosure; it was unanimously voted a real *chef-d'œuvre* of the confectioners' art. Hardly had Kate taken up the knife wherewith to cut the cake, when the landlord of the 'Trawlers' Inn hastily entered the room. His usually placid visage was pale with agitation; he plied his short legs rapidly as he hurried across the floor to utter a few breathless words into the ears of Ralph Thwaites, the smack-owner.

'I hopes you'll all excuse me,' Ralph said, rising quickly to his feet. 'I'm called away sudden. There's a ship on the Forks!'

Instantly, the smack-owner's excitement was communicated to the rest of the company. Thwaites could have been summoned for one purpose only: an effort was about to be made to save the crew of the ill-fated vessel.

There was no lifeboat at Port St Beale, the nearest station being at Morperland, ten miles distant. Unfortunately, the absence of the means of help does not imply absence of its need, for in blustering weather the services of a lifeboat were only too frequently required at Port St Beale. The fishermen, however, had organised a volunteer crew, captained by Thwaites, and many lives had Gramme's pilot gig venturously snatched from the sea's maw. Dick was only one of a dozen—to their eternal honour, be it said—who often pitted their lives against wind and wave to succour their tempest-smitten fellows.

'There's a ship on the Forks!' said Thwaites.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before Rube also rose. 'I mun go too,' he said quietly.

'An' I,' cried Bob Yarnes, making for the doorway.

Straightway, the whole assembly followed suit. There was a stampede for the door—the women impelled thereto by mingled dread and curiosity; the men, by a laudable desire to help, should their help unfortunately be required. Dick seemed to hesitate a moment before he also rose to his feet and sidled from the table.

'You need not go to-day, Dick,' murmured Esther tremulously; 'surely not to-day?'

'Nay, nay, my lass, don't talk so,' replied Dick with a smile. 'I may be o' some use down there. Think a bit. There's men aboard that ship belike as ha'e wives an' sweethearts at home, wearin' their e'en out for 'em. You can tell what their feelin's is, just as I can. You wouldn't ha'e me stop here, easy an' comfortable, if I could do aught for 'em; now, would you, lass?'

Esther made no answer. She dared not trust herself to words; she felt that her utterance would show the selfishness she well knew was at the bottom of her reluctance to let her husband go. Yet how hard it was to forswear her thoughts!

'Come, cheer up, Esther,' added Dick, kissing her. 'We've had t' boat out i' as ugly weather as this before, an' you may be sure I won't stop away fro' you a minute more'n I can help. I'll just step across home an' doff these fine clothes; I must not spoil them.'

Meanwhile, the whole population of the village had gathered on the shore. Overhead, the murky clouds sped rapidly by, so low that they appeared to touch the rugged headlands to north and south of the little bay. The air was darkened, as it were dusk. Vast mountains of water curled and broke over the beach with thunder-like peals, hissing and spuming up to the very feet of the watchers. The chill, cutting rain beat in their faces so fiercely that they could scarcely discern the quivering ship that was beating out her heart upon the rocks. Heavy seas swept her decks, on which the stump of the mizzen was the only spar left standing; fore and main mast had both gone by the board. She was fast upon the Forks, every succeeding wave just lifting her clear to dash her down again upon the jagged mass.

A man had been despatched on horseback to apprise the Morperland lifeboat crew of the disaster; but it was plain that before aid could

arrive from that quarter, the vessel would be a total wreck. She could not hold together much longer; the adamantine battering-ram of the Forks was fast splintering her timbers to matchwood. The barque herself was doomed. No rocket could reach her; the sole hope lay in the possibility of a boat approaching near enough to throw a life-line aboard. The possibility! We had all but said the impossibility. Yet the attempt was about to be made. Already the fishermen had run Gramme's pilot gig down to the water's edge, and already one luckless essay had been made to launch her. An incoming wave had filled her and tossed her back mockingly upon the shingle, her crew scrambling to land as best they might, Tom Croft with his arm broken.

Dick arrived just as the catastrophe occurred; he was now dressed in oil-skins. Esther followed him, a cloak thrown over her wedding dress, and a heavy shawl supplanting bridal veil and orange blossoms. Dick mechanically stepped forward and took Tom's place in the boat.

The second attempt was more successful, for, although some water was shipped, the gig safely topped the advancing wave and rode in deep water. Now came the struggle—the unequal combat between man's puny strength, backed by courage and determination, and the convulsive power of the sea's onslaught. Anxious eyes, half blinded by the driving sand and salt spray, followed the frail craft as her oars plunged deeply below the swirling surge, rose and dropped again. Now she was even on the crests of the billows which broke around her in clouds of foam, and anon she disappeared wholly in their hollows.

Not yet, however, had she felt the full brunt of the seas. Open as the bay was, the protection it afforded was appreciable, so much so, that no sooner had the gig got clear of its shelter than the change became terribly apparent. She no longer met the oncoming waves head on, but broadside; she pitched and staggered, the oars rising and falling spasmodically like the tentacles of some floundering sea-monster.

'She'll ne'er mak' the wreck,' exclaimed Ben Varley fearfully. 'Ne'er i' this world can she do t'. Sure as I'm livin', they'll be swamped if they go forrarder.'

He had but spoken the words when a huge sea struck her. It hurled her back into the trough, the waters breaking high overhead and pouring into her. For some seconds she was invisible; at length she rose, heavy and inert. She was floating keel upwards.

'My God!' old Ben cried hoarsely, 'she's over she's capsize!'

Esther, standing near, heard the dire exclamation; but it was not necessary to hear she had seen. Yet no cry escaped her lips. She simply stood there, as before, pale with a death-like pallor, mute and motionless. She was still staring, with stony gaze, in the direction of the overturned boat, when her father touched her gently on the shoulder.

'Come, my lass,' he said, in hushed tones. 'Thee'd be best at home. Come.'

Esther put her hand to her throat; a muffled sob struggled for utterance, but no tears came.

Silently, she took her father's arm and hastened away. Hers was of the grief that is too deep—lying for outcry—a sorrow that gnaws the heart-strings.

Two hours later, the cart on which the Morpeland lifeboat had been transported overland rumbled down to the beach. In the interval, however, the ship on the Fork Rocks had gone to pieces. One of her crew, clinging to a fragment of floating wreckage, was picked up by the lifeboat, which also brought ashore the only survivors of the rescue party—Rube Graine and Bob Varles, both of whom had managed to hang on to the boat's keel when she capsize.

Brooding sorrow long gloomed the little fishing thorp of Port St Bode—sorrow for brave, still hearts. And over the cottage of old Ben rests a sombre pall that time has failed to raise, or the holy light of resignation to pierce.

AN UNFASHIONABLE LOCALITY.

It is eleven o'clock on a weekday morning; the long, unsavory thoroughfare is swarming with a crowd of eager, anxious faces; the air is filled with a babel of discordant cries; the hoarse shouting of men, the dull, stilted tones of women, and the thin piping treble of children, are all mingled in one huge volume of sound. The clamour of voices jars on the ear and frets the nerves. Ever and again a burst of laughter, loud and boisterous, rises above the universal din. Some minutes elapse before individual notes and intelligible accents can be distinguished amidst the unceasing, rattle of tongues, the beating of heavy knives upon butcher's blocks, and the quick, sharp, splitting rattle of crockery handled by an expert salesman. For this strenuous, palpitating mass of vulgar humanity is on business bent. These people are here to buy and to sell. But of the buyers, very few will have in their pockets more than a 'splendid shilling' wherewith to purchase the food of the family for the day. Sufficient for the day sufficeth for them.

This busy, bustling thoroughfare, lying midway between London's broad river and one of the great high roads leading into Essex, is the poor man's market; and in the vast variety of choice it offers him, the market will take a lot of beating. Antelycus may here snap up many an unconsidered trifle, which, after adorning the home or the person of Lady Beautiful, has found its way eastward, and can be bought any morning in this unfashionable locality for a small joke and a few coppers. Super-sensitive people who can't appreciate rough mother-wit had better keep out of the poor man's market.

Starting from the new railway station which the East London Company have recently built themselves in this quarter, and steering due north, we are soon in the heart of the crowd, which is buying prime joints at threepence and fourpence 'full weight'; chops and steaks at fivepence and sixpence, and fish: the appetising skate, the humble herring, the toothsome plaice, the dainty mackerel, and the

succulent haddock, at 'any price you like, ladies,' as the sale-man shouts incessantly while he bangs the cutting-board viciously with his murderous-looking knife. The stalls and boards and barrows stand as thick as they can stick, each with its little knot of customers, who are daily disappointed to find that, notwithstanding the most diligent efforts, they never succeed in discovering more than four farthings in a penny.

Green stuff lies about in heaps. Potatoes to fight of us, potatoes to left of us, piled up in bins and baskets, or sold at the cart's tail. Fruit in bulk is being hawked in a dozen places. Eggs are everywhere. The boxes are opened in the public street, and with a noble disregard for everything on wheels, are left standing in the roadway until the market closes.

The living stream which fills the space between the double row of stalls is composed chiefly of women, many of them with infants in arms or children fugging at their skirts. There are the wives of dock labourers and long workmen. They are women employed in the lower and worst-paid departments of human industry. Some, alas! are women sinking into the deepest abysses of shame and sinful misery. Coarse, blowy, drunk-sodden cheeks, sunken eyes, and faces haggard with care, and stamped with vice, are alas! to be seen too frequently; but, happily, they are in the minority. None of these ill-starred, badly-fed women but live hard lives, which are reflected in the hardness of their features. Always in close contact with the ugly side of existence, its painful influence soon works havoc in their personal appearance. A shawl thrown over the head suffices many of them for protection from the weather. On fine days there will always be a large proportion who think headgear of any sort quite unnecessary. A stranger cannot fail to notice that nearly every woman wears enormous earrings; frequently she also displays a wonderful brooch of alarming dimensions; and invariably pays for her purchase from something she calls a purse, which as a rule she always keeps in her bosom. It is remarkable, too, how large a number wear the wedding ring and keeper. The small vanities and amiable weaknesses of feminine nature may surely be pardoned these poor, faded, and workworn daughters of Eve.

With an empty sugar-box for a platform, a big-boned, woolly-headed negro, whose broad black face is wrinkled with smiles and brimming over with fun, is discoursing with great volubility, and to the evident amusement of his mixed female congregation, upon the manifold virtues of his Electric Blood Mixture and patent Purifying Pills. He announces himself as Doctor Belshazzar from the Gold Coast, and addresses his audience indifferently as 'ladies of England and mothers of London.' He is a sharp, shrewd fellow; and although the bulk of his talk is an incoherent gabble of 'learned' words with 'thundering sound,' garnished with a few rough jokes and several witticisms well understood by the women, he sells his pills and his potion at threepence a bottle and three-halfpence a box as fast as his white attendant can hand them out.

A few paces bring us into the presence of a rival professor of the art of healing. This gentleman's belief in the credulity of poor humanity is profound and unshaken. Since it is built upon an experience the most varied and extensive, doubtless he does well to shape his policy by it. He exhibits a diploma dated from Philadelphia, and is 'got up' to impress the Spectators with an overpowering sense of the authority and respectability of the legitimate practitioner. Immaculate stove-pipe hat, black frock of sober cut, irreproachable trousers and boots, expansive white shirt front, spotless collar, and cuffs to match. He threw up an excellent position in America, and left the profession in disgust when he discovered what humbug the practice of medicine really is. Of course, he became a marked man, and in every country of Europe the hospital schools were banded against him. In the course of his wanderings, he visited Tibet, and from the Mahatmas—about whom Mrs. Besant had been writing to the newspapers he obtained the recipe of their wonderful Elixir of Life and Plenipotent Pills of Health. These he offers to the British public at fourpence the bottle and twopence the box. But why that section of the British public which uses the poor man's market should rush to buy an Elixir of Life must remain one of the unsolved problems of human nature. At intervals—that is, when there is a temporary cessation in the transfer of pence and parcels—our M.D. distributes samples of his miraculous lozenge for all diseases of the chest and lungs. He has only a very few boxes with him this morning, which he refuses to sell, but will give gratuitously to any person who is suffering from a cough or a cold. 'The lozenge, bear in mind, will be on sale next week.' Willy doctor!

Moving up the street past the display of hardware and crockery, the Dutch herring-man, and the purveyors of the internal arrangements of sheep and cattle giving a fearful glance at certain gruesome-looking boards whereon one sees exhibited a number of small heaps of animal food, which the salesman is hawling at 'twopence a lot, ladies, where you like, on'y twopence'—we soon reach the millinery and soft goods department, the dealers in bric-a-brac, and hawkers of the hundred-and-one et ceteras always to be seen in these places. Thrown together upon the ground are dresses and dress skirts, in silk, satin, and stuff; petticoats and corsets, bodices and blouses, here a pile of bed-clothing, there window-curtains and carpeting; while in close companionship to these are boots and shoes of every description and in all conditions—the soiled dancing-shoe of beauty hobnobbing with the heavy clouted boot of the navvy. Women are trying on jackets and mantles, or cheapening cloaks and overalls, buying for a few pence yards of ribbon or cards of lace, and for less than the price of a friendly drink, settling themselves up in flowers, feathers, and fancy trimmings. There is always a pretty thick crowd of womankind hereabouts, turning over the frippery and querry appertaining to the sex, and unconsciously proving their close affinity to the divinities of the social Olympus. A more touching spectacle, since it appeals to

the better side of the eternal feminine, is the large number who are sorting out toys for the children, the overplus and damaged stock of some wholesale warehouse. One notes with satisfaction the softer light which gleams in the mother's eye, and steals gently over her features, refining and subduing them, as she lingers over a doll with a pretty face but minus an arm, or a horse covered with real hair but wanting a leg. The buyers are all women. Very rarely, indeed, is a man seen amongst them. It is only the seller who belongs to the masculine persuasion.

A curious thing about the market is that while the purchasers are nearly all females, the vendors are nearly all males. There is, however, one corner devoted to the interests of the British workman. Here, sometimes, he may be seen examining a wonderful collection of tools and odds and ends from the factory and workshop.

But we have now got to the northern outlet of this busy haunt of humankind. A church clock is striking twelve. In another hour the bloomy flush of life will be fading. Two hours hence it will have fled, and the thoroughfares have again become nothing but a dull, dirty, uninteresting street.

'IS IT STRANGE?'

I.

Wears the day its slowly dying,
And the stars begin to peep,
While the summer flowers are lying
Bathed in dew and kindly sleep,
By my door I stand and listen
For a dear loved step again,
Is it strange the tears should glisten
When I wait so long in vain?
Is it strange the sob should gather
As a token of my pain?

II.

Day by day dies by without him,
Ne'er a message of his love,
Shall I, can I, dare to doubt him,
Once as true as heaven above?
Once so eager I should listen,
Does he treat me with disdain?
Is it strange the tears will glisten
When I ask myself, in vain,
'Is he false to me, my lover?'
Will he never come again?

III.

'Every hope is quenched in sadness,
Even life grows dark to me,
When a sudden tale of gladness
Comes across the deep blue sea,
Standing in the shadow dreary,
Waiting with a wild unrest,
Is it strange a footstep near me
Tells of him that I love best?
Is it strange I should be weeping
When he clasps me to his breast?

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

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THE THIRLMERE SCHEME.

THERE is no department of sanitary science which has received so much attention in ancient as well as in modern times as finding a good and sufficient supply of water for large towns. This is so indispensable to the health and comfort of every community, that no difficulties or cost can be allowed to stand in the way. The subject is one of enormous difficulty; public feeling demands, and public law makes it absolutely compulsory on the part of municipal corporations that they shall not only satisfy, but also forestall the demand by anticipation.

The main requisites of the source of a supply are that there is a sufficiently large area of gathering-ground, that it should be in a district where the rainfall is known to be great, the surrounding country should be sparsely inhabited, and where the work would be simple and inexpensive to make. The Lake of Thirlmere is exactly such a place as that described; and Manchester has just celebrated the completion of works which have occupied nine years in construction, and are said to be the largest of the kind ever made.

The supply of water to a city is usually one of gradual development. Until 1851, Manchester was chiefly dependent on rain-water stored in cisterns, pumps, and wells, and the limited resources of the Manchester and Salford Water-works Company, augmented by a supply from the Manchester and Stockport Canal. The consequence was that from these resources the supply was very inferior in quality and very small in quantity. In 1847, the Manchester Corporation were again turning their attention to obtaining a larger supply, and ultimately fixed on the Longendale district; which lies about eighteen miles east from the city. The watershed embraces nineteen thousand three hundred acres, and the valleys range from five hundred to nineteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. These works were completed

in 1874. The great increase of consumption which at once followed, amounting to eight hundred thousand gallons daily per annum, showed that in a few years this water-supply would be inefficient; and before the Longendale works were quite finished, the Manchester Corporation were again making inquiries through their engineer as to where a largely increased supply could be obtained.

Manchester stands alone in her peculiar position. Nowhere on the earth's surface is there such another number of large towns clustered together containing collectively so great a population in so small an area; and in her case there were these peculiar difficulties to be encountered. The Longendale works were among the first of the kind in this country, and there therefore existed no precedent or experience which could be used for imitation or to improve upon, and up to 1874 the average consumption for one million of people had risen to twenty-four millions of gallons daily. In the year 1874 the Water-works Committee came to the conclusion, under the advice of their engineer, that in the course of seven or eight years the supply from Longendale would be inefficient, and it was resolved to make inquiries as to the best locality whence a larger supply could be obtained.

After a long inquiry and investigation, the Water-works engineer came to the conclusion that the Lake of Thirlmere was the most suitable place to meet all the necessary requirements. The water of the lake was analysed by several eminent chemists, and pronounced the 'purest known.' The collecting-ground is nearly all gravel and shingle or bare rock, and so free from loose or soluble earths, that the water, even after severe winter storms, falls into the lake without sediment or discoloration. The rainfall is exceptionally great, averaging fully ninety-three inches per annum; and a supply of fifty millions of gallons per day can be obtained, sufficient, with the Longendale valley supply, to set any anxiety on this

subject for Manchester and surrounding district at rest for many years to come.

There were, of course, some necessary alterations on the lake to be made, such as would enlarge it to more than double its area and capacity. Thirlmere Lake lies by the side of the highway from Ambleside to Keswick. It was about a quarter of a mile broad, and two and a half miles in length, and stands highest of all the lakes in this district, with the exception of Haweswater, being five hundred and thirty-three feet above the level of the sea. It is hemmed in on all sides but one by rocky crags, and this one place where its waters found an outlet is extremely narrow. The promoters of the scheme declared that 'the conformation of the ground is such that Nature seems to have ordained it for the very purpose to which it is to be applied;' and that 'seldom has Nature made more seemingly careful and elaborate preparations to secure success to engineering efforts.' This may be considered a fair description of the lake and its surroundings previous to the alterations which have been made. An embankment two hundred and eighty-six yards in length has been constructed at its northern end or narrow gorge, through which alone its surplus waters could escape; with the result that Thirlmere has been increased in area from three hundred and thirty-five to eight hundred acres, and fifty feet added to its depth. These alterations have increased its length to about three and three-quarter miles, and its cubical contents to eight thousand one hundred and thirty-five million gallons.

As was to be expected, the proposition to make the beautiful Lake Thirlmere into a 'huge tank' met with fierce reprobation and opposition from the first mention of the scheme. Soon there was formed a 'Thirlmere Defence Association,' numbering in its Committee such names as Ruskin; T. Carlyle; Professor Seeley, Adams, Clarke, and Knight; the Bishop of Carlisle; the Earls of Bradford and Bective, and many other well-known names in the literary, scientific, and social world. The objections to the scheme were chiefly on aesthetic grounds; and a pamphlet with a coloured map of the lake was published, showing a vast expanse of oozy mud and decaying vegetation. The map contained an outline of Thirlmere as it was at that time, with an outer line showing the extent of the muddy foreshore, which was to follow the enlargement of the lake when the water was lowered during the summer months; and rather more than one-half of the area of the lake was thus shown as mud. All kinds of evil sights and smells were to be encountered on its borders if the scheme were carried out. One London newspaper delivered itself as follows: 'In the summer-time, when the store has been used, and water been more scarce, there will probably be a resurrection of buried beauties. The fell side decked with flowers and trees, the quiet farms, and the pleasant winding high-road, may again come to light thickly coated with reservoir mud, mud either parched and cracking with heat, or seething with unwholesome moisture.'

An additional consideration of the motive for the scheme was given by another opponent.

It was suggested 'that it could only be looked on as a scheme of the Town council of Manchester to use its position as a Corporate body with good credit to borrow money at a low rate of interest, in the hope of making such a large profit by an increased sale of water in the neighbourhood, and a new arrangement to supply South Lancashire and North Cheshire towns, that the ratepayers in Manchester itself will speedily be relieved from paying any rates at all.'

In addition to this opposition, the purchase of way-leave and land in the district was a peculiarly heavy item in the expenditure; some farms had to be bought at one hundred years' purchase, and various pieces of land at a similar ransom. Thus the chorus of disapproval went on in many forms.

But all these objections and bitter feelings are now buried in the past; Manchester has got her water supply from Thirlmere; and her contention that Thirlmere would in no way be injured, but improved, is generally acknowledged to be justified by the result, inasmuch as, now that it is enlarged, it is more in harmony with the surrounding scenery than formerly. Besides, the raising of the lake has converted the two promontories, Hause Flow and Deegarath, into a pair of charmingly wooded little islands, standing thirty feet out of the water. The whole valley at the southern end is now submerged; and the hills, by rising from the edge of the lake, form a fine expanse of water, which follows the natural outline of the hills surrounding it. The embankment is scarcely noticeable, and is at the first sight, in the combination, as picturesque as the most ardent lover of Nature could desire; besides, when covered with trees and vegetation, all appearance of artificial construction will be completely removed. A portion of the old road from Ambleside to Keswick being submerged, another has been made higher up the hill-side; and an entirely new road made on the opposite or western shore, five miles long, in place of the rough footpath which was along the margin of the lake, now making that side quite accessible.

It will be understood that the interference with Lake Thirlmere as it was, simply amounts to making it fill up the whole valley, increasing it to double its size. There are no obtrusive buildings, with the exception of a handsome tower at the western end, opposite from the embankment; nothing to mar the beauty of the lake anywhere; and the water is at once conveyed away in a tunnel under ground carefully hid from view.

The contention of the opponents to the scheme amounted in effect to the following: (1) That the beauty of the lake would be destroyed; (2) That there were other places where Manchester could obtain water; and (3) That this example would form a precedent for further encroachment. There is one important fact which may be mentioned in reply to the second objection—that is, that no one has ever named any other suitable place which could fulfil all the necessary conditions. On the other hand, some of the most experienced engineers who have made the supply of water to towns their life-long study and profession have dis-

tinctly stated that 'the lake District is the only one from which a supply of good and wholesome water can be procured, and no other place is sufficiently high to allow the water to be taken to Manchester by gravitation.'

The first objection was, that the beauty of the lake was sure to be destroyed. It is strange that already the answer can be given to this objection when the enterprise is just completed, and when the scars and wounds left in the landscape are most conspicuous. Let any person acquainted with the district as it was twelve years ago, compare the appearance of the lake at that period with what it is now, and he must acknowledge it to be improved. It is clear the Manchester Corporation could not have gone to a place better adapted for giving its inhabitants a plentiful allowance of pure and good water. The rainfall is greater than at any other place within reach, and the lake is so placed that works of the simplest description only were necessary. The locality is almost without population, and there is no danger of the description most to be apprehended in works of a similar kind and for the same purpose. But all these alarms as regards the destruction of Thirlmere's attractions were raised long before any right conclusion could be arrived at, and by people who could not have had the opportunity of studying—under a competent guide the details of the scheme on the spot. Look Katrine, for instance, had been raised by an embankment much higher than the one since erected at Lake Thirlmere, and it has never been suggested that this, the most beautiful of the Scottish lakes, is in any way less beautiful now than it was before, or less frequented by visitors in consequence.

That the third objection has some foundation may be true—that is, that the other lakes of the district would soon be used for a similar purpose if Thirlmere were given up to 'this piece of vandalism.' 'One hears,' wrote one active opponent of the scheme, 'that another large town has got its eyes upon Hawes-water; why should not Butternere and Crummock be in like manner utilised? Ulleswater has been already threatened. The time may come when, instead of a trip to the lakes, we shall hear of a trip to the Tanks, or a month at the Reservoirs.'

The general feeling on the part of the opponents to the scheme was, that if carried out, it would spoil the recreation ground of the toiling population of Lancashire and Yorkshire; and that there was serious danger from the embankment bursting and flooding the country, like the Bradford and Holmfirth reservoirs when their high insufficient dams were undermined and carried away.

That the motives of most of those who opposed the scheme were sincere and praiseworthy is not to be questioned. They were doing their very utmost to prevent what they considered one of the worst pieces of Vandalism of this century; and it is well that we have in any community gentlemen of position and influence who give their time and means to prevent what they believe to be a serious evil. But was it so? Have they not in their zeal made this a needless controversy as to the

comparative claims of Utility and Beauty? Or, as it has been put, Could the health of Manchester be saved only by the mud of Thirlmere? and in this lies the misconception. For if the opponents of the scheme had clearly understood what was to be done, they would have known that the works at Thirlmere would be scarcely visible, and that the aqueduct itself, except where crossing streams, would be buried deep in the ground, and invisible nearly all the way to Manchester. For really this is not a question of Beauty versus Utility, but whether they can exist together. The rainfall is, as we know, very great, and Manchester simply takes the surplus water of the lake which was flowing away, and makes it contribute to the greatest good of the greatest number; giving them the opportunity, at least, of learning the truth, that 'darkness is next to godliness,' while the lake which is to do all this is merely enlarged in area and capacity, and made more proportionate to its surroundings.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE VERDICT.

WHEN the judge took his seat on the bench after lunch, Mr Soames was already in his place, busily engaged in knotting, and then carefully unknotting, a bit of red tape. To those who knew him, this was a sign that he was trying to make up his mind on a point that was not easy to settle. He was, in fact, trying to decide whether he ought to put Mrs Kumbleton (Lady Boldon's companion) and one or two other witnesses into the box, to prove that Lady Boldon had been complaining of neuralgia for some days before her visit to London, and also call evidence to show that cocaine was sometimes taken as a remedy for that complaint. If he could get the jury to believe that the prescription for cocaine was obtained or copied with an innocent intention, that would be a great point gained. But if the jury were inclined to think Lady Boldon guilty, they would probably believe that the neuralgia was only pretended; and then, if he called witnesses, he would give the Solicitor-general an opportunity of replying—that is to say, he would lose the last word with the jury.

On the whole, Mr Soames thought it better not to forfeit that privilege. He therefore said shortly, 'I call no witnesses;' and Sir Edward Spencer proceeded to sum up the case for the Crown. When he sat down, hardly any one in court doubted that Lady Boldon had had at least a guilty knowledge of the crimes her lover had confessed, if she did not herself inspire them and aid him in committing them.

Mr Soames slowly rose to his feet. In a voice so low that some of the jury had to strain their ears to catch what he said, this skilful advocate began by speaking of the heavy responsibility which rested upon the twelve men before him, and his conviction that they would respond to it. He then begged leave to warn them against a subtle form of injustice which sometimes beset men in their position, anxious to do their duty without fear or favour. The

first and natural impulse was to allow the sympathy to bias the judgment. In the present case, their sympathies must be with Lady Boldon—and here Mr Soames digressed to paint, in a few graphic words, the humiliation and distress of his client's position, and the suffering which at that moment she must be enduring. But, he urged, in the effort to be rigidly just, men not infrequently so steeled themselves against a person in distressing circumstances, that they leaned too much to the opposite side, and thus were positively cruel and unjust to the very persons whom, in their hearts, they pitied. 'You, gentlemen,' he proceeded, 'must be on your guard against this reaction of feeling, as I may call it. I ask for Lady Boldon nothing but justice; but, I say let it be that full measure of justice which the poorest woman in the land would be entitled to at your hands. Gentlemen, it is next to impossible that the purchase of the cocaine was made with a guilty intent. Think a moment. If you are living in the same house with a man, you may, if evilly disposed, drug or poison him. But who would ever dream of walking into a solicitor's office with the intention of poisoning him? Nobody; for the simple reason that in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand there could be no possible opportunity of committing such a crime in a man's office.

'What Lady Boldon tells you by my lips is this—That she had been suffering from neuralgia more or less for some days—that she consulted a work on medicine, and found that cocaine was recommended as a palliative—that she copied out the prescription, and that, happening to pass a druggist's shop, she handed the paper to Mr Thesiger, who was her escort at the moment, and asked him to go into the shop and buy the drug. Could anything be simpler or more natural? She remained in the cab, because there was no reason in the world why she should do anything else. But if she could have divined that she might have an opportunity of administering the drug to Mr Felix—which was in itself impossible—if she procured it with that object, do you imagine that she would have gone in broad daylight and sat in a hansom outside the shop, where any one, every one, might see her, while the first act in the drama of guilt was being played? Gentlemen, to say that she then plotted murder is not only a guess; it is, to my mind, a singularly bad one.'

Mr Soames then went on to tell the jury that they must place no reliance whatever on Lady Boldon's voluntary confession of guilt. No one could doubt that it had been prompted by one mad, generous impulse—the desire of taking upon her own frail shoulders her lover's punishment. Facts, he said, had already disproved that confession. Facts had shown that this lady, who, on the theory of the prosecution, must be a clever criminal, could not concoct a plausible story to serve her own purpose. He then proceeded to enlarge on the absence of any proof of conspiracy between the two accused persons, any proof that they had even talked over the affair of the will.

That brought the advocate to what was

really the crucial difficulty in his case—the finding of the will in Lady Boldon's writing-table drawer. He had already made the jury believe that he was too superior a man to be guilty of throwing dust in their eyes, and he had made no great demand on their credulity so far. Now he boldly maintained that this incriminating fact was the weakest of all the weak scraps of evidence which the prosecution relied upon. He reminded his audience of twelve that it must not be assumed that because a man generally uses a certain table, and it is called his, therefore he must be held to know the contents of every drawer in it. As for the drawer being locked, that was nothing. Drawers in which papers are kept are, or ought to be, always locked. And drawers, he suggested, may be locked, as well as unlocked, by keys that never were made for the locks fitted to them.

'As for the will, gentlemen,' said Mr Soames, 'we know—for my friend cannot ask you to forget what passed in open court this day—we know that Mr Thesiger took it from Mr Felix's office; and we may infer that he conveyed it to Roby Chase. We do not know with certainty that Lady Boldon so much as suspected what the contents of the envelope really were. But let us suppose she did; she may have intended to produce it, and may have feared to do so while suspicion attached to her lover. Nothing, indeed, is more likely.

'I repeat, we cannot feel at all certain that Lady Boldon knew that her late husband's will was in that drawer. But even if she did know it, how can it be supposed that she intended to destroy it? Unless she intended to destroy it, of course there was no motive for her forming any designs against Mr Felix. And what proof is there that she *did* intend to destroy it? None! Absolutely none. In fact, it is in the highest degree unlikely that she kept it if she knew it was there at all with any such intention. Think, gentlemen! You are positively asked to believe that, having got it, after running such frightful risks, she calmly put it into a drawer of her writing-table, and kept it there! A real criminal would have destroyed that document within five minutes of laying her hands on it. Lady Boldon either knew nothing of it; or if she did, kept it by her for days and weeks, without apparently dreaming of injuring it. Gentlemen, that fact speaks for itself. There is no need to say more.'

An involuntary sound, like a long-drawn sigh, followed by a little hum of admiration, told how intently the audience had been listening. Almost before the sound died away, Mr Justice Cherry had turned sideways in his chair, and had begun to address the jury in commonplace, conversational tones. As a whole, his summing-up was of a very neutral tint. One observation, however, he made which was of weight. The fact that Sir Richard Boldon's will was found where it was found was, he said, of extreme importance in considering whether Lady Boldon had stolen the will, or whether she was fraudulently concealing it. But Lady Boldon was not being tried for either of these offences. She was being tried for complicity in the death of Mr Felix; and they could not infer that she was an accessory to

the solicitor's death from the fact of her having the will, with as much certainty as they might infer facts about the will itself. For aught they knew, the prisoner might have received the will before she had so much as heard of Mr Felix's death.

When the summing-up was over, the jurymen rose and began whispering among themselves. Then they sat down again.

'Do you wish to retire, gentlemen?' asked the clerk of arraigns.

'No; we are agreed,' was the answer.

'How say you, then, gentlemen of the jury, do you find Dame Adelaide Boldon guilty of the murder of James Felix, or not guilty?'

And in the midst of a dead silence the foreman answered: 'Not Guilty.'

'And as to the manslaughter?'

'Not Guilty.'

There was a bustle in the court; everybody said something to his neighbour; and here and there some people softly clapped their hands. O'Neil looked at his friend. Hugh Thesiger's face was kindled with triumph, as he looked at Lady Boldon and then glanced around him. He seemed to forget that he was himself awaiting sentence for the crimes of which Lady Boldon had been declared innocent.

'Then as to the second indictment, my lord,' said the Solicitor-general, rising slowly, as he looked fixedly at the judge.

The question was whether it was worth while proceeding with the charge of stealing or concealing the will, seeing that the more serious charge had fallen to the ground. Sir Edward Spencer was tired, and anxious to get away; Mr Soames was tired; the judge was tired; and, now that the excitement was over, the jury were yawning, as it were, in a body.

But Mr Justice Cherry was not the man to assume a responsibility that was not his by rights.

'You must use your own discretion, Mr Solicitor,' he said, with a soft smile on his round, dimpled face. 'The cases are not exactly alike; and if you think there is a chance of your obtaining a verdict, by all means go on.'

'The evidence is the same,' said Sir Edward.

'Yes; but the inferences—' However, if the jury think— He paused, and glanced at the jury. These gentlemen, alarmed at the prospect of going over all the ground a second time, were longing to say something that would procure their release.

'If we have heard all the evidence, my lord,' said the foreman, 'there's no use in our hearing it again.'

'The question is,' said his lordship, 'whether you think the fact that the will was found in Lady Boldon's custody at the time it was found is sufficient evidence to warrant you in finding her guilty of stealing it, or hiding it with a fraudulent intent?'

'My lord, I had no idea the will was in my drawer; I never put it there,' cried Lady Boldon from the dock.

'You must let your counsel speak for you,' said the judge; but this time there was no severity in his tone.

Hugh Thesiger started and looked up when he heard the familiar tones of Lady Boldon's

voice. He opened his eyes, as if in astonishment, and immediately looked down again.

The denial, however, had its effect on the jury. They hurriedly consulted together, and then intimated that they were not prepared to convict on the second indictment. The Solicitor-general then said: 'I offer no evidence, then;' and a verdict of Not Guilty was recorded.

Lady Boldon was let out of the dock, a free woman. At the threshold of the enclosure she stopped, turned round, and held out both her hands to her lover.

But the judge was already speaking, and the prisoner's eyes were fixed on him.

'As to Hugh Thesiger,' said his lordship, 'let him be brought up for sentence on Monday morning;' and thereupon he rose from his seat.

Everybody seemed to rise at the same instant. Lady Boldon was almost pushed out of the dock, while two warders placed themselves close to Hugh, one on either side of him. He tried to touch the woman he loved; but it was not permitted. One look he gave her, and a smile was on his face. She gazed after him, uttered one cry, and sank down on the dock-steps. She had fainted.

ART OF MOSAIC.

THIS beautiful method of cementing various kinds of stones, glass, &c., seems to have originated in Persia, whence it found its way into Greece in the time of Alexander, and into Rome about 170 B.C. The critics are divided as to the origin and reason of the name. Some derive it from *monstrum*, a corruption of *musæum*, or, as it was called among the Romans, *musæum*. Scaliger derives it from the Greek *Mosaic*, and imagines the name was given to this sort of work by reason of its ingenuity and exquisite delicacy. Nebricensis is of opinion it was so called because 'ex illis picturis ornabantur musea.' Mosaic-work of glass is used principally for the ornamentation and decoration of sacred edifices. Some of the finest specimens of this work are to be seen in the pompous Church of the Invalids at Paris, and the fine Chapel at Versailles. Mosaic-work in marble is used for pavements of churches, basilicas, and palaces; and in the incrustation and veneering of the walls of the same structures. As for that of precious stones, it seems to be used only for ornaments for altar-pieces and tables for rich cabinets.

The Mosaic Manufacture at the present day in Rome is one of the most extensive and profitable of the fine arts, and the trade is carried on entirely at the cost of the Government. Workmen are constantly employed in copying paintings for altar-pieces, though the works of the first masters are fast mouldering away on the walls of forgotten churches. The French, at Milan, appear to have set the example by copying in mosaic the 'Lord's Supper' of Leonardo da Vinci; but their plan was to do

much for Milan and nothing for Rome, and consequently a great many invaluable frescoes of Michelangelo, Raphael, Domenichino, and Guido, were left to perish. It takes about seven or eight years to finish a mosaic copy of a painting of the ordinary historical size, two men being constantly occupied in the work. It generally costs from eight to ten thousand crowns; but the time and expense are, of course, regulated by the intricacy of the subject and quantity of the work. Raphael's 'Transfiguration' cost about twelve thousand crowns, and it took nine years to complete, ten men constantly working at it. The execution of some of the latter work is, however, considered very inferior. The slab upon which the mosaic is made is generally of travertin (or tiburin) stones, connected together by iron clamps. Upon the surface of this a mastic, or cementing paste, is gradually spread, as the progress of the work requires it, which forms the adhesive ground, or bed, upon which the mosaic is laid. The mastic is composed of fine lime from burnt marble, and finely powdered travertin stone, mixed to the consistence of a paste with linseed oil. Into this paste are fixed the 'smalts' of which the mosaic picture is formed. They are a mixed species of opaque, vitrified glass, partaking of the nature of stone and glass, and composed of a variety of minerals and materials, coloured, for the most part, with different metallic oxides. Of these, no fewer than seven-tcen hundred different shades are in use. They are manufactured in Rome in the form of long slender rods like wires, of various degrees of thickness, and are cut into pieces of the requisite sizes, from the smallest pin point to an inch. When the picture is completely finished, and the cement thoroughly dried, it is highly polished. Mosaic, though an ancient art, is not merely a revived, but an improved one. The Romans only used coloured marbles at first, or natural stones, in its composition, which admitted of little variety; but the invention of 'smalts' has given it a wider range, and made the imitation of painting far closer. The mosaic-work at Florence is totally different from this, being merely inlaying in *pietre dure*, or natural precious stones, of every variety, which forms beautiful and very costly imitations of shells, flowers, figures, &c., but bears no similitude to painting.

Besides the Government establishment at Rome, there are hundreds of artists, or artisans, who carry on the manufacture of mosaics on a small scale. Snuff-boxes, rings, necklaces, brooches, ear-rings, &c., are produced in immense quantities; and since the English have flocked in such numbers to Rome, all the streets leading to the Piazza di Spagna are lined with the shops of these *mosaicisti*, &c.

Oriental shells are made at Rome into beautiful cameos by the white outer surface being cut away upon the deeper-coloured internal part, forming figures in minute *bassi-relievi*. The subjects are chiefly taken from ancient gems, and sometimes from sculpture and painting. The shells used for this purpose are principally brought from the Levant; and a great many of these shell cameos make remarkably beautiful ornaments. Hundreds of artists also

support themselves in Rome by making casts, sulphurs, &c., from ancient gems and medals, and in selling or fabricating antiques.

In Clavigero's 'History of Mexico,' a curious and extremely quaint kind of mosaic-work is mentioned as having been made by the ancient Mexicans of the most delicate and beautiful feathers of birds. Various species of birds of fine plumage, with which Mexico abounds, appear to have been raised specially for this purpose, in private houses as well as in the palace of the king; and at certain seasons the birds were plucked and the feathers sold in the market to the mosaic-workers. A high value was set on the feathers of these wonderful little birds, which are called by the Mexicans 'Huitzitzilin;' and by the Spaniards 'Pecalloras,' on account of their small size and diversity of colour. When a work in mosaic was about to be undertaken, all the artists assembled together, and after having agreed upon a design, and taken their measures and proportions, each artist charged himself with the execution of a certain portion of the work. They exerted themselves with such diligence, patience, and application, that frequently one of the artists would spend a whole day in adjusting a single feather, first trying one, then another, viewing it sometimes one way, then another, until he had hit upon one which he considered gave his part of the image that ideal perfection which all the workers had set themselves to attain. When each artist had performed the part allotted to him, another meeting was convened, and the whole design carefully put together. If any part was the least accidentally disarranged, it was done all over again until it was perfectly finished. Small pincers were invariably used for holding the feathers, in order to avoid the least injury; and a special sort of glutinous matter called 'tzuahth' was used for pasting the feathers on the cloth. All the parts were then united upon a little table or plate of copper, and softly flattened until the surface of the design was as equal and as smooth as that of a pencil.

These were the images so much celebrated by the Spaniards and other European nations. Whoever beheld them was at a loss whether to prize most the life and beauty of the natural colours or the dexterity of the artist and the ingenious disposition of art. These images (says Acosta) were deservedly admired not only for the wonderful execution of the work, but principally for the exquisite appearance they presented when viewed in different shades of light and from alternate sides—exhibiting such delightful colouring that no pencil or painting, either of oil or water colours, had ever been found to produce anything so rich and beautiful.

Some Indians, who were able artists, were so skilful in copying engravings and paintings with various kinds of feathers, that their works are said to rival the best paintings of the Spanish artists. These works were, in fact, so highly esteemed by the Mexicans, as to be valued a great deal more than gold itself. Cortes, Bernal Diaz, Gomara, Torquemada, and many other historians who saw them, were at a loss for expressions sufficient to praise their perfection and beauty. Several works of this kind, we believe, are still preserved in the

museums of Europe, and many in Mexico; but few of them belong to the sixteenth century, and still fewer are of those made before the Conquest.

ROMANCE OF A BULLOCK CART.

CHAPTER II.

It was thus that Stanley found himself detailed for a second spell of unpleasant duty, which entailed a temporary residence in a little quinta a few squares distant from the small river called the Riachuela, on the banks of which was situated the *sabadero*, or factory, which belonged to 'the house.' Part of his duties was discharged at the factory wharf, where the lighters were loaded that carried the cargo to the ship waiting for it in the outer roads of the river Plate; part at the Plaza Constitucion, where he received the bales of produce from the sorters and packers in the barraca. He was of course compelled to make frequent journeys between the two points, distant about five miles from each other; but that was the pleasant part of his task, for he rode well and had a good horse, which was at once his companion and servant. As work went on from dawn till dark, with a liberal pause at mid-day for *siesta*, it was out of the question that he could continue residence at the central establishment. The duty was therefore equivalent to a temporary banishment, in which his only companions were Italian *peons* and native *gauchos*. As for his other comforts, they were carefully looked after; 'the house' having provided and furnished the afore-said quinta specially for the members of their staff who were engaged in such duties.

In this case he had been urged to quick despatch, and it was extremely probable that he would have been ordered to this duty, Mr Brown's interference notwithstanding. The outbreak of the epidemic had excited general alarm, and it became a matter of the greatest importance to load and despatch the ship before its development might suspend operations indefinitely; for, as every one knows, business is as exacting as war, neither life nor death, nor pleasure nor pain, must be allowed to interfere with its progress.

This was not explained to Stanley, nor did he trouble himself to think about it. Mr Brown relied solely on his proved diligence and fidelity to orders, and was as satisfied that the work would be done as if he had argued the matter out with him. Working, however, in the very heart of the outbreak, it was impossible for him to escape the signs of it, or to avoid noting its progress. Every other day there was a man missing, and sometimes another one in the afternoon. He would then ask for the absentees, and would receive a sullen reply, 'Muerte,' or perhaps only 'Enfermo.' This had startled him at first, and excited his liveliest sympathy; but finding his utter helplessness, he had to harden his heart, and soon he pretended not to notice the shrinkage in numbers of the various gangs.

More than a week passed away, and the work which he had hoped to finish by that

time was little more than half done. He had ceased to urge the men to diligence: they paid no attention, or answered in sullen murmurs; nor would they adopt some simple measures which he recommended to them to avoid the infection. Some of them had money, and brought flasks of *caña*, or native rum, to their work. They were among those who quickly succumbed. Natives and Italians, *gauchos* and *peons* alike, regard death and suffering with callous indifference. Few are the tears they shed over a departed comrade; and if they have secret heart-yearnings common to a higher civilisation, they effectually conceal them with a shrug of the shoulders as they roll up another cigarette of black tobacco. But this visitation was different from all former experience. At first, when it was a mere isolated case, paying the debt of nature in the ordinary way, it was dismissed with a rough jest, and work went on as merrily as before; but with gaps occurring every day in their ranks, and no one to see the enemy that struck them down, 'Curramba!' they would say, and eye one another with suspicious looks. Then apathetic lassitude claimed them for its own.

Being then short-handed, and having a spiritless crew to work with, Stanley began to have serious fears for the completion of the work, and his practical mind conjured up demurrage claims from the ship, which always irritated the chiefs, and made everybody in the office uncomfortable. Accordingly, he sent off his *chocqui*, or mounted messenger, to headquarters reporting the state of affairs. In reply, he received a letter from Mr Brown, authorising him to engage outside workmen at any cost, and suggesting a consultation with the skipper of the *Lady Gertrude* with the view of engaging his crew. He opined that Englishmen would work in *intorno* itself for double pay. In fact, the letter threw him entirely on his own resources, and made it more than ever incumbent on him to see the work well finished. He resolved first to double the pay of his own men; then he consulted with his *capataz*, or foreman. That worthy scratched his head stolidly.

'I fear it will be difficult, señor. The men are getting afraid to remain. I hear them talk of throwing up their work, and departing for the camp, even if they abandon their wages; but this extra pay may change their intentions.'

'They are fools if they think they can run away from the fever,' said Stanley. 'And they will starve in the open country. The camp-people already have taken the alarm; every *puestero* will set his dogs at the fugitives from town.'

'Very true, señor. I am sure they have not thought of that. I will tell them so.'

'Tell them also that the infection is in the filthy houses in which they sleep.'

'They know that. But what can they do?'

'If they will abandon their lodgings, I will put up tents for them here in the open fields, where they will be as safe as in the camp. Will they agree to that, think you?'

'I am sure they will agree to anything, señor, that will be a change for them.'

'How many of our own men have we here now?'

'Twenty-three all told, señor.'

'My God!—twenty-three out of forty-two!'

'But eight of them ran away, señor—only eleven of them *gastados*.'

'Eleven in nine days.'

'Eso es, señor.'

'Go, speak with them at once. If any refuses to come and sleep in the tents, he may march without his pay. I will despatch a couple of carts now to bring the tents.'

The capataz soon returned with the intimation that every man was willing and pleased to make the change; on which they mounted their horses and set off in the endeavour to pick up another dozen of men or so.

From the factory to the nearest houses in the suburb of North Barracas, distant about a couple of miles, the road was easy enough for foot-passengers, who could climb the numerous fences that intervened; but for horse and car traffic a long detour was necessary—past the Corrales, through the Plaza Constitución, and along the Barracas road, now called the Avenue of Montes de Oca. This way led them past the Southern Cemetery, and here, for the first time, Stanley saw the outward visible signs of the dreadful ravages of the plague. A long array of funeral processions were waiting their turn to enter the gates. Hearses, coaches, and carts of all descriptions had their cargoes of defunct mortality. Drivers and attendants smoked, jested, and played cards; while isolated groups of mourners clustered silently together, the image of mute despair. At that time more than a hundred of such processions had to be dealt with daily. Later on, the number reached a fabulous amount, making separate individual interments impossible, and necessitating a wholesale system unparalleled since the Great Plague of London.

Coming in such a shape, the scene was inexpressibly shocking, and almost more than Stanley's equanimity could bear. There was a difficulty, also, in forcing their way through the multitude of vehicles; and, at his suggestion, they turned back and took the path he was in the habit of using when going to and from the storehouse near the Plaza. Here he left a note to report progress, and learned that the pest had appeared in the residential and business part of the city proper; but shutting from his mind all considerations but that of duty, he pushed on with his companion to the suburb. Arrived there, they stopped at a row of galvanised huts, and the capataz dismounted.

'My two cousins live here; I think I can engage them,' said he. He knocked loudly at a closed door, and getting no reply, he pushed it open. A fetid odour rushed out and made him stagger back. 'Pedro! Pedro!' he called out from the street.

A shaggy, bearded man, in dirty canvas trousers and woollen shirt, appeared at the doorway, sleepily rubbing his eyes.

'Ha, Luis,' said the capataz, 'you are at home to-day. Is your lighter not working?'

'No; the *patron* is dead—is dead, and I am waiting my turn.' He yawned, and took out

from his pocket a dirty paper of black cigars, drowsily lighted one, and put it in his mouth.

'*Que disparate!* (What nonsense!) Where is Pedro?'

'There he is,' pushing the door wide open. On the earthen floor lay a stark form covered with a much-soiled sheet.

'*Sentissima!* When did he die?'

'A little ago. I don't know the hour. Pedrito is gone to the carpenter to buy a new jacket for him.'

'And Maria?'

'Gone—*gastado*; buried yesterday or day before—I forget. Have you any tobacco? Mine is nearly done.'

The capataz gave him a handful of cigarettes, and turned to Stanley, still sitting on his horse.

'What must I say to him?'

'Ask him if he will come after the funeral, and bring his little boy with him. His clothing must be disinfected by the police.'

A conversation ensued between the two cousins, during which the eyes of Luis sparkled and he laughed aloud. 'I will do anything to get away from here, and I will bring two good men with me, and rub them with the *flujo* myself if necessary. But go thou away, thou and thy patron; every house in the internal Boca is like this. You will do no good. Let the *canalla* rot.' This he uttered in a loud, defiant voice, with right arm extended. Then turning to the capataz, he said softly: 'Francisco, a word with thee. Pedro in there—indicting the house with a jerk of the head—'has money in the London bank. So have I. If I go, and thou art spared, thou wilt find the books. Send little Pedrito with the money home to his grand-dad in Genoa.—Wilt thou do that? Swear.'

'I swear by my saint, Francisco, I will do it.'

'Swear also by his and mine.'

'I swear it by San Pedro, San Luis, and San Francisco.'

'I am satisfied: your patron is English he believes not in the saints.'

'I will go bail for Francisco's honesty, if that is what you mean,' said Stanley.

'So will I,' replied Luis. 'But he is no scholar, and the police and lawyers are all *ladrones*. If you will show him how to go about it, I will be grateful.'

'I promise that. But if you come to our tents, I do not think you will need his services.'

'I am satisfied. I will come to the tents. But take you my advice, and get away.'

The general aspect of everything round about seemed to support that advice; and returning the man's salute, they rode back to the factory with all possible speed.

The encampment was a great sanitary success. The plague that raged not more than three miles away never entered it, although this was no doubt due to its locality as much as to its sanitary regulations. For it came to be known that outside of the city boundaries the yellow fever of 1871 had never made any spontaneous appearance. Nevertheless, when censure and praise came to be awarded, Stanley Brown

came in for his share of the latter. The men were practically isolated from the town, away from the depressing influence of the sadness that reigned there. They worked with hearty good-will, and kept the crew of the *Lady Gertrude* busy stowing cargo. It was with a feeling of unmistakable relief that Stanley saw the last boat-load of her cargo drop down the stream. Another day's work arranging his papers and leaving the encampment in charge of Francisco, he set off with a light heart for the city. The aspect of the streets as he rode along was disheartening. Traffic was entirely suspended. Occasional carts laden with plain white oblong boxes moved slowly along, the driver seated in front smoking the eternal black cigarette; the attendant perambulating the narrow pavement, calling out a monotonous sing-song, '*Cigares finches*.' The knockers of numerous doors were tied up with black cloth. At the *puerta* or hall door of many houses appeared an Italian hawker, seated on one of those boxes, waiting the summons to carry it inside to receive its expectant occupant, who lay cowering within.

At the office he received a solemn welcome. Mr. Gilroy thanked him briefly, and dismissed him to his usual desk.

'I say, old man, you must have had an awful time of it,' whispered Bowman from the opposite desk.

'Oh, no, it was jollier than here,' said Stanley.

'Of course you know that old Pown has gone.'

'Gone where?'

'Gone about, stupid—at least, we hope so.'

Stanley had noticed, as he passed through Mr. Brown's room, that it was empty; but he did not for a moment connect with his absence such a reason as that. He took refuge in his usual silence, and turning over the pages of his wool ledger, he attempted to renew his search for the missing sheepskins.

Bowman's tone, however, was not silence; he continued, with an affected sigh: 'Poor old chap! I hope he is well off better even than if he had married Maggie.'

'Do you mean Miss Chumley?'

'Yes, of course. But I can't see her Maggie, you know.'

'Are you engaged, then?' asked Stanley with a sudden sinking of the heart.

'No, not exactly engaged. The time is out of joint. I am not so selfish as to trouble her with a formal declaration, with all this worry and sickness around. But we understand each other—the language of the eye, you know; two souls that beat as one, you know.'

'Does Mr. Gilroy know that you talk that way about his ward?'

'Oh dear, no. I am mum to every one except you; you are my chum, you know. I must tell you, or "bust".'

'You see her often, then?'

'Sometimes. She and her aunt go to the *estancia* to-morrow, and I am going to escort them.'

'Did Mr. Gilroy tell you so?'

'Not yet—time enough for that. He sent me out last night to acquaint them with the

arrangements; and when she asked who would go with them, I offered promptly, and she was delighted.'

'But he may go himself.'

'Not he. I heard him say he could not get away because of poor Brown, you know. Fact is, if this dashed fever gets worse, I believe he will shut up shop and send us all in to the camp. That would be jolly, eh?'

Stanley was in no mood to appreciate the jollity of it, and yet he reproached himself for being unworthily jealous. If they were, as Bowman said, practically engaged, he had the best right to the escort duty; and in the proffer of his services he had evidently secured the approval of the young lady. But was his story to be relied on? His friend Bowman may have too liberally interpreted the language of the eye, and the theory of the unison of souls evolved from his own conceit.

There was a minute's pause. Bowman was bawling to enlarge on the subject, when Stanley was summoned through the speaking-tube to Mr. Gilroy's room. That gentleman had a sheet of paper in his hand. 'Stanley,' said he, 'I am pleased with your conduct in the *Lady Gertrude* business. I have another task for you.'

'I hope a pleasanter one. My ward, Miss Chumley, her aunt, and maid, go to the *estancia* the day after to-morrow. They will not use the railway, as contact with odd people is not very safe. They will go all the way in the carriage. I wish you to escort them. As you will only have our own horses, you must make two days' journey of it.—Do you know the road?'

'Only as far as Lujan; but I cannot possibly miss it.'

'You must sleep there; it is the only place on the road with a fairly good hotel. That will give you fifteen leagues to travel the second day; so you must start at daybreak.'

'I quite understand, sir.'

'The *estancia* house is rather poorly provided at present; here is a list of requisites. Take one of the bullock carts from the barracca; get it loaded with these goods and despatched immediately. It must arrive as soon as you, or the ladies will be put to some inconvenience.'

'Have you a weapon?'

'I have a revolver.'

'You'd better have it handy. They tell me that the camp roads are infested with fugitives from the city.'

Stanley went out feeling an inch taller, his bosom swelling with delight at this commission. His alacrity in putting past and locking up his books attracted Bowman's attention.

'Hollo! What's up now?' he shouted.

'I am sent to buy a lot of things for the *estancia*, despatch them by bullock cart, and then'—He paused: he thought it would hurt Bowman's feelings if he told the rest. It would look like crowing over him.

Mr. Bowman did not notice anything; he chuckled, 'The governor always sets these jobs on you; sort o' head-porter's work, eh?'

'All right; it suits me,' replied Stanley as he left the office with chin erect and beaming countenance.

'By jingo! he looks as if he liked it too.'

muttered Bowman. 'It would take me down a peg if I were asked to do such work.'

If the work of a head-porter did not suit him, he at that moment received a commission which was more in the way of a junior porter. A sealed letter was handed to him from a fellow-clerk. 'The governor says you are to take that letter at once, Bowman.'

It was addressed to Miss Ada Chumley. Miss Ada was the aunt, and near enough to his divinity to take the sting from the menial character of the order. He also put past his books, locked his desk, and left the office with a smirk on his face. He heard that a remark passed from one clerk to the other as he went out; but he did not overhear its purport. Had he done so, it would have been of no consequence, for clearly it was to be attributed to envy. It was: 'What a conceited ass that fellow Bowman is!'

A smart ride of half an hour took him to the quinta Gilroy. The boulevard of Santa Fé did not then exist in its present form. It was a broad, rough road, lined with cactus hedges, having here and there a secluded quinta house embosomed in fruit-trees, vines, figs, and peaches. The tramway was then in course of construction, the rails running on a causeway elevated in many places three feet from the road-level. The suburb of Belgrano was even then the favourite dwelling-place of the English community, notwithstanding its difficulty of access. There was a railway, but the horse was the great instrument of locomotion. Every errand-boy had his nag, and beggars—of whom there were always abundance—plied their vocation from horseback. In the great merchant-houses, the principals and clerks all lived on the premises together. There was a *corralon*, or yard, attached or adjacent, in which the horses required for daily use were accommodated. Bowman therefore had no train or tram to catch; he simply saddled his horse and rode off, congratulating himself mightily.

TANGHIN, OR THE POISON ORDEAL OF MADAGASCAR.

THOUGH ordeals by fire and water are, or have been, national judicial institutions of world-wide distribution, resource to a deadly poison as a legal remedy has not met with such universal recognition. With the exception of the 'Red Water' ordeal of the Papuans, and the 'Bitter Water' of certain Melanesian tribes, Poison Ordeals are strictly confined to the Dark Continent, of which the ordeal of the Calabar Bean as practised by the negroes of Old Calabar is the most popular and well-known instance. Although Livingstone, Du Chaillu, and other African explorers mention the use of certain roots for poison ordeals by Central African tribes, and Guinea natives are known to use a form of *strychnos* for the same purpose, we think we are justified in stating that no exact analogue of the Tanghin of Madagascar can be found in any of the ordeals practised elsewhere.

The source of the poison—from which it also derives its name—is the '*Tanghinia venenifera*,' a plant indigenous to Madagascar. Flacourt,

governor of the French settlement at Fort Dauphine in the seventeenth century, wrote an account of the island of Madagascar on his return to France, and in this quaint and interesting work a description of '*Le Tangina*' is given, which evidently was not the modern form of the ordeal, but was more akin to the Melanesian 'Bitter Water' in that death never resulted from the direct action of the poison. Evidence from various sources leads to the conclusion that the '*Tanghinia venenifera*' was first used for judicial purposes at the beginning of this century, from which period it was consistently employed until the abolition of ordeal by poison in 1864 by international treaties.

The Tanghin tree is somewhat like a chestnut in appearance. As its foliage is of a dark-green hue and its flower of a gorgeous crimson, it presents a very attractive sight during the months of October and November. Botanists would more accurately describe the tree as belonging to the order of the 'Apocynaceæ,' and its fruit as a drupe; but as botanical names only appeal to the initiated, we will continue the description without employing them.

About the middle of November, the flowers fade, and a small green fruit appears, which rapidly increases in size until Christmas, when the fruit attains maturity. It is then something like a large yellow egg-plum, though the skin is not of one uniform tint, but is streaked with varying tints of red and brown. The pulpy portion of the fruit is of a repulsive gray colour, and possesses a correspondingly disgusting taste; and in the centre of this is found the kernel, which is enclosed in a bivalve like the common almond. The kernel is the poisonous part of the fruit, and has been found to contain a most violent poison, which is not strychnine, or, in fact, an alkaloid or nitrogenous compound at all, but a substance which is probably unparalleled in the whole range of toxicological chemistry.

The Tanghin was reserved for the detection of such crimes as treason and witchcraft, or anything directly or indirectly due to the intervention of the supernatural; and as such crimes were frequent and the circle of suspicion wide, it acted as a constant drain on an already scanty population. Ellis computes that three thousand persons perished annually under this ordeal, that a tenth of the entire population drank it in their lives—some four or five times—while, of those who drank, more than half died on the spot or from the after-effects.

For minor offences the ordeal was performed thus: If two parties disputed on a subject on which no direct evidence could be got, each selected a dog from a pair of equal size and condition, and both animals received similar doses of Tanghin. The party whose dog first succumbed was adjudged to be in the wrong; and if both dogs expired simultaneously, the case was decided on a basis of equality; or if this was out of the question, the ordeal was repeated.

In the case of serious crimes, however, being alleged against any one, the ordeal was much more severe, as the persons suspected had themselves to swallow the Tanghin. The ordeal was a truly national institution, government officials called *mpanonon-doha*, or 'curse of the

head,' or, more colloquially, *mpampinona*, that is, 'those who compel to drink,' administered the ordeal; and to be a *mpampinona* was considered both a lucrative, respectable, and even an honourable position. The *mpampinona*, by personal and secretly transmitted experience, could so manipulate the ordeal that their clients had a chance of escaping with little more than a violent fit of vomiting; while they could insure with deadly certainty the removal of an obnoxious individual. The Tanghin thus administered became a most powerful agent in carrying out the crooked ends of an unscrupulous state policy; and we need hardly say that the Government in power freely availed themselves of this convenient method for the removal of prominently obtrusive members of the Opposition.

A great gathering always collected to witness a Tanghin ordeal, the centre of attraction, of course, being the *mpampinona*, his executive, and the victim or victims. To inspire confidence, the poison was prepared in public by the *mpampinona*, who took two kernels of the fruit of the 'Tanghinia venenifera,' and having split each carefully in half, he ground two halves of different kernels to insure uniformity of poison—on a stone with a little water. A white emulsion is thus obtained, which, on dilution with the juice of a banana leaf, partially dissolves. Having administered this potion, the 'curser of the head' placed his hand on the brow of the victim, and broke forth into a wild stream of denunciation and invocation, beginning, 'Ary manamasa, manamasa, Manamango. Listen, listen, oh Manamango [the Poison Spirit or 'Seducer of Hearts']. Thou hast no eyes, but thou seest; ears hast thou not, but thou hearest; a round egg brought from afar, from lands across the great waters [possibly an allusion to the introduction of poison ordeal by the Arabs], thou art here to day. Hear and judge, for thou knowest all things, and wilt decide truly. If this man hath not done aught by witchcraft, but has only employed natural powers, let him live! If he has only committed a crime against the moral code [in the original, a long category of these offences is given], slay him not; but by the door where down thou wentest, return, oh Manamango! [The poison is a violent emetic.] But if he has employed witchcraft, then hasten; slay not; end him; slay him; choke him; seize his vitals in thy deadly clutch, and destroy at once and for ever the foul life of this wicked man, oh Manamango, thou that knowest all things, and who searchest the secret hearts of all men.'

Some years ago, a friend of the writer's took a verbatim copy of the above harangue as reproduced by a native who had twice successfully undergone the ordeal, and on whom the whole ceremony had left very vivid and lasting impressions. The above is a fair translation of the leading points in the argument, which in the original are fully expanded by minute details as to the crimes within and the misdemeanours without the jurisdiction of the Tanghin, as well as by very horrible minutiae of the fearful agonies to be inflicted on the guilty, and the exalting prospects for the self-righted innocent.

This adjuration ended, the accused was forced to swallow three pieces of fowl-skin, each about an inch square, without touching them with his teeth. Copious draughts of rice-water were then given to wash down the three pieces of skin; and when this was at last effected, warm water was added to accentuate the emetic character of the poison. If the three pieces of skin are discharged intact, Manamango has decided on the innocence of the suspect; and his friends are then free to do anything they please to increase his chances of recovery. If the three pieces are retained, or are only partially discharged, the man is declared guilty; and one of the executive, whose especial duty it is, puts an end to the writhing and speechless agony of the unfortunate victim by a blow from a wooden rice-peddle or *fanola*.

Establishment of innocence by this method more often than not resulted in death from the after-effects, unless special precautions had been taken, or the subject was possessed of an abnormally tough constitution. Practised experts, by using immature fruit and selecting kernels of light colour, which are not so poisonous as the redder ones, and also by skilful arrangement of things, could secure a satisfactory termination—from the patient's point of view—of the ordeal, so that it became quite noticeable that filthy lucre could often tempt the immaculate Manamango to favourable decisions. Notwithstanding the obvious corruption, the masses of the people believed confidently in the Tanghin and in Manamango; and even now, many natives would avail themselves of it, if allowed to do so.

In 1857, a Frenchman called Laborde, who headed a frustrated conspiracy to assassinate Queen Ranavakona I. and to place Radama II. on the throne, was arrested and charged with high treason. He appealed to the Tanghin ordeal; but the Government refused him that privilege on the ground that he was a foreigner; and so he was banished from the island, much to his chagrin.

It is thought that M. Laborde had cultivated a provident intimacy with the chief *mpampinona*, and consequently was quite prepared to undergo the necessary gastric convulsions, if thereby he could 'quash' an inconvenient charge of high treason. However that may have been, we think M. Laborde was the only European who had sufficient confidence in this somewhat risky tribunal to be willing to stake his existence upon it.

ROMANTIC TALES OF INDIAN WAR.

THE BLOCKADE OF AGRA IN 1857.

ONE of the most prominent sights in Agra is the majestic fortress built by the Great Akbar, with walls seventy feet high, and more than a mile and a half in circuit, surmounted by beehive crenellations, and surrounded by a deep and broad ditch, lined by solid masonry, and crossed by drawbridges of great strength, commanded by flank defences. The walls are built of great blocks of red sandstone; and even if not so strong as they look, or not calculated to resist modern artillery so well as earthworks,

still, if well defended, the fort of Agra would prove a very difficult place to take, because, if the walls were knocked down by a bombardment, the mass of material to get over would be so great that it would be exceedingly difficult to take the place by storm, even if the stormers were supported by every modern appliance of war.

The date of the building of this stately fortress is not correctly known; but Akbar, the greatest of the Mogul Emperors, ascended the throne in 1556 A.D., and the great fort of Agra is supposed to have been completed within the first twelve years of his reign. The reign of Akbar has always been considered the palmy days of the Mogul Empire. 'Akbar may be said to have been a 'Home Ruler.' Early in his reign, he fully recognised the fact that to successfully rule the Hindus he must not treat the Mohammedans as favoured foreign conquerors, but do his utmost to blend all his subjects into one common nationality, with common rights and privileges; and it was the foreigners of his own creed who were first made to feel the weight of his strong hand. But enough by way of introduction; this is not a history of the Mogul Empire under Akbar, but a Romantic Tale of the Mutiny of 1857.

In 1857 Agra was the capital of the North-west Provinces, and Mr John Colvin was the Lieutenant-governor; and but few places were considered more capable of resisting rebellion and standing a siege than the stately fortress of Akbar, if properly victualled. In July 1857, General Sir Patrick Grant, the acting commander-in-chief before the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell, described the fort of Agra as 'a strong and regular fortification, thoroughly armed with heavy guns, manned by a European garrison of over a thousand men, with an arsenal thoroughly supplied with every munition of war within its walls.' The only fear on the mind of the officiating commander-in-chief was lest the authorities had neglected to collect and store provisions. In such a case, the garrison of Agra might be starved into submission; and this the authorities had neglected to do. When the waves of mutiny and rebellion burst upon Agra, and the cry arose on all sides, 'Feringhee ke Raj hogaya' (The rule of the Feringhee is over), the fort of Agra was without victuals of any sort. But I will give the remainder of this Romantic Tale in the words of Rahim Buksh as nearly as I can remember them. My readers can form their own conclusions about the credibility of the story, but the moonshee always related it as a fact of which he had been an eye-witness.

When the rebellion and mutiny of 1857 overtook the authorities of Agra, the treasury was without money and the fort without victuals. There was not even sufficient grain

stored in the fortress to grind flour for one day's bread for the European troops of the garrison, and the grain-dealers in the city absolutely refused to supply the commissariat department with grain except on cash payment; and there was no cash in the treasury. By order of the Lieutenant-governor, Mr E. A. Reade, the Financial Commissary, tried to negotiate a loan of five lakhs (500,000) rupees from the principal bankers and merchants of Agra; but none of them would advance a farthing; nor would the grain-dealers accept supply bills for grain even at a profit of one hundred per cent.

Matters stood thus on the 5th of July, when the Kotah Contingent, a compact force of cavalry, infantry, and a battery of six guns, mutinied, and murdered the most of their European officers, a few miles from Agra, and were reported to be advancing to sack and burn the cantonments and to lay siege to the fort.

On Sunday, the 5th of July, the authorities of Agra committed the same mistake as was done at Lucknow in the unfortunate attempt to fight the mutineers at Chinhat, with much the same result. A force consisting of six hundred and fifty of the 3d Bengal Europeans, a battery of field-artillery, and two hundred volunteers, composed of officers of mutinied regiments, Civil Servants, merchant and clerks, left the fort of Agra to give battle to an enemy estimated at ten times their number, with the result that the British were defeated with a loss of one hundred and forty-one men killed and wounded, but mostly killed, because no proper arrangements had been made for carrying back the wounded. Amongst the slain was the brave and chivalrous Captain D'Oyly, commanding the artillery, whose death was not only a calamity, but an irreparable loss for the garrison. He had protested against the expedition from the first, but was over-ruled, and, like the brave soldier that he was, he nobly did his duty. His horse was shot under him at the commencement of the action; and when his gunners were decimated by the fire of the enemy, Captain D'Oyly took his place amongst the men, and whilst assisting to extricate the wheels of a gun that had sunk in the soft ground, which was soaked with heavy rain, he was mortally wounded in the side by a grape shot. He was lifted on to a tumbril, where he supported himself, and continued to give orders till he fell exhausted from loss of blood. His last words were: 'Ah! they have done for me now; but don't leave my body to be cut up and mutilated. Carry me back to Agra, and put a stone over my grave, and say I died fighting my guns.' Lieutenant Lamb, another promising artillery officer, was also mortally wounded.

At this point the retreat of the British became a rout, which was seen from the high towers of the fort. The alarm was passed to the cantonments, and the European residents rushed to the gates and into the fort for protection. When the retreating troops reached cantonments, they were joined by a detachment which had been on guard on the civil jail, and all rushed for the protection of the

fort. The prisoners in the jail broke loose—3500 convicts—and all the *budnashees* (bad characters) of the city rose and armed themselves and joined the escaped convicts, and hastened to pillage and burn the European quarters in cantonments, and on all sides the cry was: 'The rule of the Feringhee is over.'

The night closed dark and rainy, and all was confusion inside the fort, and outside resembled 'hell broke loose.' Every European house was plundered and then set on fire; and thirty Europeans, or persons classed as Europeans, who had not gained the protection of the fort, were cruelly murdered. When, at midnight, the noise of a great cavalcade was heard approaching from the direction of Sikandra a beautiful garden about five miles from Agra, where the tomb of the Emperor Akbar is—the noise of the advance of this cavalcade was heard above the uproar of murder and plunder going on in cantonments lit up by the glare of burning houses. Above all this dreadful din, the trumpeting of elephants, the neighing of horses, and the beating of drums—in brief, the noise of the advance of a great host—was distinctly heard approaching the main gate of the fort, which was securely barred, with drawbridges raised. The sentries stood on their posts paralysed with fear at the sound of the great commotion as it came nearer and nearer, till at length the cavalcade appeared to be advancing over the raised drawbridge and through the closely-barred massive gates, without the least delay or opposition. The Europeans heard the noise, but did not see the figure of the cavalcade; yet the noise was sufficient to paralyse them with fear.

At this stage, a Sikh sentry, named Jawhir Sing, posted on the quarters of the Lieutenant-governor, was suddenly inspired with courage to challenge the uncanny intruders by asking the question, 'Kis ke Sowaree hain?' (Whose cavalcade comes?) The reply was instantly given in three languages at once, Urdu, Punjabi, and English. 'The cavalcade of Akbar, king of kings, whose palace is in Paradise; come back to his throne on earth to give strength and power and wisdom to the English. Fear not, Jawhir Sing; the rule of the English is not over, for Allah has given them the kingdom, and no power which shall rise up against them shall prosper. Allah Hu Akbar—God alone is great.'

The sentry, in spite of his fear, replied: 'Advance, Akbar Badsha. All is well,' when an enormous elephant, with tusks more than two yards long, glistening like silver, advanced and knelt down; and an old man, his kingly robes glistening with jewels, his eyes shining like carbuncles, with a glistening white moustache, just like the pictures of Akbar Badsha so common about Agra, descended from the golden howdah and stood before the sentry, who had been inspired with the boldness to challenge, and in a commanding but sweet and pleasant voice said: 'I am Akbar, King of kings. Prostrate thyself, and repeat after me, and say: "God is one God. He is the Eternal God. He begetteth not, neither is He begotten. And there is not any one like unto Him." In the name of the Most Merciful, arise, go, and be

circumcised, and assume the name of Abd'allah Rahman' (a follower of God, the Most Merciful, a common name for all converts to Mohammedanism), 'and repeat the prayer: "Praise be to God the Lord of all creatures, the Most Merciful, the King of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of Thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious, against whom Thou art not incensed, and who have not erred from the right way. Amen!"'

The vision of the Emperor continued: 'Arise! Go to the great mosque, and be circumcised, and proclaim to the Faithful: "Verily, the rule of the British shall not be overthrown, although they are sore pressed; but Allah hath given them the kingdom." This I swear by the Holy and Instructive Koran. As for John Colvin, Bahadur' (Valiant or Mighty), 'bear good tidings to him of mercy and an honourable reward. For, verily, sixty-six days hence he shall join me in Paradise; and within the compass of one moon from the date on which he shall be carried to his rest, his people shall no longer need my protection. Till then, I and my retinue shall guard this fortress. Amen! Allah Hu Akbar.'

On this, the vision of Akbar remounted the elephant, and the cavalcade passed on. But from that date, every night, until the relief of Agra on the 10th of October by General Greathead, the cavalcade was regularly heard passing through the fort at midnight. And when challenged by any sentry, in the usual terms, 'Who comes there?' the reply was invariable: 'The cavalcade of Akbar, the guardian of this fortress, passes,' and the sentry was always compelled to reply, in spite of himself: 'Pass, Akbar Badsha. All is well.'

But although the European sentries heard the noise every night at midnight, they never saw the vision. After the first night, it was only seen by devout Moslems. How Abd'allah Rahman, the converted Sikh, got to the great mosque, which was outside the fort, he never knew. But he got outside and to the mosque somehow; and long before the cock crew, he had proclaimed the vision to every follower of the Prophet in the city of Agra. And on peeping through a chink in the wicket of the main gate at daybreak the following morning, the first thing the European sentries saw was about a score of carts, on the opposite side of the drawbridge, loaded with bread fresh from the ovens, which Lalla Jotee Pershand had baked at his own house in the city after hearing the proclamation of the vision of Akbar Badsha. And within the next few days, the Lalla (a Persian title given to gentlemen of position in Upper India, equivalent to the honorary title of Doctor, in English, LL.D.), Jotee Pershand, had poured sufficient provisions into the fort to victual the garrison for a siege of more than six months' duration, accepting payment in supply bills bearing five per cent. interest.

Such was the effect of the vision of Akbar. And on the 9th of September, just sixty-six days from the night of the vision, Mr Colvin, worn out with hard work and anxiety, died: and within the revolution of another moon from the date of his funeral, the blockade of

Agra was raised, and the garrison relieved. Such was the romantic tale of Rahim Buksh, moonshee.

Although I well remembered the story, I never had an opportunity of verifying it by any other testimony than that of the moonshee till December 1893, when I visited the fort of Agra in the company of Colour-sergeants Gunn and White, and Armourer-sergeant Smallwood of the 21 Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the successors of the old 93d, to whom I related the romantic story of the vision of Akbar. And I asked the old maulvie who was acting as our guide if he had ever heard the story, when, to my surprise he told me that he had not only heard it, but that he was actually an eye-witness to the vision, and could vouch for the truth of every word of it. I asked if he knew if Abd'allah Rahman, the converted Sikh, was still alive; and he told me that, after the Mutiny, he had received a grant of several villages from the Government, which he had sold, and spent the money in religious endowments, after which he retired to Mecca, and became a saint, and died there some years ago.

I then suggested to the maulvie that I did not in the least misdoubt his veracity or the correctness of his judgment, but that I thought the vision might be accounted for on natural grounds, as a pious fraud performed by some one possessed of a magic-lantern, an instrument which was not so well known in India in 1857 as in 1893. And I suggested that the vision might have been performed on behalf of Lalla Jotee Pershand, who was known to have held about a million and a half sterling in Company's paper, the whole of which he would have lost if the rule of the British had been overthrown.

The old man indignantly repudiated this solution of the mystery, and exultingly asked how a reflection from a magic-lantern could have repeated a whole chapter from the Holy and Instructive Koran, and caused a bigoted Sikh to undergo circumcision and become a devout follower of the Prophet; besides having spirited him outside the locked gates and uplifted drawbridge of the fort to the Jumna Mosque, where the officiating *muallah* had been warned in a vision to be ready to perform the rite of circumcision. Furthermore, how could the reflection from a magic-lantern have predicted the death of the Lieutenant-governor, or the raising of the blockade, and the relief of the garrison? A magic-lantern be blowed! only an unbelieving heretic could suggest such an explanation.

I had to admit that the logic of such an argument was irresistible. But I only regained the good opinion of the old maulvie by tipping him a couple of rupees backshish. Such is the story of the vision of Akbar and the evidence in support of it. I am informed that the story is related either in a biography of Mr John Colvin or some other work about the Mutiny in Agra in 1857. I have never seen any such work. But my informant positively assures me that he read the story in some book in the Public Library of Melbourne. Be that as it

may, I have no doubt that the reported vision did the British good service in the dark days of 1857, as also did the great comet of September 1858.

WHAT BECOMES OF UNCLAIMED MONEY.

THERE is a vast amount of buried wealth in the world besides that which the ocean covers, and the virgin ore awaiting the miner's call; but few people know the *locale* of these hidden moneys. In the following jottings, we have endeavoured to indicate the chief sources from which Unclaimed Moneys arise, and how they are dealt with.

Funds in Chancery (England).—The exact amount of the unclaimed funds belonging to suitors or their representatives, undebited with for fifteen years or upwards, is £2,327,823. Prior to 1869, such money was invested in Government securities; but in 1870 the funds were used towards the reduction of the national debt, the Consolidated Fund being thenceforward liable in respect of all successful claims to such funds. On the 28th of February 1893, the total funds in the Supreme Court of Judicature were £65,481,868; but the proportion unclaimed is not stated. It is a remarkable fact that part of the surplus interest of these funds representing over one million pounds was applied towards the erection of the Royal Courts of Justice. Moreover, in 1881, Mr Gladstone's Government borrowed no less than forty million pounds of the suitors' funds for national debt purposes.

Funds in Chancery (Ireland).—It is proposed to build a new Law Library in Dublin, at a cost of some fifteen thousand pounds, out of the unclaimed suitors' funds. Many years ago, a similar appropriation of nearly two hundred and fifty thousand pounds was made towards building the Courts of Law in Dublin. The Consolidated Fund is liable to make good this deficit.

Unclaimed dividends on Government Stocks.—All dividends and stock unclaimed for ten years are transferred to the National Debt Commissioners till claimants appear. In 1866, no less than three million pounds of the unclaimed stock was cancelled, and the Consolidated Fund made liable in respect of successful claims to such money. In 1890, the balance of stock remaining unclaimed was £853,132, and the unclaimed dividends amounted to £1,387,969. It may be mentioned that the Exchequer some years since realised a windfall of £150,211, representing fractions of pence saved in the payment of dividends. This is one more proof of the old saying, 'Many a mickle makes a muckle.'

Estates Reverting to the Crown.—In 1884, the Statute of Limitations was applied to the recovery of estates falling to the Crown by

reason of persons dying intestate without known heirs. Funds which had been accumulating for centuries were thus swept into the coffers of the State. The total amount received by the 'Crown's Nominee' from 1876—the date of the passing of the Intestates' Estates Act—to 1893 reached £1,708,963. A large portion, however, was claimed by the rightful heirs; and, after payment of the Crown's share, for Her Majesty's use, the balance in hand in 1893 was £96,147.

Bankrupts' Estates.—The new Bankruptcy Offices have been erected out of part of the unclaimed funds in Bankruptcy. The total liability of the Exchequer in respect of unclaimed moneys arising from bankruptcy in England and Ireland is £1,136,955.

Scottish Estates.—The Register Office, Edinburgh, was built out of funds arising from 'forfeited estates.'

Soldiers' Money.—No less than £114,170, representing the amount of the effects of deceased soldiers, has accumulated during the past twenty years. This amount has been handed over to the Patriotic Fund Commissioners for distribution, owing to the rightful heirs failing to claim.

Army and Navy Prize money.—Upwards of six hundred thousand pounds of the unclaimed army prize-money has been used for keeping up Chelsea Hospital and grounds, &c. The balance due to soldiers or their representatives in 1893 was £102,959. Curiously enough, only fourteen pounds was paid to claimants during this year; while the expenses of the Prize Department were about four hundred pounds. Unclaimed naval prize money is transferred to the Consolidated Fund. Considerably over two hundred and fifty thousand pounds is due to sailors or their kindred.

The foregoing extracts show part of the large amount of money lying unclaimed in the United Kingdom. It is officially stated that liabilities of the Consolidated Fund are considered to be remote, and the State not likely to be called upon, to any material extent, to discharge. But, on the other hand, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his Budget speech in 1891, stated that in that year 'he had been called upon quite unexpectedly to provide one hundred thousand pounds in respect of unclaimed funds in Chancery. It was supposed that a large sum owing to suitors would never be claimed, and it was written off. Experience had proved that an increased spirit of research, assisted by those means of increased publicity which the day demands and receives, had enabled many suitors, who it was believed would never claim, to make their claim.'

Discussions in Parliament, the Press, and elsewhere, show the urgent need of greater publicity as to all unclaimed funds. Lists of some unclaimed moneys are still only published in the *London Gazette*, while many others are

not published at all. Until these lists are published in newspapers likely to be seen by the persons interested, the amount of money must go on increasing.

THE OLD HOME.

AN IDYL OF MEMORY.

THERE is a gray old home tread* into whose dusky chambers and corridors I sometimes stray. It is delightful to become acquainted with their coolness and seclusion on a bright afternoon such as this is; it is delightful to leave the noisy world of reality for this silence, whose peace is as the peace of dreamland. I pass under the low crumbling portal, whose steps are worn with the feet of many generations; and as I pass, it seems to me that a stranger comes forth to greet me, taking my hand and leading me into the quiet shadow.

'Hush!' says this stranger; 'tread softly. Your poet says, that all houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted; this is a haunted house.'

A tremor passes over* me as I take his hand and hear his words, and I glance around somewhat timidly.

'There is nothing to see,' says my companion, 'and nothing to fear. They that haunt these chambers are spiritual, and can be seen by the spirit alone. I myself, it may be, am only discerned by the souls of those who are willing to know me.'

I look at the speaker curiously, not without a dim sense of fear. His presence is not quite unfamiliar; he has been with me before. Perhaps I should not say 'he,' for I hardly know whether the indistinct figure be that of man or woman. But it seems to me that silence will be golden, so I make no reply, merely following my guide along the shadowy passage.

How quiet it is—how dreamy! Yet these passages, now so deserted, once rang with the voices of children and with the scamper of little feet. Boys and girls played together at hide-and-seek in these corners. Does it not seem that the little feet have left traces upon the stained floor? Does it not seem that a little face might look out upon me from every corner and nook? Those children now—where are they? Some are asleep in the churchyard, with twining grasses and flowers above their heads, buried within sound of the cuckoo and the skylark. Some are busy and careworn men and women, treading places far different from the quiet old homestead. Do they still think of the old haunts, and of their games in the happy bygone? Perhaps they tell their own children tales of that early and half-forgotten time. Perhaps mothers hush their babes to rest with songs learned in this old home. Perhaps visions of the place follow men strangely, as they pace hastily through thronging streets or toil in city offices.

'Look into that old cupboard,' says my companion, 'and you will still find some remains of the children's playthings. There is a wooden horse, with its head broken and all its colour gone; there is a rag-bundle that was once a doll. Time does not spare even the children's

toys; yet he is busier with the children themselves. That wooden horse, that tattered doll, may still lie in some dusty corner, unnoticed and forgotten, long after those who played with them have passed into silence and rest. You take nothing with you out of this world—not even the toys of your childhood, and certainly not the heaped-up possessions of your riper years.

It seems like sacrilege to touch these relics, or even to look at them; and the stranger's words have made me sad. I pass onward into the low-roofed kitchen whose ingle was once big enough to receive the old settle into its warmth. At first, I seem to hear the crackle of logs in the fireplace, the roar of a winter's storm without; but soon the delusion passes, and I know that there is nothing but summer sunlight falling through a whirl of motes upon a dusty floor. Then my comrade breaks the silence, and tells me of glad gatherings that have been held here so frequently. I hear the stories that have been told by the winter-fire, the jests that wakened laughter, the tales of grief that caused a shudder of pity. I see the children sitting with the ruddy glow on their bright faces; and the mother's eye glances from one to another. By-and-by they are kissed and sent away to bed; and husband and wife remain awhile longer by the fireside. He smokes his long pipe quietly; she is mending stockings that the restless little feet so soon wear into holes.

One by one these children have passed out into the world, or up the mossy path of the churchyard. Then the father also was called to the place of sleep; and the mother, lonely, bowed, with failing sight and trembling hands, stayed yet a little longer by the old hearth, dreaming of the bright faces that had gone. I seem to see her even now; but the sight brings tears into my eyes.

Here are the bedrooms where the children slept. Babies have been born here, and lives have ceased within these walls. An echo as of old lullabies still lingers about the chambers; sometimes, also, a sound as of childish laughter; and the patter of little bare feet. But only the sunlight falls through the dusky casements; and a lonely breeze sighs along the corridor. The rooms are sad and desolate. Birds are twittering outside in the eaves. Let me step forth once more into the golden sunshine; the silence and the solitude have become too heavy, too oppressive. Lead me forth, strange companion! The dusk and dimness of these old chambers weigh upon my soul—I am saddened and dispirited with these memories. Let us go forth into the quaint old-fashioned garden, and the orchard laden with young apples.

But when I look round for my companion, I see no more the dim figure. A sudden dread comes on me, as I hasten tiptoe down the staircase and through the passages. It is a relief to open the creaking garden door.

Greeted by the song of birds, and by the soft breeze that has wandered over cornfield and meadow, I step forth into the sunny air. It is quite a garden of the olden time. The hedges of box still bear a distorted trace of the strange shapes in which they were once cut. Here and there stands a moss-covered image, once the handiwork of man, but now

claimed and taken possession of by nature. I remember how the boy Heine once fell in love with such an image, and kissed its cold lips with rapturous passion. Is he merely feigning when he tells us of this? How well I can realise the impulse to love even a cold statue! Some of us do this in days of ardent life, and find afterwards that we have been loving mere stone. But these poor statues are too much changed, too mouldy, too defaced with creeping things, to allure the lips of any fond admirer. There is no Galatea here, to be called into life by passionate adoration.

Yet do I not hear voices among the shadows, and laughter as of children at play? They are racing to and fro along the tangled paths, hiding in the recesses of laurel and lilac. Surely if I turn this corner I shall see the bright young faces. Perhaps I might forget that I am no longer a child myself, and might join them in their happy frolic. But I glance along the green-sward and up the cool pathways, and see no one; the voices sink into silence. It was the breeze in the orchard that mocked me with a semblance of childish laughter.

The rich light of sunset is beginning to deepen; and through the fragrant air steals a peace that is better than anything daytime had to offer. The birds whisper soft sleepy notes in the branches; night creeps on with gentle pace. A few faint stars begin to glimmer in the quiet sea of blue. Mists rise up from the lowlands, like a silvery veil that slowly possesses all things; but I linger still in the old garden, and beneath the orchard trees, thinking of those bygone times that live in the great treasure-house of eternity.

A COUNTRY MAID.

HER eyes the sun-kissed violets mate,
And fearless is their gaze;
She moves with graceful, careless gait
Along the country ways.
The roses blushing in her cheek
That ne'er decay nor fade,
Her laughter gay, her words bespeak
A simple, country maid.

No flashing gems adorn her hair,
Nor clasp her lily neck,
No jewelled circlets, rich and rare,
Her sun-browned hands bespeak;
But pearly teeth through lips as red
As reddest rubies gleam;
The tresses o'er her shoulders spread
A golden mantle seem.

Her looks are kind, and sweet the smile
That sparkles in her eyes;
Her mind, her heart, are free from guile;
She is not learned or wise.
No worldly art, no craft has she
Acquired, her charms to aid;
And yet she stole my heart from me,
This simple, country maid.

M. ROCK.

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FROM TURMOIL TO REPOSE.

By MRS LYNN LINTON.

THE roar of the busy city never ceases. The restless tide of human life for ever flows. Through all the day, and through more than half the night, the world of man is up and doing; and of rest or repose there is none. Cries of pain and distress break through the stillness of those two quieter mid hours of the night. The hoarse shouts of straying revellers waken you from dreams of your childhood and visions of your lost love. The consciousness that, out in that pitiless storm, human beings are wandering hungry, penniless, homeless and wholly desperate, seems to rob your own comfort of all its pleasantness. Even the very carriage wheels, as they roll rapidly away, give you a pang for thinking of the men and cattle who have to meet that stinging hail and face that cutting wind.

With the uprising of the sun come the increased activities of the day. Labourers slouch out to their work and the early trains begin to run. Soon, delicate girls, whose rightful place is the sheltered home, turn out for their offices, their shops, their schoolrooms. Young clerks, a little belated, go sleepily by; older men, with the accuracy gained by long years of training, measure their steps to the minute and neither hurry nor lag—neither give an extra moment to their employer nor bring on themselves the rebuke due to unpunctuality. The omnibuses begin their monotonous journeys; the cab-stands fill. The shops take down their shutters; and the night-stalls fold their tents like the Arabs and disappear from the streets. The milk has long since been delivered; and the tradesmen are up and stirring about the area gates. The whole machinery of the day has got under weigh and the turmoil of life has begun.

The sense of all this fierce seething restless life comes to you like a hot blast on your face.

If you are fresh and young and vigorous it inspires you, and spurs you up to an excitement commensurate with itself. If you are wearied and old, nerveless and worn out, it oppresses you with an unspeakable sense of fatigue, and you long for nothing so much as the stillness of the country, where Nature alone has a voice and humanity is dumb.

The physical conditions of city life fatigue you; the moral circumstances of society afflict you yet more. Turn where you will, you are met by things which make safe speech difficult and wary walking imperative. Insincerity is the one great danger, because the one great disease, of society. Things are not what they seem to be, and no one can afford to be true or candid. Every one is bound to accept life as it offers itself and as it wishes to be accepted; and the curious who would probe—the blunderer who would declare aloud the mysteries he has stumbled on by chance—are criminals whom it is the duty of the self-protecting to boycott and denounce. Beneath the smooth surface all sorts of rugged linings fret and gall. False friends smile into each other's faces; and that pretty little confidante is her friend's worst enemy and most dangerous rival. Men shake hands and slap each other familiarly on the shoulder, who, were secrets made public, would stand at twenty paces, pistol in hand, to separate only when one had put a bullet into the other. Advisers show you how to make a good investment—when they will palm off their rotten shares on you, the poor gulled dupe, and make themselves safe at your expense. Flatterers pour out their honeyed words in drops of golden sweetness, celebrating all you are and much that you are not, then turn from you to the next comer and vilify you as vigorously as they have belauded you. The thin veneer cracks everywhere, and you see the coarser grain beneath. But woe be to you if you act on what you know and publish what you see! The world has agreed to live as though lies were the truth and insincerity were white-robed

candour; and aught contrary to this convention ensures ostracism on the spot.

To those who get at all behind the scenes of society, and know something of the falsities and intrigues with which it is riddled, the feeling of unrest becomes terribly oppressive. Life is as an ever-changing phantasmagoria, where the one individual assumes half-a-dozen forms and bewilders you by the perpetual changes included.

And then the distractions of Society, under the head of entertainment! The dinners and at-homes—the crowded evenings and the feverish afternoons—the heavy luncheons, the deadly suppers, the bad air we breathe and the distracting noise we have to listen to in that mingling of music and voices, songs and chatter! Of a truth that genial cynic was right who said that life would be tolerable but for its pleasures; for the pleasures of the Season soon become torments, and galling is the whip of scorpions wherewith we are chastised. And when we add to all this the need of doing an appointed bit of work, we pile Pelion upon Ossa and lose our heads and go near to lose our lives in the process.

Then we shake the dust of the city from off our feet and go down into the quiet solitudes of the country for repose after the riot.

Oh! that first waking in the country or by the seaside after a spell of the London Season! Can any contrast be found more lovely to soul and sense! Instead of the grinding of the underground trains carrying the workmen to and fro, the morning songs of the birds float up in a cloud of melody from earth to sky; the sharpening of the scythe, as the gardener leisurely shears the already close-mown lawn, mingles itself to the fragrance of the freshly-cut grass, to the perfume of the flowers, and the subtle scents which steal from the bushes and the newly-turned earth. In the distance a sheep-dog's bark shows the way the bleating flock has to move. A ploughboy whistles as he goes, or directs his horses by his voice. The 'lowing kine' turn from the milking-shed to the pastures; and the voices of the village children are heard in play or laughter as they run along in groups, some late and some too soon for school. But not a sound of all this easy-flowing life jars on the nerves. Somehow distance seems to blend all into one chord of harmony, and not a single false note sets the teeth on edge. The whole is like the gracious pageantry of a dream, where passion does not enter and perplexity is not. It is emphatically the return of the prodigal to his father's house—the exile home, once more in the arms of the great Allmother.

No one appreciates the country so much as the Londoner when he escapes from the turmoil of the streets and Society, and finds himself once more in the holy peace and calm of Nature. It is the true renewal of his youth. Sight and sounds and perfumes bring back the long-past associations of those early days while yet the silver was untarnished and the limpid mirror had received no scratch or stain. He goes over the old times and sees again the dear, dead faces of the loved and lost. He forgets the more sordid experiences of his matu-

rity, and lives once more in the world of truth and innocence, where all things were to him as they seemed to be, when he knew no more of the secret sores of Society—of the hidden sins and moral curses done, and suffered by men and women—than he knew, the luckless lamb! of the pains and penalties of a 'collegiate career,' and the force of temptation to idleness here, with the forfeit to be paid if yielded to there.

Again, what a priceless boon it is to be admitted into the ranks of a simply-living family, after having luxuriated to satiety in stately houses, and been overwhelmed by ostentatious grandeur! For late to bed and late to rise are substituted those early hours when the soft warm air weighs down the eyelids with that unwonted drowsy peace, so unlike the feverish activities of the London midnight!—when the birds and the fresh morning breeze waken up to a gladder energy than aught that has been known for all these heated weary months! The languor left by the fever of the London Season gradually gives place to a brisker sense of power. The strained nerves come back to quietude. The exhausted system is replenished with healthy blood, and all those mysterious pains and aches, and that yet more mysterious depression of spirits, fade gradually away like spectres at cockerow, after a few weeks or even days of quiet, healthy, simple living. For the heated atmosphere of crowded rooms we have the fresh breezes from the sea, the aromatic airs from the pinewoods and the firs. For the noise of crowds, and the ceaseless hurry of the streets, we hear the soothing ripple of the gentle waves, or the tender stillness of the drowsy noon tide, when only the grasshopper sings to his mate. The chirping of the young birds on the lawn is the sole break in the silence of that Hour of Pan when the gods themselves slept on the hills and in the oases, and the young fauns were cradled in the arms of the nymphs, and the hamadryads dreamed within their oaks. No chorals, no bromides, equal the soothing influence of such hours! To lie on the grass under the shadow of the hornbeam, thinking of nothing, scarce feeling, hardly conscious of the world outside, the big dog half asleep by your side, all the activities of life dulled and distant and out of your immediate range—these tranquil hours heal you as nothing else can; and the touch of Mother Earth works again the old-time miracle. By the time your visit is ended your health has returned; perhaps, too, some of your lost illusions have reappeared, and the broken rainbow has pieced itself. All men are not dishonest, as in your bitterness and haste you were prone to believe. There are true and tender women still to be found, faithful to their duties and loyal to their word; and the world is not given up to chicanery and deception. Then you go back to the turmoil you had left, refreshed and better able to bear the burden which with our own hands we overweight our own shoulders.

What is true of times and seasons is still more so of age and conditions. All youth worth its salt at all goes through that period of storm and stress which is as the boiling of the broth

ere it settles between the scum and the dregs. Impossible aspirations render our practical work a botch, because of the impracticable attempted to be done. Vague desires lead us into cloud-land, whence we fall, like so many Phaethons, into the abyssal depths of disappointment and despair. Strong passions wreck our peace, and reason mocks our hopes. We lift up our hands to the stars and we clutch only the gossamer threads that float in the summer air. Our life is made up of illusions, of vain endeavours, of feverish dreams; and we know neither rest nor repose, racked as we are and flung like a rudderless ship on the foaming ocean. But by degrees and the slow beneficent action of time, we calm down into something more staid and steady—something less passionate and eager, more reasonable and practicable. We cease to break our hearts for the offences that needs must come, and we accept imperfection as part of the law of life. We no longer rail because the sun has spots—because the moon wanes—because the stars are unapproachable. We take things as they come, thankful for the beauty they bring with them—patient under the pain they leave behind them—tolerant to those persons whom we do not like—shutting our eyes to those things which are abhorrent and which we cannot mend. So, from the turmoil and riot, the passion and unreason of our youth, steals out the peace and wisdom of age, when we see all things with more kindly eyes and a wider vision—thanking God for the repose to which we have attained. And we thank Him, too, for the greater peace that is yet to come, when we shall say, 'Farewell to life and all its vanities and vexations, its turmoil and its riot'—when we shall turn our faces to the wall and enter into the rest that is beyond the grave!

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XXIV.—A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

THE trial, as we have seen, came to an end on Saturday night. Sunday was a blustering autumn day. A high wind was blowing, and at intervals heavy showers of rain came down. About four o'clock that Sunday afternoon, a girl might have been seen pacing round and round Alton Square, one of the smaller squares in the West End of London. Slowly she pursued her way, minding, apparently, the driving rain, which from time to time beat against her tiny umbrella, and almost drenched her, as little as she minded the brown leaves that whirled past her from the trees in the square.

From the western side of the enclosure, a broad street of large, dull-looking houses opened; and as often as the girl passed this street, she paused for a few moments, and glanced along the wide, solitary pavements. Evidently, she was waiting for some one who had failed to keep his appointment. After a time, she became more impatient; angry tears came into her eyes, and rolled unheeded down her cheeks. The square was deserted, and there was no

one to cast curious glances at her. Then, again, she would let her pace become slower, as if she could not bear to leave the trysting-place. Finally, she left the square, and turned into Alton Street—as the broad street just mentioned was named—walking slower and slower as she went. When she came to one of the large dull houses—No. 43—she moved so slowly that she all but stopped, and gazed wistfully at the door as she passed. The aspect of the house told her nothing; and no face appeared at any of the windows. Once fairly past the house, however, the girl's bearing altogether changed. She walked blindly on, faster and faster, by a great effort keeping back the sobs that almost choked her. Presently, she became calmer; her indignation had mastered her grief.

By-and-by she found herself in a great thoroughfare, through which a few omnibuses were rolling. One of these she stopped; and by its help she reached a small family hotel of the old-fashioned exclusive type, some distance off—Benson's Hotel. Here she alighted, entered the house, and climbed up several flights of stairs to a tiny room wedged in a corner. This was her bedroom. Seating herself on the edge of her bed, she remained perfectly still for some minutes. Then she took a sudden resolution, sprang to her feet, rapidly changed her wet raiment, and went down-stairs. This girl was Julia Stephens, Lady Boldon's maid; and the man she had expected to meet was Ducrot, Frederick Boldon's valet. She had been brought up to town by Mrs. Bruce, that she might be ready to wait on Lady Boldon on her release from prison; and she had written to Ducrot to tell him that she would be able to see him if he came to Benson's Hotel on Friday evening. He had not come; and Julia naturally supposed that he had not been able to get leave, and expected a note from him on Saturday morning. But no letter came, and Julia then began to fear that Mr. Boldon had left town and had taken his valet with him. She therefore confided her little secret to a commissionaire, a respectable elderly man attached to the hotel, and got him to go on Saturday forenoon to No. 43 Alton Street and make inquiries. In this way she learned that Mr. Boldon was ill of typhoid fever, and had nurses attending him; also, that Ducrot was staying in the house, but had nothing to do, and was for the time being practically his own master.

The girl's face flushed with indignation as she heard this intelligence; but after an hour her anger cooled sufficiently to allow her to write a second time to her faithless lover, and tell him that she would be in Alton Square at four o'clock next day, Sunday, and that he must meet her there if he ever wished to see her again. He had treated the message with disdain; and Julia now began, not only to hate him, but to suspect that love had blinded her eyes in more ways than one.

When she went down-stairs, she proceeded to her mistress's sitting-room, and there she found Lady Boldon, pale, and thin, and worn, sitting alone. There was no light in the room beyond what came from a dull fire in the grate, and Julia was glad of this.

Her mistress did not look up, but sat gazing at the smouldering coals with despairing eyes. Julia tried in vain to attract her attention, and at last took up the tongs and began to arrange the coals.

'You may go, Julia—I didn't ring,' said Lady Boldon absently.

'No, ma'am. But may I speak to you a minute?'

'Certainly.—What is it?'

'I'm sure I don't know whether I ought to speak of it or not, ma'am. It's not my place; and I may only give offence.'

'Oh no,' said the lady wearily. 'Tell me what you want to say, and be done with it.'

'You will forgive me if I am taking a liberty; but something has made me think it might not be all right, though he said it was—'

'What on earth are you talking of, girl?' (This with a touch of temper.)

'Did you, then, ma'am—since I must speak of it—did you tell Ducrot, Mr Boldon's valet, to put a paper in a blue envelope into your drawer?'

'What? I? Never! What do you mean?'

'Oh, I might have known!' Julia burst out crying.

'Tell me what you mean!' cried the lady, seizing the girl's wrist with her left hand. 'Begin at the beginning, and tell me what you are talking about.'

'We were sweethearts, ma'am, this fellow Ducrot and me, though we are not such any longer; and when you were up in town, he came down to Roby Chase. And—I took him into the library—I know it was wrong, but—'

'Yes; never mind: go on.'

'And one day when he came up to see me, I found him in your boudoir, kneeling at the table. He had one of the drawers open; and I just saw him put something in a long blue envelope into the drawer, under some other papers.'

'Oh, my God! Then it was not he! I might have known it—oh, I might have known it! But Frederick Boldon's servant? I don't understand. Tell me what happened next, girl—quick!' Her grasp on the maid's arm tightened convulsively, and she gazed into the girl's eyes as if she could read there the secret that had caused her so much sorrow.

'I said to him: "What are you doing there, Louis?" And he laughed, and said: "I am only doing an errand for your mistress. She sent me this paper and the key of the drawer, and told me where to place it, and said I was to put it in safe with my own hands."'

'Then it was a plot to ruin me! But yet I don't understand.—Go on.'

'I said: "It's very odd my lady didn't send it to me;" and he said: "Likely, she thought I would be more careful not to speak of it. She is very anxious that it shouldn't be spoken of.—Promise me," he said—"promise me, by all that is holy, that you won't let out that I let a soul know of it;" and I promised. But after what I read in last night's paper—about what you said in court, my lady'—

'Yes, yes; go on!'

'I thought perhaps there was something wrong; and I intended to speak to Louis to-day; but I didn't see him; and— Oh! my lady, you are hurting me!'

'Why did you not speak of this sooner, you wretched creature?'

'I didn't know, my lady. How could I tell he was not speaking the truth? He locked the drawer; and I thought, from his having the key, it was all right. He must have done it with a picklock.'

'Why didn't you speak sooner?—Stop! Let me think, or I shall go mad!' She dashed the girl's hand away from her, and buried her face in her hands.

'It's clear he never gave it to that man,' she said to herself in a whisper. 'Frederick Boldon must have got it, and put it there for a purpose. Then he may be innocent altogether of everything! And I—what have I believed of him? What have I done? Julia!—' suddenly raising her head.—'if you wish to make some reparation for the misery you have caused by not speaking sooner, fly, rush to Mr O'Neil's chambers in the Temple. He lives there, I know.—Stay; I will give you a note for him; but you must bring him back with you. If necessary, tell him what you have told me. That will make him come. I must see him to-night.—Long for a hansom—run yourself, and tell the porter to call one! That will be quicker. And get on your things while I write the note.'

Fortunately, Terence O'Neil was in his chambers when he was summoned; and he hardly waited to put on his hat and coat before rushing down-stairs, Julia stumbling along at his heels. Her cab was in waiting, and they both entered it.

On the way to the hotel, O'Neil tried to question the girl, as he knew from Lady Boldon's note that she had something to reveal; but she was dumb. Already, she had begun to fear that she had, in some way that she could not understand, endangered her former lover. And her conscience—some people's consciences are curiously bad guides—began to reproach her with having broken her promise of silence. It is hardly too much to say that if she could have retracted her words, and blotted out from Lady Boldon's memory all remembrance of the story she had told, she would have done it.

As soon as O'Neil entered Lady Boldon's room, a few rapid questions and answers put him in possession of the facts, as far as Lady Boldon herself knew them. He was hardly less excited than she was.

'What are we to do, Mr O'Neil?' she asked eagerly. 'What steps are we to take?'

'Upon my word, Lady Boldon,' he said, 'that is no such easy question to answer. We must see this fellow Ducrot as soon as possible; but as to the manner of dealing with him so as to make him tell the truth, I must first think a little.—I had better hear the girl's story from her own lips, to begin with.'

In her mistress's presence, Julia could not refuse answering O'Neil's questions; but when he asked her for Ducrot's address, she flatly refused to answer.

'You foolish girl!' exclaimed her mistress. 'Don't you suppose I know Mr Boldon's address? If you take my advice, you will have no more to do with this worthless fellow; and if you warn him by telling him that'—

At a sign from O'Neil, Lady Boldon stopped. 'There can be no doubt,' said he gravely, 'that Ducrot acted for some one else. I think we should never be able to show that he knew at the time how serious an offence he was committing; and therefore I don't think he is in any danger. I am very glad you cautioned the girl, Lady Boldon,' he added, when Julia had left the room. 'She meant to warn her lover: I could see it in her face. Now I shall take care to be beforehand with her. If you can only prevent her from posting a letter to him to-night, I think I can promise myself an interview with the interesting foreigner to-morrow morning—I must leave you now, for I have a good deal to do this evening. For one thing, I must see the Judge, Mr Justice Cherry. Good-night.'

O'Neil went back to the Temple, and with much difficulty—as it was Sunday night—hunted up a man who was willing to furnish him with a letter of introduction to Mr Justice Cherry.

Armed with this, the young barrister made his way to Eaton Square, where the Judge lived, and insisted on seeing him.

He found the Judge seated at a cosy fire, smoking a fine cigar, and reading a 'yellow-back.'

'Glad to see you, Mr O'Brien. Beg pardon, 'm sure—O'Neil. You were one of the counsel for that poor fellow Thesiger yesterday?'

'I was, Sir Benjamin; and I came to tell you that we have, I may say accidentally, discovered the man who actually placed Sir Richard Boldon's will in a drawer of Lady Boldon's writing-table.'

'You don't say so!' cried his lordship, starting up in his big easy-chair.

'We have. The fellow is a servant of Frederick Boldon.'

'Ah!'

'He avers—at all events, he declared on one occasion—that he put the will in the writing-table drawer at Lady Boldon's bidding; but that seems incredible, and I hope to prove that it is a falsehood.'

'But if his master got hold of the will, why did he not produce it? Why go and hide it in Lady Boldon's drawer, knowing that if she found it, she might possibly have destroyed it?'

'I imagine it was there but a very short time.—But I called to-night to ask you to be good enough to postpone passing sentence on my friend' the good fellow said these words with gentle emphasis.—'Hugh Thesiger, for a day or two. It seems to me extremely unlikely that he bade this man—Ducrot is his name—secrete the will. And in all probability the man who gave the will to Ducrot is the man who killed Mr Felix.'

'But Thesiger pleaded guilty to both charges!' cried the Judge impulsively.

'He was asked to plead first—before Lady Boldon,' said O'Neil. 'I am firmly convinced now that they are both innocent'—

The Judge started visibly.

'Yes, sir—both innocent. Yet the circumstances pointed to the guilt of one or the other of them, and each feared, and, deceived by appearances, finally believed that the other was guilty. Thesiger, imagining that Lady Boldon had drugged Mr Felix, and had thus accidentally killed him, and longing to spare her the shame and suffering of a conviction—which might very well have been her death-blow—resolved to behave like a guilty man, and, if convicted, bear her punishment himself. And Lady Boldon, thinking probably that whatever her lover had done had been done in her interest, was willing to sacrifice herself'—

'Really, Mr O'Neil,' interrupted the Judge, 'your theory is a very ingenious one; and it may be the true one—I'm sure I hope it is—but, all the same, I hardly think I ought to listen to you, except in court.'

'I beg pardon, my lord—sir, I mean,' stammered the young Irishman, in some confusion.

Late Sir Benjamin good-naturedly interrupted him a second time. 'No harm, Mr O'Neil—no harm done. I will postpone sentencing Thesiger, that is, till the last moment; and if you think you can establish his innocence, better file affidavits and make an application in court.'

O'Neil thanked the Judge, and departed. Then he went to Mr Perowne's, and by the help of that gentleman, he made some arrangements concerning his coming interview with Mr Louis Ducrot.

SALVAGE.

SEAFARERS are wont to regard the law of Salvage as a kind of lottery, in which prizes do not predominate; for salvors frequently find that the courts do not value the services rendered so highly as might reasonably be expected, and the reward falls considerably short of the most moderate estimate. On the other hand, the owners of ship and cargo, and the underwriters thereof, are perhaps not less often of opinion that the sum awarded is on a far too liberal scale. Should a ship become disabled from any cause whatever when remote from the land, it does not necessarily follow that the master of a passing vessel will be eager to deviate from his course in order to assist the stranger into the nearest port. The delay is of indefinite period; there is always a risk of collision between the two ships while manoeuvring to effect a connection; and the weather may require the sorry salvors to abandon the task, even after they have spent much time and put forth every effort known to sterling seamen. Moreover, the value of the salvaged property may perchance prove to be less than the expense incurred in bringing it into port.

Not every bill of lading grants permission to tow and assist vessels in distress, and the shipmaster has to consider carefully what effect such a venture would have upon the insurance policy. When in doubt, he will probably make an offer to take off the crew from the crippled craft, and abandon her to drift as a derelict,

perhaps for many a month. An agreement arrived at between the two masters with respect to the compensation for salvage services may be, and sometimes is, set aside by a court, on the assumption that a contract entered into by the master of a ship in extremity is not binding, unless, indeed, it be of a reasonable nature. Needless to say the legal view of the reasonableness of a salvage agreement is not always precisely similar to that of a shipmaster who undertakes the risk of salvage. The Admiralty Court is influenced in its awards by several circumstances, such as the labour undergone by the salvors, the skill displayed, the value of the property saved, and the property used in the salvage, the risks to which the salvors were subject, the duration of the services, and the danger to which the property on either side was exposed.

Where ordinary services end, and salvage operations commence, is occasionally not easy to determine. An eminent jurist has defined salvage services as those afforded in imminent peril and danger to ships and cargoes in distress, and by which these are extricated and relieved from the peril and danger, and brought to a place of safety. This definition leaves a wide margin for disputes, and in cases before the courts, very contradictory assertions are made by witnesses desirous of magnifying, or depreciating, the importance of services rendered. Hence many inconsistencies have to be inquired into and reconciled; and Dr Lushington, in the case of the *Cuba*, while acknowledging this fact, has well said that 'the law of salvage . . . is not to be determined by any rules; it is a matter of discretion, and probably . . . no two tribunals would agree.'

Under certain sections of the Merchant Shipping Act, it is enacted that where services are rendered by any person in saving the lives of people belonging to any ship or boat, the owners of such vessel, cargo, or wreck shall pay a reasonable salvage amount in addition to all expenses properly incurred, salvage for preservation of life to take priority over all other claims. If, however, the vessel foundered from which the lives were saved, there is nothing to recover remuneration from. Moreover, the law of life-salvage is applicable only to British ships, or to foreign vessels in British jurisdiction. The Board of Trade are empowered to remunerate life-salvors where neither ship nor cargo can be attached by reason of total loss; and foreign Governments are not slow to relieve British shipowners of expenses incurred in saving life from their ships. One of the most remarkable cases of life-salvage on record is that carried out by Captain H. Murrill, the officers, and crew of the Atlantic Transport Line Steamship *Missouri*. A Danish steamer, the *Danmark*, broke down on the 4th of April 1880, when eight hundred miles from Newfoundland. Next day, the *Missouri* took her in tow; but the *Danmark* could no longer keep afloat, and her passengers and crew, amounting to more than eight hundred souls, were transferred to the British steamer. The *Missouri* had accommodation for twenty passengers, so that part of her cargo was cast into

the sea to make room for the shipwrecked people. She then steamed to the Azores, landed one-half of her living freight, and proceeded to Philadelphia with the remainder. Captain Murrill was made much of on both sides of the North Atlantic for this unprecedented life-salvage, and the Danish Government made good all expenses.

A few examples of recent salvage services will not be out of place here. Last January, the owners of the British steamer *Essex City* brought an action in the District Court at New York to recover compensation for services rendered to an American schooner, the *Agnes Manning*, which the steamer picked up in March 1893 about four hundred miles from New York, and brought safely to port after a critical towage extending over six days. The schooner had a full cargo of coal, was derelict, and leaked badly. The appraised value of the vessel and her cargo was nearly six thousand pounds sterling, and the expenses actually incurred by the owners of the *Essex City* amounted to nearly two hundred pounds. Judge Benedict held that a salvage award should be sufficiently liberal to induce masters of vessels to carry out such meritorious work; and the salvors urged that their compensation should be greater than usual on the ground that awards were too small to induce vessels to incur the risk of towing an abandoned vessel into port, and consequently the United States Government had been compelled to send warships to sea for the purpose of destroying these obstructions in the way of passing vessels. The salvors were awarded fifty per centum of the value of the property saved, first deducting the two hundred pounds expended by the owners of the steamer which was to be paid to them directly.

Last June, at the Admiralty Court, Mr Justice Bruce and Trinity Masters had before them a salvage suit by the owners of the *Vega* against the owners of the *Montgomery Castle*, her cargo, and freight. The Norwegian barque *Vega*, bound from Pensacola to Bruges, fell in with the British iron barque *Montgomery Castle* during a gale and heavy sea on the 18th February, about three hundred miles west of the Azores. A pair of trousers was flying under a flag at the mizzen gaff of the British barque, and a blanket at the fore. Two of her men stood on the poop holding high aloft an improvised black board, on which was chalked: 'We have lost our captain, two mates, and five sailors. No compass, and no navigator.' The hardy Norsemen, on board the *Vega* shouted to the stricken seafarers that every possible assistance would be rendered. During a lull, a little boat was launched, manned by the mate and two of the crew of the *Vega*, and reached the other vessel. Oil proved useful as a sea-smoother for the gallant rescuers, who found on reaching the deck that a heavy sea, some days previously, had swept all her crew into eternity save eight. All her boats were gone, her cabin was full of water, not a navigational instrument remained; and the survivors were so seriously injured and demoralised, that they shut themselves in the fore-castle and left the barque to her own devices. Immediately the weather moderated, medicines and navigational necessaries were sent from the

Vega by request of the mate, who with his two men were kept busy. They repaired the sails, tended the wounded, and were cheered by the close company of their own vessel, which signalled the exact geographical position to them each day at noon. Payal was reached on the 23d, and the *Montgomery Castle* brought to a safe anchorage. The court deemed one thousand and fifty pounds sufficient reward for these salvage services. Of this the owners of the *Vega* received four hundred and fifty, the master two hundred, the mate who took charge of the disabled barge two hundred, fifty went to the sailor who steered her, and the remaining one hundred and fifty was divided among the crew of the *Vega*.

The steamer *Wildflower* in March rendered sterling salvage service in the North Atlantic to a German steamer, the *Emu*, and was awarded eight thousand pounds sterling as compensation. Three-fourths of this amount went to the owners of the *Wildflower*, six hundred and fifty to her captain, and the remainder was divided among the crew according to their ratings. The chief-officer and the four sailors who passed the towing hawser from ship to ship had half a share each as an extra.

The steamer *Forest Holme* struck wreckage on the 31st of January, and lost her propeller. She drifted desolately for eleven days, and was then picked up by the steamer *Prism* about eight hundred and sixty miles from New York, and towed to Halifax, Nova Scotia, a distance of five hundred miles. The value of the *Prism* was seventy-two thousand pounds, and that of the *Forest Holme* sixty-three thousand. The court awarded three thousand one hundred and fifty pounds for the salvage services, of which two thousand one hundred went to the owners of the *Prism*, three hundred and fifty to her master, and seven hundred pounds to the crew. The chief-officer was granted an additional ten pounds, and each man who went with him in the boat an extra five pounds.

Not only does the rate of remuneration for salvage vary considerably, but attempts are not wanting to burden the salvors with heavy costs. The steamer *Indianapolis* was quite recently libelled by an American firm for three thousand pounds, the value of the cargo of an American schooner, the *Frank M. Howes*, which was found derelict by the steamer in October 1883, and towed to Bluefields, Nicaragua. The cargo owners contend that she should have been taken to a nearer port on the Florida coast, and that in consequence the steamer had forfeited all claim to salvage.

An Austrian barque, the *Vila*, sailed from Egypt with a cargo of bones, said to have been gathered from the battlefields. Nothing has been heard of her crew; but rumour has it that they considered the *Vila* a haunted vessel, and abandoned her. She was towed to New York by the Norwegian steamer *Breidablik*, where nearly two thousand pounds was obtained by a United States court for the ship and her cargo. The owners of the steamer, after a delay of many months, are now compelled to sue for their share of the proceeds. A brigantine, not long since saved by the tug *Hercules* and towed to Southampton leaky, was sold,

owing to the fact that she was deteriorating. The amount of purchase-money was one hundred pounds, all of which was swallowed up in expenses, and the salvors were out of pocket by the transaction.

Even worse than this may happen, as the following instance shows. Last January, one hundred miles from the coast of Yorkshire, the *Rippling Wave* lay like a log upon the heaving waters, having been dismasted during a heavy snow-storm. Another vessel, the *Samuel & Ann*, attempted to take the helpless craft in tow, and, while engaged in this operation, collided with the *Rippling Wave* and caused her to sink. Her owners brought an action against the salvaging vessel; and the Admiralty Court held that she was guilty of negligence, and alone to blame for sinking the *Rippling Wave*. Instead of receiving compensation, for time lost in this attempt to save property, the owners of the *Samuel & Ann* were nulet in heavy costs. Hence it will be seen that salvage services are not regarded favourably, in consequence of the uncertain rewards, and there is little cause for surprise if masters prefer to have a blind eye on such occasions.

A very curious case of salvage seems likely to come before the courts in the near future. The large ocean liner, *Furst Bismarck*, one of the Hamburg-American steamships, collided with a French sailing-vessel some leagues to the westward of Ireland, on the homeward passage from New York. The Frenchmen persisted in seeking safety on board the German steamer; so the mate and some seamen of the latter were placed on board the abandoned sailer with instructions to make for Queenstown, and the liner proceeded on her passage. Strange to relate, the *Furst Bismarck* on her next outward passage actually passed this French vessel with her German crew, who signalled 'All well' to their own ship, and have since arrived at a British port with their charge. Such an instance of salvage is doubtless unique, and it will be interesting to learn the decision as to compensation for services rendered.

ROMANCE OF A BULLOCK CART.

CHAPTER III.

'I DECLARE here is that young man Bowman again,' said Aunt Ada, as she saw him enter by the stable-yard gate.

The young lady looked up from her needle-work and laughed. 'As he is to be our escort to the estancia, he wishes to learn something of his duties, I suppose.'

'Nonsense!' replied Aunt Ada. 'We will see enough of him at the estancia. Mr Gilroy has sent him with some other message. Fussy old man! I wish he would let us manage our own business.'

To a servant she called: 'Julia, set another cover, and put out some wine. Here is a gentleman come to breakfast.'

Bowman knew the ways of the place, and had a brush down before he approached the ladies, seated under the veranda. He saluted them with easy gaiety. 'Good-morning, Miss

Ada—Good-morning, Miss Maggie. I am the humble and delighted bearer of despatches to your graces.'

'Humph!' said Miss Ada. 'It is for me—only one of the graces. Some long list of articles for the camp, I suppose.'

'When do you think we will start, Mr Bowman?' inquired Maggie.

'To-morrow, I suppose; but Mr Gilroy has not yet spoken to me about it.'

'That is just like him; he thinks you should be like soldiers, ready to march at a moment's notice.'

Miss Ada was glancing through her letter, and interrupted: 'But he says here that Stanley Brown is looking after our affairs, and that he will accompany us.'

'Oh, that must be a mistake, Miss Ada,' said Bowman hurriedly. 'Stanley is only looking after the packages, the bullock cart, and all that, you know.'

'No, indeed. He says quite distinctly that Stanley Brown will go with us, and remain at the estancia till he himself will arrive there.'

Mr Bowman looked from one to the other in consternation. 'I did not think he was such a sneak,' said he.

Miss Maggie coloured, and bit her lips.

'He knew that I was to be appointed. I told him so, and how delighted I was about it, and that you ladies were pleased with the arrangement; and he has gone and sneaked behind my back. I call it shameful mean.'

'I don't think Mr Stanley Brown would do anything mean,' said Miss Chunley coldly.

'Perhaps not. It may be only a mistake. Let me explain it to Mr Gilroy. Give me a note to him, saying you wish me to come, and it will be all right.'

Aunt Ada laughed heartily. 'My dear Mr Bowman, I should be delighted if you came. It would be more delightful if both of you came. You could attend to Maggie, and Stanley Brown would look after me.'

'That's the very thing,' cried Bowman with rising hope. 'The old gov—I mean Mr Gilroy—will do anything you wish. Put that in your note.'

Both ladies laughed this time, he spoke so eagerly.

'I fear it cannot be done,' said Aunt Ada. 'Mr Gilroy is, as you know, a perfect autocrat. If a woman like me interfered with his clerks—oh my!—the heavens would fall.'

'That would be no interference. Surely you have a right to choose your own escort.—Miss Maggie, won't you say a word?'

'Oh! I dare not interfere. I am only a package, a bundle of clothes. If Aunt Ada cannot do it, how can I?'

'I never heard of such a mean, underhand trick in all my life before,' said Bowman bitterly.

He did not enjoy his breakfast, although his fair hostesses plied him with all sorts of good things; and he left the quinta with his soul full of bitterness, and internally vowing all sorts of vengeance against Stanley.

Bowman did not see his treacherous friend, as he called him, that day; and next day, his resentment being in no whit abated, he gave

no reply to Stanley's greeting at the common breakfast-table. Guessing something of what had happened, the latter ignored his discourtesy, and went about his duties without forcing an explanation. Later in the day it was discovered that a quantity of new wool-sacks was required at the estancia. Mr Gilroy instructed Stanley to despatch Mr Bowman to procure them in town, that they might be stowed beneath the driver's seat in the carriage.

'Why do you not go on your own jobs?' asked Bowman sulkily.

'I must attend to something else. At any rate Mr Gilroy said you were to go. If you don't believe me, go and ask him.'

Bowman dared not make further objection. He put on his hat and went. He called at various stores without getting what he wanted, when he heard a female voice calling him by name.

'Señor Bowman! Señor Bowman!'

He saw standing at a house-door, in a narrow street near the beach, the girl Julia, the hand-maid of the Mises Chunley at the quinta.

'I am in the greatest distress, Señor Bowman. I am out by permission to-day to see my parents before going to the camp. I am delayed, and have lost the last train to Belgrano. What must I do?'

'My good girl, I don't know what you are to do. At what hour does the carriage leave to-morrow?'

'About ten, after an early breakfast.'

'Then stop where you are, and go early to-morrow morning.'

'But they will be anxious and angry.'

'They may; but you must get over that.'

'Will you, Señor Bowman, do me the great kindness to inform the young gentleman who goes with us, so that he may explain.'

'*Que esperanza*; there is no need for that.'

'Si, señor: there is much need. I may lose my place, and my father may lose his employment at the barraca.'

She looked very much distressed, and broke into sobs. Poor girl! she dared not explain the real cause of her grief. Her mother had that day fallen a victim to the fever, and had just followed the long procession to the Southern Cemetery.

'Oh, very well,' said Bowman. 'I will tell them, and make it all right for you.—Can you tell me where I can get wool-wraps to buy. If your father is in, he will know.'

'Wool-wraps. He has some in the house now, belonging to the estancia; he brought them from the barraca a few days ago.'

'These will do. Get them tied well up, and I will call a *changador* to carry them to the office.'

'And you will explain the reason of my absence? Do not fail me, Señor Bowman.'

'All right. I will remember.'

Bowman was still brooding over his grievance, and cudgelling his brains for some method of paying out that sneak Stanley Brown. If he had contemplated the deadliest revenge that an evil, reckless passion could conceive, it could scarcely be worse than that which he was now unconsciously doing. What his impotent resentment failed to perform was now being accom-

plished by his carelessness and disobedience to orders. The house and all in it were infected. Julia and her father were only obeying the law of the native Argentine nature in doing everything possible to conceal it. It is due to him to say that had he known of the possible consequences, he would have stood aghast at his own remissness; a frightful lesson might have flashed before him, and his own future been a brighter and a better one. But he did not know. The changador was called, the parcel handed over to him, and that evening it was stowed beneath the seat of the travelling carriage.

Bowman promised to explain the girl's absence to Stanley, that she might be excused to her mistress; but he only did so to pacify her and alleviate her evident distress. It was really such a trifling matter, and for him to be the bearer of a message from a servant girl—it was too absurd! So, of course, he said nothing about it; and the ladies in the *quinta* were in a state of considerable alarm and anxiety in consequence.

She arrived before breakfast, and was duly scolded. She had been crying, as her eyes and cheeks showed clearly, and that was attributed to her distress at having overstaid her leave.

Miss Ada gave her final instructions to the gardener and his wife about her favourite rose-tree and her Dorking fowls; had another look through the house, and then found she had forgot her smelling-bottle; inquired at her niece for the fifth time if everything was in the hamper; cautioned the driver. But at last she seated herself in the carriage and gave the word to go.

Stanley was patiently sitting on his horse, and would have been in no hurry to depart if the young lady whom he worshipped at a distance had not been so cold in her demeanour. He began to think that her affections might be fixed on his friend Bowman, and that she was resenting his supersession. Stanley almost regretted that he had been appointed to a duty that was apparently unwelcome to her.

The route lay partly citywards, striking the northern boundary by Calle Callao, thence on to the Flores road, by which the way was straight to Lujan.

Stanley rode beside the carriage, and as there had been sufficient rain during the night to lay the dust, and the morning air was fresh, there was no reason why their journey should not begin with all the exhilaration of spirits that belits a party on pleasure bent. But he was in a brown-study, and Flores was passed, and Floresta reached, before he began to discharge the sulky demon that had taken possession of him. He took off the broad Panama hat he wore, and fanned himself vigorously; then riding close to the carriage, he said: 'I hope you do not find the heat too intolerable?'

'Oh, Stanley Brown,' cried Aunt Ada, 'you have been looking so stern, that I have been afraid to speak to you. You are worse than no escort at all. I am sure I wish that young man Bowman had come; he can talk.'

'I really beg your pardon, Miss Ada; I was thinking.'

'What were you thinking of, man?—Look at

that girl Julia; she does nothing but cry and groan, although we have forgiven her long ago.'

The girl had the front seat all to herself; but she was huddled in the corner, her face buried in her hands, groaning. He pulled his horse round to the other side of the carriage.

'Come, Julia; don't be foolish. What is the matter with you?'

'Nothing,' she replied. 'I will be better presently.' With an apparent effort, she sat up and wiped her eyes. Her face was flushed and swollen, her eyes inflamed and watery. She shivered, and drew a light poncho tight about her shoulders.

As Stanley gazed at her, an awful fear took possession of his soul. He had not yet seen any one attacked by the plague, and could not recognise the symptoms; but the dark suspicion entered his mind that this was a case. What could he do? He dropped a little to the rear to think. The girl was now quiet, but was evidently repressing an inclination to cry with pain.

'Julia, you are ill,' said Aunt Ada. 'Take a sniff of my smelling-bottle.'

'Gracias—I am quite well now.'

Stanley took up a position from which he could watch her face; and for another half-hour they travelled along in silence; then, as if she could bear it no longer, she lay back in the corner groaning as before.

'I am sure you are ill, Julia,' cried Aunt Ada. 'Something must be done.'

Stanley again rode alongside. 'The girl is ill, Miss Humbley, perhaps seriously. Should we turn back?'

'Oh dear, no. If it is serious, we cannot take her to the quinta. It would be out of the question. What do you think, Mr Stanley? Oh, tell me, what do you think?'

'In another hour we will reach Moron; there is a hotel or a *fonda* there. We can surely hire some person to look after her.'

'Yes, yes. But what do you think? What is it?'

Both ladies looked at him so anxiously that he felt himself in a cruel quandary. He dared not give vent to his suspicions, in case they proved false, and he dared not continue exposing them to danger.

'Where did she sleep last night, do you know?' he asked.

'At her father's house in the city.'

'Ask her if the fever was there.'

'Julia, answer me,' cried Miss Ada. 'Is there any sickness in your father's house? Is he well? Is your mother well?'

'*Mi madre! mi madre!*' screamed the girl. 'Heaven forgive me! my mother is dead.'

Both ladies turned pale. Miss Ada closed her lips tightly. 'We may as well make up our minds for the worst,' she said.—'Now, what do you propose, Mr Stanley Brown?'

'We must leave her at Moron—that's all we can do. I suggest that one of the horses be taken out. Miss Maggie can ride him with a rug for a saddle. You can take my horse, and I will get into the carriage.'

'What for?' cried both ladies in astonishment.

'You will escape the infection if it should be the fever.'

'Nonsense!' said Miss Ada. 'I would not sit on a man's saddle for all the Yellow Jacks in South America.'

'Nor I,' said Miss Maggie.

'Then perhaps you could crowd together on the box-seat beside the coachman.'

'Indeed, we will not,' said Miss Maggie. 'Let us get on as fast as we can. If it is the fever, the mischief is done already.'

There was a tremor in her voice, notwithstanding her brave words. She leaned back on the cushions with hands tightly clasped, watching the sick girl. Julia was clearly getting worse, and from time to time writhed in pain. Anxiety was gnawing at the hearts of her companions, when, with a universal sigh of relief, they saw the blue and white tiles of the Moron church glittering in the sun.

Moron was then a small scattered village of mud ranches and a very large imposing church—a plaza or square having the church on one side, and the police-station and a few brick houses on the other. The inhabitants cultivated little quintas for the supply of the capital with vegetables, fowls, and eggs. Like the majority of the natives of the camp, they were suspicious and distrustful of strangers. Their natural lack of hospitality was now intensified to the highest degree by the presence of yellow fever in the city. Our travellers, to their dismay, found every door remorselessly shut in their faces; and packs of hungry dogs yelled and barked at them ferociously from behind the hedges. There was a fonda in the plaza, which the proprietor grandiloquently denominated a hotel. Stanley had dismounted there, and incautiously demanded a room for a sick person who was in the carriage. He further stated his wish to hire a nurse to attend upon her. The fellow who kept the place no sooner heard this than he shut and bolted his door, and requested Stanley to leave. If he required refreshments, he would carry them outside. This was the first staggering blow to their hopes. Applications to the neighbouring houses were of no avail. He went to the church, and saw an old couple, who informed him that it was closed, and all the Fathers away in Buenos Ayres, helping their brethren to attend to the sick.

He had a momentary gleam of hope when he learned at the fonda that his own bullock cart had spent the night there; but it was dissipated immediately when he remembered the impossibility of overtaking it before it reached Lujan. It seemed certain now that there was no alternative left to themselves but to continue their journey to that town, and to carry their patient with them. There was a hospital and a religious establishment there, and they would certainly succour them.

But the patient was now delirious. It was impossible for the ladies to travel with her. He tried the hotel once more. The landlord swore by all his saints that he had no accommodation for them; but he offered them horses to go elsewhere. Stanley eagerly snatched at that crumb of comfort, and immediately stated his news to the ladies.

'There is no help for it, dear Miss Chumley;

you must take this man's horses and ride on to Lujan. I will follow with the girl in the carriage. You can gallop there in less than two hours. It will take the carriage three or more. You will find the bullock cart there. Detain it; we may want the driver's assistance.'

Aunt Ada made a faint protest; but Stanley was firm, and they acquiesced. He opened the hamper to get at the refreshments; but beyond a glass of wine and a small biscuit, they could take nothing. Horses with side-saddles came out from the yard; they mounted, and went off on their sixteen-mile gallop. Stanley felt as if a load had been taken from him when he saw them ride off; and there was a glance from Maggie's tearful eyes which comforted him greatly.

Now he gave his attention to the patient. He made a couch for her between the two seats of the carriage, and attempted to force some wine into her mouth.

'Where do we go now, señor? Back to Buenos Ayres?' inquired the coachman.

'No; on to Lujan as fast as possible.'

'I wish my legs had been broken before I started on this journey. Let us leave her by the roadside—she is dying.'

'Get up, and let us be off,' said Stanley sternly. 'You are in no danger.'

The man obeyed, and they drove off. The poor girl was now delirious, and he was obliged to hold her down by main force. By an arrangement of the window-straps, he was enabled to restrain such movements and keep his seat without coming into unnecessary contact with her. An hour passed, and her moanings became feebler and her motions weaker, till they ceased entirely, and she lay in complete lethargy. Her breathing became heavy and quick, with choking gasps as a black fluid gurgled from her mouth. He attempted to raise her head and give her relief. She opened her eyes, and they remained fixed. Her breathing had ceased—she was dead.

'José, José! For God's sake, stop a minute, and look here! Is she dead?'

'Dead, as a wooden god, señor.'

'No, no. Lift her up till I try her with some brandy.'

'I would not touch the thing for a thousand *patucones*,' said the man, standing off.

There was no pulse or breath, and the eyes were fixed; and the black stains over mouth and chin gave the poor girl a terribly repulsive look.

'She is dead,' said Stanley after a long pause. 'We must get on. I will now sit beside you, coachman.'

'Sit as far off as you can, then, señor;' and pointing to Stanley's hands, on which were some black stains, 'you'd better go and wash your hands in the ditch.'

'I will do that, and leave my coat in the coach.—Now, then, you need not be afraid.'

'It is a provocation of Providence, señor. You will throw this thing into the ditch first.'

'No, you barbarian! We must take it to Lujan, and report to the police before going anywhere else.'

'*Sacristi!* I am not going to drive a hearse.'

'Then you must get off and walk. I will drive myself.'

Muttering curses in a tremulous undertone, the man gathered up his reins and whipped the horses viciously. They drove fast, and went rapidly past the door of the hotel at Lujan, much to the surprise of Miss Ada Chumley, who was anxiously watching for them. She saw the rough outline of the still form lying in the carriage, and easily guessed what had happened. She hurried to the room where her niece was.

'Oh, Maggie! I do believe that poor girl is dead. The carriage is just gone past, and Stanley Brown is beside the driver.'

Maggie burst into tears. 'I wish we had never left Buenos Ayres.'

'No use wishing, child. Dry your tears, and let us make the best of it. You must say nothing to the people here till Stanley Brown comes.'

It was more than an hour before Stanley appeared, and made his report to the awe-struck women. After he had concluded, he proposed to order dinner for them in their bedroom, as the only means of avoiding the public room.

'What have you done with the carriage, and with—her?'

'The body will be interred from the *comisaria* early to-morrow. I will see to it. The carriage is being properly disinfected.'

'Will it be safe to travel in it?'

'Quite safe. I would not expose you to any danger, believe me.'

'I do believe you, Stanley Brown. Well, we are here to-day, and there to-morrow,' said Miss Ada with a pious intonation.

The dinner was not a very merry one, yet Stanley tried to make it as cheerful as possible. The human machine must receive its fuel, or it will rebel. The bright lines of life scintillate rapidly through its shadows, or it would be insupportable. Englishmen and Englishwomen make the most of the bright lines, and, at the risk of being called unsympathetic, are content to pass through the dark ones with stolid endurance. In spite of their tragic troubles, they were hungry, and the conclusion of the meal found them more comfortable in mind and body. To Stanley it was but a short respite from worry; the landlord begged a private interview with him.

'Señor, pardon me. Is it true that one of your party died of the fever on the road?'

'It is true. But there is no cause for alarm. You may consult the doctor of police; he will tell you the same.'

'Ah, señor, that may be true; but it would ruin my house if it became known.'

'Que disparate!—nonsense, man! Your house is full of people from the town.'

'That is true; but they brought no dead bodies with them. You must leave my house, señor, immediately.'

'Indeed, I will not,' said Stanley. 'And I defy you to put me out by force.'

'I will call a policeman.'

'Very well; you will come with me to the station.'

A policeman was called; and two mounted men, in ragged blue-gray uniforms, and with long rusty cavalry sabres, responded to the call. This was a display of force that could not be

disputed. Stanley willingly marched to the *comisaria*, quite confident that the officer there would protect him. But he reckoned with imperfect knowledge. The wisdom of the Lujan municipality had only that day decided that in view of the alarming state of matters in Buenos Ayres, all fugitives from the city must undergo quarantine before they could be allowed to occupy lodgings in the town. The carpenters were even then at work completing the wooden shanty which was to serve as the quarantine hotel. Stanley was the first arrival, and his was a particularly bad case.

Both doctor and officer cross-examined him.

'Where was the rest of his party? Why do they not all present themselves?'

Stanley stoutly replied, 'There is only myself and the coachman; the other one is dead.'

'There are two ladies,' said the landlord.

'They are acquaintances of mine; but they did not come with me; they came on horse-back a long time before I arrived here.'

The landlord had to admit the truth of this.

'But they also came from Buenos Ayres,' said the medico, anxious to have a good haul of patients.

'No, señor,' said Stanley; 'they come from Belgrano.'

'How are we to know that?' asked the officer.

'*Psst!* Belgrano, Buenos Ayres, all the same,' said the doctor.

'Not quite, *amigo* doctor; the Council's order only applies to the city of Buenos Ayres,' said the *comisario*.

'Then you dare not interfere with the ladies,' said Stanley. 'You ought to know them; they are the ladies Chumley, *Ingleseas*. Their estancia is ten leagues from here, in the next *partido*, and they live at the quinta Gilroy, in Belgrano. They are now on their way to the estancia.'

The officer consulted a huge official volume, and found therein confirmation of Stanley's statement.

'Well, señor, you and your coachman must sleep in quarantine hotel to-night. You will be quite comfortable. You will have everything you can pay for. Where is your coachman?'

'No doubt he is with his horses. I have not seen him since he was here last.'

A policeman was ordered to search for and bring in the coachman; but he was not to be found, nor did his employers ever see him again. He was already trembling with cowardly apprehensions, and seeing Stanley taken charge of by the police completed his panic. He resolved on instant flight. He took the two horses belonging to the Moron innkeeper, and as the saddles were inside the hotel, he made a *recado* for himself of the wool-sacks which were in the box-seat of his carriage. Travelling inwards from the camp, he would not be objected to at Moron. He reached that village before midnight; slept camp-fashion on the infected wool-sacks, took the fever, and died of it.

The ladies supposed that Stanley's continued absence arose from the necessity of making arrangements for the funeral, in the early morning. The landlord brought them, a note

from him, simply begging to be excused for the night, but the garrulous innkeeper told the story in his own way, and succeeded in sending them to bed nervous and unhappy.

TENGGER, OR THE GREAT SAND SEA OF JAVA.

A TRAVELLER who has visited Java and not seen Tengger is like the man who claimed to have 'done' America without making the usual pilgrimage to Niagara. Tengger is the wonder of the island. It is also one of the wonders of the world, being the largest crater in existence. If further attractions are required, it may be added that Tengger is an active volcano; and visitors have always the off-chance of seeing another such eruption on the largest possible scale as that which Mount Galunggung favoured them with in October 1822. It must be added that scientific people consider it only an off-chance, and if the possibility had been less remote, our curiosity might have been less exacting.

Java has been styled by some writers the 'Lid of Hell,' because there are no fewer than forty-six active volcanoes scattered up and down it, and the soil of the entire island consists largely of volcanic matter. Tengger is in the east end of Java. Not far from it is Semerou, which is the loftiest of all the volcanoes of Java. By going up Tengger you not only become personally acquainted with one of the wonders of the world, but you get a fine view of Semerou in the distance free. Therefore, when we had partaken of Dutch hospitality at Batavia, attended the wedding of the daughter of a wealthy Chinese opium contractor, visited one of the horrible dens from which the Dutch Government derive their opium-tainted revenue, inspected a new kind of orchid which was the pride and joy of its discoverer's heart, and peeped into the working of the Dutch courts of injustice, we decided that we must go to Tengger.

We went by land. First, the way lay through picturesque villages (*desas*), whose dark roofs of atap-leaves and golden-yellow fences contrasted admirably with the background of dark-green fruit-trees. Then came plantations of cocoa-nut palms. After that, great flat fields of rice marked out like squares on a chessboard by long embankments, on which a promising growth of toeri or klampies bushes flourished serenely. In the distance beyond the palms and the rice-fields rose the forest-covered slopes of the stately volcanic ranges.

The scenery of Java is intensely picturesque, but the people are a poor lot. Their highest ideal of life seems to be to earn enough money by rice-cultivation to be able to indulge in a grand debauch at the inevitable opium den which the Chinese opium contractors have established in every *desa* with the express sanction of the Dutch Government. The Javanese have been crushed almost to slavery by centuries of oppression. The word most frequently on their lips when addressing a European is *Egeh*. The Dutchman calls the Javanese 'brute' or 'stupid ass' at pleasure,

and the subject race replies submissively: '*Egeh, Kandyeng tocan*' (Yes, your Excellency).

The spurs of Tengger, like the roots of an enormous oak, extend for an immense distance away from the parent crater, and we were actually on the lower slopes of the mountain long before the ascent became at all mountainous. The road lay through forests of coconut palms, bananas, mangoes, and other tropical fruit-trees. The natural product, however, which interested me most during this portion of the journey was the 'kamadoog,' or devil-thistle, a strange-looking plant, with great broad heart-shaped leaves. The edges of these leaves were jagged like a saw, and the under-surfaces were covered with white hairy down. This kamadoog is the most terrible weed that the earth produces. The slightest contact with its leaves occasions a violent itching, which is as painful as a severe burn—at least, so I was told; and it may be imagined that I had no wish to test the truth of the story by personal experience. I was further told that the leaves were sometimes used as instruments of torture, and that a flogging administered with them caused such excruciating agony, that the strongest man would literally howl like a wild beast in the intolerable anguish of it. Pleasant people must be the individuals who apply their knowledge of botany in this fashion.

The sides of Tengger rise at an easy slope, and, as a rule, nowhere attain an inconvenient steepness. Above the palm forests come bamboo jungles, very difficult to traverse. Additional complications occasionally turn up in the shape of tigers and wild boars. There are one tiger and one boar, however, which will never obstruct travellers again. The tiger's skin now makes an excellent rug with stuffed head and 'real' claws, over which my friends stumble with monotonous persistence.

Tengger is only about eight thousand feet above the level of the sea quite a 'little hill,' in fact, as its name implies. Semerou goes up for some four thousand feet higher, and from that altitude looks down on Tengger. On the other hand, Tengger has a crater which measures sixteen miles round—that is to say, is as big as a moderate-sized lake. Looking down at this crater, from the trachytic wall which surrounded it, the general effect was that of a huge arena of sand walled in by a range of low hills, which varied from five hundred to a thousand feet above the sandy floor. In the centre of this arena rose a group of low hills, all ridiculously exact cones, and none over a thousand feet high. Imagine the Colosseum on a vast scale with painted panoramas of mountainous scenery ranged all round in front of the benches. Or imagine a huge pie-dish of very extraordinary shape, in the centre of which some one has placed the bowl of a wine-glass, having first snapped off the stem. The true disrespect of this latter comparison will be apparent when it is explained that the wine-glass represents the modern active crater of Tengger which is called the Bromo. This is a regular cone about six hundred feet high, which is always crowned with a wreath of smoke, and sometimes flings out columns of sand and cinders in a manner calculated to be very

embarrassing to tourists who happen to be on the spot at the time.

Near the Bromo are two other cones, respectively known as Watangan (the Hill of Audience) and Butak (the Bold), about which, owing to their height and steepness, very little is known, except that they have not been active within recent times. The sand-arena which surrounds the Bromo and its two companions is known as the 'Dasar,' and also as the 'Great Sand Sea of Java,' because all round the lower slopes of the cones the sand is blown into ridges just as is 'the ribbed sea-sand.' For the most part, the Dasar is as sterile as the Sahara; but in one spot where, owing to the slope of the surface, the rain accumulates and remains for a while, there is quite a little prairie of vegetation. All the rest of the crater is shifting sand and fine dust, which fly in clouds and columns before the winds. The unsuspecting traveller, however, who crosses the Dasar for the first time may be inclined to doubt this statement, when he sees before him a dazzling vision of bright towers and minarets, rippling waters, and waving palm-trees. Fairy-land reached at last is the first thought, and then one remembers the mirage. And, alas, as one advances towards it, the bright vision is already melting away into the broad bare expanse of grayish plain.

The Bromo derives its name from Brama or Brahma, for it is an object of special reverence to a Brahminical community which dwells obscurely on the slopes of Tengger. At certain seasons of the year, the high-priest of Brahma goes up the Bromo and makes offerings of rice to Brahma. As the cone is entirely covered with shifting sand and the sides are pretty steep, the high-priest would have no easy climb, were it not for the devotion of his flock, who have arranged a regular staircase of broad uneven steps leading to the very top of the crater.

Up this staircase we went with the purely mundane view of seeing what was going on in the crater; but the sight which met our eyes when we reached the actual summit would well have repaid a scramble up without assistance. Imagine an immense funnel about a mile round, and some six hundred feet deep, the sides of which converge in a steep angle as they descend, and at the bottom a horrible lake of greenish fluid, on the surface of which bubbles are ever breaking, while jets of smoke come up at intervals, bringing a whiff of sulphur from below. The thought crossed my mind at once—what would happen to a man who was seized with vertigo while standing on the edge of this gulf?—and then, that this was a story which Edgar Allan Poe ought to have written as a companion to the 'Descent into the Maelström.' Even while we stood on the brink, looking down into the abyss, the surface of the greenish lake was convulsed by the forces below; the mountain trembled, as if shaken by an earthquake, and a column of smoke and ashes spouted up before our eyes, falling short of the summit, however, while our ears were saluted by subterranean rumblings like distant thunder. The idea of staying to be shot at with hot ashes, even by an exhausted

volcano, struck us about this time as having its disagreeable side. The next shot might be a better one. So, as a military despatch would put it, we retired in good order.

Some idea of what Tengger could do if it were ever to put forth its old powers may be gathered from the accounts of the great eruption of Mount Galunggung which took place in October 1822. The outbreak was preceded by the most frightful subterranean thunder and shaking of the earth. Then suddenly a huge black mass rose out of the crater, and spread with amazing rapidity over the face of the sky, blotting out the sun and burying the land in thick darkness, amid the horror of which the thunder roared continuously, and the lightning flashed in an appalling manner. To add to the terrific character of the scene, a deluge of liquid mud and boiling water sprang suddenly from the mountain top, and flooded the country, sweeping away forests, villages, everything in its irresistible career. All the while there was a continuous discharge of volleys of stones, ashes, and sand. Great blocks of basalt were hurled to a distance of seven miles. The eruption continued for about three hours; and when the sun once more appeared through the darkness, it shone on a smoking desert.

The theory most favoured by scientific people is that, in days before the historic period, Tengger used to throw out lava like a well-conducted volcano, and built itself gradually a cone-like top. At that time probably the whole of the Dasar was an open crater belching fire in columns sixteen miles round. Then the activity of the subterranean forces became less, and the upper portions of the top fell in, choking up the crater, and forming a confused surface of tumbled blocks. Through the centre of this chaotic plain the subterranean fires forced their way in several places, and gradually built up cones over each orifice. At this time the mountain took to throwing out sand, and ejected it in such prodigious quantities as to cover the floor of the Dasar with a perfectly smooth surface of that material, and line the sides of the cones with it as well. It is to be hoped that in the interests of the surrounding district Tengger will restrict itself to this employment, without any return to the more terrific performances of prehistoric days.

THE EX-PIRATE OF DUNKIRK.

CROMWELL with great directness of speech informed the French ambassador, after the battle of the Dunes, that if Dunkirk was not at once given up to him, they should see Lockhart himself with an English army at the gates of Paris. The threat was sufficient. Cromwell's troops and Cromwell's firm resolve won Dunkirk for England. Only a few years later, and the greed of Charles II. and his mistresses led him to offer this stronghold to the highest bidder. The 'chaffering away' of Dunkirk lasted some time, for Spain, Holland, and France, each wanted it; and the merchants of London were themselves ready to offer almost any money to avert the alienation of so valuable a seaport.

They knew that when the place ceased to be a refuge for their own trading ships, it was the most convenient shelter for the ships and the privateers of their enemies. In the end, Charles sold Dunkirk to France for five million livres, not a penny of which ever reached Pepys at the Admiralty; he had vainly hoped for some of this money 'to pay the navy,' as he says in his Diary.

For many a long year, Dunkirk was known as a nest of pirates, and became a sore trouble to English traders. Among the most notable of these sea-robbers was one Jerome Valbré. His name is remembered, because he had for some time a cabin-boy called Jean Bart, who took part in many of his most desperate adventures, but who was destined to become an historical personage. The boy's origin was of the humblest, his only claim to hereditary distinction being the fact that his grandfather, a fierce, old pirate, was known as 'the fox of the sea.' Young Bart, it appears, suffered greatly in the service of the cruel Valbré, and gladly seized upon the chance of passing into the employ of De Ruyter, the celebrated Dutch admiral. In 1667 he accompanied that commander in his too memorable raid upon the English coast. Whilst Jean Bart was helping to cut away the paltry defences of booms and chains across the Medway and the Thames, the streets of Wapping were full of starving seamen, who said that unless they were paid their wages, they would not venture their lives against the Dutch. Whilst Sheerness, and many a first-class naval ship, was burning, it was a fair June night, and King Charles, supping with the Duchess of Monmouth, amused himself by killing the moths that flew through the open window, fluttering round the lights on his luxurious table!

There is little doubt but that some of the disaffected amongst our men took service at this time with the Dutch, weary of working and fighting for unpaid 'tickets.' They frankly said 'they did fight for dollars now.' From some of these renegades, Jean Bart learned a fair smattering of English, which was to serve him well later in his career. When Louis XIV. declared war against the Dutch, Bart— not wishing to remain with the enemies of his country, for, as a native of Dunkirk, he was a Frenchman—sought his discharge. This they were unwilling to give him, for he had already made his mark as a man of remarkable courage and boldness; and the Dutch offered him very advantageous terms if he would remain in their service. This he declined; but it was only by great stratagems that he got clear away, and established himself at Dunkirk. Here he soon became a master-pirate, the townsmen giving him command of a galiot, mounted with two pieces of cannon, and manned by thirty-six sailors. Many an English merchantman had cause to rue the valour of Jean Bart, and to lament over the loss of Dunkirk, which sheltered the thriving trade of piracy in a port so close at hand.

The fame of the bold pirate reached the French Court, and the king actually sent him a medal and a gold chain, in acknowledgment of his services against the king's enemies. Soon

afterwards, Louis, wanting to put down piracy in the Mediterranean, sent Jean Bart, making him a lieutenant on board a royal frigate. Here his first success was to capture a corsair of sixteen guns and a hundred and fifty Moors.

History tells us that, in 1680, France was doing all in her power to ruin the commerce of England and Holland; and in consequence, Jean Bart was supplied with plenty of work. On one occasion, when having a sharp encounter with a Dutch frigate, his son, a boy of twelve, turned deadly pale as the enemy's broadside poured in upon them. This want of courage incensed the father, who seized the boy and lashed him to the mast, saying: 'Look on, and remember, if we sink, we are as near to heaven by sea as by land.'

Jean Bart's biographer describes that his next expedition was to convoy twenty merchant-ships to Havre. They were overtaken by two English men-of-war. A desperate fight ensued, and our people won the day, carrying off Bart and the Chevalier de Forbin captives to Plymouth. Such was international courtesy in those days, that on hearing of the arrival of these distinguished prisoners, the first thing the Mayor did was to invite them to dinner. De Forbin, a fastidious Frenchman, who thought a great deal about dress, was disgusted at being obliged to sit down in the garb of a common sailor, for, somehow, he had been despoiled of his uniform. He wrote home, complaining, as though of a national misfortune, that he seriously believed he was 'an object of ridicule.' Jean Bart took matters more easily—he talked English as well as he could and kept his temper.

It seems strange, but the prisoners are described as having been kept at an inn in the town. It is true the window of their room had iron gratings, and the door of the house was guarded by soldiers. Not many days elapsed, however, before the two Frenchmen managed to escape. The biography of Bart details at some length the stratagems employed, and there is a dramatic account of the prisoners waiting hour after hour for the signal, in the obscurity of a misty night, that should announce that their friends outside were ready. The plot was well, and carefully arranged; and, favoured by a heavy sea-fog, they got off in a fishing-smack. The following day, they landed in safety six leagues from St Malo, where they found a brigade of soldiers stationed on the coast to arrest the unfortunate Huguenots who were trying to escape to England away from the cruel persecutions they were subjected to in their native land!

Jean Bart's safe return was marked by promotion, and as Captain of a first-class man-of-war, he succeeded in committing terrible ravages on English and Dutch trading ships. In 1691 he made a raid on the coast of Scotland and destroyed several villages. The following year, Jean Bart had the command of a squadron of frigates and a fireship, and is reported to have taken or burnt eighty-six sail of English merchant-vessels. Besides this, he landed near Newcastle, burnt two hundred houses, and is said to have returned to Dunkirk with prizes valued at five hundred thousand crowns. The

Plymouth people would have done well to have better looked after the safe-guarding of such a prisoner! His luck never seemed to forsake him, for when the English fleet blockaded Dunkirk, he managed to dash through the lines as if he were invulnerable. This adventure made him the talk of court and camp, and the king himself desired to see him.

When Jean Bart arrived at Versailles, he was detained some time in the ante-chamber, where the hangers-on looked somewhat askance at the rough sailor. He, nothing daunted, calmly lighted his pipe, declining to put it out when requested. The king hearing of the incident, exclaimed: 'I will wager it is Jean Bart. Let him smoke.' When His Majesty inquired how he managed to break the English blockade, he replied: 'Just with some smart blows and a few broadsides, sire.'

The king laughed, saying: 'I should like to have ten thousand such fellows as you.'

'I believe you would,' replied the blunt sailor.

Later on, as a reward for a signal victory over the Dutch, Louis XIV. conferred letters of nobility on the successful captain. The erstwhile pirate was thus raised to the honours, privileges, exemptions, and immunities of a gentleman of France under the old *régime*.

Bart had sent his son to announce this Dutch victory to the king, whereupon the young man was made to relate the details of the engagement.

'You are very young,' said the king. 'Did you assist in boarding the Admiral's vessel?'

'Yes, sire; I followed my father.'

The young fellow was made much of while at court; and the loveliest woman of her time, the Princess de Conti, took a rose from her bouquet on one occasion, saying: 'Present that to your father from me, and tell him to put it in his crown of laurels.'

Throughout the summer of 1696, the redoubtable Jean Bart continued his attacks upon both English and Dutch, harassing them greatly in their carrying-trade. At the end of the campaign, which had been conducted to the king's satisfaction, the hero of so many fights was again sent for to Versailles. When he entered the presence, His Majesty greeted him by saying: 'Jean Bart, I have named you High Admiral.'

'Sire, you could not have done better,' was the characteristic reply.

Bart was as cool in deeds as in words, as the following incident will show. He was conducting the Prince de Conti to one of the northern ports, after the death of Sobieski. De Conti was at the time one of the candidates for the vacant throne of Poland. When near Ostend, they were in imminent danger of being overpowered by the Anglo-Dutch fleet.

'They never would have taken us prisoners,' observed Bart, talking over matters when the struggle was over.

'Why not?' asked the Prince. 'Their force was vastly superior to ours.'

'I had provided against any mischance,' replied the Admiral. 'If we had been getting the worst of it, my son had orders to blow up our ship, and there would have been nothing left for the English to take.'

De Conti is reported to have turned pale, and requested that as long as he was on board, whatever were their misfortunes, no such violent remedy should be applied to save their honour.

It was not till the Peace of Ryswick, in 1697, that Jean Bart found repose, after nearly half a century of constant fighting. He made a home for himself at the picturesque town of Bergues, a few miles from Dunkirk, living with an old relative, a *cure* of the place. Bergues is a place of fighting memories, and has honourable mention in the Chronicles of Froissart. In fact, in the eight centuries of its historical existence it has suffered sixteen sieges, and has been pillaged nine times. But these stirring days were past and gone when the Admiral took up his abode in the place. The picturesque belfry, dating from Spanish days, looked down upon fortifications on which even then the grass was growing. It was a tranquil place to smoke his pipe in, but he needed gunpowder and the salt sea to keep him alive; and it was generally said that the Peace of Ryswick killed Jean Bart. He was not too old to have taken part in the war of the Spanish Succession, if he had survived till hostilities were declared, but he just died of dullness, peace, and competence in 1702. His statue, in full fighting gear, stands on a lofty pedestal in the picturesque market-place of Dunkirk, which is named after him, Place Jean Bart.

SMOKE ABSORPTION.

THE desirability of dealing successfully with the smoke problem is too universally admitted to need further argument at our hands. As each succeeding winter sets in, the heavy fogs, laden with smoke and soot, which settle down on our large cities remind us of the unsolved difficulty; and public wonder is more and more aroused that in these days of scientific progress and mechanical advance, so little has yet been achieved to grapple with a problem which on every side is recognised as a question of the day. Hitherto, invention has run largely in the direction of the consumption of smoke by means of special smoking, either mechanically or by hand, and though much has undoubtedly been achieved in this direction, this mode of dealing with smoke in no degree mitigates the quantity of sulphurous acid discharged into the air, which is most noxious to vegetation, injurious to respiration and health, and generally conducive to fog-production.

Under these circumstances, special interest attaches to the experiments with Smoke Absorption as distinguished from smoke consumption—already alluded to—which are being carried out by Colonel Dulier at the present time. Colonel Dulier's patent system of smoke absorption aims at the removal of both the soot and sulphurous acid from the waste gases or gaseous products of combustion, by treatment, before passage into the chimney, by both steam and water. The *modus operandi* consists in passing a jet of steam

into the gases as they leave the boiler-furnace, such steam having the same pressure as that in the boiler. The object of using steam is to assist in the condensation of the tarry hydrocarbons, and to saturate the mineral dust with water-vapour, thus rendering all more readily liable to precipitation by the subsequent treatment.

The second and final stage in the process consists in passing the gases through a descending flue of steel-plating, in which they encounter fine sprays of water, formed by forcing water, at a pressure of one hundred pounds per square inch, through nozzles, by which means both soot and dust are precipitated, and pass into a tank beneath, which carries off both residues and water.

The apparatus as above described has been erected at a large sawmill in Scotland, and worked in connection with a boiler driving a two hundred and twenty horse-power engine. Careful tests of the gases and residues have been made by a leading public analyst, who certifies that in both samples dealt with the sulphurous acid has been reduced by rather more than half of the original quantity, and that the soot has been removed to the extent of ninety-four per cent. in one sample, and of ninety-seven per cent. in the other. Equally encouraging results were subsequently obtained with a more bituminous class of coal containing nearly fifty per cent. of carbon.

From the above remarks, it will be seen that with the boiler under experiment on the average about thirty pounds of sulphurous acid per day would go into the atmosphere if untreated, and that under Colonel Dulier's process the quantity is reduced to some fourteen pounds; whilst the soot is similarly reduced from six hundred pounds to about six pounds. The quantity of water consumed, as measured by meter, is about eight thousand gallons per day of ten hours. An advantage in connection with the new system is the possibility opened up of being able to burn, without producing smoke, the low-class coals for which at present there is no market.

An important branch of this new invention is its adaptability on a smaller scale to reduce the smoke from domestic and other fires, by utilising a small quantity of steam generated in a boiler forming part of a kitchen range. The principle is similar in all respects to that already detailed, and need not be repeated; while experiments carried out in London produced results of a most encouraging nature. Without descending to describe these in all their minutiae, it may briefly be stated that with a large kitchen range burning about twenty pounds of coal per hour, not only a considerable proportion of the sulphurous acid, but practically the whole of the soot, was removed, the apparatus being reported upon by experts as exceedingly simple to work, and, in fact, almost automatic. Further experiments conducted in the north have shown the process to work advantageously even with short chimney stalks, and to be in all ways suitable for use on river-boats.

Enough has been said to indicate that there

is much of promise in the new departure, and that smoke absorption has very distinct advantages, which are fully emphasised by practical working and expert examination.

TO A JILT.

WHEN first we corresponded, you
Wrote 'Sir,' and I wrote 'Madam;'
But that was when you knew not me,
Nor I knew you, from Adam.

You signed yourself 'Most faithfully.'
I thought it inexpedient
To answer you more warmly then,
And ended, 'Your obedient.'

But soon you found you knew my aunt's
Half brother's German sister,
And so we struck the golden mean
With 'Dear,' and 'Miss,' and 'Mr.'

One day I wrote in terms that seemed
To you too *billet-doux*-ly;
You straightway took me down a peg
By signing 'Sir, yours truly.'

Next day, you signed compunction and
Used phrases almost fervent.
I paid you back, and wrote 'Your most
Obedient humble servant.'

'Yours always' once I tried; but you
Proved more unkind than clever,
By riding roughshod o'er my heart
With 'Pardon me, yours never.'

This outrage tore my soul, and drove
Me almost from my senses.
My answer was type-written by
My girl amanuensis.

Once more you grew 'Affectionate,'
And I replied 'Sincerely;'
You pocketed your pride, and signed
Your next one 'Alice' merely.

And then I gave myself away
With 'Angel,' 'Sweetheart,' 'Goddess,'
And little dreamed the heart was false
That beat beneath your bodice.

But when at last I sign myself
'Your destined *carré* spouse,'
You calmly write and say you never
Ever let me to suppose so.

I ask you what did 'Alice' mean?
Why, when I called you Venus
A month ago, you did not say
That there was nought between us?

Yes, e'en the worm will turn, and free
His limbs from silken fetters.

I sign myself 'et cetera.'

P.S.—Herewith your letters.

GEORGE SOMES LATARD.

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A QUIET HAVEN.

From my window, that looks over the waters of the Forth as they rise and fall between the historic grounds of Linlithgow and Fife, can be seen a group of stately beech-trees. They stand on a projecting piece of land that lies by the shore, and over them, about harvest-time, come the last lights of the departing sun. In the centre of these trees lies a small burying-ground. It is silent and alone, and at a distance from any human habitation. It has been there for centuries; and if its tongues could speak, they would tell strange tales, and carry us far back in the world's history. Amid these graves stand the ruins of an old chapel, ivy-clad, and silent as to its ancient origin. We know that it belonged to a famous monastery in the twelfth century; but it has been curiously neglected by the historian, and it is scarce mentioned in those local diurnals where one would most expect to find it. We only at rare intervals come across a fact regarding it, and there are long gaps between, left to the intelligence of the student to fill up in the best way he can.

The place is known to few. The high-road is about a mile inland, and it is only the initiated who make their way by the path lying through the plantation and the stubble-fields to this quiet spot. A pathway lies along the shore. It comes up from the rocky beach, leads through some fields, leaving but room for one to pass when the crops are standing, and gradually rises over the bushy brow of the land as it ascends to this place of rest. Passing the entrance, it continues its way round the sanded bay till it arrives at the homes of the seafaring community who hold this quiet haven as their last resting-place.

In this autumn afternoon, the only sounds that break the stillness are the cawing of the rooks, and the gurgling of the waters of the Forth as they lap over the shingle and round the boulders that lie below. And there is the

rustle of the small bronzed leaves of the beech-trees, as the wind detaches them from the parent stem and they fall gently over and around the silent graves. The place is frequented by few. The youthful pair who take their walk pass the stone steps that lead over the wall to the burying-ground. Their vision is with the future; and there is a long stretch of years between them and the old man who takes his rest on the seat beyond and smokes a pipe before returning.

Crossing over the stone steps, we find ourselves not merely alone with nature, but alone with the past. The present left behind, we share with those who lie below that peace which comes through freedom from the disturbance of life. Moving among the fallen leaves, we look at the old tombstones and the crumbling remains of the ancient chapel. There are stones that date as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century. Some have sunk into the ground, the top lines merely of their lettering being seen; others have only their heads visible; while in a few cases the grass is busy covering their lichen-grown tops with oblivion. They form a strange group, and illustrate a curious chapter in the history of the mortality of tombstones. Strange also are those pieces of stone that have strayed from and lost their original resting-place, and now lie with a forlorn look against the walls of the burying-ground. A few flat-lying stones have their lettering inlaid with moss. It keeps their tale for ever green, and it offers a beautiful sample of nature's scroll-work. It was a quaint fancy to call the narrow resting-place a *room*, yet these stones record that the owner possesses so many rooms. Of emblems there are few. An anchor, an angel with a trumpet, and an hour-glass, may be seen; and there is that lugubrious reminder of death, the skull and cross-bones. A few modern stones are here, white and cold, and sadly out of place. They seem to have nothing in common with the long line of generations who

have been brought to this place, and who pertain more to past times than to the present century.

But the main interest in the place does not lie in what can be seen and read. There are many burying-grounds that have more to show for their antiquity than this one can. Its charm lies in its unwritten history; in the knowledge that hundreds have been buried in this little spot of whom no record or tradition exists. A small army of human beings must lie here, yet not one of them is known to posterity. They have been so crowded together, that every particle of soil is a remnant of their past existence. The people have always remained loyal to the sacred spot, and did not forsake and ultimately forget it in favour of some newer and what for the time appeared to be a more attractive place. It is not always in crowded cities that the sites of old burying grounds are forgotten; they seem to pass from memory as quickly in the country as they do elsewhere. A few skeletons turned up by the plough, or the spade of the excavator, tell their tale. The good fortune has not been reserved to every great man to have his initial letters placed between the whinstones of the thoroughfare to mark the place where he was supposed to be buried, as in the case of John Knox.

If we do not know their names, we at least know the nature of their occupation; most of them were seafaring people belonging to the neighbouring village. In their day, nearly two hundred vessels of various kinds were registered at their port. They traded round the coast and with distant parts, and their craft was known as far back as those sailing from most of the ports of the Firth. They flourished as long as the halcyon days existed for schooner, brig, and sloop; but, when the railways came, the traffic was diverted, and large steamers took what remained of the merchandise elsewhere. The hulk of an old schooner lying against a decaying harbour forms now the last relic of their former prosperity.

It was the sailors' last resting place, yet all could not cast anchor here. Many would sink amid the stormy waters of the Firth, in the hurricane that swept its way over the North Sea, or with the fog that hid dangerous rocks and treacherous sandbanks. Some would be brought here who had never thought of it: those sailors from abroad who were not permitted to return home, and who had to take their last rest among those who spoke a foreign tongue.

In their day, much trade was done with the Netherlands. One can think of these sturdy, bronzed seamen lying in their vessels in the canals of Bruges and listening with mute surprise to the bells of the carillon in the great tower; or witnessing the annual procession of the Virgin as it wended its way through the

narrow streets of Antwerp. They brought home goods that had been transported from all parts to these famous ports of the middle ages. Frontals for the altar and other articles of church decoration formed a sacred part of their cargo; and cloth and tulips from Holland, and satin, silk, and wines from France, came in return for the hides, wool, and other commodities they had carried from their native port. Nor were they without adventure at home: They ran the gauntlet of foreign cruisers, who, with evil intent, watched the mouth of the Firth; and, if they did not escape capture, met with the varying fates which such circumstances offered. In quieter times, when they waited for cargo, they sought the salmon, so abundant in those days; and they would claim their share of plunder from the great whale that was stranded on their shore.

Near to this spot Cromwell's army fought a battle, at which there was great slaughter. Probably some who took part in that battle were brought here in the darkness of night, and, by the light of the flickering torch, were buried. We know that Oliver's soldiers wrecked several chapels in this district. In a neighbouring record they are called 'a vile, lawless, rough set.' Doubtless, it was some of these men who, prowling about the district, found this little chapel, which was possibly dedicated to some saint; and they made it a ruin.

Now, in this autumn day the ivy clings to its ruined walls, the clear cold blue of the October sky is its roof, and graves lie over the spot where the altar once stood. We can see on the side wall the place where the treasures were kept, and there are still left the marks of the stanchions on which the iron doors swung. A fit ruin in a fit place. Solitary and tenantless, save for those of its past worshippers who lie around.

As we cross once more to the pathway, our eye catches sight of the dark ruddy autumn leaf of the blackberry bush, the branches festooned in graceful curves, as if forming memorial scrolls for the departing season. It seems to be quite in harmony with the place we have just left, and it forms a pleasing break between the solitude that hovers over the haven of rest and the stir and movement that lie outside. Over on the waters there is a brig in full sail, and a steamer is just passing her. It is the old and the new brought together, as if for contrast; and the old is left behind with its quiet, peaceful form of motion.

Going along the shore, we can hear the cry of the gull and the whistle of the sand-piper, as they follow up the receding tide. Some seals have swum over from the rock that lies in mid-channel, and are basking themselves near the shore. In the distance sits the solitary heron, who has come some miles to this feeding-ground, and he will remain until the sun has dipped under the western cloud before he thinks of returning to his home.

Turning once more, ere the bend in the bay hides from view the cluster of beech-trees, we take our last look of the spot where the mariners are at rest. It was a strange place, to

plant a burying-ground right down on the edge of the shore, as if the seafaring community desired that the sound of the waters should still be with them in their long sleep.

R. A. M.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XXV.—TERENCE O'NEIL COMES TO THE FRONT.

BEFORE daylight on Monday morning, Terence O'Neil was up and dressed, ready for the interview with Ducrot, from which he expected so much. He had forgotten one thing, however. It would be necessary, he now remembered, that he should have a witness with him, lest the Frenchman should afterwards deny his own words. The best person he could think of for this purpose was his friend Rawson. He had to wait, therefore, till ten o'clock, and then he called on Mr Rawson, and easily persuaded him to go with him in quest of Ducrot. But when the two friends reached Alton Street, they found that no one seemed to know exactly where 'Mr Ducrot' was; and when, after some trouble, he got some one to take a look at the man's bedroom, it was found that there was practically nothing there belonging to the Frenchman.

'That little baggage Julia has warned the scamp, after all,' said O'Neil to his friend; and he asked a question or two, which elicited the fact that Ducrot had had a telegram delivered to him a little after eight o'clock that morning.

'Now, it's lucky I foresaw that something of this sort might happen,' said the Irishman to Rawson. 'You and I will just go quietly back to the Temple and smoke in peace. I expect to have a message from Scotland Yard in the course of the day.'

The fact was, that although Lady Boldon kept the girl Stephens in her room until the letters had been taken from the hotel letter-box, it was impossible to hinder her from sending a telegram to the nearest telegraph office as soon as it was open in the morning. When Ducrot received the message, he came to the conclusion that he had better keep out of the way for the present, and wait until his master got well, before returning to Alton Street. He therefore put all he had that was of value into a small trunk, carried it down to the hall, and waited until a man should come by who would carry it for him. He did not want to call a cab; for cabbies, he reflected, can be traced, and cabbies have memories. It was not long before Ducrot noticed a man sauntering along on the other side of the street, as if he hardly knew what to do with himself. Ducrot tapped on the window, and then opened the street door and beckoned to the man to come across to him. After a little hesitation, the stranger obeyed; and Ducrot offered him sixpence to carry the trunk to a

railway station a short distance off. Somewhat to the Frenchman's surprise—for the man seemed better dressed than he had at first supposed—the stranger took up the trunk at once; and Ducrot left the house without saying a word to any one under its roof.

Having deposited his luggage at the Left-luggage Office, the ex-valet dismissed his porter, and began to take a leisurely tour among some quiet respectable streets about a mile from Alton Street, looking up at all the houses which exhibited a card bearing the word 'Apartments.' At some of these houses M. Ducrot stopped; but he seemed rather hard to please; and it was not until he had searched for more than an hour that he apparently found what he wanted. He then set off to the railway station to fetch his luggage.

Hardly had the Frenchman concluded the bargain with Mrs King, his future landlady, and left the house, when a second knock came to her door.

'It never rains but it pours,' said Mrs King to herself, climbing her kitchen stairs. 'I'll wager it's somebody else to see about my two-pair back.'

And so it was.

'I've just let 'em,' said Mrs King, snappishly, to the shabby-genteel man on her doorstep.

'Ah! that's my luck,' said the new-comer. 'When will they be vacant?'

'I can't tell. Gentleman took them for a fortnight.'

'The gentleman I met leaving you just now?'

'The same.'

'Then I am unlucky! If I had only been ten minutes sooner.—Well, good-day, ma'am.'

M. Ducrot would have been tolerably surprised if he had been present at this short interview; for the stranger who declared himself to be so disappointed at not getting rooms was none other than the broken-down-looking man who had carried his trunk to the railway station. This person had evidently a very deep interest in the Frenchman's movements, for he had followed him at a respectful distance throughout his walk from one lodging-house to another; and had finally made sure, as we have seen, that he had not made a mistake in assuming that Ducrot had at last engaged rooms.

As soon as he had spoken those few words to Mrs King, the shabby-genteel man went to a telegraph office and despatched a message to the head of the criminal investigation department at Scotland Yard. From Scotland Yard the information was flashed along the wires to the Temple; and the result was that, when Ducrot went back to his newly engaged rooms, after lunching comfortably at a restaurant, he found, to his consternation, two gentlemen waiting for him in the little sitting-room. One of them he knew, as O'Neil had been at Roby Chase while Mr Boldon and his valet were there. The other was Mr William Rawson.

As soon as he saw them, Ducrot turned on his heel; but O'Neil was too quick for the fellow. He slipped between him and the door,

slammed it, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

Then Ducrot, looking from one to the other, and seeing nothing but grim satisfaction in their faces, turned very white, clasped his hands, and sank upon his knees.

'Get up, you cur,' cried Terence, refraining with difficulty from the inclination to kick him—'get up and hear what we have to say. You were in court on Saturday—I saw you—and you heard an innocent man condemned, and Lady Boldon all but condemned, unjustly, and never opened your mouth to save them. Ugh!—Get up!'

The Frenchman slowly scrambled to his feet without a word.

'Listen to me, sir,' said O'Neil sternly. 'I've got a policeman in the street—look out, and you'll see him marching up and down just opposite.'—Ducrot glanced timidly from behind the curtains and quaked. 'Now, that man will march you off to jail on a charge of hiding a will!—'

'Mercy, sir! Good sir, mercy! It was not I. I not understand. Lady Boldon tell me!—'

'Lady Boldon? Take care, my good fellow. I've seen Lady Boldon.'

'Monsieur has misunderstood me,' said the little scamp, with wonderful composure. 'I did not mean Lady Boldon. I meant Mr Boldon, my employer.'

Terence nodded.

'Just so, my man: better be careful.'

'Mr Boldon directed me to place the packet he gave me in the lowest drawer of the right-hand side of Lady Boldon's writing-table. I myself supposed it was something which he had without permission taken out from the drawer, and which he wanted to replace. It was quite natural that—he, being a relation of Milady Boldon—I should obey him.'

'Did he give you the key of the drawer?' asked O'Neil with affected carelessness.

'Yes.'

'That's another falsehood,' said the young Irishman boldly; 'you opened the drawer with a picklock, and locked it again in the same way.' (This was a guess on O'Neil's part, founded on the great improbability of Frederick Boldon being able to possess himself of the key.) He made a sign to Rawson, who immediately threw up the window, and beckoned, or pretended to beckon, to the constable below.

'Mon Dieu! Do not bring the policeman here! I will tell the truth!' cried Ducrot, in a panic.

'You opened the drawer with a picklock, didn't you?' asked O'Neil.

'Yes.'

'Very good. I have caught you telling two lies already. If you don't want to be arrested at once, you had better tell me all—mind, all you know about this business. And if you tell me one more falsehood, you will find yourself in jail in half an hour. So now, you know what I shall do.—What excuse did your master make for asking you to get into Lady Boldon's house by a trick, and hide a document in her drawer?'

'He said!—'

'The truth, Ducrot!' cried the barrister.

His practised eye had detected a slight hesitation in the man's manner.

'He said what I told you—that he had borrowed some papers of his uncle, who was Milady's husband, and that he wished them replaced. But I did not believe him.'

'What did you think was his real reason for acting in this peculiar way?'

'I did not know what to think.'

'You will have to know,' said O'Neil coolly. 'Where did he get this document? How did he come by it?'

'How can I tell?'

'You will have to tell.'

There was no reply to this; and after a pause, Rawson rose, as if impatiently, and said to his friend: 'Why do you hesitate about giving the fellow in charge, O'Neil? If he really knows nothing, it can do no harm. If he does know anything, a week or two of solitude will loosen his tongue.'

'I do not know, but I can guess,' said the Frenchman doggedly.

'What do you guess?'

'There was a man who came several times to see Mr Boldon.'

'What was his name?'

'I do not know.'

'How was he dressed?'

'He wore a long frock-coat, very shabby, and a high hat.'

'Did you see him in court on Saturday?—Yes or No? Quick!'

'Yes, I did.'

'Hurrah!' cried the cross-examiner; 'I've got him!—Come on, Rawson; never mind that beggar any more.' At the door he turned, and said to the Frenchman: 'The police will keep an eye on you for a few days, my man, till we find out whether you have been telling us the truth. If you have, you will only be required as a witness. If you have been lying to us'—Without waiting to listen to Ducrot's protestations, he hurried out of the house, dragging his friend with him.

'You seem overjoyed at what you have heard; but it is all Greek to me,' remarked Rawson, as soon as they had gained the street.

'That's because you don't know—Oh, I could toss up my hat and halloo in the middle of the street! This clears poor Thesiger.'

'What do you say?'

'I say this will prove Thesiger's innocence, and Lady Boldon's too.'

'How so?'

'The will is entirely in Frederick Boldon's favour. Why did he not produce it, as soon as it came into his hands? Why get it secretly put away in Lady Boldon's drawer, and suggest to the police, by means of an anonymous letter—I am perfectly certain he wrote that letter—that her house should be searched? Why? He wanted to get the will made public; and yet he did not dare to produce it himself. Why? Because manslaughter, if not murder, had been committed in the getting of it!'

'But he did not kill Felix!' cried Rawson, stopping short on the street and gazing into his friend's face.

'No; not by his own hand; but his agent

did, or I am very much mistaken. Come with me, and we shall see.

'Who was his agent?'

'Matthew Fane!'

• (To be continued.)

REMARKABLE HAIL-STORMS.

THE damage done by hail in this country is very trifling compared with the ruin it sometimes works in other countries. To our insular climate, which is free from extremes of heat and cold, is due our comparative immunity from disastrous hail-storms, hail being, so far as is known, produced by the mixing of warm and cold layers of the atmosphere; the greater the difference of their temperature, the larger the hail which falls, and the more violent the thunder-storms and gales which accompany its formation. On the Continent, there are in active operation numerous Hail Insurance offices, which indemnify farmers and the cultivators of vineyards and orchards against losses caused by hail. This kind of insurance business is hardly required with us. In Wurtemberg, during sixty years, hail fell on thirteen days yearly on the average, affecting one per cent. of the cultivated land, and doing damage to the extent of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

It is credibly stated that in the Orkneys hailstones as big as goose eggs have been known to fall; each was, however, a mass of small ones which had come together during their descent. More exact details are obtainable of the sizes of hailstones which have fallen within recent years. Near Leeds, on the 30th of June 1883, there was a heavy fall of hail-stones which took the shape of irregular blocks of hard, colourless, transparent ice, some of which measured an inch in length, and contained numerous air bubbles. At Chesham, on the 5th of April 1887, there occurred a remarkable shower of conical, spiked, and very irregularly shaped hailstones, of which no two were alike. Some were composed of two, three, or more joined together. The largest measured were four-tenths of an inch long, and three-tenths of an inch broad. About the same time, similarly shaped stones fell near Kelso. A hail-storm at Liverpool, on the 2d of June 1889, was taken considerable notice of at the time in scientific papers. The hailstones were of irregular and very curious shapes; some measured as much as an inch and three-quarters across. A number which fell on grass took an hour and a half to melt, though the temperature of the air was sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. The residue left when the stones were melted was found to contain minute plant-spores. Hailstones as large as half an inch in diameter rarely occur in the London district. On the 24th of May 1891, some were there observed which slightly exceeded that size.

These hailstones, which are considered large in this country, are insignificant by the side of those which frequently fall in other parts of the world. In September 1856, a strip of country near Florence was ruined during a violent thunder-storm by hailstones which weighed from twelve to fourteen ounces. At Tomsk, in Siberia,

hailstones as big as eggs fell on the 19th of July 1883. Two women were struck on the head and killed, and many birds and animals were killed. In Iowa, on the 7th of August 1883, a hail-storm passed through three counties; and over its track, which was four miles wide, all vegetation was destroyed, a woman was killed, and many people were injured. The hail fell in many places to the depth of five feet, and trains were blocked.

During the successive showers of hail which fell at Graz, in Austria, on the 21st of August 1890, at five, six, and seven P.M., the hailstones ranged from one and a half to two and a half inches in diameter, and formed in some places a compact mass of ice three feet thick. In October 1892, a large district in New South Wales was visited by a very destructive hail-storm. Some of the hailstones measured six and a half inches in circumference, and these were not the largest that fell. These monsters were triangular and irregular in shape; and the terrific force of their fall may be estimated from the fact that they dented and even perforated galvanised iron roofs. In one sheet of iron roofing, thirty holes were counted; and in another more than sixty. The gale which accompanied and aided their destructive work was strong enough to snap clean off great trees twelve feet in circumference.

• The most destructive hail-storms on record have occurred in India. There is a legendary story to the effect that in the reign of Tippoo Sahib there fell at Seringapatam a hailstone as big as an elephant, which took three days to melt! The possible germ of truth in this yarn may have been the falling of a number of large stones in succession into a hole, where they may have frozen into one mass.

Big hailstones are never smooth round balls, but irregularly shaped blocks of ice, frequently studded with sharp crystals; and it may be imagined how dangerous to man and beast unprovided with shelter must be such jagged missiles propelled by a fierce wind.

Coloured hailstones have sometimes been observed. On the 7th of May 1885, near Castlewellan, in Ireland, during a shower of hail, some of the stones were decidedly red, while the rest were white as usual. The colour was not merely superficial, but pervaded the substance of the stone, and on melting, stained the fingers of the observer. In Minsk, Russia, on the 14th of June 1880, during a shower of hailstones which showed great variety of form, some being flattened, perforated, and ring-like, a considerable proportion were coloured pale red, and others pale blue. Similar coloured hailstones have been observed in other places; and a German meteorologist who examined some of these, ascribes their colour to the presence of salts of cobalt and nickel, and thinks that this favours the belief that such hailstones do not owe their origin to our atmosphere at all, but have come into it from the regions of space.

At a meeting of the Meteorological Society in the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, Mr W. Marriott, F. R. Met. Soc., gave an account of the thunder and hail storms which occurred over England and the south of Scotland on the 8th of July

1893. Thunder-storms were very numerous on that day, and in many instances were accompanied by terrific hail-storms and squalls of wind. It was during one of these squalls that a pleasure-boat was capsized off Skegness, twenty-nine persons being drowned. About noon, a thunder-storm, accompanied by heavy hail and a violent squall of wind, passed over Dumfries and along the valley of the Nith. Many of the hailstones measured from an inch to an inch and a half in length. At the same hour a similar storm occurred at Peterborough. From about two until ten P.M. there was a succession of thunder-storms over the north-east of England and south-east of Scotland, and at many places it was reported that the thunder-storms were continuous for nine hours. Two storms were remarkable for the immense hailstones which fell during their prevalence over Harrogate and Richmond in Yorkshire. The hailstones were four or five inches in circumference, and some as much as three inches in diameter. Great damage was done by these storms, all windows and glass facing the direction from which the storm came being broken. It is computed that within a radius of five miles of Harrogate a hundred thousand panes of glass were broken, the extent of the damage being estimated at about three thousand pounds. The thunder-storms in the northern part of the county travelled generally in a north-north-westerly direction at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. They appear to have taken the path of least resistance, and consequently passed over low ground and along river valleys and the sea-coast. Several storms seem to have followed each other along the same track.

ROMANCE OF A BULLOCK CART.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

QUARANTINE regulations are supposed to be very strict. In the River Plate ports where the permanent machinery for it exists, it is no uncommon thing for those under detention to come and go in the most erratic fashion. In an inland town like Lujan, quarantine established for the first time was of course an official farce, out of which the doctor and a few understrappers expected to rake in a harvest of fees—a simple explanation which did not at first strike Stanley. He was up and ready to go abroad at daybreak, but found himself under detention until the medical officer had made his report. For a couple of hours he had to recall all his philosophy to give him patience. That gentleman came at last.

'Good-morning, señor. You have passed a good night, I hope.'

'I slept like a top, and am sound as a bell. Look here'—and he thumped his chest with his clenched fist.

'Ha, just so! Put this in your armpit for a few moments,' handing him a small glass thermometer.

'Hum, ha—thirty-three. A trifle high, but not too much. Your pulse, señor. Hum. Your tongue—a little rough; just take a spoonful of this tonic. You have no symptoms yet; and if

you keep like this, I think you may go away to-morrow.'

'That won't do, doctor. I must go now. I have important business to attend to.'

'My dear sir, I cannot permit it. If it is the interment that you are thinking about, don't disturb yourself; that is already accomplished. It is all done as you would have wished. You will of course settle with the undertaker.'

'Most certainly.'

'And the medical fees?'

A light broke upon Stanley.—stupid that he was, not to think of it sooner! Even last night, it might have saved him some annoyance.

'How much is your fee, doctor?'

'Como regular two patacones.'

'Look here, doctor; make it ten patacones, and let me go now. If not, I swear to you that I will not pay one copper real.'

'That would be a strain on my professional conscience. But I don't think the town will be in danger from you, if you leave it immediately. I will report accordingly; I am a man of honour.'

Stanley shook hands with him in new-born gratitude, and also with the comisario, to whom he presented five patacones for the benefit of the attendants who as yet did not exist. He hurried away to the hotel and was relieved to find that the ladies had not yet left their rooms.

He found the driver of the bullock cart lingering about the hotel, waiting to know why he had been detained. Under ordinary circumstances, he would have rated the man soundly for having loitered on his journey, but that was now forgotten. He told him to proceed on his way as fast as possible—that, as the girl was now dead, he required no further help.

Then the coachman demanded his attention. Where was he? Nobody had seen him since the preceding evening. He inquired at the hotel, at the quarantine house, and at the police station. Then he examined the crowd of horses in the corral attached to the hotel, and missed those he took from Moron. It was easy to guess that the fellow had fled. Compared with the other incidents, this was but a petty annoyance. He would drive the coach himself.

He found the ladies waiting for him to sit down to an early breakfast, over which he recounted his woes; a tale which was indeed extracted from him by Miss Ada by persistent questioning. He was not good at telling a story.

'I declare, Stanley Brown, that young man Bowman would have been a more amusing companion than you,' said Aunt Ada irritably: 'he at least would tell us something about it.'

'And something more, perhaps,' said Maggie with a faint smile, for which Stanley was grateful.

'I hope you will be pleased to accept me as coachman,' said he.

'Misfortunes never come singly,' said Miss Ada. 'You will certainly upset us all in the ditch, and take us home in fragments.'

'At least I will promise not to do that. But you are not eating anything. Remember that

you will have no proper meal until we reach the estancia.'

'Oh yes, I can eat. But look at Maggie; she is only pretending, and she did not sleep a wink the whole night.'

Stanley had already been looking at the young lady with whom he was so hopelessly—as he thought—in love, and had noted with anxiety the pallor of her countenance and the dimmed brightness of her eyes.

'Go on with your breakfast, child, or you will be dying with the fever next. Eat your egg. The fowl is beautifully cooked. Have another cup of tea.'

'I am not hungry. Who could be hungry amid such worry? I will drink the tea; and let us be off while the morning is young.'

There was a forced gaiety about the tone which struck an anxious chord in the lover's breast.

'That is good advice, anyway,' he said. 'I will be off and bring round the carriage.'

Stanley could drive as well as any professional coachman, and where the road permitted it, he went along at a spanking pace. He had more than ten leagues to cover, and judicious driving was necessary to bring them home before sunset, for in very many places the road was akin to those of General Wade 'before they were made.' Although his attention was engrossed by the horses and the deep ruts made by bullock carts, he could overhear any loud conversation that went on behind him. There was not much of that, but there was a good deal of whispering. His quick ear caught a sound like a gasp of pain, and then came Aunt Ada's sharp voice: 'For goodness' sake, child, bear up till we get home.'

He turned round in an agony of anxiety. 'Is Miss Maggie ill?'

'I am afraid she is, Stanley Brown. Oh! why did we ever come on this unfortunate journey?'

Stanley for a minute or two was dumb. He whipped up the horses, and they flew along. Then he repented, and fearful of tiring them, he pulled up to an easy trot. Just then, a distant speck on the road became visible, which he rightly judged to be their own bullock cart.

'Is she seriously ill?' he asked, again turning round. His blood chilled when he saw her lying in the corner in the same attitude as the unfortunate girl Julia.

'Miss Ada, before it is too late, let us return to Lujan; there is a doctor there.'

'What! And put her in hospital to the tender mercies of the man you told us about. How can you advise such a thing?'

'Alas! no, I cannot.'

'Can you think of nothing else?'

'I think I see our bullock cart in front of us. Let us empty it, and make a bed for her there. And I will go back with the carriage, and bring the doctor. We will take him to the house with us. Money will do it.'

'Maggie! do you hear what Stanley Brown says?'

Maggie did not hear or heed.

'Oh! this day, this day!' cried Aunt Ada, wringing her hands, her courage for the moment broken down.

'Do compose yourself, Miss Chumley, and come to a decision before it is too late.'

'I cannot let you go. What should I do without you? Why not send the man?'

That suggestion appeared to be good enough. He drove on till he overtook the cart, and made it halt on a grassy plot by the wayside. The man was much astonished, and turned pale through his swart skin when he understood what was wanted. He had no objections to make, but must do as he was bidden; and the two men soon unloaded the cart, piling up the goods beside the cactus hedge. The cart was a roomy one, twelve feet long, covered with an arch of tarpaulin impervious alike to wind and rain. There was a couple of spring mattresses among the cargo, and these made a comfortable bed, on which the sufferer was laid by Stanley's strong arms. In his heart he thanked Aunt Ada for making a little fuss with the cushions, which delayed the fair patient some minutes in his embrace. She was quite conscious, he knew, and he had one moment of thrilling delight when she nestled her cheek against his.

The man had received his instructions, and mounting the coach-box, he drove off at a quick trot. A horrible suspicion came into Stanley's mind that this fellow would also desert; but it was too late to act upon it, and it would be cruel to Aunt Ada to give it expression. If he drove fast, a little over two hours should bring the carriage back with the doctor. Time enough then to speak of his doubts.

These doubts were too well founded. Such was the panic among the native population, that not only did servants desert their masters, but husbands their wives, and children their parents. The man drove to Lujan and saw the doctor, but positively refused to drive back with him. He went off, pretending that he would engage another driver; but he knew that no money that he could offer would tempt another Jehu on to that box, and he made no attempt to find him. He left the carriage and horses in the hotel yard, and disappeared from this story.

That caress was the first touch of Stanley's romance. It awoke new hopes, and filled his heart to bursting-point with new anxieties. She was conscious; she knew what she was doing. It was a message of love to him as sure as any ever conveyed by electricity. Of that he was convinced; and being convinced, was jubilant—that is, he would have been, had it not been for those anxieties.

Alone now by the bullock cart, he walked rapidly up and down to relieve his surcharged feelings. He had arranged a comfortable seat within the cart for Aunt Ada, and had broken into the stores of wine and mineral waters with which the cart had been laden. Aunt Ada moistened the patient's lips from time to time, and not being in love, she treated herself also to a fair refreshment.

It was not oppressively hot; the 'good airs' were blowing freely over the boundless green plain. The patient bullocks had taken in a supply of grass, and had lain peacefully down to chew the cud. The ends of the cart were open, and the breeze kept the interior delightfully cool. The two hours had more than passed, and the patient was dozing fitfully,

awakening in starts. Stanley could do nothing but hand in fresh compresses of vinegar diluted—for want of the pure article—with soda water, which Aunt Ada kept applying to the head of the sufferer. The time passed more rapidly than they imagined, till the declining sun suggested fears over the non-appearance of the carriage.

'What on earth can be keeping that man?' said Stanley.

'The fool has run away,' said Aunt Ada with a sharp nod. 'I know the cowardly breed. I have been sure of it for the last two hours.'

'How is she now?'

'Sleeping a little. She will get over it, never fear.'

'I fear'—said Stanley, hesitating.

'What do you fear?' she asked sharply.

'I fear, if that man does not come, we will be kept here all night.'

'Is that all? I am sure of it. I would not trust you to drive a bullock cart in the dark. I have made up my mind to it, and really we are very comfortable, all things considered. I think there should be something left in the haluper. We might manage to dine; it will help to pass an hour away.' Evidently Aunt Ada was a very practical person.

There were cold chicken, tongue, and biscuits in abundance. There were a spirit-lamp and plenty of *aguardiente* in the cargo. There were also tea and sugar; and if they only had the water they might have a cup of refreshing tea. Stanley in his eagerness to be useful suggested digging for it. There were picks and shovels in the cargo.

Aunt Ada actually laughed. 'Ah, you are not a camp-man, Stanley Brown. You would have to dig five yards here before you got a kettleful. No *carrero* travels without his water-jar. Look beneath the cart; see what you can find there.'

He looked, and there indeed was a large jar and a small one.

'Quite so,' said Aunt Ada. 'The small one is *caña*. We don't want that. The other is water, I'll be bound.'

A little tin kettle was soon hissing on the spirit-lamp. Aunt Ada sat contentedly sipping her tea, and Stanley made such a hearty meal that he was astonished at himself; nor did he scorn the juice of the grape.

'Quite romantic, is it not?' said Miss Ada. 'Dear me, how easily we mortals console ourselves. Life is not such a burden after all. Now, don't mind me. If you have a pipe, smoke it. If not, break into Mr Gilroy's cigars. I am sure he will forgive you. I wish I could smoke. I would set you the example.'

Stanley blushed at his thoughts being so readily divined. He was in love, and would have cheerfully sacrificed his dinner. Now, he had had his dinner. Why should he strain at the gnat and swallow the camel? He would bolt the gnat whole. He lit his pipe, and on the lee side of the cart enjoyed it.

The sun's golden disc, as big as the wheel of the bullock cart, now struck the edge of the horizon, and in a few minutes had passed down out of sight, leaving a sky imperceptibly shading away from burnished gold in the west to saffron red in the zenith. These were quickly chased westerly, and disappeared before the

shadows from the east, and the stars came out. As it grew dark, Stanley hung up a small lamp from the end hoop of the cover, and dropped the apron on the windward side. The patient was sleeping, with occasional starts of restlessness and painful movements of the head on the cushions, the watchful nurse holding the cup to her lips betimes.

There was silence for a time. He refilled his pipe, and resumed his sentry-walk. At every turn near the head of the cart, he applied his ear to listen to the breathing of the dear girl in whom all his hopes were bound. There was a soft snore—he heard it distinctly. He peeped in and saw Aunt Ada's head gracefully propped against the cushions. The patient moved restlessly and muttered; but Aunt Ada did not stir. Then the lips moved, as if craving moisture. He mounted the cart-pole quietly—oh, how quietly! Poor Aunt Ada was tired; he would not disturb her for half a world. The patient opened her eyes and smiled faintly. He reached for the lemonade, and held it to her lips; then, by leaning over, he could kiss her brow. She moved her head away; was it to avoid the kiss? or was it to turn round, that, perchance, he might reach her lips?

'Dear me! have I been asleep?' said Aunt Ada.

'Yes; and I am sure you need it,' said Stanley. 'I tried to give, dear Maggie some lemonade without disturbing you; but I have done it clumsily.'

'Humph! Very clumsily,' muttered Aunt Ada.

'I feel ever so much better,' murmured the patient.

'Well, then, I will compose myself to sleep while Stanley Brown keeps watch.'

No need to tell Stanley to keep watch: he lingered on the cart-pole and kept watch for another such opportunity as he had enjoyed. And it came to him again and again.

'You are much better, are you, dearest?' he whispered.

'I don't think I have that nasty fever at all,' she whispered in reply; and Aunt Ada still slept. Who knows?

The night passed and morning broke. Stanley boiled his kettle and made the tea. The patient was again feverish and restless, and he hurried up his preparations for departure. Although the bullocks had not been relieved of their heavy yokes lying across their necks in pairs, it required time and patience for his unpractised hands to manœuvre them into line to get harnessed to the cart. When about to start, a couple of mounted policemen made their appearance.

As the doctor in Lujan heard no more of the messenger who came for him, he communicated with his friend the police commissary, and the arrival of these men was the result. From them they learned that the carriage and horses were safe at the hotel. Their arrival was opportune, as the goods piled up by the wayside could be given into their charge.

Stanley had never expected to be the driver of a bullock cart, and had no skill whatever in the business. Many were the thrusts from the cruel spike at the end of the long goad, and loud and continuous was the shouting of the policemen to get them into motion; but once under weigh, they stopped along steadily,

and he allowed them to guide themselves. The result was satisfactory enough, although the progress was slow, and the anxious travellers compelled painfully to restrain their impatience. For the most of the day Maggie was in delirium. The possibility of the journey ending as it had begun was too dreadful to contemplate, and what he suffered left permanent traces in grizzled locks and an ashen-gray complexion. Before sundown, the mantle of trees surrounding the estancia house came in sight, and very soon his responsibility was shared by the mayor-domo, who, at first indignant and surprised to see his well-kept avenue ploughed up by the huge wheels of a bullock cart, set to work with all diligence for the comfort of his visitors. The doctor arrived next day, and remained until he was able to say that the danger was past. He left his patient very weak, but improving, and dreaming daily of stolen kisses that had passed in the bullock cart.

When Mr Gilroy was made acquainted with these events, he caused inquiry to be made of the girl Julia's father, and through him learned something of the part which Mr Bowman's carelessness had played in the matter. If this story had been written about him, it would have to record that a continual course of faithlessness in small matters brought him so often into collision with his superiors that he threw up his clerkship in disgust, and because Maggie Chumley had treated him so badly. He appeared subsequently in various rôles—camp tutor, newspaper reporter, and racing tipster. But he still tells his friends pathetically that everything he attempts comes to grief through no fault of his own.

After Maggie's convalescence, Aunt Ada had a conversation with Mr Gilroy, which did not astonish that gentleman so very much as she had expected. He jocularly remarked that she ought to have nipped the affair in the bud when she saw it growing under her nose in the bullock cart.

'My dear Matthew,' she replied, 'that was the best medicine she got—it roused her from her lethargy.'

Stanley, however, was taken severely to task, and he stoutly defended himself. He was prepared to take his ignominious dismissal to-morrow; but he would not give up Maggie. She had promised, and he was content to wait.

'You stupid fool, would you be dependent on your wife's little fortune?'

'No, sir, never. I can keep sheep.'

'Then don't be an ass; and stay where you are. If you behave yourself, and don't ill-treat your wife, we will take you into the firm.'

Stanley has only lately retired from the firm, of which for many years he was the head. He has an ambition to enter politics at home. He has no doubt whatever as to which party he will join. Radicals and Republicans were always associated together in his mind, and he has seen so much of Republicanism in South America, that he will enter the contest in the next general election as a true-blue Tory. His fervent prayer is that English Radicals should spend a few years in that continent to be forever cured of their republicanism.

As has already been said, he took away one of the largest fortunes ever made in the River Plate, and he dates the beginning of it from this Romance of the Bullock Cart.

AUTOMATIC SPRINKLERS.

THE disastrous ravages of fire are too well known to need comment at our hands. Scarcely a day passes without some account in the daily press of the destruction to life and property wrought by this devouring element; and so accustomed has the public become to such casualties, that it is only when some disaster of appalling magnitude falls to be chronicled that general attention is directed to the subject. Into the excellent arrangements now existing throughout this country for the extinction of fire, it is foreign to our present purpose to enter; the perfection to which the fire-engine has been brought is only equalled by the physique and organisation of our fire-brigade-men themselves. Our present notice deals rather with a comparatively modern means of fire extinction, which is all the more effective because automatic in action.

The Sensitive Automatic Sprinkler is fitted to the ceilings of warehouses, stores, &c.; and should a fire start at any point, the heat rising at once to the ceiling, melts the fusible solder in the sprinkler—which is done at a temperature of about one hundred and fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit—and releasing the elastic valve, at once discharges a copious flood of water over the conflagration. The lines of piping with water under constant pressure are carried through the buildings to be protected near the ceilings, and from eight to ten feet apart, the sprinklers being placed a similar distance from each other. The sprinklers are thus some ten feet apart in every direction—namely, one sprinkler is provided for every hundred superficial feet of floor area.

Turning now to some little consideration of the sprinkler itself, ere dealing more generally with the leading points of the principle involved. A distinctive feature is the employment of a glass valve, which is non-corrodible, non-adhesive, and impenetrable; whilst the inlet is placed in the middle of a flexible diaphragm of German silver. The elastic diaphragm is forced upon the glass valve by the water-pressure, and the area of the former being the larger, the pressure from above tends to keep the valve tight so long as the resistance of the solder holds the glass in place. The melting of the solder removes this resistance, and then the water-pressure opens the valve.

For cotton mills the sprinkler is invaluable; and the well-known Grinnell type is protecting at this moment no fewer than fifteen million spindles in non-fireproof mills, and two and a quarter million spindles in fireproof mills in this country alone. Over two thousand fires have been promptly extinguished in all parts of the world at an average loss of only some fifty pounds; and it is calculated that from fifteen to sixteen thousand buildings, comprising cotton mills, woollen mills, flour mills, warehouses, stores, theatres, &c., have safeguarded

themselves in this manner. No better proof of the value of the sprinkler can be adduced than the fact of its recognition by leading fire-insurance companies, who grant a substantial reduction in fire premiums to those clients who thus protect themselves.

In this connection, it is of interest to note that insurance companies have adopted a code of rules in the matter of automatic sprinkler installations, and provide, amongst other requirements, for adequate water-supply and provision against frost. An automatic alarm signal is similarly stipulated for, which shall give notice as soon as any sprinkler is opened.

A bare enumeration of the many trades and industries which have availed themselves to date of the protection offered by the new means of fire-extinction, would form a formidable list; but amongst others may be mentioned biscuit factories; calico printers, dyers, and bleachers; chocolate works; corn mills; engineering works; felt works; flax and jute mills; floorcloth and linoleum works; india-rubber works; oil, candle, and paint works; paper mills; printers and publishers; rope and twine works; soap, sugar, and saccharine works; breweries, &c.; and a host of other similar undertakings too numerous to detail.

Enough has been said to show that the sensitive automatic sprinkler is coming very largely into vogue, and is justly regarded as a most valuable ally in combating the insidious attacks of fire. How fearful these ravages are, may be judged from a recent publication of Mr Edward Atkinson, the well-known American economist, who values last year's 'ash-heap' in the United States alone at no less than thirty million pounds; whilst for the current year the appalling fires in Minnesota and Wisconsin must materially swell the ill-starred list.

THE OLD BRIAR PIPE.

It was on the same evening that I went to lodge at Miss Glossop's first-floor front in Laburnum Terrace, Kennington, that I first saw the Briar Pipe. I had been forced to make a very hasty change in my domestic arrangements. My 'bed and sitting' were all that the most fastidious 'single gent dining out' could demand; my landlady was as satisfactory as a pecuniarily harassed female, burdened with a numerous family, an unsteady husband, and a chronic shortness of breath, could fairly be expected to be. But when the eldest son of the numerous family fell in love, and, being rejected, took to the flute, I felt that a change was imminent. Remonstrance was useless; parental entreaties, parental vituperation, were alike of no avail: his seared and blighted heart knew but one consolation. I felt that it was not to be for me. The flute and I must part. And so it was that I came to take up my abode in Miss Glossop's first-floor front.

Laburnum Terrace is not a cheerful thoroughfare. It must be ages untold since a laburnum, or indeed any product of the vegetable world, bloomed or thrived there. Moreover, the houses in Laburnum Terrace are tall and straight and crab-coloured, and so plain that their only orna-

ment consists in the irregular patches on their fronts where the plaster has peeled off.

As I said, it was on the first evening that I spent at Miss Glossop's that I came across the briar pipe. I was looking idly round the room when I saw—conspicuous amid the two china candlesticks and the headless Italian shepherdess which adorned my mantelpiece—a small black box. It had evidently at an early stage of its history been a ten-caddy, and at the same epoch was no doubt of a highly ornamental description. Now, however, the pearl with which it was inlaid was discoloured, the gilt was tarnished, and it had but two feet where once there had been four. I opened it, and found that it contained several pieces of string, a broken chair-caster, two buttons, and an old briar pipe.

The last of these somehow interested me. I took it out and looked at it. It was a veteran pipe, scarred and seamed with many a hard blow, blackened and scorched and baked with heat, a bit weakened and damaged, perhaps, here and there in its good service, yet stout and faithful as ever. The top of the bowl had been chipped and knocked about a good deal, besides being blackened; the silver band was loose on the stem; the amber mouthpiece had been all but bitten through. Yet there it was, a good, stalwart, serviceable pipe—ay! and in its early days an expensive one. There were scratches on the stem of the pipe—not accidental scratches, but cut with a knife. I took it to the lamp and examined them. There was an L, a sprawling U, a C, and what might be intended for a Y—Lucy!

Who was Lucy? Who was the owner of the pipe? How had it come to Miss Glossop's first-floor front? I stood and wondered idly at these questions. There was a mystery, a charm of hidden romance, about the matter that interested me. I put the pipe back into its sepulchre and shut down the lid; but it had taken possession of my imagination strangely. Next day I found myself thinking more than once of the battered old pipe and of the name carved upon its stem. The more I pondered over it, the more interested I became. At last I made up my mind! I would ask Miss Glossop about it.

My opportunity came a few days later. I met my landlady in the hall. It was a Sunday afternoon, and Miss Glossop—the austerity of her morning devotions softened by the recent mid-day meal—was conversational. I had come across an old pipe in my room, I said. Being a smoker myself, and the pipe bearing testimony to a long and useful career, I felt an interest in it. That it was unpardonable curiosity on my part, I knew; but could Miss Glossop inform me to whom the pipe had belonged, or how it came to be in the place where I had found it?

Miss Glossop set her head slightly on one side and folded her hands on her black silk Sunday apron, as she prepared to answer my questions. I saw that they had not offended her.

'You may well ask about that pipe, sir,' she began, shaking her head mournfully. 'Not that it belongs to me. It don't belong to no one, sir—at least, only to them as are in their graves,

and it ain't no use to them, pore things! The rich man, we know, can't take his riches with him.' This last sentence Miss Glossop pronounced in a high-pitched tone of voice, as if she were preaching a sermon; and it required so many mournful head-shakings that some moments elapsed before she proceeded.

'There were a lady here, sir, as 'ad my first-floor front—as it might be you, sir. She was a very quiet lady, and a regular, always pay the tradespeople, and never behindhand with the week's rent. Not but what she often 'ad a difficulty, pore soul, as well I know, for the music-teaching ain't what it might be.—That's what she were, sir,' added Miss Glossop explanatorily, 'a music teacher. Slave all day and night it was, and not much pay when you come to the week's end. Not that she ever complained, sir; oh dear no! She were far too 'igh for that, and too proud-minded. Often and often of a Sunday afternoon—as it might be now—'ave I run up to your same room, sir, and said: "I've come to 'ave a few words with you, Miss Trevivan" but nothing could I ever get out of her. She were with me close upon three years, sir; and you'll hardly believe it, but nothing could I ever get out of her—not so much as who she were and where she come from—try 'ow 'ard I might. Not that she weren't pleasant and kind and nice enough, you'll understand, sir, and I got to 'ave a liking for her, and a kind of respect; but she were for ever what you might call close.—Well, sir, one day last winter—and I've never been the same since—she were brought back here in a cab. Slipped on the pavement and fallen she 'ad, and 'urt her 'ead. She didn't die for four days after that, sir—here there was something very like a sob. One of the tender emotions had evidently broken prison—but she were silly—'adn't got the use of her senses, you know, sir—and didn't know no one, nor so much as speak. When she died, I paid the burying expenses myself and took charge of her things; for, you see, her friends didn't come forward, sir, if she 'ad any, and there was no one to do it but me. Not that she 'ad many things for me to take charge of, pore dear. There was little enough but her linen and a couple of dresses; and those, after waiting a while and no one come forward to claim them, I give to Mrs Jenkins next door, sir, as 'ad a use for them, 'aving seven growing up now, and some out in service. And in the bottom of her box, sir, wrapped up in paper, and tied with a bit of ribbon as careful as could be, were that there pipe. What she wanted with it, or what good it were to her, pore thing, gracious knows; but that were the self-same pipe as you found, sir, on your mantel-shelf.'

'What was the lady's name, Miss Glossop? I inquired. 'I think you said Trevivan. Do you know what her Christian name was?'

'Her initial were a L, sir,' said Miss Glossop after some consideration. 'I remember it were so on her cards—Miss L. Trevivan, Teacher of Music. Also on the door-plate.'

'Perhaps it was Lucy,' I hazarded.

'Perhaps so, sir,' she rejoined hastily. 'In fact, I think it were, sir. Not that I would

like to take a oath to it, not knowing for certain whether I ever heard her name or not. But seeing as her initial were a L, it might very likely be Lucy, sir, as you say.'

This did not seem very satisfactory. I put another question: 'Was she a young lady?'

'Oh dear me, no, sir! The best part of sixty, I should say she must 'ave been.'

Could this be Lucy? The Lucy that I had pictured to myself young, elegant, beautiful, the heroine of a romance! I felt somehow disappointed and annoyed with myself, and I managed to dismiss Miss Glossop with a few words.

When Miss Glossop had gone, I sat down to think over what she had told me. It was so absurdly unlike what I had expected, that I felt unreasonably irritated. The history of the pipe, if history it had, was as much of a blank to me as ever. I determined not to think any more about it. Still, this resolution was easier to make than to adhere to. Sometimes at night, when I could not sleep, I wondered painfully whether this was the bed on which she had lain, unconscious, comatose, dying; and whether her wandering thoughts had groped back fitfully to a time when some one had loved her and had called her Lucy. At other times I would argue with myself irately that probably the music teacher's name was not Lucy, and that she had not had anything to do with the pipe, and that the airy web of romance that I was trying to spin was only fustian after all. And so the time went on.

One night—it was several weeks after my conversation with Miss Glossop—I found myself in a terrible predicament. I broke my treasured meerscham. Now, the only other pipes I had at that time were a couple of briars. One of them I had left at the office. The other, I knew, was badly choked and would not draw. In desperation, I tried to clear it out; but it was no good. What was to be done? Suddenly my thoughts flew to the pipe in the old tea-caddy on the mantel-piece. I took out the pipe and looked at it. I put it between my lips; but still I was irresolute. I felt somehow as if it were the property of the dead, and as if I were committing sacrilege in touching it. Half-a-dozen times I resolved not to smoke that night—but before the seventh fit of compunction could come over me, I was at the table, filling the pipe from my tobacco jar. After all, what possible harm could it do to any one?

The old briar smoked very nicely, too. I could not help thinking that, as I stood and watched the blue smoke curl upwards. I drew my chair in front of the fire and tried to forget the rain that was pattering on the window-panes, and the wild gusts of wind. I wondered who had been the last person to smoke that pipe, and whether it was he who had carved that name on the stem. Somehow—whether it was that I was tired, or that the tempest outside lulled me, or that the fire was warm and comfortable, I know not, but somehow the pipe seemed marvellously soothing, and I sank into a sort of reverie.

I stared into the fire, and wondered whether he had ever sat like that, thinking of Lucy.

And then a strange thing happened. Gradually the fire seemed to get dull and to be farther off than it was before, and there seemed to be a room between us. It was a good-sized room, panelled all round with light oak, and luxuriously furnished. The table, on which the candles in the sconces were flaring and guttering out, had evidently been pushed aside when dinner was over. There were bottles and glasses—champagne bottles—on the card-table in the centre of the room under the hanging lamp. Play was over now, and the cards had been flung down carelessly on the green baize. Over the whole room hung the sense of stale wine-fumes, of stale cigar-smoke, of last night's dissipation turned stale and vapid in the morning light. For one of the curtains at the window had been pulled aside; and through the sickly glow of the candles struck the clear, ashy chill of early dawn. It struck on the figure of a man sitting huddled up by the fire. He was a young man, and handsome; but his face was haggard, and his hands kept clasp- and unclasp- nervously as he stared gloomily before him. There was something that he held in those nervously twitching fingers, something that from time to time he knocked viciously on the fender at his feet. It was a pipe the pipe that I had found in the old tea-caddy, but new now and hardly smoked—the bowl not yet blackened nor the amber bitten through.

Then the scene began to fade away and change. I saw a long, low room with white-washed walls and latticed windows. There was not so much furniture here, nor that so costly. The piano seemed to be the only thing in the room that was not old and plain and clumsy. And yet it was a comfortable room, a cosy room, and the fire blazed up steadily in the great open chimney, and the round-faced clock ticked sturdily on the wall. There was a young girl sitting in one of the latticed windows—a fair young girl, who gazed out thoughtfully over the snow-covered fields. From time to time her glance lifted, and rested for an instant on the narrow strip that separated the white fields from the clear blue sky—a strip of leaden-coloured sea. The sun was setting in crimson glory on the edge of the hill opposite; and its warm glow played on her fair young face and glinted off her golden hair, and quivered down her plain gray dress, as if it were loth to lose sight of her. All at once the door opened and an old man entered, shaking the snow off him as he came. Then the girl sprung up, with such a smile of welcome and tenderness on her sweet face, and helped him off with his great rough coat, and unwound the muffler that was twisted round and round his throat, and pulled one of the high-backed chairs right in front of the blazing fire, and sat him down there. And then there was such a hurrying to and fro from the cupboard beside the clock, and tea was made in the great red and blue china tea-pot. The cloth was laid, and they sat down to their meal, while the shadows deepened in the room, and the sky over the edge of the hill turned from crimson to primrose, and from primrose to gray, as the evening set in.

It was daylight again now, and summer-time.

I saw before me the long undulating sweep of cliff-tops, stretching far away into the haze. Here and there, on the shore below, great black reefs of rock ran out into the restless sea, jagged, threatening, impregnable, and on these the sea broke heavily. But up above, on the green cliff-tops, all was rest and peace. The driving spray gave place to the scent of wild-flowers; instead of the cruel black rocks down below, there were golden corn-fields, basking in the sun on yonder hill; the thunder of the waves was hushed to a murmur that did not drown the humming of the bees or the song of the skylark overhead. The fair young girl who had gazed out over the snow-clad fields was here, sitting on the short crisp grass at the cliff's edge; and at her feet lay the man whom I had seen crouching over the fire in the oak-panelled room. But he looked happier now, and younger. He was speaking to her, and she listened, smiling and bending over him. There was a flush on her cheek and a dancing light in her eyes that were new, but otherwise she was unchanged; and she wore the same plain gray dress that I had seen before. There was a rose nestling in the bosom of it—a common, yellow, climbing rose—and presently she took it out and held it towards him shyly, as he lay looking up at her. And he took it and put it in his coat, and said something to her; and they both laughed merrily. Then he felt in his pocket, and took out the pipe—the same pipe, but it had been smoked a good bit by this time, and was getting blackened. And he cut something on the stem of it with his knife and showed it to her. And she smiled again happily. They were very happy.

A mist seemed to fall on the cliff-tops, and I saw the long, low room again with its latticed windows. But now it looked bare and comfortless. The fire was burning low in the grate; the chairs were piled one upon another along the wall; the carpets had been taken up and rolled back into a corner; the pendulum of the great round-faced clock hung motionless. The girl was there still; but her dress was black now, and there was crape upon it. She was sitting by the table with her hands crossed in her lap—still gazing, gazing out at the hill-top opposite, over which the thick clouds hung ominously. By her side stood the young man. His face was hard and resolute, and he seemed to be arguing with some one who was standing just within the door. It was an elderly man whom I had not seen before—an elderly man with a proud face and haughty bearing. He, too, was speaking; and he seemed to be in anger, and he pointed at the girl with a scornful gesture. Twice he did this; then he shook his hand at the younger man threateningly and turned to go. The young man stepped forward and made an entreaty to him, laying his hand upon his shoulder; but the other shook off the hand angrily and passed out at the door without looking back, and was gone. Then the young man turned back to the table and stood beside the girl and spoke to her. But she had buried her face in her hands now; and she only shook her head wearily and motioned him to go. He hesitated, and spoke again, pleading with her, as it seemed. Still

there was no answer—only the same dumb entreaty to go. Then he, too, went slowly to the door and passed out, and was gone. And she sat with her head bowed, sobbing.

Once again the scene changed. As far as eye could see there stretched a great plain, covered with long coarse grass. It stretched away until it met the lurid, molten orb of the setting sun, and there it seemed bathed in blood. Here and there its surface was broken by clumps of trees, by patches of low-growing, dark-leaved scrub; then again came the long, dusty, dreary waste of grass. The sky was of a deep metallic blue, glowing and scintillating in the fiery rays of the sunset like a mass of white-hot steel. The air itself seemed to be quivering in the hush of intolerable heat. Across the plain there came a band of men, wearing white sun-helmets and the uniform of British soldiers. They marched slowly and painfully, with drooping heads and dragging feet. As they came nearer, one could see that they were travel-stained and dusty; some, too, were wounded and wore bandages. There were not many of them—perhaps twenty or thirty in all. Presently a halt was called, and the men fell out of their ranks and dispersed themselves, while the officers consulted together apart. Most of the soldiers flung themselves down on the ground where they were, laying their arms beside them and unbuckling their heavy accoutrements. Foremost among them I saw the young girl's lover, his face tanned and weather-beaten, wearing the dress of a private soldier. As he lay there, half-hidden by the rank grass, he put his hand into his knapsack and took out the briar pipe. He looked at it for some time moodily, turning it over and over in his hand, and thinking, thinking—of what?

It was getting on to evening now; and it seemed as if the sun's disc had sunk into its bath of blood, and the bath had welled over, for the whole of the western sky was crimsoned with the stain. A few light clouds were rising over the horizon. But the breathless air was still heavy with the noon-day heat; and the whole of languid Nature was hushed and still, as darkness fell upon the great plain.

All at once a jet of flame spurted out from the nearest grove of trees—a couple of hundred yards distant. A dozen jets followed it; then came the sound of the rattle of musketry. The soldiers—but not, alas! all of them—sprang to their feet and seized their rifles. Again the spurts of flame sprang out, and the sharp rattle followed them. At the same instant there came forms running from the grove—the scouts who had been sent out to reconnoitre when the party halted—and dashing after them, with lances levelled and sabres in the air, there rode a band of horsemen. They, too, were dressed as British soldiers; but their faces were dusky, and they had turned their arms against the country that had awned them and whose uniform they wore. On they came, cutting down the running forms as they ran, spearing them, trampling them under their horses' hoofs—adding death to death in sheer frenzy and lust of blood. On they came, howling, screaming, brandishing their lances, making straight for that little band of men that stood there steadily

to receive them. On they came—till their lances clashed against the steel rifle barrels, and their horses reared against the bayonet points, and the true soldiers were fighting hand to hand with the rebels. And then arose the clash and clangour of arms, and the shrill neighings of horses, and the dull groans of the wounded—while the sabres rose and fell, and the grim horsemen swept along the bayonet lines, and bloodshed and death came with every stroke. Then horses galloped off madly, riderless; the rebels for a moment recoiled and wavered; then pressed again furiously, wildly, on that unbreakable line of steel. And then all at once they fled—broke and fled in all directions, each one for himself, dashing frantically across the plain. A cheer went up from the little band of soldiers; and here arose again the crackling sound of rifle-shots, some from the British soldiers, some, as before, from the grove of trees. The shots became fewer; they ceased; the thud of the flying horses' hoofs died away in the distance. And then came silence.

It was quite dark by this time. The whole expanse of the sky was studded with stars save upon one side, where a thick bank of clouds had risen. Suddenly the moon shot up above this bank—a great, yellow, lustrous moon. Its pale light spread over the silent plain and fell on the place where the carnage had been. It fell on huddled forms in mortal agony, on corpses already stiffening, on broken lances and shattered sabres, and helmets cleft through with the sword-stroke. It fell upon an upturned face so like—so strangely, wonderfully like—that face when I had first seen it bending over the fire in the light of the gray dawn—the same wan, haggard hue, the same stern look, the same frown upon the brow; only the attitude was different. He had been the first to fall when the treacherous bullets burst from the clump of trees; and he lay there, stretched out as he had fallen, his arms extended above his head, his clenched hand still grasping the stem of the briar pipe. He lay there in the cold, white moonlight, with the silence of the grave around him, and the stillness of Death settling on his limbs.

It was cold, cold, bitterly cold.

I woke up suddenly with a start. The wind had dropped now; but it was still raining. I could hear the rain as it splashed into the street below, or was caught from time to time by a sighing puff of wind, and driven gently against the window. It was the only sound that broke the stillness. The fire was out. It must have gone out long ago, for I was stiff and chilled to the bone. In my hand I still held the half-smoked pipe.

What was that that I had seen? Was it a mere dream, wrought by my own brain out of the wondering fancies that had haunted me ever since that first night at Laburnum Terrace? Or was it in truth something more—was it the history of something that had happened years and years ago, when the old music-teacher had lived in a distant home, when youth and hope and life and love had grown and bloomed together, and together had been

blasted by the rebel's bullet—something suggested to my sleeping senses by the subtle influence of the old pipe, last relic of those two broken lives? Who can tell? I have never smoked it since.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

At the Medical Congress which was lately held at Budapest the most remarkable contribution to the proceedings was the paper read by Dr Roux upon curing Diphtheria by a process similar to vaccination. The germ or bacillus of diphtheria was not first discovered by Dr Roux; but he showed how a certain principle could be extracted from it, and cultivated most conveniently in the serum obtained from the blood of the horse. Trials of the new cure at the Children's Hospital had at once reduced the mortality from the disease to an extraordinary extent, and popular enthusiasm has been aroused to the highest pitch. A subscription opened to provide funds to meet the expense of obtaining and distributing serum throughout the country has been readily responded to, especially since the Academy of Medicine has reported favourably on the new treatment. Diphtheria has hitherto been one of the diseases most fatal to childhood, hundreds of thousands falling victims to it every year. Dr Roux's cure is therefore to be considered as one of the greatest boons which medical science has ever presented to the world.

The whaling industry has recently been revived at Tasmania with very hopeful results. This country used to be the principal centre of the Antarctic whale-fisheries; but the scarcity of the animals—a fact which was rendered evident to the members of the Antarctic expedition which started from Dundee a couple of years back—caused it gradually to be relinquished. This enforced 'close-time' has had a favourable effect upon the whales, which have been seen two or three at a time on the Tasmanian coasts. Hence the revival here of an industry which at one time numbered fifty whaling-vessels.

'The cup which cheers' is known to cheer no longer, if the leaves from which it is made are allowed to infuse for more than a few minutes, the bitterness which arises being commonly attributed to the presence of an increased percentage of tannin. Recent experiments have shown that the real cause of this change in long-infused tea is the absorption by the water of certain injurious products which are contained in the thicker parts of the leaf, which naturally do not so readily yield to the action of the water as the thinner parts. By the employment of suitable machinery, Messrs Burroughs & Wellcome of London claim to have succeeded in eliminating this mischievous part of the leaf; but in doing so, the bulk of the tea is reduced to an almost impalpable powder. To render it once more fit for use, it is placed under pressure in another machine, and is then presented in the form of tablets. Two or three of these placed in a breakfast cup with boiling water added, make a cup of tea which

is not to be despised, even by a doctor. The system will be especially valued by invalids and by travellers on the Continent, where a good cup of tea is a thing almost unknown.

An aluminium torpedo-boat, built by Messrs Yarrow for the French Government, was lately put to a successful trial—successful, that is to say, so far as speed is concerned. The substitution of aluminium for steel results in a total saving of weight of about twenty per cent., and although this is an advantage in a boat destined to be carried on the deck of a warship, the benefit gained is, we think, more than counterbalanced by the vulnerability of the aluminium, which can very easily be pierced by a rifle bullet. This means that a skillfully handled machine gun would speedily convert such a vessel into a sieve.

An American medical journal, in writing of the evil effects produced upon certain constitutions by excessive coffee drinking, relates a strange story, which is credited to the late Professor Charcot. The eminent French doctor was at one time in attendance upon a family the members of which all appeared to suffer from uncontrollable mental irritation upon the least provocation. The father gave way to furious outbursts of temper, the mother was hysterical, and the six children more or less took after their parents. Even the servants seemed affected with the malady, which it need hardly be said did not conduce to domestic harmony. Upon investigation, it transpired that the father was a manufacturer and dealer in coffee, and that the operations of grinding and roasting the berry were carried on in the lower part of the premises. Furniture, clothing, and everything else was reeking with the smell of coffee, and this was the sole source of the family trouble. A change of residence soon effected a cure, and the household became a model of domestic peace.

The remarks attributed to Mr M. P. Wood, who recently read a paper before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers upon Paint as a Preservative, will be valued by all interested in building construction and ironwork. He tells us that all iron and steel destined for structural uses should be pickled and cleaned from mill-scale. If it then be painted with two coats of raw linseed oil combined with red lead, it will withstand the weather for fifty years without further treatment. He also says that a most effective paint for metallic surfaces, as well as those of wood, can be made by mixing graphite with pure boiled linseed oil, to which has been added at the time of boiling a small percentage of red lead. Some recent experiments in the application of this paint to boiler tubes show that it is effective in preventing the formation of scale.

A new kind of wood-paving, known as the Duffy Patent System, has been adopted on the broad roadway of the Tower Bridge, London. The blocks, which are of the size of ordinary building bricks, are made of Australian eucalyptus, a dark mahogany-coloured wood, which is heavy and durable, but very expensive. These blocks are fastened together with pegs, which fit into holes on the adjoining blocks, and special machinery has had to be employed in the work.

The top of each block has bevelled edges, which thus afford a foothold for the horses, and provide channels for carrying off surface-water. Wood is replacing Macadam in many of the London streets; but under certain conditions of moisture, it becomes dangerously slippery for the pedestrian.

In his recent Presidential address to the Royal Photographic Society, Sir Henry Trueman-Wood, summed up very concisely the various services which photography had rendered to science. First comes its marvellous association with the telescope and the spectroscope, which has placed modern astronomy upon quite a new basis. Next, its work as a recorder of scientific observations. Then we learn that the meteorologist has by the aid of photography been enabled to study the form and nature of clouds, and the shape and character of the lightning flash. The zoologist has been enabled to trace the real character of animal motion. The microscopist has for a long time relied upon the camera as the only accurate means of reproducing the forms of organisms too small for the unaided eye to see; while the physicist has by photographic methods been enabled to investigate phenomena in which changes occur too rapidly for the eye to detect. Photography is also extensively used in anthropology, geology, geography, and archaeology; and it has other applications which are comprised in the remark, that 'whenever the observer of natural phenomena requires to make an accurate record of his observations, photography supplies the means.'

Beyond its scientific applications, photography is continually appearing in new and startling modifications. One of these is seen in the method of portraiture known as a multiphotograph. In this case, five portraits of a sitter are taken at one operation, each portrait having apparently a different pose. The method by which this is accomplished is simple in the extreme. The sitter turns his back to the camera, and a couple of mirrors, which reflect the image of the camera, show him apparently facing one another, in amicable chat. By altering the position of the mirrors are placed, the poses can be varied. It is the intelligent hands some remarkable results produced by this simple

times, the Black Forest has some industries, the isolated inhabitants before the time of compelling them to find hands. In this way the commenced, and flourished years ago, when American-made goods, against futile. The Duke of after up, and determined clock-industry on a 1877 a Clock School introduced, and a for the workers com- now, grown to the cal Institute, where to wood-carving but where the apparatus, such as

telephones and microphones, is undertaken. The course of instruction covers three years, and is divided into three branches—the preparatory branch, the clockmaking branch, and the advanced or supplementary course.

Some curious and interesting researches into the behaviour of phosphorescent bodies when exposed to intense cold are being conducted by M. Raoul Pictet, whose name will be remembered as one of the first experimenters who succeeded in liquefying the gases which up to that time had been called 'permanent.' He has found that such bodies as the sulphide of calcium, barium, &c., which form the basis of the preparation known as luminous paint, lose their power at low temperatures. The method he employs is to put the substance experimented with in the form of fine powder in a glass tube, which, after being exposed to sunlight, is carried into a dark room and placed in a freezing mixture. All signs of phosphorescence disappear, the glow being seen to fade away as the tube is lowered into the cold liquid. M. Pictet has also exposed similar tubes when chilled to the rays of burning magnesium without producing any effect—but phosphorescence appears when the tube is heated once more to the normal temperature.

The question having been raised whether Maxim's Flying Machine, supposing its propelling mechanism to break down, would fall to the earth edgeways, after the manner of a boy's kite, the inventor has explained that it certainly would not do so. Kites, he tells us, as commonly made by boys both in Britain and in the United States, are very crude in construction; they have to be provided with a tail, and will often pitch headlong to the ground with very great force. In China, where men and not boys treat kite-flying as quite a serious pastime, the kites are so perfectly adjusted that they do not require a tail; they never fall to the ground edgeways. Maxim's Flying Machine is, however, somewhat different, and is made on the Chinese principle. A mishap the machinery came to a standstill, would come down to earth, as it were, on an inclined plane, while the vertical velocity would not be great enough to damage either the machine or its occupants.

The French Consul at Montgze, in Upper Tonquin, tells of a very curious mining industry which is carried on there, which represents a source of great wealth. This is comprised in certain mines, where are found buried the trunks of enormous pine-trees which have been swallowed up in some long-forgotten convulsion of nature. Many of these trunks are a yard in diameter, and the wood they furnish is of an imperishable nature. For this reason, the Chinese value it for making coffins, the sanitary advantages of earth-to-earth burial not yet having reached that part of the world.

'Notes on the History of the Breech-loading Gun,' is the title of an interesting article which recently appeared in the *Scientific American*. A gun made at Ghent in 1404 actually shows a detachable breech-piece which is screwed home in very much the same way adopted in modern systems of ordnance. Even the quick-

